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"The Story of our Lives from Year to Year."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME III.

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"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 53. NEW SERIES. | SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1869. | PRICE TWOPENCE.

VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VIII. CATCHING AT A STRAW.

DURING the first three weeks of his stay at Naples, Sir John Gale appeared to be better than he had been for a long time previous. He did not pay many visits, but he received a considerable number of guests twice a week. The guests were chiefly gentlemen, but a few ladies came also.

Veronica's magnificent toilets were criticised by the women, and her striking beauty discussed by the men. She received homage and flattery enough to satisfy even her appetite for such tribute. She drove out daily in an elegant equipage. She had servants at her command. Her vanity and indolence were ministered to as assiduously as though she had been the most pampered sultana who ever dyed her fingers with henna. But although these things did afford her real delight at moments, they utterly failed to make her happy. A ceaseless under-current of anxiety ran through her life. She passed hours of suffering from unspeakable apprehension of evils to come.

Her pain of mind spurred her on to pursue the one object she had in view, with a courage and energy which she wondered at herself. The prospect of humiliation, exposure, and contempt, in lieu of homage, flattery, and envy, was unbearable. It roused in her a passion of terror: and passion is powerful.

The strange indisposition which had so suddenly seized Sir John at the Villa Chiari, had suggested to her the thought that he might die suddenly. For a time, that anxiety was appeased by the improvement in his health after they first reached Naples: it was appeased, but still it lived.

Her feelings towards him underwent strange revulsions. Sometimes she told herself that she hated him with all her heart; at other times she clung to him from the sheer necessity of having some human creature to cling to. She was unable to live solitarily self-sustained, and there were moments when she would rather have been reviled in anger than made to feel that she was an object of indifference.

But, to Sir John at least, she was not the latter. She occupied more of his thoughts than she was aware of. He had not forgotten the look of intelligence he had seen on its way from Veronica's eyes to Barletti's. He often thought of it: especially as he got better, and had leisure to direct some of his private meditations towards other objects than himself.

When he thought of that look, Sir John was jealous: jealous not so much with the jealousy of Love, as with the jealousy of Power. He would have been jealous of Paul, if he had suspected him of diverting any of the attentions due to his master, into another channel. It was not displeasing to Sir John that Barletti should admire Veronica. Sir John liked that everything belonging to him should be admired. It amused him to see Veronica play off her pretty airs on the prince, and treat him with an alternation of condescending smiles, and stares of cold hauteur. But that look he had intercepted, implied no playing off of pretty airs: it expressed a confidential understanding, appeal, and reliance.

Veronica had been so perfectly prudent, that it was difficult for Sir John to conjecture what opportunity there could have been for the establishment of anything like a confidence between her and Barletti. She

had not remained alone with him for a moment during dinner, and she had been careful to speak to him in Italian, so that the servants might understand what was being said. All this Sir John well knew, and was puzzled. He would have been glad to convince himself that he had misinterpreted that fugitive glance: but that could not be. It was such a look as Veronica had never given him—Sir John. The man who has a secret consciousness that he has injured you, is, we know, very ready to find cause of offence or complaint against you. It balances matters somewhat.

Sir John was always telling himself how generous he was to Veronica; how he humoured her caprices; what a dull, wretched, miserable, poverty-stricken existence it was he had taken her from; and so forth. And he compared the flattering graciousness of her manner in the old days, with the languor or violence, which made up the present time. And then she teased him. She importuned him for that which he was unable to grant; and he especially desired to avoid explaining the reasons of his inability to grant it. It really seemed hard. But now there had arisen a real and important excuse for his resentment, and lo! he was inconsistent enough not to welcome it! On the contrary it absolutely disturbed him very seriously.

Had he really cared more for this girl than he had fancied? Was there a fibre of tenderness yet lurking in that tough heart? He, at least, began to think so, and to pity himself with quite a soft sympathy. But that which was sympathy for himself, became very bitter antagonism to others. After all, what had he to complain of? He did not desire Veronica to be tenderly trustful and confiding in her manner towards him! He had never longed for a sad, appealing, questioning glance from her large, dark eyes! No: but he none the less resented the bestowal of such a look on another.

He had flattered himself that Veronica entertained a due contempt for a man so poor as Barletti. If poverty were not contemptible, why then what advantage did he, Sir John Tallis Gale, possess over Prince Cesare in the eyes of a young lady?

That was an unpleasant thought. It came unwelcomed, and remained without leave. It seemed to Sir John that unpleasant thoughts increased and multiplied with amazing fecundity. One produced another.

Then, after the first fallacious improvement in his health, which had been wrought by change of air, his bodily ailments returned upon him. And amidst all these troubles there was Veronica pursuing her one aim, with the blind persistency of desperation. It had never entered into her head that Sir John could be nourishing any feeling of jealousy towards Barletti.

It was not long before the latter followed them to Naples, and he was received at Sir John Gale's house there, on the same familiar footing as he had held at Villa Chiari. Sir John easily fell back into his old habit of relying on Barletti for his evening's amusement. And, besides, he had a hungry curiosity to observe his behaviour with Veronica. He lay on his sofa in a kind of ambush, with his shaded lamp beside him, watching the two, evening after evening, and feeding high the fire of jealous hatred within his own breast.

It required no great acumen to discover that Barletti was becoming daily more enthralled by Veronica. He would sit and gaze at her like a man spell-bound; and the light gallantry, the high-flown compliments, the conventional flattery, had all disappeared from his speech and from his manner. He was silent in her presence, or if he spoke, it was seldom to her that his words were addressed. He had grown serious and almost sad: with the vague sadness that belongs to all deep emotion, and that no mere butterfly flirtation ever awakens.

Veronica's feeling was less easy to read.

It was not, at all events, deep enough to be self-forgetting. Sir John coming to his evening watch with a certain preconceived idea, interpreted many chance words and looks into a corroboration of that idea. Yet even Sir John's suspicion could not blind him to the fact that, let Veronica regard Barletti as she might, the prince was far from being the all-engrossing object of her life. He well knew what that object was. But it infuriated him to think that she was possibly urged on to pursue it by the hope of one day sharing her success with Barletti.

Towards Sir John himself, Veronica showed a gentleness and an assiduity that were seldom interrupted. Sometimes, however, it did happen that her temper, unused to curb or discipline, broke forth into violent reproaches and even threats, and caused him much annoyance. But then, when the burning anger had cooled a little she would come to him again with a penitent, tender, earnest pleading for forgiveness which would have been infinitely touching to an unbiassed witness.

There had been a time when the vehemence of an angry woman's tongue, and the impotent rebellion of a woman's mortified spirit, would have mattered little to him. He would have opposed passion to passion, violence to violence, self-assertion to self-assertion, and would even have enjoyed his victory. But it was no longer with him as it had been. It was still dangerous to provoke him too far, and Veronica's cheeks had once been blanched by a torrent of invectives launched at her by his quivering lips. Still, such an ebullition of passion cost him too dear to be indulged in often. He had grown very feeble. He felt it, although he would not acknowledge it. For some time he made light of his illness, and refused to see a physician. But one day Veronica made the alarming discovery that he *did* see one of the leading doctors of the place daily. The doctor came in a secret sort of way, and was admitted to Sir John's apartment by Paul.

Veronica's maid (no longer Beppina, but a Frenchwoman, the Tuscan servants had all been dismissed on leaving Villa Chiari) found this out, and told her mistress: less by way of imparting information than as a means of discovering whether Veronica knew it, and co-operated with Sir John in keeping the servants ignorant of the gravity of the case.

Veronica was terrified. She turned her thoughts this way and that way in search of help. There was no one within reach, no one to be relied on, but Barletti. What better lot lay before her in any case than an alliance with him? She had learned to like him; he was gentle, and he loved her. The latter she could not doubt.

But yet that would avail her little, if she missed her aim, and failed in her great purpose. Any secret communication with Barletti risked utter ruin and loss of all.

But on the evening of the day on which she had learned the fact of the doctor's visits, the need of sympathy and encouragement became paramount, and when Barletti was saying "good-night" she gave him her hand, and, with a warning pressure, conveyed into his, a little folded paper with these words written on it, "To-morrow morning at eight o'clock I shall be walking in the Villa Reale. Be there. I wish to consult you."

The moment Barletti was gone, with the note in his hand, Veronica had a revulsion of feeling. She would have done anything to recal it. She trembled at the thought of the risk she had run. But after a night's sleep she awoke, still uneasy and frightened indeed, but resolved to meet Barletti at the hour appointed.

CHAPTER IX. IN THE VILLA REALE.

"Why do you not write to his family?"

"He has no living relatives; not one."

"To his friends?"

"His friends! I do not know any of his friends."

"You do not know any of his friends!"

"I—I—I know a man—a nobleman, in England, who knew him years ago in Rome. I know that Spanish attaché, and the Russian who came to Villa Chiari. I know the Duca di Terracina here, and his sister-in-law, the withered little woman with the pearls. These are scarcely the sort of friends who would be likely to afford one much comfort."

Barletti drew near her.

"I am only such a friend as these," he said, "if one counts by date of acquaintance. And yet you speak to me with confidence."

Veronica raised her eyes to his sadly as she answered: "Yes; because I think you care for *me*, and feel for me, and would, perhaps, do a friendly action for my sake, if not for his."

She was not without a consciousness of the effect she was producing on the man beside her, nor without an enjoyment of that consciousness. But there was truth enough in her words, and reality enough in her emotion, to send both the words and the look that accompanied them, home to Barletti's heart.

The exhibition of herself as Beauty in distress, to an admiring spectator, had a certain pleasure in it that could not be altogether destroyed by the serious terrors and troubles that encompassed her.

Barletti glanced around him with the habitual caution of an Italian, (and, be it said, of a lover. There is nothing that so speedily forms an accomplished hypocrite in small precautions as a clandestine attachment). Seeing no one in the long alley of the Villa Reale where they were pacing side by side, he took Veronica's hand, and pressed it to his lips. He was very pale, and there were tears in his eyes, and his voice was unsteady as he said:

"Ah, Veronica! There is nothing in all the world I would not do for your sake."

"I think you are a true friend."

"No friend was ever so true, so devoted, as I will be if you will trust me."

Certainly the words thus written down

do not display much eloquence on either side. But it seemed to both the speakers that they had said a great deal, and had been talking for a long time.

They walked on silently until they came to a little pier of masonry, railed in with iron bars, and abutting on the sea. They stood side by side, leaning over and looking out over the blue Mediterranean sparkling in the sunlight. A few fishing barks flitted across the horizon. Near at hand, a little gaily-painted boat moored to the stone wall rocked up and down, and the waters made a lapping sound around the keel.

White garments fluttered on the beach where a party of washerwomen had established a drying-ground. The women talked and laughed loud and volubly, and the breeze carried the shrill sounds fitfully hither and thither. No other human being was within sight. Behind them, were the green alleys of the Villa Reale; in front, the blue sea and the bluer sky.

Veronica and Cesare de' Barletti stood quite silent, she staring straight before her, he with his gaze upon her face, and holding her hand in his.

It seemed to him as though it were all a dream. She broke the silence. He little guessed how far away her thoughts had been from him, during all those minutes. He little guessed that they had been busy with persons and places he had never heard of. He had interpreted the tender melancholy in her eyes, after his own fashion.

Her mind had flown away capriciously to the old days at Shipley, and the principal figure in her musings was Maud. But she broke the silence: and in the instant of opening her lips she was back again in the present, and nervously alive to every detail of her position.

"Do you think you could find out from that doctor—I can give you his name—whether Sir John's illness is really of an alarming nature; whether he thinks there is immediate danger?"

"Physicians will not speak of their patients to a stranger," answered Barletti. He, too, was prompt to enter into the prosaic actualities; but he came back to them out of fairyland with a sigh, and a little shock, such as we feel in sleep when a long delicious flight on dream-wings ends with a sudden jar, and we alight.

"But you may not be a stranger to this physician! You may know him! Besides, if you spoke with him, I think you could easily discover what his impression was, without direct questioning. It would be such a relief to my mind to know."

"Why do you not plainly ask Gale?"

"Oh I dare not!"

"You dare not! Is he harsh? Is he cruel? I know his temper is furious, but *can* he be harsh to you? These Englishmen are sometimes very brutal."

"When I say I dare not, I mean for fear of exciting him too much. You need not alarm yourself for me; nor expend any indignation, on that score, upon Sir John."

"Oh, Veronica, the thought of your being treated with unkindness is insupportable to me. Veronica, there can be no tie of affection between you and that man. He cannot value you, he cannot understand you. It is horrible to see you bound to him!"

Barletti's horror of a loveless and ill-assorted marriage was of very recent date. It was not long since he had looked upon the union of the rich Sir John Gale with the beautiful Veronica, as a quite matter-of-course and expedient arrangement, transacted on fair principles of exchange.

"You must not speak so to me," said Veronica, in a low voice.

"Veronica, I have told you that there is nothing in the world I would not do for your sake. And it is true. But there are some things beyond my power. One of them is to feign not to love you. I *would* even do that, if you desired it, but I cannot. You might as well ask me to fly to Capri yonder."

The strength of passion brushed away her small reserves and affectations like summer gossamer before a great wind. She felt frightened at the potency of the spirit she had evoked. She desired to be loved, but within a convenient measure. She had thought to conjure up a sprite to serve her, not to rule her.

Her instinct taught her to appeal to his compassion. She did it genuinely, for she felt that she stood in need of help and forbearance.

"I trusted you," she said, brokenly, "and—and—you seemed to be true and gentle."

"You will not tell me that you did not know I loved you, Veronica! You did know it. Oh, mio Dio, how I love thee!"

"Men are selfish and cruel! There is none whom I can trust. You should not have said this to me now. You should not!"

The tears began to roll down her cheeks as she spoke. He was penitent when he

saw tears, but he was perplexed too. She *had* surely known that he was deeply in love with her: and knowing it, had come voluntarily to claim his help and sympathy! Why, then, did she call it cruel and selfish that he should speak to her of his feelings? He had no conception of the kind of hopeless devotion she wanted, and would have accepted, at any cost of pain to him.

She would fain have had him behave like Mr. Plew, at least for the present, or until the declaration of his passion should no longer be fraught with risk or trouble to herself. But Cesare de' Barletti was not in the least like Mr. Plew. And Mr. Plew's manner of loving—giving all, and getting nothing—was inconceivable to him. And yet, after *his* manner, he did love her with the first deep and genuine passion of his life.

"What do you command me to do, Veronica? Tell me. I cannot bear to see you shed tears," he said, speaking less vehemently.

"I cannot command you—I do not wish to command you. But I ask you as a friend, to ascertain what you can, about Sir John's illness. It is not a very great thing to do, perhaps. And yet it is more than I have any right to demand."

"I will do it. Tell me, Veronica, do you—are you so *very* anxious about your husband?"

"About——? Yes."

"Don't frown! Your frown chills me like a cloud coming over the sun. Ah, how coldly you look! There is some northern snow in your veins, even though you have Italian blood in you. And why should you be angry? You cannot love that man! It is impossible."

"I said nothing of loving."

"True. But you seem so anxious, so distressed——"

"Cannot you understand how terrible my position would be, alone here in a strange country, if—if any sudden misfortune should happen?"

"Alone! You would not be alone. Should *I* not be by your side? Ah, you speak of trust, but you do not really trust me."

"I do trust you. My presence here this morning is a proof that I trust you. But I must go back now. It is getting late. I came out quite alone. I did not bring even my maid."

"Oh stay awhile—a little longer! Let me look at you, and speak to you yet a few minutes longer!"

"No, no: I must go. I shall be missed. Paul is always on the watch."

"To the devil with Paul! You are not in fear of your servant! Will you go? Well, see how I obey you. There, I will not try to detain you. But, Veronica, one word. When will you meet me again? I must give you an answer, you know; I must tell you if I get any information. Will you come here to-morrow morning?"

Veronica mused a moment. "Could you not contrive to make me understand whether the doctor's answer is favourable or unfavourable, this evening when you come to *him?* A word or a look would suffice."

"No," said Barletti, resolutely. "Not a glance, not a quiver of an eyelash shall you have! I will impart no information unless you will consent to come here for it."

"Did I not say men were all selfish? *That* is your friendship; *that* is your devotion!"

"And you, Veronica, are you not very hard with me? What is it that I ask? But to see you for ten minutes away from that blighting presence! But to speak one word to you of all that is in my heart!"

"Yes: you demand the price that pleases you, for your service!"

He started back as though she had struck him.

"Signora, I demand no price. It shall be as you choose."

She saw he was wounded to the quick, and was eager to soothe him; although at the same time she felt somewhat indignant at his indignation; as a spoilt child, accustomed to give way to its humours, is startled and hurt when its arrogant pettishness is taken seriously, and resented as an injury.

"Oh forgive me!" she said. "I am very unhappy."

Those words melted him at once. But he had been deeply wounded. He could understand tears, caprice, frowns, even fury. But a bitter sarcasm, a pitiless probing of motives, was infinitely repulsive. It seemed to him so essentially unwomanly. A woman might die for you, if she loved you; or might kill you if she were jealous. That was in accordance with the arrangements of Providence. But to hear a satiric sneer from female lips, was to the Neapolitan prince almost as shocking as to have beheld a lady with a dissecting knife in her hand, and ready to use it.

"I did not think you could have spoken so unkindly, Veronica, to one who is devoted

to you heart and soul, as I am," he said, reproachfully. But he took her hand again, and kissed it.

"Perhaps," said Veronica, "it will be best that I should meet you here again, to-morrow. The place is a public promenade. There can be no reason why I should not enjoy the sunshine here of a morning. I will come."

"May I not walk with you now, until you are within sight of the Palazzo?"

"No I will go home alone. It is best so. Addio."

"Addio! I shall see you this evening. But it will be like looking at the sky from behind prison bars. To-morrow! Until to-morrow!"

As Veronica neared the porte cochère of the house she lived in, she became aware of a step close at her heels. She turned her head at the sound, and saw Paul.

"Good morning, miladi," said Paul, with his habitual grave and respectful salutation.

"Where have you been at this hour?" asked Veronica, startled out of her self-command.

"Sir John sent me to the Via Toledo, miladi. There is no more eau-de-cologne in his dressing-case, and Sir John desired to have some got at once."

The Via Toledo was far enough from the scene of Veronica's interview with Barletti.

"The sun was so delightfully bright, that it tempted me out early. I have been walking by the sea," said Veronica.

She could not for her life have resisted the temptation to make this sort of excuse for, or explanation of, her having been out at that unusual hour. And yet she hated herself the instant the words were said: and swept past Paul with intensified hauteur in her always haughty gait.

"I could not think what had become of ma—pardon, I mean of miladi," said the French maid, when Veronica re-entered her chamber. "And miladi dressed herself! Mon Dieu!"

The Abigail cast up hands and eyes at the tremendous thought.

"I had a caprice to go out by myself. I went to walk in the sunshine. This January sun is like June in England. It warms the blood in one's veins."

"O it is very true, miladi. But it burns one's skin. See how basané all these Neapolitans are! But Monsieur Paul also had a fancy to go out this morning."

"I saw Paul. His master sent him out, to the Via Toledo."

"Ah, Sir John sent him? That is different. But he must have made a long détour, for I saw him from my bed-room window, coming from the Villa Reale."

SCOTCH BALLADS.

The Bannatyne Club first dined together, with Sir Walter Scott in the chair, on the twenty-seventh of February, in the year eighteen 'twenty-three. Fifteen members were present, among whom was Mr. James Maidment, sixth on the original list. From the preface to a book of Scottish Ballads and Songs, published by him ten years ago, we learn that in early youth Mr. Maidment had begun to collect songs, popular histories, and the like; and in the preface to a volume of the same kind published last year—the last new book of its sort—he recals with natural satisfaction Scott's nomination of him to the Bannatyne Club, and the years of friendly intercourse during which the man of genius suggested occupations for the industry of the pains-taking literary antiquary. Trained at the Scotch bar, Mr. Maidment has a particular relish for details of family pedigree; his taste for antiquarian research, perhaps, brought him practice in which questions of inheritance were involved. But his services to the public in the way of a life-long study of popular literature entitle the venerable survivor from among Scott's first comrades of the Bannatyne Club to the friendly acquaintance of the larger public of our day. He has by this time edited some fifty or sixty pieces of old literature, and has almost outlived the fashion to which he was born, and to which he held for many years, of thinking the better of his publications because only a very few copies of each—sometimes not more than twenty-five—were printed. Mr. Maidment has given us lately, through an ordinary publisher, the before-mentioned couple of volumes upon Scottish ballads and songs, with an introduction to each, that contains the ripest fruit of his experience. It is a capital book, but it is a combative book, and fights a losing battle, under the banner of Sir Patrick Spens. Mr. Maidment is made rather unhappy by the heresies of Mr. Robert Chambers, which have gained ground since their promulgation, and he finds it impossible to admit that some five-and-twenty of the popular Scotch ballads are not so old as they seem. So he has revived the fight over the Lady Wardlaw Heresies, from which Mr. Cham-

bers may fairly be said to have come off victor eleven or twelve years ago.

Discovery of the sources of Scotch ballads is as troublesome a business as discovery of sources of the Nile. Hitherto nobody has gone further up than to a mutilated volume in the Auchinleck Library, written by John Asloan about the year fifteen hundred and fifteen. It includes pieces of good old Scottish verse—Henryson's Orpheus and Eurydice, Holland's Book of the Howlet, the Book of the Seven Sages, and a fragment of the Priests of Peebles, besides prose writing.

Then there was amiable Sir Richard Maitland—after whom, in these later days, a club for the preservation of old literature has been named. He was about nineteen years old when John Asloan was copying verse into his manuscript book. Maitland became a lawyer, an Extraordinary Lord of Session; at the age of sixty-five, when he had become blind, an Ordinary Lord of Session, and, a year later, Lord Privy Seal. Though he kept the last-named office only five years, resigning it then to his second son, he sat on the bench till he was eighty-eight years old, and lived to be ninety. His wife died on the day of his burial. During the last thirty years of his long, cheerful life, Sir Richard solaced himself in his blindness with the making of verses. Verse written upon him by Thomas Hudson, at his death, bade others take "manly Maitland" for a pattern, and live as he had done.

> With love to God, religion, law, and right.
> For as he was of virtue lucent light,
> Of ancient blood, of noble sprite and name,
> Beloved of God and every gracious wight,
> So died he old, deserving worthy fame;
> A rare example set for us to see
> What we have been, now are, and ought to be.

Two manuscript volumes containing verse by various Scottish poets with his own, are in the Pepysian Library of Magdalene College, Cambridge. One of these volumes is in the handwriting of Sir Richard's daughter Mary. Among pieces special to the Maitland manuscript are Peebles to the Play, Douglas's King Heart, and Dunbar's Tale of Two Married Women and the Widow.

The George Bannatyne, after whom Scott named the Bannatyne Club, was the seventh child in a family of three-and-twenty, and he was born in the year fifteen 'forty-five. He was bred to trade; but it happened that, when he was three-and-twenty years old, work was stopped, men were secluded by a visitation of the plague, and he occupied his leisure time in copying into a book—his manuscript covers eight hundred closely-written pages—the best collection of the Scottish poetry known in his time. Bannatyne went into business on his own account at the age of twenty-seven. At the age of thirty-three, he was entered as a merchant and guild-brother. He married, traded, lent money, lost his only son and his wife, married his daughter to a George Foulis, and gave or bequeathed his manuscript book of poems to the Foulises. In seventeen hundred and twelve, George Bannatyne's great-grandson, William Foulis of Woodhall, gave the book to the Honourable Mr. William Carmichael, an advocate; and in seventeen 'seventy-two, John, third earl of Hyndford, deposited it in the library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh. Like Sir Richard Maitland, Bannatyne produced verse of his own. But the great service done by these two men was in copying out verse that was worth copying, and of which a considerable part would, but for them, have been entirely lost.

It was chiefly from the Bannatyne Manuscript, lent to him by Mr. Carmichael, that Allan Ramsay, in seventeen 'twenty-four, drew the materials for his Evergreen: Scots poems wrote by the Ingenious before 1600. Among them are the Battle of Harlaw, and the true old ballad of Johnnie Armstrang, never before printed. At the end of the second of the two small volumes of the Evergreen, is a version of Hardyknute, a Fragment, which had first appeared five years earlier as a separate publication in twelve pages folio. In Allan Ramsay's version a more antique air was given to the language, and there were three additional verses. In seventeen 'forty this ballad fragment of Hardyknute was modernised and published at London, as the First Canto of an Epic Poem, with general remarks and notes. One of the general remarks was that the piece could only be the work of an author highly smitten with the fury of a poetical genius. "Far be it from me," wrote the editor, who was probably Mr. John Moncrieff, "far be it from me to compare Hardyknute with the matchless Iliad, but I will venture to say, that our author was undoubtedly blest with a large portion of the fiery spirit of Homer. . . . There is a grandeur, a majesty of sentiment, diffused through the whole; a true sublime, which nothing can surpass." There can be little doubt that the second Homer was a lady, born in sixteen 'seventy-seven, as Elizabeth

daughter of Sir Charles Halket, of Pitferran, married in sixteen 'ninety-six to Sir Henry Wardlaw, a gentleman in Fifeshire. She was sister-in-law to Sir John Bruce of Kinross, through whom the piece was made known to the polite in Edinburgh, and she died about the year seventeen 'seventy-seven. There is not a trace of Hardyknute in any old book or manuscript. Its success was great. Gray admired it, Thomas Warton looked upon it as a noble poem. In the Union, or Select Scots and English Poems, published at Edinburgh, in seventeen 'fifty-three, Hardyknute has a place of honour given it, with Dunbar's Thistle and the Rose, among the ancient poems. In seventeen 'sixty-five it reappeared in Percy's Reliques; but, informed by Lord Hailes, Percy ascribed the authorship to Lady Wardlaw's brother-in-law, Sir John Bruce. Sir David Dalrymple (who became Lord Hailes a year after the appearance of the Reliques, upon his taking his seat as a judge in the Court of Session), himself published in seventeen 'seventy, a selection of Ancient Scottish Poems, from the Bannatyne manuscript. "This," he said, "is the manuscript which the editor of the Evergreen used, but he has omitted some stanzas and added others, has modernised the versification, and varied the ancient manner of spelling. The many and obvious inaccuracies of the Evergreen suggested the idea of this new collection. Some pieces inserted in the Evergreen were composed in the last age, others in the present. . . . Hardyknute is probably modern; certainly of no great antiquity." Scott in his Border Minstrelsy, called this by Lord Hailes the first classical collection of Scottish songs and ballads. But there had appeared, one year earlier, David Herd's Collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, heroic ballads, &c., which was a very creditable one.

John Pinkerton was the next man who gave much of his time to the study of Scotch songs. Pinkerton was a Scotchman born and bred, who after five years' service with a writer to the Signet, settled in London as a busy, irritable man of letters. He began upon Hardyknute, publishing at the age of three-and-twenty, in the year seventeen 'eighty-one, a volume of Scotch tragic ballads professing to contain "Hardyknute: an Heroic Ballad, now first published complete, with the other more approved Scottish Ballads, and some not hitherto made public, in the Tragic Stile, with Two Dissertations." Pinkerton here tried his hand upon a mock-antique continuation of Lady Wardlaw's mock-antique fragment. Nobody was long deceived by it, and Pinkerton at last avowed himself its author. While it was in debate, he did what he could to keep up the mystification. Mr. W. Porden, architect, wrote to him: "When I had read your tales in verse, I read over again the second part of Hardyknute: and I must inform you that I have made up my mind with respect to the author of it. I know not whether you will value a compliment paid to your genius at the expense of your imitative art; but certainly that genius sheds a splendour upon some passages which betrays you." Lord Hailes objected to the second part of Hardyknute that no writer near the feudal times could show himself so ignorant of the form of their castles as the author seemed to be. Whereto Pinkerton replied, taking the argument up personally, as he felt it: "I may safely say, for my own part, that I have studied the feudal manners and those of chivalry as much as any man in Europe. . . . Your lordship will perceive that I write with the freedom that one gentleman of independent fortune should use with another when disputing about trifles." Pinkerton was then twenty-five years old, and Lord Hailes drawing near to sixty.

A volume of comic ballads soon followed the tragic, and then, in seventeen 'eighty-six, Pinkerton fastened on the Maitland manuscript, and, still interpolating spurious work of his own, published two volumes of Ancient Scottish Poems, never before in print, but now published from the MS. collections of Sir Richard Maitland, of Lethington, Knight, Lord Privy Seal of Scotland . . . comprising pieces written about 1420 till 1586.

Since then we have had Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, published in eighteen 'two and three; Jamieson's Popular Ballads and Songs, three or four years later; David Laing's Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland in eighteen 'twenty-one; in 'twenty-four, the North Country Garland; in 'twenty-five, the Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern, with an Introduction and Notes by Allan Cunningham. Two years after that came William Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern, with a Historical Introduction and Notes. In the same year with Motherwell's came Robert Kinlock's Ancient Scottish Ballads, recovered from Tradition, and never before published; and, in the following year, Peter Buchan's Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland. The quick succession of these col-

lections showed the growing interest in the old ballad literature; and we may be sure that Lady Wardlaw and John Pinkerton were not the only folks who tried their wits in imitation of the old popular style. "I am aware," owned Norval Clyne, the most uncompromising upholder of the antiquity of ballads declared to be modern, "I am aware that one or two literary scapegraces supplemented to a trifling extent Peter Buchan's genuine recoveries with some antiques of their own manufacture." In the following year, 'twenty-nine, Mr. Robert Chambers produced two volumes of Scottish Ballads collected and illustrated; opening his budget with Sir Patrick Spens. Ten years later there appeared a new edition in six volumes of James Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, to which Burns had been a contributor. It had notes and illustrations by the late William Senhouse with additions by Mr. David Laing, and here appeared for the first time the heretical suggestion that the much-praised ballad of Sir Patrick Spens was by the same hand that wrote Hardyknute. After another twenty years, in eighteen 'fifty-nine, when Professor Aytoun's collections of the Ballads of Scotland appeared, Mr. Robert Chambers published, in one of a little series called Edinburgh Papers, which he was then issuing, a tract on The Romantic Scottish Ballads, their Epoch and Authorship. Herein he argued that Lady Wardlaw was the author not merely of two ballads but of two dozen. This was putting the old moon into the new moon's arms with a vengeance

> Ohon, alas! says Patrick Spens,
> That bodes a deadly storm.

The storm blew straightway from a return pamphlet by Norval Clyne on The Romantic Scottish Ballads and the Lady Wardlaw Heresy. But since that time the Lady Wardlaw Heresy has spread, and the antiquity of some of the best Scotch ballads, if not disproved, is at least in question. Mr. Maidment is vexed. He candidly gives up Hardyknute to the lady, only supposing that she may have based it on lines of an old ballad which she had heard. But he hints that perhaps it is not much to give up. Sir W. Scott did, indeed, write on a fly-leaf of Ramsay's Evergreen, "Hardyknute was the first poem I ever learnt—the last that I shall forget." But, on the other hand, Professor Aytoun esteemed it a poor performance and would not include it in his charming collection of Scotch ballad poetry. "We believe," says Mr. Maidment, "that with the ordinary devourers of this species of literature it was never popular. During a long course of years we have never had the luck to pick up a stall copy; the Flying Stationers, the best judges of what suited their customers, not considering it an eligible republication." Let Hardyknute go then; but not Sir Patrick, not the other poems. It is very suggestive that Mr. Maidment's new collection—the last and best of Scottish Ballads and Songs, opens with Hardyknute and Sir Patrick. Whoever wishes to know all the pros and cons of the question, should turn to those two little publications of ten years ago, Mr. Robert Chambers's tract in the Edinburgh Papers, and the reply of Norval Clyne. Victory inclines, we think, to the side of Mr. Chambers. But if so, what then? Is a good ballad the less good for not being old?

There is reason to believe that we owe many of the best ballads of the North of Europe, ancient or modern, to the wit of cultivated women. Of such poems in Denmark, found in manuscripts three hundred years old, Dr. Prior writes, in the introduction to his translation of the Ancient Danish Ballads, "One thing only is pretty clear, that in great part they are the composition of ladies. The manuscripts in which they are preserved are almost every one of them in female handwriting, which alone might lead us to expect that females had composed them." And he adds the reasons from internal evidence, "which justify us in admitting the conclusions to which Oeblenschläger, N. M. Petersen, and other Danish critics have arrived, that we are indebted for most of them to the ladies." So it has been, doubtless, with the northern ballads of this country. And there is no reason why it should dishearten us to know that this one of the feminine gifts and graces had not by any means died out at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Nor was it extinct when Lady Nairne wrote The Land of the Leal, or when Lady Barnard wrote Auld Robin Gray. There must be a wrong twist in the way of study that would lead any one to fancy this a grievance.

THERMAL-WATER CURE.

France, with reason, boasts herself to be one of the most favoured countries in the world. She is so, taking her for all in all; and, amongst her natural advantages, few, either of her citizens or her neighbours, estimate sufficiently the value of her thermal mineral springs. The French government knows, and profits by their virtues. Waters issuing from the earth endowed with

certain qualities, or raised to unusual temperatures, attract, as at Spa and many of the German baths, crowds of visitors, the great majority of whom are flaunting pleasure-seekers, the small majority invalids seriously in search of health. But having seen, at Amélie-les-Bains,* in the department of the Oriental Pyrenees, the Thermal Etablissement Militaire in working trim I wish to give a slight idea, with the help of Dr. Henri Lespiau, of the way in which a great nation treats and nurses the suffering individuals of its army and navy who are likely to be benefitted by such treatment. Everything that is done in the Etablissement Militaire at Amélie is medically based on the supposed efficacy (and on nothing else) of the thermal waters there, which are affirmed to be sovereign for scrofulous, and rheumatic affections, especially when obstinate and of long standing. When a patient (soldier or sailor, officer or private) falls ill with a complaint which does not, or is known not to yield to the influence of the waters, he is sent away to Perpignan, where there is a good military hospital for the treatment of diseases in general, all and sundry.

The great object of the French Government is to procure for its sick and wounded soldiers and sailors the same attentions which they would receive in a family in easy circumstances; and this laudable endeavour is, as near as may be, accomplished in the naval and military hospitals in which acute diseases are treated. Chronic diseases were formerly held to be a sufficient reason for premature discharge from the service. At the present time, soldiers and sailors are enabled to try the beneficial effects of natural mineral waters at their source, the quality of the spring being selected according to the nature of their chronic disease, or their wounds contracted in the service.

Within the last fifteen years, the French minister of war has been put in possession of several thermal establishments in which sailors are received on the same terms as soldiers. Vichy represents the group of alkaline waters; Bourbonne is the station for complaints which require the employment of hot saline springs; Barèges and Amélie-les-Bains are the military posts for thermal sulphureous waters. But the former, which has a magnificent hospital, is high up in the Hautes-Pyrénees, is uninhabited in winter, and enjoys a detestably variable climate in summer. The site, moreover, is so displeasing that a cheerful person sent there would soon get the blues. Amélie has the advantage of a lower elevation, being only two hundred and twenty mètres, or seven hundred and thirty-eight English feet, above the level of the sea. The winters are mild, allowing private individuals to make use of the waters all the year round, although the heats of summer are often great. Consequently, the season of the Etablissement Militaire lasts all the year, with the exception of November, March, and April, the months in which trying weather for invalids (if not actually inclement for persons in health) may be expected. Amélie has also the great advantage of being pleasantly and picturesquely situated.

Soldiers and sailors are sent to Amélie by the respective doctors of their regiment or their ship. Each patient may remain there as long as the doctor thinks fit. This kind and hospitable entertainment is not exactly gratuitous. The inmates of the Etablissement Militaire do not get lodging, board, and medical attendance absolutely for nothing. For instance, from the pay of captains two francs per day is deducted; from that of lieutenants, one franc and a half; but they are maintained exactly as in a well-appointed hotel, at the cost, to the State, of at least seven francs, per officer, per day.

The cooks, gardeners, bath-attendants, &c., employed at the establishment, about one hundred altogether in number, are "infirmiers," that is, soldiers, healthy men, whose respective services are paid. The patients, however slight their ailments or however advanced their recovery, are not called upon to do anything in return for the benefits they receive. Two meals a day is the general allowance for everybody, great and small; only, for convenience sake, the hours are not exactly the same. The officers take their déjeuner (a more substantial meal than an English family breakfast) at half-past nine, and dine at five; the privates breakfast, I think, at nine, and dine at half-past four.

The refectories for the men, private soldiers and seamen, are an airy suite of dining rooms communicating with each other by archways instead of doors. They are lighted mainly by borrowed light, which has to traverse an arched corridor; and the windows have outside wooden shutters, as a protection against the excess of heat and glare which may be expected at forty-two degrees of north latitude in summer. The dining tables (on whose outer edge the

* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. ii., p. 513.

places of the guests are numbered), are neatly covered with varnished cloth, which admits of almost instantaneous cleaning. The plates for eating from are of pewter, but a white crockery plate fills the office of salt-cellar.

Of course the officers have a dining-room to themselves, which is the mess-room both for army and navy. Three different dishes, varied from day to day, with dessert, form the bill of fare both at breakfast and dinner. They have a salon, or conversation room, and a reading-room containing some five hundred volumes, with a liberal allowance of newspapers and periodicals. Besides their garden square in the centre of the buildings, they have a reserved alley (the lowest one), fronting the road or street, in the vast general recreation-ground.

In this extensive playground the privates amuse themselves with card-playing, loto, bowls, ninepins, and other games of a similar kind. Few seem to occupy themselves with reading. The more ingenious construct miniature mills, illustrative of the various mechanical movements obtainable from a little rill of water which serves to irrigate the plane-trees in the walks. A single bit of string passing round a wheel, which you may magnify in imagination to imposing proportions, causes a sawyer to saw, a woman to churn, a carpenter to plane, and other useful tasks to be performed by the same little wheel-of-all-work. I did not, however, see a sample of the Swiss mode of rocking a cradle by water-power; probably because most of the patients were bachelors, and likely to continue so.

In such an establishment, it will be taken for granted that there is a well-mounted kitchen, a store-room, a consulting room, a pharmacy, and so on, with all the requirements needful both for household and hospital life. The thermes, or apartments destined to the application of hot mineral water in its various forms, are in a separate building, having no connexion with the sleeping and the eating rooms. Here are the piscine, or hot swimming-bath, for the officers, lined with white marble, and a larger one, of less choice materials, for the men. Among many strange contrivances, is a singular instrument, to enable persons afflicted with skin disease on the face, to remain submerged during considerable intervals. The patient closes his nostrils with a pair of spring nippers, stops his ears with wool, and then, after receiving into his mouth a double tube of reeds (Arundo donax), weighted at the lower end and floated at the upper end with cork, sinks in the piscine or in a bath, and remains completely under water for twenty minutes at a time, or longer.

But the most potent medication of all, is applied in the vaporarium, or vapour-bath, where men are steamed alive in such a way that you fancy they would attain the state of boiled chicken if the process were continued a little longer. Ten minutes of this cooking is thought as much as human flesh and blood can bear: after which, each patient, muffled to the eyes in hot wrappers, instantly betakes himself to bed, as the only safe refuge from atmospheric chills. Affections otherwise intractable have yielded to this violent remedy. Soldiers and sailors are not allowed to go out beyond the walls of the establishment and the grounds belonging to it (which are spacious and varied, sloping up a hill-side) without very special leave. One can conceive the consequences, both to themselves and the townsfolk, were they allowed to run backwards and forward, as they pleased. The officers are subject to less restraint; nevertheless, they are expected to present themselves at meal times, and at least consult their doctor respecting an occasional absence. The entrance of the establishment is guarded by a porter's lodge; and any stranger or civilian entering is asked what or whom he wants.

The internal government and the medical service of this thermal hospital are quite distinct. Like everything else in France, both are based on a system of centralisation. At the head of all, is a sous-intendant militaire, with the rank of colonel: in whom is centred the administration of the hospital, in which the medical men take no part. The details of provisions, linen, washing, and all housekeeping questions, devolve on, and are superintended by, an officier comptable, or account-keeping officer.

At the head of the medical administration is a médecin principal, or principal doctor, of the first class, who is physician-in-chief; second to whom are two médecins principaux, or principal doctors, of the second class. These are assisted by four sous aide-majors, also doctors of medicine. Besides whom, the medical staff includes a pharmacien who acts solely as the conservator of the waters, and whose duties are confined to verifying the qualities and the sulphuration of the water. The need for this officer will be shortly explained. Lastly, there is another pharmacien or apothecary for the service of the hospital.

The thermal establishment at Amélie-les-Bains most frequented by civilians is built

over the springs which supply the mineral waters. But a hospital capable of receiving with comfort four hundred invalid soldiers and sailors, requires *space*, and cannot be built on every rocky spot where a hot spring issues from the ground. Besides sufficent lodgings for the patients, there must be separate buildings for the management, the infirmiers, the bath-rooms, the wash-houses, the chapel, and, above all, spacious grounds, affording the choice of sun and shade, for men confined within walls to walk at pleasure. As might be expected, an obtainable spring was situated on one spot and a sufficiently extensive area of ground at another. The problem was to combine the two.

At the time when the government decided to establish a military hospital at Amélie-les-Bains, its sulphureous springs—there are hot springs there which are not sulphureous—belonged to two proprietors, the Doctors Pujade and Hermabescière, neither of whom was willing to part with the thermal establishments of which they were the respective directors. In the end, Dr. Hermabescière sold to the minister of war, for fifty thousand francs (two thousand pounds) a sulphureous spring, which gives from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty quarts per minute. Taking a mean of one hundred and twenty-five, it supplies some ninety thousand quarts in the four-and-twenty hours: which is amply sufficient for a large number of bathers. This spring being a kilomètre (four furlongs and two hundred and thirteen yards) away from the site selected for the hospital, and on the other side of the ravine down which the torrent Mondony rushes, it was decided to convey the thermal waters across the ravine in air-tight pipes, by means of an aqueduct. This aqueduct forms a handsome foot-bridge, which commands a cheerful and picturesque view in whichever direction you cast your eyes. Some people wonder why the bridge was not made wider, to allow the passage of carriages, and mistakenly attribute its narrowness to the selfishness or exclusiveness of the military authorities. But the fact is, that the vibration caused by the passage of heavy loads over the aqueduct, would very speedily dislocate its joints and produce a leak.

The utility of the appointment of a pharmacien conservator will now be evident; because if, by accident, the waters lose their peculiar sulphureous and other qualities, the course of treatment is then no more than a mere case of hot-water cure. This did actually happen during a certain space of time, in consequence of an escape of gas and a leakage of water from the pipes. At its source, the water has a temperature of seventy-seven degrees Réaumur, not far below the boiling point. It loses five degrees R. during its passage; that is, it reaches the hospital at seventy-two degrees R. This temperature is much higher than is required for any mode of thermal treatment. Consequently, a portion of it is cooled by causing the pipe which contains it to pass through a current of water obtained from the torrent.

Amélie's first step towards its present importance was due to Marshal Comte Castellanne, who for a considerable time commanded the military division whose head-quarters are at Perpignan. During the campaigns of the first Empire, he had contracted rheumatism which caused him great suffering, and he took the opportunity of an inspection at Amélie to try a few sulphureous baths. The result of the experiment was so satisfactory that he strongly urged the minister of war to institute a thermal military hospital in this locality, which was then called Bains d'Arles, after the commune of which it formed a part. But through the general's influence, it was raised to the dignity of a separate commune, under the title of Amélie-les-Bains, after Louis Philippe's estimable queen. This name it is likely to retain, in spite of dynastic changes.

The military hospital was inaugurated on the 1st of July, 1854. It is capable of containing four hundred patients. There is talk of building a separate pavilion for general officers. The thermes comprise every hydropathic appliance known to medical science at the present day. Although the men use one compartment and the officers another, and the latter is more luxurious in its fittings, the whole treatment is precisely the same for both. All the inmates are medically equal in the presence of disease and death.

TWILIGHT.

Drift little snowflakes 'mid the shells,
Break little waves among the pebbles,
Rise little notes in dulcet swells,
And faint again in silver trebles.

The hot sun stoops, and dips and dips
His burning brow to drowsy numbers,
Then kisses red the ocean's lips,
And sinks away to golden slumbers.

Come, twilight, with thy purple breath,
And freshen all the drooping willows;
The water-lilies faint to death,
The bending reeds, the fevered billows!

And beckon forth the timid stars,
To tread the cool dew-drooping heaven,
And quickly let the burning bars
That bind the impatient sea be riven.

And bring thy breeze, with soothing wing,
Around my heated brows to flutter,
And teach the waves more sad to sing,
More yearning mysteries to utter.

Come gliding softly from the east,
Come, breathing over distant cities,
And crown the hills with holy rest,
And fill the winds with plaintive ditties.

A SWISS SONG-FESTIVAL.

On an August morning, as unlike as possible to the rainy one on which we started by special train for Brixlegg a year ago,* we found ourselves on the shores of the beautiful lake of Lucerne, prepared to assist at another and a very different exhibition. It was a singular chance which had brought all the members of our party together as witnesses of a popular national performance, precisely a twelvemonth after the date of the Passion Play at Brixlegg, to the day.

On our first arrival in Lucerne, we observed that the town was gaily decorated with streaming flags of many colours, and with triumphal arches, and pillars twined tastefully with evergreens, at the head of every principal street.

In answer to our inquiries we learned that on the following day (Sunday), there was to be held a "Cantonal Singing Festival" (Kantonal Sängerfest) in Lucerne: the invited choirs were to be received with all sorts of honours by the local authorities; were to be marched in procession through the streets; and, after the concert, were to be entertained with meat and drink in a spacious temporary dining-hall erected for the occasion on the shore of the lake.

The picturesque town was alive and bright with anticipation of, and preparations for, the morrow's festival, as we strolled about it on the Saturday afternoon. Lucerne was full of foreign tourists; chiefly British and Americans. The vast hotels swarmed with guests; the steamboats on the lake were crowded; every train brought fresh additions to the already inconveniently large number of temporary dwellers in the place. But these were not the persons who were interested in the forthcoming performance. Bond-street and Broadway were both amply represented on the Swiss lake shores, but they were apparently far more interested in the International Chignon-show, to be seen on the fashionable promenade, than in what was causing considerable excitement and pleased anticipation amongst the native population.

From eighteen different towns and villages, of which Zurich was incomparably the most important, choirs were sent to compete against each other. When to these were added the Lucerne Cecilia Society, and Liedertafel, their united numbers became very considerable.

After having wandered through the principal streets, and looked at all the arches and garlands and inscriptions, we made our way to the Fest-hütte. This was a large building of pine-wood, little more than a colossal shed, in truth, but very prettily and tastefully decorated with evergreens and banners.

In the Fest-hütte the dinner was to be given to the united choirs after the concert; and, notwithstanding the simplicity of the materials, it would be difficult to imagine a prettier dining-hall, or one more thoroughly adapted to the special occasion for which it was intended. The side of it which faced the lake was not boarded in. The wide intervals between the wooden pillars supporting the roof were left open, giving to view the delicious panorama of the lake, with the opposite shore, and the long, quaint, covered bridge running obliquely from one side to the other. The two ends of the Fest-hütte were also open; but the one long wall that was entirely closed in, was tapestried from roof to floor with fragrant greenery. Pine-branches, ivy, flag-grass, and fresh velvety moss, woven together so as to present an unbroken surface, made a very appropriate arras for this rustic banquet-hall. Long narrow tables and benches were ranged in order, along the floor. At the head of each table was hung a placard inscribed with the name of one of the competing choirs, together with the date of the year in which that choir obtained the victory in the annual trial of musical skill. Above, was a balcony overhung with banners; and here the musicians were to be stationed. Throughout the dinner a local band was to perform at intervals, and there was to be some part-singing also.

The preparations were by no means completed at a pretty late hour on Saturday afternoon. Busy men and women thronged in and out of the Fest-hütte, bearing green branches and garlands, tables, benches, plates and dishes, and whole armies of bottles: which latter were disposed in long array upon the ground. Lucerne (it must be understood that we speak of the native population) was busy up to an unusually

* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, First Series, vol. xx., p. 397.

late hour that night: that is to say, a little beyond the time at which London, in the season, begins to spend its evening. The windows of our bedrooms looked into a narrow, populous street, and some zealous Lucernese, anxious to make a good figure in the festival, were practising part-songs under them, nearly all night. The last sound that saluted our drowsy ears was a long-drawn, rich, tremulous chord, formed by a combination of various kinds of human voice.

The weather, proverbially inimical to popular merry-makings, cleared up most favourably: and, after a long period of rain and cold winds, the 22nd of August rose brilliantly. We islanders are apt to imagine that we have a monopoly of the caprices and ill-humours of the Clerk of the Weather, and that he bestows his sweetness on continental nations with persistent constancy. But they have their share of his gloomy moods: witness the frequent exclamations of pleasure and surprise regarding the fineness of the day, which we heard from all sorts of wayfarers in the streets.

The concert was to take place in the church of St. Xavier. We were told that the building was no longer used for divine service, but for this we cannot vouch. Between breakfast-time and one o'clock, at which hour the concert commenced, we amused ourselves by strolling about the streets and along the shores of the lake. The whole town now presented a very animated spectacle. Crowds of singers arrived at the railway station, and by the steamboats. These were accompanied in most cases by troops of friends who perambulated the streets in their holiday clothes. National costume is dying out like the oyster. Very faint traces of it linger here and there in remote corners of the Continent. Lucerne, it is needless to say, is not a remote corner of the Continent; and the attire of its inhabitants is, with almost imperceptibly slight modification, that of Paris or London, Florence or Vienna. Still, a few of the peasants who had come from their obscure villages to assist at the Sängerfest retained somewhat of the national dress. It was very observable that the women clung with much greater tenacity to the old costume than the men.

The most distinctive costume that met our eyes, was worn by women who appeared to be the wives and daughters of respectable farmers. It consisted of a rather short black petticoat, a full bodice of some rich colour—claret and purple predominated—and a square stomacher over this, stiffened in a manner which gave a singularly ungainly look to the figure. The stomacher was attached to the under bodice by a complicated arrangement of silver chains and clasps, set in some instances with jewels. The materials of the dress were in most cases very good; in some, costly. One portly sunburnt woman wore a skirt of the finest black merino, and an under bodice and sleeves of rich purple velvet. Her stomacher was of black velvet; and her chains and clasps were of massive silver, adorned with precious stones. A black straw-hat covered her head, and her hair hung down in two long plaits on her shoulders. But by the side of this picturesque figure walked a broad, round-shouldered man, with the lumbering gait common to rustics, and dressed very much as a London mechanic would be dressed on a Sunday.

Group after group of men passed us, all wearing a broad band of ribbon round the left arm, or a huge breast-knot. These were the members of the choirs. Occasionally there hurried by, an individual with a silken scarf tied across his shoulder and under one arm. Such a scarf! Crimson, or yellow, or blue, and edged with a silver fringe. We all agreed that nothing so gorgeous had ever been seen out of a stage procession. The wearers of these conspicuous decorations were members of the central committee, or of the select committee of the provincial choirs. One young gentleman assisted the effect of his crimson, silver-fringed scarf, by wearing a blue neck-tie, and white kid gloves. He presented quite a dazzling spectacle in the sunshine. As the hour of performance drew near, the stream of people making for the church of St. Xavier became denser. Perfect order and good humour prevailed in the crowd. The price of places varied from fifty centimes up to two francs. The best seats were those in the body of the church; the galleries being considered inferior. Very quickly the building grew full; before the concert began, it was densely crowded.

The sound of an approaching band was heard without. The choirs were arriving in procession. All at once the great organ struck up a pompous march, and as the notes rolled and shook and thundered through the building, a sudden flash of bright colour was seen at the further end of it, and there were carried in huge

waving banners that seemed to fill the whole space with movement as they were borne slowly up the aisle. These were the standards of the competing choirs, headed by the cantonal banner of Lucerne; they were finally deposited solemnly in the high carved pulpit, and were so arranged as to resemble a colossal fan of many colours. Then the singers were marshalled in. They were ranged on a broad, solid platform, sloping gently upward from the spectators. All the choirs, with the exception of the Cecilia Society and Liedertafel of Lucerne, who did not compete, but merely sang on a kind of hospitable and friendly footing, entered at once, and stood on the platform during the whole performance. As it came to the turn of each choir to sing, its members advanced a little and stood in a semicircle facing the audience. In the centre of the semicircle thus formed, was placed the conductor of the choir. In several cases the numbers of the choir (drawn from some tiny village) were so limited, that it was evident not one voice could be spared. And then the conductor beat the time with one hand, held his music with the other, and lustily swelled the body of sound with lungs which, if occasionally indiscreetly zealous, were invariably sound and strong.

The performance commenced with a Festgruss (festal greeting) sung by the Liedertafel of Lucerne. The singers were stationed, not on the platform, but in the organ-loft: so that they faced their guests, and were thus manifestly addressing *them*, rather than the general audience.

It is not our aim to write a musical criticism; and we shall therefore refrain from any attempt to decide on the respective merits of the competitors. One or two of the choirs were so immeasurably superior to the others, as to leave no room for discussion. As a mere musical performance, the whole concert was decidedly below the average mark of such exhibitions either in Germany or England. But it was impossible to look on it from a solely artistic point of view. The mere aspect of the singers suggested a thousand interesting considerations and errant fancies. Face after face met our eyes, homely, weather-beaten, coarse-featured, ugly, but breathing of open air and scorching sun and keen mountain blasts. How many a winter's night, when the thick white snow hushed every footfall, and frost made the wild torrents dumb, had the pine-built châlet vibrated to the sound of rustic voices, singing and soaring, and sending out circles of sound into the blanched mountain wildness, even as the fire and lamp sent forth rays of light from the uncurtained casements! On how many a spring-tide morn and summer evening, had the music of Mendelssohn, and Mozart, and Schubert, echoed along the mountain pastures, whilst the tinkling cowbells and bubbling streams made a subdued accompaniment to the sweet part-songs!

The words of the part-songs did not harp on many varied strings; but they were all healthy in tone. Many of them were highly poetical. The chords chiefly appealed to, were patriotism and love of nature. There were also, of course, several love ditties. But in each of these the writer expressed a vivid sympathy with, and admiration for, stars, and flowers, and forests, and wild birds; and made the landscape take the colour of his mood, according as his wooing were gay and prosperous, or sad and pensive.

The numbers of each separate choir varied from a dozen—or, probably, in some cases, fewer—up to thirty or forty voices.

From Grütli, where the famous oath was sworn; from Altdorf, where Tell shot the apple (our belief in which apple we are resolved that no accumulation of human testimony shall shake); from Zurich, proud of her fair lake-mirror; from many and many a hamlet, whose very name would be strange in the ears of English readers; the singers had been gathered together.

One after the other the choirs stood forward and sang, gaining more or less applause.

An incident occurred which is worth recording, and which may be considered touching or comic, according to the reader's point of view. Ettiswil (can that appalling school-boy who knows everything, oblige us with the exact latitude and longitude of Ettiswil?), poor little Ettiswil, was represented by the smallest of all the choirs. Mere peasants, hard-handed, and weather-tanned, they stepped out from the crowd on the platform, and ranged themselves in a half-circle to sing. Their conductor was a sanguine-complexioned eager man, boiling over with zeal and energy. He was also—and this proved to be unfortunate—the principal tenor of the troupe. The piece they had selected was a part-song, "Evening-shine in the Woods," by Schmölzer, and it contained a few bars of solo for the first tenor. What with his zeal, and the heat, and the exertion of directing the time with his

strong energetically waving arm, the poor conductor had not his voice so much under command as might have been desired. Without going intolerably out of tune, the pitch fell, and fell. And at the end of the piece the whole choir was flat, and Ettiswil received but a faint and feeble tribute of applause. Still it had not been a disgraceful failure. Other choirs were flat. The thing might be borne.

But, behold, when Zurich comes forward at the very end of the list, Zurich also sings, "Evening-shine in the Woods," by Schmölzer! Zurich sends no hard-handed herdsmen or farmers. Zurich is represented by superior persons in black satin waistcoats and gold spectacles! (The preponderance of spectacles, by-the-way, in the entire mass of performers, is remarkable.) Zurich is thirty strong, or so. Zurich boasts a conductor who has nothing to do but conduct. Lastly, Zurich possesses a tenor, slim, black-haired, gentleman-like, and with an exquisitely true and sympathetic voice! And just this very Zurich, with its incontestable and overwhelming advantages, must needs pitch upon the identical part-song of tiny, rustic Ettiswil, and invite invidious comparisons!

It is hard. It is almost cruel. But when Zurich has sung (and sung, it must be said, very admirably), and is recalled vociferously to repeat the strain, who so hearty, who so rapturous, who so unfeignedly delighted as the men of Ettiswil?

It was almost pathetic; the thing was so unmistakably genuine. Hand-clappings may easily be insincere. Shouts of approbation are not necessarily loyal in proportion to their loudness. But the rapt attention, the honest pleasure, the unconscious self-forgetting smiles on those coarse-featured faces, could not be simulated. No doubt Ettiswil was sorry to be beaten; but equally without doubt was it, that Ettiswil heartily admired its victorious rivals, and enjoyed their skill.

It was curious to observe, both in the instance of Zurich, and in that of the Cecilia Society of Lucerne, how mental and social culture, if it did not improve physical gifts, at least rendered the use of them so certain and masterful, as to surpass without an effort the attempts at competition of the mere material animal. The men of Zurich were lawyers, doctors, clerks, tradesmen: men who passed many hours in sedentary occupation, shut up within the walls of a town. The men of Ettiswil were herdsmen, ploughmen, farmers: men who imbibed pure oxygen from morning to night: who rose with the lark and couched with the lamb. And yet compare the voices of the two choirs. The Zurich voices were full, resonant, true. The Ettiswil voices were rough, hard, uncertain.

Again: the "mixed choir" of Huttwil, consisting half of men, half of women, was naturally compared with the Cecilia Society of Lucerne; also composed of equal numbers of male and female singers. The women of Huttwil were mere peasants. They wore the sort of costume already described; black petticoat, velvet bodice, silver chains, and the rest. The female Cecilians were—we do not know with accuracy the social status of the pleasing-looking young ladies who sang on this occasion, but it may at least be said without offence or fear of contradiction, that they, one and all, led domestic, quiet, household lives. Listen to the two. Huttwil does not sing out of tune; but it is harsh, screamy, and *worn* in tone. Yes: truly, worn. Do you seek for freshness, roundness, purity of quality? You will find these charming characteristics in the throats of the white-muslined, kid-gloved town maidens; not in those of the dwellers on upland pastures, or by the margin of sweet waters where the daintiest airs of heaven bring the souls of flowers on their impalpable wings.

The contest is over. We strangers have no means of ascertaining to whom the palm of victory is awarded; but we all leave St. Xavier, declaring that if Zurich be not triumphant, it ought to be.

The crowd pours out of the church. The organ sounds joyfully. The great fan in the pulpit is resolved into its component parts, and the banners flutter out at the portal. The brass band strikes up, and the choirs are marched in procession through the town again.

Later in the evening we cross to the opposite side of the lake to that on which the Fest-hütte stands, and stroll dreamily along. A glorious mellow August sun shines down over the magnificent panorama. Alp over Alp transfigured with the splendours of the dying day, melt in the distance into ethereal, cloud-like shapes of snow, rose-tinted. Village windows flame redly from beneath their beetling gables. The level sunbeams pierce thick forest foliage with their burnished javelins; and the reaches of green meadow stretching softly into the lake, are touched with gold, and glow with the peculiar hue of some lustrous Indian beetle.

Presently the moon rises, large and round, leaning her breast against the sharp black peak of a jagged pile of rock. Then a yellow train of brightness shimmers on the blue waters. On the dark flank of Pilatus, a crimson beacon light flames up, looking lurid in the gloom of the mountain's mighty shadow. Belated rowers quicken the rhythmic plash of their oars, and snatches of song are borne landward by the evening breeze; which carries also the ineffably sweet breath of mountain pastures and newly-mown hay. In the distance, close down to the water's edge, so that shadow and substance show like one point of brightness, gleams the Fest-hütte, all ablaze with lights. It seems a splendid jewel, scintillating as the slight wind touches its flickering jets of flame.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

How they shout! But the distance and the water sweeten and soften the sound.

Then breaks forth a jubilant strain: "For God, Freedom, and Fatherland!" The full notes are wafted across the placid lake. The amber moon soars up over the rocks; away from the jagged point that pierced her. She looks peaceful in her azure heights, as though a black earth-shadow had never darkened her purity. And thus the last song dies away in the distance.

"For God, Freedom, and Fatherland!"

A DEFENCE OF THE NOVEL.

A RESPECTED correspondent, whose interest has been strongly kindled in the matter of the amicable controversy carried on in our columns between the Vindicator of Prose and the Apologist for Verse,* has done us the honour to suggest the Necessity for the Novel as a desirable theme for discussion. Assuredly the subject is one for serious consideration, and not without bearing on the present state and prospects of society; it has also many relations both with prose and verse. Long ere the former was employed in composition, whether written or oral; long ere states were founded, or even society formed; the culture of nations was dependent on what we should now call nursery tales, or rather on similar stories which the more learned have since relegated to the nursery, and stupidly banished from their libraries. Long ere the Vêdas were written or Arabian traditions spoken; long before the earliest theogonies or cosmogonies, the mythical fable, or the Homeric poem; the lessons of wisdom were preserved in the family narrative, which, in its transition from parent to child, attained a rhythmical flow, a tuneful cadence, a manner of speech that, as a poet tells us, was "far above singing." Fortunately these domestic utterances were unrestricted, while those of a more public character, falsely supposed to be more important, were sacredly guarded. If any other than a Brahmin were to have dared to read the Vêdas or to hear them read, boiling oil would have been poured into his ears; but full liberty was allowed to the popular lore, and it might be spoken or listened to gladly and without fear by the simple and the vulgar. Gradually losing its private application, it became the parable, brief in form but pregnant in results, and gathering importance as it travelled onward. Such "household words" circulate from clime to clime. Anon, we find them developing themselves, with additions, into allegories and types, and embellishing themselves with metaphors, similes, and emblems. They finally came down into the latest time as well-dressed episodes in elaborate epics, or startling incidents in the sensational romance.

As soon as these narratives assumed the dignity of art, they were seized on by the poetic spirit of the early time and clothed in the attire of verse. Greece and India both present us with examples of great but not equal excellence, alike admirable as works of imagination, but differing much in spirit and in form. Fantastical and indeterminate in its material, the method of the Indian epic becomes measureless and formless, or mean and contracted. Greek art is the opposite of this, being remarkable for its subjection to rule and its agreement with reason. It gains in beauty what it may lose in sublimity. The introduction of history and prose brought it to a lower level. The heroes had become imperfect men even in Euripides, but with the historical Ionian the human varieties are numberless. Herodotus can even afford to be sceptical, and Thucydides abounds in individual types which admit of free criticism, whether for their virtues or their errors, their merits or their defects. Sometimes during meals a story-teller would be permitted to feed the mind also by means of some long yarn, full of wonder and sentiment: a custom which still prevails in the East. As in

* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. i., p. 346; vol. ii., p. 65.

philosophy the mind of man advanced from the abstractions of Plato into the realisms of Aristotle, so in time these public reciters preferred the familiar themes of ordinary life, delivered in rhythmical prose, to the epic sublimities which had required the gorgeous apparel of verse. In this manner the prose-romance came, by a chain of natural causes, into existence, and finally substituted the stricter form of composition. When Athens ceased to be the capital and mistress of the literary world the forms of literature underwent considerable change, and its subject-matter became more miscellaneous in its character; both were more popular and adapted themselves to meaner capacities, alike in relation to author and reader. Such is the natural current of thought; like a great river it has its source in elevated places, but in its flow it seeks the valleys and lower regions of created development. Thus for the lofty apologues of classical writers were substituted such parables as we find in the New Testament, consisting of simple elements and dealing with familiar transactions, addressing the humble-minded and finding a ready reception with erring but contrite natures.

The new developments of mind thus induced have been extraordinary in their character and influence. They have initiated a tendency by which the human intellect has been unspeakably elevated and the interests of science and literature immeasurably advanced. It promoted and finally accomplished a mighty mental revolution, opening wider and more extensive channels of thought, imparting keener sensibility to the feelings of the heart, and giving ample scope to all the nobler energies of man.

The history of modern literature has followed much the same course. The Roman mind, as compared with the Grecian, represented a tendency to the useful rather than to the beautiful, and contained the latter as far as possible within the limits of the former. It was decidedly sensuous, and in its descent from the intellectual to the practical, preferred a style and a language less difficult than belonged to the more ancient models. Out of this grew a new tongue and a new literature. Latin was transformed into Italian, and the poet into a romancer. The popular dialect became that of literature, and a new race of writers commenced a new era.

Even in the earlier period, as we may easily perceive by reference to Xenophon's Cyropædia, what they named history we should now call historical romance. When at length history proper was confined within stricter limits, when memory was substituted for imagination, and facts, however scanty, were regarded as of more value than fancies, however profuse and ornamental, a newer form of the old romance became needful to fill a waste place in the mind which had been accustomed to be entertained with epic narrative in verse or inventive episode in historical prose, but was now left to seek for amusement of a like kind in less difficult forms of composition. Passing, then, from the incidents of the Peloponnesian war, the adventures of Cyrus, and the retreat of the Ten Thousand, the general mind required a culture suitable to less heroical conditions, which at length was fully satisfied under the form of the modern novel.

This downward tendency of all the forms of literature has been sometimes stigmatised as a degradation, and many an author, as was the case with Euripides, undervalued in consequence. Assuredly there is some mistake in these rash judgments. The sun at first shines on the hill-tops, but as he advances towards noonday his light penetrates the slopes and the valleys and illuminates the lowest levels of creation. Modern fiction, by adapting its tales to the meanest capacities, shows that it has attained a loftier station of command and a larger comprehension of possible results. At the same time it is proved equal to the most subtle varieties of human intellect in the course of its development, whether social or individual; and the metaphysical novel is nearly as frequent as the sensational, in the present age of innovation, when small regard is paid to convention, and a latitude allowed to thought beyond that of any previous age.

The progress of the human mind, therefore, renders necessary those modern forms of fiction in which daring speculation and familiar occurrences mingle together so as to suit every phase of mental and moral growth, and thereby reflect the ever changing states of an advanced period of society, possessing more knowledge and enjoying more freedom than any preceding time could boast of. Poetry even has to do this, albeit addressing those higher-class minds that live as much in the past as in the present, and has to venture into regions of description and thought where criticism follows it unwillingly and frequently reproachfully, amazed at its audacity and

dreading the danger looming in the future. The novelist, addressing the less reflective, and endeavouring to paint "the manners living as they rise," is compelled by his audience to take special note of the actual stage of the progress attained by the contemporaneous and active life which is surging about him on every hand, and soliciting recognition in every possible shape, however strange and difficult of estimation by the canons of judgment hitherto acknowledged. The novel must deal with the newest, and is accordingly very often merely tentative equally in its subject-matter and its treatment; showing in this as much difference from the classical as the classical does from the wilder examples of Indian literature. Both efficient and final causes, equally living and interacting, are continually working to evolve from all manner of complications some original element that may show the literary mind of the present to be really as creative as that of the past. We must all of us feel that there is a mighty stir and striving everywhere constraining us to new and daring effort, and teeming with extraordinary births, in which the passions of the heart and the conclusions of the reason will enter into sweet and bitter conflict, in order to their ultimate reconciliation in an improved and more permanent order of things, but with which perhaps the future world will be as little satisfied as the present is with existing arrangements. But as the past was forced onward until it united itself with yesterday and to-day, so must we yield still to the constant pressure which urges us into the presence of the coming morrow, and our literature in all its forms must bear the marks of the same necessity, on every page of the countless volumes which testify to its inexhaustible fertility.

HIS LITTLE WAYS.

Notwithstanding that, since the period at which I first accosted the reader in these pages, grey has something mingled with our younger brown, it may not be wholly without interest to the fairer portion of my friends to mention, incidentally, that I am still an unsnared being, a bright old bachelor, still faithful to my principles of freedom, still, with the combined decision and courtesy with which one honours, and repels, the efforts of a persevering foe, resisting eligible opportunities of parting with that blessing. Urbane, but inexorable, I really know no man who more thoroughly appreciates the charming qualities of the other sex, or cherishes a deeper sentiment of gratitude for the still greater blessings he had sometimes believed them not unwilling to confer. Cordially recognising the sagacious provision that proposals should proceed from *our* side, I feel that I must else not only have long since exhausted all acknowledged forms of negative, but that the perpetual demand upon one's best and tenderest sympathies must have seriously affected my nervous system, and terminated in—say sciatica, if nothing worse.

I would not, for worlds, be considered to speak disrespectfully of the married state. Very, very far from it. I have a positive predilection for matrimonial life, provided I do not share it, and look round upon the ever-increasing circle of its victims with something of that feeling, mournful, indeed, yet tender and humanising, with which one gazes on the sick and wounded in some mighty hospital.

I have even a little gallery in my house, sacred to their manes. Under each sad-eyed portrait, with its forced, quivering smile, and, not unfrequently, that "tamed" look never seen in cage-born animals of the fiercer kind, appears the date of the unfortunate fellow's birth and exec—marriage, I mean—and I am sensible of few things more gratifying than to sit, smoking (poor lads! *you* never smoked) in your midst, to remember that if you fell easily, you bore it nobly, and to think that, but for a too ostentatious embracing of your chains, you might have passed for happy men.

One of you (yes, Balaam Burkemyoung, b. 1687, m. 1715, you may well try to disarm me with that deprecating gaze), carried hypocrisy to the extent of marrying three wives! Of the first, history is mute. Between the two last, you lie buried. In the interesting bas-relief commemorating that circumstance, you are turning your back to the one, and bestowing your undivided attention on the other. Balaam, this is suggestive. Is it—can it be two to one that you were not a happy spouse?

Charley Wing, dear old boy, your wink is a transparent humbug. It is not worth one dump. That look, recalled with difficulty for deceitful ends, belongs to an earlier and happier period of your existence. You had been dead three years (to freedom) when, at the command of your

sovereign, Mrs. Wing, you smirked for this effigy! My friend, I consecrate this sip of grog to the joyous memories of our bachelorhood. No man was louder in praise of that blest condition than yourself. In the very act of exulting over a fallen brother, whit! your foot slipped, and you vanished over the dizzy precipice, with Sibyl Greatheed of the Grange.

John Adolphus Burkemyoung Parfitt (b. 1789, m. 1830) it is my painful duty to pass upon you the severest sentence in my power to award. Convicted on the clearest evidence, your marriage certificate, of two offences of the highest class—treason, sir, and perjury—forgetful of your own voluntary vow that nothing should induce you to marry, you deserted the ranks of bachelorhood upon the merest provocation. Life's battle, sir, had hardly begun, when you, unhappy man, incited by one Agnes Heckstetter Williamson, of Scarborough, Yorkshire, Spinster, withdrew precipitately to the rear, and were heard of no more. You are hung, sir, well hung (light from the left), and may you be as happy as you don't deserve!

Philip Bamstead (b. 1800, m. much regretted, 1821), tender years recommend to mercy only when accompanied by the weakness and instability incident to youth. You fell in love, young sir, at seventeen. Four years were allotted you for reflection and repentance. In vain. On the day you came of age, you married. Human depravity—I cannot trust myself to speak. A baronet of my acquaintance, Sir Peter Teazle, has sagaciously remarked that certain marriages are crimes that bring their own punishment. You were a grandfather at forty!

And now, Tom Burkemyoung, the younger, "What shall I say to *thee*, Lord Scrope?" Friend of my youth, I knew thee, and that there was, in thy whole composition, not love enough to stir the soul of a flea. Had I been inquired of, by cynic, what man is safe? I should have unhesitatingly replied "*Tom.* Tom Burkemyoung." To do you justice, however, you practised no deceit or perfidy. The woman does not breathe who shall taunt you with broken vows. Tom lost everything he possessed, and very considerably more, through the sudden dissolution of the Universal Starch and Stucco Company. Comprehending at one glance his position, Tom put himself up for sale. "My reserved price," avowed the frank, handsome fellow, "is two hundred thousand, fifty down." He was bought by Mrs. Curwig, widow of the eminent broker, the mark of whose honoured head, against his favourite pillar in the Stock Exchange, is still pointed out to new comers with pride and emotion. "Sic stabat Curwig" was to have been inscribed over the spot he had abandoned for another, where time-bargains are no more, but a brother magnate of the 'Change having declared that he, for one, would not "stab at" the memory of his old friend, the idea was prudently relinquished. Tom, old boy, health to you, and resignation. I salute you.

After all (this is first-rate 'baccy), after all, my suffering souls, I have not touched upon the worst of your condition. You remind me of the metamorphosed kings in Circe's palace. You were once men. You sank into husbands, from thence you degenerated into sires. In this moral decrepitude, you received the ironical title of "governor," your gubernatorial functions being, in many cases, expressly restricted to the forking out of cash.

Your case, my worthy things, is hopeless. Man's growing wisdom has greatly facilitated the cheaply and expeditiously getting rid of wives. But with your offspring the matter is different. The law of England, like a benevolent grandmother, adopts both parties, and, for a certain period, compels the satisfactory fulfilment of those functions you assumed with the honorary title above referred to.

Right you are, my excellent creatures, to adapt yourselves to uncontrollable circumstances; but the forced exultation under which you strive to conceal your disgrace is transparent to the (bachelor) friends who love you. Humbling is it to witness the first feeble efforts of some hero of fifty fields, to control the struggles of that formless dab of humanity he styles his "son!" Melancholy, indeed, is the spectacle of a man whose glowing pen has moved the social world, accosting his first-born as topsy-mopsy-wocums! It seems like a grotesque and horrible dream, begotten of German sausage and lager beer, that I once surprised an individual whose poems have been translated into sundry European tongues, entertaining his tyrant-baby with a lyric whose concluding lines are burned into my memory, to this effect:

> Shim-sham paradiddle marabona ting-tang—
> Rigdum bulladigm ky me.

Tears gather in my eyes as I pen these unforgotten words! I will pay one hundred pounds to any individual who will lessen

the pang by proving to me that they are susceptible of any rational explanation. "Ky me" (whatever they may mean) if I will not!

Is it not enough that the dawning reason should be bewildered with such lights as these? Must it be wantonly misled? It is my belief that your baby begins to *think* reason long before its teachers condescend to talk it. *My* infantine common-sense revolted, I remember, against the suggestion that I should hush-a-by on a tree-top, when not only was there a secure and comfortable nursery at hand, but a very serious mishap likely to ensue were the former proposition adopted.

Again: that "Burkemyoung" does not rhyme with "hunting" I hold to be an insufficient apology for addressing me as "bunting;" nor does the prospect of being wrapped up in a rabbit-skin offer sufficient attractions to atone for such unfaithful teaching.

Is it imagined that children are born without ears? An error. I knew a young lady who, at four years old, indignantly resisted the attempt in Jack and Jill, to reconcile "water" and "after," and always held to the improved transatlantic reading:

> Jack fell down and broke his crown,
> And, if Jill didn't—she oughter.

From these, among many examples of a similar nature, I am led to infer that there is something in the care of babies highly debilitating to the intellectual man. Consequently, to delegate the education of this, perhaps inevitable, nuisance, to the sex whose mental progress threatens to become unhealthfully rapid, may be the best for all parties.

I myself have studiously held aloof, and, with one fearful exception, recorded some while since in these pages, have never, that I wot of, been in direct communication with any baby living. It was, therefore, not without serious mental disturbance that I received a letter from my niece Mattie, married and residing abroad, referring to a rash promise on my part to come and see her first-born son, whenever that astonishing phenomenon should be revealed.

"Aware, dear," continued this saucy letter, "of your partiality for little trots, I have not been in a hurry to remind you of your promise; but, now, darling Babs is quite a little man" (he was about two-and-a-half), "so come you *must*. I do assure you, uncle, he is not a common child. (If he *had* been, my curiosity would for once have been powerfully excited!) "He has a hooked nose, like papa, and the richest little baritone voice. His desire to see his godpapa is quite touching." (This remark merely proves into what extremes the naturally truthful mind may be betrayed by enthusiasm.) "The moment he heard you were expected" (So!) "he began saving up his bits of sugar, and would have been equally generous with regard to his magnesia, but *that* circumstances forbade! If you could only see him tearing his little cradle curtains—destructive darling, *that* he is!" (I could almost hear the kiss that accompanied this tribute.) "Or screaming and splashing in his little bath! O dear, dear! won't you be delighted with his little ways!"

Ha! Crumbs of comfort! My godson's ways were little. If ways of some sort be unavoidable, the smaller they run the better. A hooked nose, ha? I don't think I ever saw a Jewish baby; but, with infants of my own persuasion, the little dab of putty which represents the early stage of that organ, simply expresses indecision as to the form it will eventually adopt. Let us, however, hope that the curved beak foreshadows greatness; at all events, that decision of character and self-control which (see Julius Cæsar, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, Sir Henry Morgan, the buccaneer, and others) qualify men to be successful *leaders* of men. As touching the quality of my godson's voice, that must, for the present remain a mystery, a shriek in baritone conveying to my mind no more distinct idea than that of a railway whistle with a cold.

My journey, as luck would have it, was made in company of an interesting young gentleman about my godson's years. There was something contraband, so to speak, in the manner in which he had been introduced into the carriage. At all events, it was only when we were fairly under way, and escape impossible, that he was suddenly born, as it were, from a basket that seemed to contain nothing but innocent lace, and announced his presence with a querulous squall that might have served for a signal to the next station. The pretty little mamma who, with a nurse, occupied the adjacent seats, apologised so sweetly for the—no doubt, to *her*—melodious disturbance, that I felt I could do no less than express myself as rather gratified, than otherwise, at the prospect of our journey being enlivened by such strains.

"You are fond of the pets, if I am not mistaken?" remarked my fair fellow-traveller, archly.

I bowed assent. "Pet" is a general term, and I have no aversion to a good bull-terrier.

"And I am sure," she added, more sweetly still, "they like *you*."

My heart stood still. A dew rose on my forehead. What if I were expected to caress the little abomination?

"How he fixes his pretty eyes upon you! It is quite curious, how quickly they recognise their friends!"

If an intense desire to fling its object out of the window be indicative of friendship, I gave this infant credit for its penetration. Snatching the opportunity, when mamma's eyes were for a moment averted, I returned the child's stare with a look that might have cowed a rhinoceros. But the result disappointed my expectations. The terrified howl I had elicited was interpreted as a desire to go to the kind gentleman who was smiling so amiably from the opposite seat. This, however, the infant, for its own private reasons, at once declined, thereby enabling me to display, with safety, an amount of disappointment that completely won the confidence of both mamma and nurse.

Upon the whole, this was a fortunate meeting. Here, I thought, was a splendid opportunity of learning a little baby talk and general management which would prove invaluable in defence against my godson. Not to be tedious—before our little party separated, I had, by unwearied observation and a little judicious questioning, acquired all the needful rudiments of babiology. Although not qualified to maintain a fluent conversation, I felt that I could make myself generally understood. If incompetent to deal with unforeseen and critical incidents, I could answer for a certain self-possession in the presence of most. In cases demanding prompt action, I felt sure that my course, if somewhat rough, would be effectual. I knew which end of a baby commonly went first, and which had been agreed upon, by nursery sages, as more desirable to keep uppermost. I was aroused to the fact that "wagh!" (which I had hitherto imagined to be a phrase of the Sioux Indians) was babine for hungry: and "owgh!" implied a slight discomfort in the stomach: these being the only two incidents recognised in earlier baby life, as of any real consequence. The art of saying, "clk!" "chirrup!" and "boh!" at the aptest moment, was one that could not be imparted, but which tact, experience, and observation would soon supply. Finally, the rules that govern dandling and dancing are of so subtle a nature, that the inspiration of the moment is, upon the whole, the safest guide.

Armed with these timely hints, I lost all uneasiness, and by the time I reached my journey's end, was really almost as anxious to meet my godson, as his doting mother could have desired.

"Now, uncle," said Mattie, composing herself, after the effusions of welcome, "how would you like to see him, *first? Think*, dear, and then say frankly. He does look so pretty, asleep! But, then, his little ways——"

"My dear," I said, hurriedly, "if there be one condition in which a child affects me more pleasingly than another, it is in that sweet repose which must be so unspeakably grateful both to the innocent little being itself, and—and—to all that stand around."

"Come, then, dear. Hush-sh. Tiptoe, please! . . . . *There!*"

Mattie was right. He was *not* a common child. I never saw so "made" a countenance in so very small a human being. Asleep in his cot, his face alone visible, he looked like a medallion of some ancient senator of Rome. His nose, commenced on the principle so much in vogue with that distinguished people, had been finished as a snub. There were purpose and determination in the close-shut lips, and a slight corrugation of the little brows, as if, even in dreams, the atom's thoughts were busy with schemes for the life that was scarcely begun.

"Calculating little beggar!" I thought, smiling, however, with all the sweetness I could command.

"He doesn't take to strangers at all," whispered Mattie.

"Thank—— no, *really?*" said I, much relieved.

"But don't be uneasy, dear. He will to *you*," said Mattie, consolingly. "I do believe he's dreaming of you at this very moment!"

"Come, come, my dear!"

"Just hark." She put down her ear.

"Don't you see his little lips moving? 'Uncle.'"

"'Bunkum,' I fancied!"

"Nonsense—only hark. 'Unky tum!'"

"*Tum!*"

"My own! Uncle *is* tum!" cried the doting mamma, and, in a burst of enthusiasm, she caught him up in her arms.

"Yee-ough!" yelled the child.

I rallied in desperate haste my lately acquired knowledge.

"Clk!" said I. "Catchee—that is to say, boh! How d'ye do? And heigh-diddle-diddle."

"Dear—he's beyond *that*," said Mattie, laughing merrily. "Kissy-wissy. Make friends. Talk, my own." And without a moment's hesitation, she placed him in my unaccustomed arms.

Rather to my surprise, the young gentleman offered no resistance, only making a clutch at a curl on my forehead, which (for reasons of my own) I evaded, compromising for the temporary misuse of my nose.

A little discouraged by the failure of my first conversational efforts, I now resolved to let my godson take the lead, and to adapt the stature of my observations to his. But, whether dumb with joy at his uncle's "tumming," or from some occult reason, not one word would he utter. Nevertheless, either the little animal was endowed with a histrionic genius far beyond his years, or he really *was* glad to see me. He smiled, after a grave, controlled fashion, and once executed a deliberate wink, as though to intimate that, when time and inclination should serve, we might have a good deal to say to one another. Presently he waxed fidgetty, and, wrestling himself down, toddled to his cot, and returned, carrying in his small fists, something which he offered to my lips. Prudence dictating a previous examination, there revealed themselves certain substances, whose crumbly and attenuated character, pronounced them, past question, to be half-sucked lumps of sugar!

After this, our friendship ripened fast. He really was an engaging little man, and his odd fancy for his old uncle not a myth at all. Without any vast interchange of ideas, we arrived at a degree of harmony that I should not have imagined possible. Imitation is said to be the most delicate form of flattery, and my godson was never tired of copying my ways. Hence, *his* little ways, hitherto innocuous, became a source of considerable inconvenience, if not worse, and were attended with results quite other than what was intended.

Among the rest of my personal effects that had attracted the young gentleman's notice, perhaps the most beloved was a brightly-decorated Turkish pipe, cut, as I had been at some trouble to explain, from a jasmine tree, a very, very, very long way off! This latter circumstance appeared to give Babs, as he was usually called, some disturbance.

One day the pipe was missing. Great tumult and inquiry. Babs silent and meditative. Next morning the pipe had returned to its accustomed haunt. Eagerly charging it, I began to inhale the fragrant fumes, when—Pheugh! Whish! Psish! An earwig! Psha! Another! Two! Twenty! Out they came in batches, scampering in every direction! Babs, the secret being too much for his little bosom, burst into tears, and avowed that he had connived at the pipe's passing the night in the heart of a jasmine bush. "It was such a very, very long way from home." Babs evidently has a vague idea that the night had been one of festival and welcome for the distant cousin from the Levant!

Growing (as my hairdresser has for thirty years assured me) a little thin on the top of my head, I had, of late, adopted a few supplementary locks, and these, in the intimacy of friendship, I did not hesitate to dress in the presence of Babs. One day I missed both Babs and hair, and proceeding, in some agitation, to the nursery, surprised my young friend busily engaged, with his mother's scissors, in removing the very last curls from Isidor's masterpiece.

"Dessing 'oor hair!" cried Babs, triumphantly, waving the denuded scalp before my horror-stricken eyes. He had wished to save me trouble.

My godson was in the habit of paying me early visits in my room. Now, I confess to one unjustifiable propensity, that of smoking in bed; but not conceiving it necessary, at present, to warn my visitor against so evil an example, I puffed away tranquilly, as though he were not there. I shall never forget one terrible morning, when, roused by violent screams and shouts of "Fire!" from the upper story, I dashed up-stairs, through a stifling cloud of smoke, to find, happily, poor Babs already rescued, and descending, wrapped in a wet blanket, into the arms of his agonised friends. He had been trying to smoke in bed, but, novice as he was, and embarrassed with the bed-clothes, the result had been limited to fire!

These little misadventures, which, in fact, were only so many proofs of love and confidence, only served to cement our alliance, and my visit was drawing to a

most successful close, when coming down one morning, rather late, to breakfast (for I had felt a little indisposed) my niece received me with an exclamation of horror.

"My dear uncle, what *ever* is the matter? Why good heavens! dear, you are *green!*"

"Literally, or figuratively?"

"Don't laugh, dear! *Look*, Harry." And she burst into tears.

My nephew looked at me gravely, and rang the bell.

"Whether you like it or not, my dear uncle, I shall send for our neighbour, Dr. Courtney. The doctor — *instantly*," he added, to the servant who answered his summons.

In the mean time, I had ascertained that my countenance, throat, and, in fact as far as I could see, had assumed the colour of a green caterpillar, accidentally boiled.

Dr. Courtney was with us, almost before I had completed my self-examination. After a moment, he drew me apart.

"Do you want the truth?"

"My dear sir, what *else?*"

"You've been poisoned!"

My heart certainly gave a throb.

"What have you been swallowing?"

"Nothing but what, I am grieved to say, every one else has partaken of."

The physician shook his head, as in doubt of that,

"Pray go to your room, and to bed. I will be with you again, within a quarter of an hour. Meanwhile, endeavour, I beg of you, to remember everything you have recently taken."

Feeling myself becoming seriously ill, I obeyed his directions, in all but the last. I could not, however, remember having partaken of anything my friends had *not.*

Dr. Courtney quickly returned, and administered such counter agents as he deemed best.

"I don't conceal from you," he said, "that I am groping somewhat in the dark. The *nature* of the poisonous matter you have swallowed is not revealed by the symptoms with sufficient accuracy. But we will do our best. You are no worse, I find."

"I—I don't know," said I, faintly. "I think I could sleep a little."

"You shall. But, first, take this."

This was something of so nauseous a character, that I begged for something to remove the flavour.

"Bit o' crockydile!" sobbed Babs, who was crying by the door. "I fetch it."

"No, no, my love," cried Mattie, entering at the moment, "that would make poor unky worse. It's poison."

"I eat good bit, whole tail!" cried Babs, exultingly.

Mattie uttered a wild shriek, and caught him in her arms. But at that instant, the nurse entered with the crocodile in question. It was an effigy, in chalk and sugar, of that interesting saurian. The doctor caught it from her, and applied his tongue.

"There's no harm, *here*, my dear lady," he remarked.

"See, he has licked off all the green, which is a deadly poison," gasped the mother.

"No, I didn't!" shouted Babs; "I scrape off pitty green, for unky, and *put it in his beer!*"

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Dr. Courtney. "Then I see my way! All has been done rightly, so far. I know the composition of this filth, and will gage my right hand that we cancel its effects."

We did so, under Providence, and this was the last time I had to complain of my godson's "little ways."

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER X. ABSIT OMEN.

VERONICA dismissed the woman and sat down to consider the situation. She was frightened to the bottom of her heart.

Paul coming from the Villa Reale at that hour of the morning, and on that special morning, was alarming. But Paul denying that he had been there, and stating that he had come from an opposite quarter, was more alarming still! She had been watched—overheard; to what extent? How much had Paul seen and listened to? She sat twisting a ring round and round on her finger, and pressing it pitilessly into the tender flesh until a deep red mark grew beneath the gold circlet—she who was usually so sensitive to bodily pain, and shrank from it with such abject dread!

Above the great fear that seemed to fill her being, there flashed now and again a recurrent sentiment of anger; like white foam surging over a dark sea. She was angry with Barletti. Why had he chosen that time to speak to her so unguardedly? True, the appointment to meet him was of her making, but she had never contemplated having a love-scene. She wanted sympathy and service; not a passionate declaration! The passion was good in so far as it lent zeal to the service, and fervour to the sympathy. The moment it lifted its voice to plead and demand on its own account, passion was a hindrance and an injury to her. It was inopportune. There might come a moment when it would be welcome. But now——! Who could tell the extent of the ruin that Barletti's rashness might bring upon her? She pushed her hair up from her forehead, thrusting her fingers through and through the rich rippling locks, and rocked from side to side on her chair.

"What shall I do? what shall I do?" she murmured, in a kind of chant over and over again, making her voice rise and fall in a regular monotonous inflection: as though she were trying to lull her terrors to sleep as a nurse lulls a baby, by the mechanical repetition.

The hours went by. All was quiet in the house. Everything seemed to be going on as usual. It was nearly twelve o'clock when Veronica looked at her watch. She was a little reassured by the calm that reigned—unreasonably reassured, as she told herself; for the storm whose breaking she dreaded was not likely to burst forth in such sort as to startle the whole household.

Presently her maid tapped at the door which Veronica had fastened on the inside.

"Will miladi please to dress for the déjeuner?" said the woman. She had been scandalised by the fact of her mistress having dressed herself, and chose to ignore the possibility of her appearing at breakfast in a toilet achieved without due professional assistance.

Veronica admitted her.

"I shall not change my dress, Julienne," she said. "But you can throw a wrapper over me and brush my hair. I have a slight headache, and that will soothe me."

In fact the regular passage of the skilfully-wielded brush through her long hair did soothe her. And under its influence she was enabled to collect herself and to think a little, instead of merely feeling and fearing, as she had done hitherto.

"Is Sir John coming to breakfast?" she asked, after a while.

"No, madame—miladi: I believe not. When Paul took him his chocolate at nine o'clock he said that he was not to be waited for at breakfast. Ah—h—h!"

The woman gave a long sigh, so elaborate, and so evidently meant to attract attention, that Veronica asked, "What is the matter with you, Julienne?"

"With *me*, miladi? Nothing! But with Sir John——ah—h—h!"

It seemed to Veronica that her heart stood still for a moment, and then went on beating again with a great leap that sickened her. As usual she resented the painful sensation and revenged herself on the maid. Veronica was a perfect conductor of pain. She transmitted it instantly to the nearest recipient.

"Julienne, you are insupportable! How dare you startle me in that manner? What do you mean? Are you crazy?"

"A thousand pardons, miladi, no: I am not crazy. But——"

Veronica saw the woman's face in the glass. It was a little sullen, but through the sullenness pierced an eager, self-important look. She had something to say, and would not allow herself to be baulked of saying it by resentment at her mistress's asperity.

"Well? Is Sir John worse? Is anything the matter? Do you know anything?"

"Miladi, I know this much: I saw the doctor who has been coming every morning—*every* morning—so quietly slipping in and out, *I* watched him—well, I saw him this morning, but not alone. No, miladi, there was another with him—a consultation you see! And as they were going away I heard them talking; and though I did not understand every word, I have Italian enough to make out that they thought it a very bad case. And the new doctor said to the old one as they went out, 'I give him a month.' Then the other muttered something, and the new doctor said again, 'Ah, but in this case the constitution is shattered.' And then he said—something else: I don't know what, miladi." Julienne checked herself just in time to avoid repeating to "miladi" sundry criticisms respecting Sir John's temper, manners, and mode of life, which were by no means of a flattering nature.

It did not strike Veronica that the maid's mode of revealing her news, or indeed the fact of her revealing it at all, was a proof that "miladi's" affection for Sir John was not deemed very tender or devoted. Julienne had obviously no fear that she might be dealing a heavy blow to her mistress's heart in repeating the verdict of the physicians. But that consideration did not occur to Veronica.

Her first fear, that Paul had watched her, traced her to the Villa Reale, and revealed what he had heard to Sir John, was driven out; but it was only driven out by a second, and a greater apprehension. Sir John was very ill; despaired of; dying! She allowed the maid to coil up her hair, keeping, herself, a dead silence. Her cheeks were very pale. The face that fronted her in the glass was a strangely different face from that which had been used to be mirrored in her old bedroom at home. The rich colouring which had been its most striking charm had faded in a great measure. Under her eyes were dark tints that made their brightness ghastly. The whole face seemed to have fallen. There were even some haggard lines around the mouth. Her youth still asserted itself in the satin texture of her skin, and the rich abundance of her raven hair. She was still beautiful. But she was no longer that embodiment of Hebe-like, gladsome beauty that she had been a year ago.

She stared at her own image with a puckered brow, and pained compression of the lips. "I look old!" she thought. But she said no syllable.

"Dame! She seems quite to take it to heart!" thought the maid, much surprised. "Can she be uneasy about his will? But these great folks are always provided for by the contract of marriage." Mademoiselle Julienne had lived in very "good" families.

After breakfast, Veronica went herself to Sir John's apartments to inquire how he was. The answer returned by Paul was that Sir John found himself tolerably well; and would be glad to speak to miladi if she would give herself the trouble of coming to his dressing-room in about half an hour. That half hour was a terrible one to Veronica.

Her thoughts seemed to be hurt which way soever she turned them, like a bruised body to which the slightest movement is pain. If he had sent for her to reveal the desperate condition of his health, that would be terrible. But, on the other hand, if that were not the object of this interview—if she were to be accused, reproached, how should she meet it? Resentment and defiance seemed her only resources. Reproach from *him!* That would be too monstrous! And yet the idea of defiance was frightful to her. It would be decisive, irrevocable.

Veronica had a constitutional antipathy

to a clearly-marked and unwavering course of action. She loved to leave the outlines of her conduct blurred, so as to have some imaginary margin for escape from the legitimate consequences of her actions. The legitimate consequences of our actions are frequently cruel in their stern logic: and her unhappy, undisciplined nature shrank shuddering from the prospect of sustained endurance.

At the end of the allotted half hour she tapped at the door of Sir John's dressing-room; and the instant her fingers had made the sound, she was overcome by an access of terror, and would have turned and run away, had not Paul opened the door immediately upon her summons. He ushered her in respectfully; and she found herself seated—she scarcely knew how—on a low chair beside the sofa on which Sir John was reclining.

Their parts seemed to be for the moment reversed, for it was he who said in a tone of anxiety, "Good Heavens, how pale you are! Are you not well?"

He held out his thin, white hand to her, and lightly touched her fingers with his lips as he spoke. The words, and still more the action, caused a sudden revulsion of feeling in her fluttering heart. The blood rushed back to her cheeks and lips. Her eyes grew bright. The tension of the muscles of her face relaxed. He would not have greeted her so, had he suspected. She was safe! What a fool she had been to torment herself as she had done!

She answered sweetly, leaving her hand in his, "I was not well. I had a headache this morning. I went out early to get rid of it. Perhaps Paul told you?"

"Yes: Paul told me."

The tone of the reply startled her. She involuntarily glanced round at Paul, who was arranging his master's dressing-case. Paul looked grave, honest, melancholy, as usual.

"Basta! Go away, Paul, and don't come back till I ring for you," said Sir John, sharply.

Paul obeyed.

When they were alone together, Veronica said:

"I feared you were not so well this morning, so I came to inquire for you myself."

"How considerate you are!" said Sir John, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking at her from beneath that shelter.

It was not unusual with him to adopt a sneering tone, even in his best humours. But the ring of his voice now seemed to Veronica falser than usual. It might be that this was the effect of the fear which had left her nerves sensitive and quivering. At all events she would not display any mistrust of him at this moment.

"*Are* you feeling stronger this morning?" she asked.

"Stronger? Yes. Oh yes, certainly: a good deal stronger. Had you any reason for supposing the contrary?"

For a moment she hesitated in a little embarrassment. Then she answered, "My reason was, as I told you, that you did not come to breakfast."

"Ah yes: true! Of course. But now—tell me—you were out early this morning you say?"

"Yes."

She began to play with a string of amber beads that hung round her neck, and she shifted her chair a little.

"You are not comfortable," said Sir John, still watching her from beneath his hand.

"The—the light. There is such a glare."

"Ah, the light? Yes: when one has such a headache as yours—or even has had such a headache—the light *is* disagreeable. I am ashamed that you should have the trouble of moving that chair for yourself. But you see what a helpless creature I am—comparatively, that is: for the fact is, I am stronger, really stronger. Your kind anxiety about me does me good. It acts as a cordial."

"Then you do care for my kindness still?" she said, glancing at him, and then letting her eyes fall again immediately.

"Care for it! What else have I to care for, Veronica? It is everything to me. And it is so precious, so infinitely precious, in itself!"

She knelt down beside him. Her hand was still twisted in the string of amber beads, and she played with them nervously as she spoke. "And why do you not secure it, this kindness that you value, for ever? Why do you not relieve me from the suspense that—I confess it—makes my temper fretful and my spirits dull at times?"

"You do not doubt me, Veronica?"

"No, no. But suspense and procrastination are wearing."

"You do trust me?"

"Yes."

"You trust me as—as I trust you. And you shall find that your confidence will meet with its deserts. Do you know what news I heard yesterday?"

"No. News? News from England?"

"Don't excite yourself. You will make your headache worse."

"Oh, my headache is gone."

"Aye; but it may come back. It is of a kind that may return at any moment."

Still the old sneer in his tone! And something subdued and *lurking* in his whole manner, that she could not define to herself, but that made its impression upon her.

"Your news! Did you send for me to tell it to me?"

"Y—yes, partly, mia cara."

"Speak then!" she cried, with a flash of impatient temper that made him smile.

"Well—the news I heard yesterday, is that Her Majesty's ship Furibond is here at Naples, under the command of my old acquaintance Captain Reginald Burr."

"Well?" said Veronica, after a moment's pause of expectation.

"He is a very pleasant fellow, very pleasant indeed. I met him years ago at Spezia."

Veronica twisted her fingers more impatiently in the amber necklace, and drew her black brows together. She thought that Sir John had simply introduced this topic to avoid the turn their conversation had been taking, and to break the thread of it.

"What is his pleasantness to me?" she exclaimed, pettishly.

"His pleasantness? Not much. But his presence is a good deal to you."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Veronica, you know what I said just now, about our trust in one another. Faith is to be crowned at last. It has not been my fault—as you ought to know—that you have been kept in suspense so long. You have blamed me; but unjustly, as you will find."

She seemed stricken motionless, with her eyes fixed on his face; only the breath came and went quickly between her parted lips.

"I am not well enough to travel to Florence," he continued, watching her eager face with a strange, gloating look. "But—listen, Veronica mia bella!" He drew her head down to his lips and whispered a short sentence in her ear.

Her face glowed and changed like a scorched, drooping July rose after a summer shower. She sprang to her feet and clasped her hands together. In the sudden gesture of withdrawing her fingers from the necklace, the string snapped, and the amber beads rolled scattered hither and thither about the floor.

"You consent?" said Sir John.

"Yes, yes, yes. I—I have wronged you sometimes in my thoughts. Forgive me!" she exclaimed, impulsively, taking his hand in hers and kissing it.

"You will remember that it was this day I conceived the plan. This day. You will keep in your memory the date of the day on which you went out so early to the Villa Reale for your headache."

"I am not likely to need anything to remind me of to-day."

"No; but there is a good deal in association. Association aids memory so wonderfully. Now, tesoro mio, ring for Paul, and leave me. I am a little tired and over-excited."

"I will not disobey you to-day of all days," she said. Her countenance was radiant, her step elastic. Before she went away, she stooped to gather up the amber beads.

"There is some superstition about losing amber you have once worn," she said, smiling. "They say it is unlucky. But I shall prove the fallacy of the notion. My amber necklace broke and fell, at a moment of great happiness and good fortune."

"Yes. You will prove the fallacy of the superstition quite triumphantly. Ha!—it is curious—*we*, at least, may defy augury."

CHAPTER XI. HER MAJESTY'S SHIP THE FURIBOND.

The Prince Alberto Barletti passed the greater part of his time in Paris. He was a poor man for his rank; and if he could have found some way of increasing his income without risk, he would have been very glad to avail himself of it. But he shrank from the idea of speculation. As to earning money, that was out of the question. And a desirable way of increasing his income without risk or trouble, had not yet occurred to him. One day, however, fortune seemed to remember him in a good-natured mood.

A company of English speculators commenced operations in Naples. They were to build and beautify. The first preliminary of course was to destroy. Many houses must be pulled down and their proprietors reimbursed. A good deal of diplomacy was expended on the powers that ruled such matters. People who possessed influence were canvassed diligently.

It chanced that Prince Barletti was, rightly or wrongly, supposed to be one of the influential. But how to obtain his good will? The English speculators, some of them, would have been a little clumsy in conducting the affair. But they had a clever

man in their pay who knew the world. The clever man was Mr. Sidney Frost, of the firm of Lovegrove and Frost, solicitors to the company. Mr. Frost soon learned that Prince Barletti was not rich in proportion to the illustriousness of his rank. In plain words, he might be open to a bribe. But the mode of offering the bribe was all-important. Mr. Frost, in consultation with the architects and surveyors, discovered that it would be very desirable to run a new road right through a palazzo owned by Prince Barletti. No one had thought, before, that the road could pass within half a mile of the palace. But Mr. Frost's opinion was speedily adopted.

Negotiations were set on foot with the prince. He had hitherto been understood to express himself hostilely towards the whole undertaking of this foreign company of speculators. But Mr. Frost thought it so desirable to persuade his Signoria Illustrissima, and to bring him round, that he started off from Naples after he had been there but a short time, and went to Paris armed with a letter of introduction, and with schemes and plans in which the new road over the site of the Palazzo Barletti was not forgotten. The prince showed himself open to conviction. He became a strong partisan of the English company, and his change of mind was followed by a corresponding change of mind in sundry individuals in Naples. It was a pity, said the prince, to destroy the old house. It had been associated with the family name for several generations. But he understood what was meant by public spirit, and he would not let his private feelings interfere with it.

"This Prince Bah-letty charges a pretty long price for his private feelings!" observed one of the directors of the English company when Mr. Frost laid before them the result of his mission to Paris. But Mr. Frost said he thought that the prince's private feelings were not very dear, considering that he *was* a prince. And he added that he thought they would be found to come cheap in the end.

The arrangement of this affair caused Mr. Frost to come in contact with the prince's younger brother, Cesare. The latter was charged by the head of the family to watch his interests. Cesare became greatly impressed by the combination in Mr. Frost of business shrewdness with an engaging manner. This was another kind of man from the slow, snuffy, solemn old "legale" Dottore Chiappi, with whom he had transacted business for his brother in Florence. They met, Cesare de' Barletti and Sidney Frost, nearly every morning, either at the company's offices, or at Mr. Frost's hotel.

About a week after the memorable day of the interview in the Villa Reale between Veronica and Cesare, the latter was sitting with Mr. Frost in his rooms at Santa Lucia. They were seated near the window; and were vaguely looking out at the blue sparkling sea, and settling some few last particulars relative to their business. For Mr. Frost was to leave Naples by the steamer for Marseilles on his way to England, the next day; unless—which he thought unlikely—a telegram should arrive from England to detain him.

"You and the English squadron will depart almost together," said Barletti.

"Aye? The queen's ships are going away?"

"So I hear."

"Have you ever been over an English man-of-war?" asked Mr. Frost.

"No: I don't understand ships. When we were boys we used to go out sometimes from Capri, my brother and I, with an old fisherman. But I never cared about it."

"H'm!" grunted Mr. Frost, eyeing his companion aside. "*I* don't understand ships either; but a British man-of-war is a fine sight."

And the lawyer broke out into a little national boasting.

"Ah, you like it because you are proud of your fleet. I am not an Englishman and *I* should not be proud of it, you know," said Barletti, quietly.

"Look there!" exclaimed Mr. Frost, staring out to sea. "Do you see that boat putting off from the squadron? I think from the direction, she must be coming from the Furibond: but without a glass it is impossible to see the ships. How they pull, the blue-jackets! Just watch them. It's artistic. Strength, and the kind of grace that comes from strength skilfully used. See how they bend and rise, and how the oars all flash together. They are pulling for this nearest landing place."

Mr. Frost craned his head out of the window to watch. Barletti, too, rose and looked out. On came the trim boat manned by trim sailors. She seemed to scud over the sea like a living thing. As she drew near, they could see the dark blue uniform of an officer who was steering. And they began to make out also two other figures—a man and a woman.

"Visitors to the squadron, whom they're going to put ashore," said Mr. Frost.

The landing place to which the boat came was at a considerable distance from the hotel. They could not distinguish the features of the persons in the boat. But they saw a carriage which had been driving slowly up and down, come to a stop close by. Two servants descended from it, and half supported, half carried the gentleman who had been in the boat, into the vehicle. The lady followed, and they drove off. The ship's boat then was pulled back again towards the squadron, and swiftly diminished to a mere speck on the waters.

The carriage, however, passed close beneath the windows of the hotel, and Barletti gave a little exclamation as he recognised Paul seated on the box. The blinds of the carriage were down, and it was impossible to see its occupants; but Barletti had no doubt that they were Sir John Gale and Veronica.

"Tiens!" said Barletti. "I know those people who have just come from the Furieux—Furibon—what do you call it?"

Mr. Frost was looking at his watch. "I am sorry to turn you out," he said, "but I have an appointment with some of our directors at half past ten. It is a quarter past ten now. I must be off."

"Nay," replied Barletti, pulling out his own watch. "You are fast, I think. By my watch it is only five minutes past ten."

"Ah, you're wrong, prince. If minutes were as precious with you as they are with me, you would regulate your watch better. You reckon your time as rich men reckon their money—in large sums: and know nothing of small subdivisions. But mine is a working watch, a busy man's watch, right to a second. And I set it last night by railway time. Will you go first, or shall I lead the way?"

"Che diavolo!" muttered Barletti, following the lawyer down-stairs. "It didn't strike me at first, but now I think how early it is, what in the world could have brought him out at this hour in the morning!"

"Eh?" said Frost, half turning round on the staircase.

"Nothing. I was only wondering why my friends chose such an hour to visit the squadron."

"The gentleman seems to be an invalid."

"Yes: he is ill and regularly used up. I heard from his physician that his doom is fixed. He can't last much longer."

"Ah, indeed!" returned Frost, indifferently. His attention was more occupied in finding the hook in the hall marked twenty-seven, on which to hang the key of his room, than in listening to Barletti.

"He is very rich—one of your English millionaires. Perhaps you know the name—Baronet Sir John Gale."

"Gale! Tallis Gale?"

"Ah, you know him?"

"I know *of* him: and nothing to his credit. I'm sorry if he's your friend; but in England he bears a very bad character."

"Oh, *I* have no special love for him," answered Barletti. "I believe him to be a roué and a vaurien."

"He used that poor wife of his, infernally ill."

"Used her ill? The brute! I have suspected it."

"Oh, it's not a matter of suspicion. The story is well known enough. Well, I must be off. I may not see you again, prince. But I suppose our little affair is settled. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. You really start to-morrow? Well, bon voyage!"

Mr. Frost walked away briskly. Barletti remained in the doorway of the hotel. He stood there pondering with an unlit cigar in his hand; and was roused from a reverie by the consciousness that some one was behind him, wanting to pass out. He looked round and saw an officer in the uniform of the English navy.

"Pardon!" said the officer, raising his cap courteously. Barletti took off his hat.

The officer had moved away a few paces, when he stopped, came back, and said in French: "Excuse me, but are you staying in this hotel?"

"No. I came here merely to see a friend."

"Then you don't happen to know whether there is any one of that name here?" said the officer, showing a card with an English name on it. "The porter is very surly, or very stupid. I can make nothing of him. But I have an idea that my friend must be here, if I could but get at him."

Barletti good-naturedly went into the porter's little glass den and began to speak in voluble Neapolitan to a man who was doing duty there. He proved to be the porter's deputy; that chief functionary being absent temporarily from his post.

"If you don't mind waiting a few minutes," said Barletti, returning to the doorway, "the porter will be back. That fellow knows nothing; understands only two words of French, and won't confess his ignorance. I have rated him in the strongest vernacular."

The officer made his acknowledgments,

offered Barletti a light for his cigar, and waited beside him for the porter's return.

"You have had some friends of mine visiting the squadron this morning," said Barletti, glancing curiously at the square-jawed, smooth-shaven face of the sailor, who stood there with a certain massive imperturbability.

"Indeed? This morning?"

"Is your ship the Furieux?"

"The Furibond, yes. Do you mean that the lady and gentleman who were aboard the Furibond this morning, are friends of yours?"

"The gentleman is old and feeble?"

"Yes; not so very old, perhaps, but awfully shady and used up."

"The lady young and beautiful?"

"Magnificently handsome."

"Yes, yes. Oh, I know them well. I was surprised to see him out so early."

"I suppose he thought there was no time to be lost. Besides, it is customary with us to manage these matters so that they shall be over before twelve o'clock."

"Before twelve? I had no idea that that was a rule in your navy."

"Oh, not exclusively in the navy," answered the officer, smiling a little.

"How? I don't understand."

"Afloat or ashore, marriages take place with us before twelve at noon."

"*Marriages!*"

The amazement in Barletti's face was so deep and genuine that the officer stared in his turn.

"Did you not know?" he said. "I thought you told me that the bride and bridegroom were friends of yours?"

"The—the—bride and——? Oh, it must be a mistake. I was speaking of the lady and gentleman who were rowed ashore at that landing place, not a quarter of an hour ago, in a little boat."

"To be sure! I was steering. I am ashore on leave."

"He is an Englishman—a rich——"

"Sir John Gale."

"Sir John. And they were, you say——?"

"They were married by our chaplain. The old boy—the baronet, I mean—was not strong enough to take the journey to Florence, where they might have been married before the British minister. So, as he knows Captain Burr, he got him to allow the ceremony to take place aboard the Furibond. The young lady has the prospect of a speedy widowhood before her, it seems to me."

Barletti had felt like a man groping in a mist. Now, the last words of the Englishman came like a sudden ray clearing the dim confusion. They suggested a pathway for his conjectures to follow: whereas, before, all had been blank and formless. His first and most imperative impulse was to get away and think of what he had heard, alone. He touched his hat hastily in farewell salutation to the officer, hailed an empty fiacre that was passing, and jumped into it.

The driver, with that penury of articulate speech, and abundance of gesticulation which characterises the lower Neapolitans, asked in dumb show which direction he was to drive in?

"Anywhere," said Barletti, throwing himself back on the seat. "To—to—the Villa Reale. Drive on till I stop you!"

SPORT IN THE WILDS OF UIST.

Leaving Loch Boisdale to its melancholy stagnation, the little yacht Tern* cruised northward along the Outer Hebrides, and, anchoring here and there, the travellers hunted fish, flesh, and fowl, through the Highland wilds. If the reader be a sportsman of the usual breed—serious, professional, perfect in training, a dead shot at any distance short of a hundred yards, and at any object, from a snipe to a buffalo—it is with no respectful feelings that he will hear of our undisciplined raids. We were three—the Wanderer, Hamish Shaw, and the dog Schneider, so christened in a fit of enthusiasm after seeing Mr. Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle The Wanderer would have been a terrible fellow in the field if he had not been short-sighted, and in the habit of losing his spectacles. But he was at least terribly in earnest, and could contrive to hit a large object if he did not aim at it with any particular attempt to be accurate. Hamish Shaw was not great at flying game, but was mightily successful in sneaking up for close shots at unsuspecting and sitting conies, and his eye was as sharp as a backwoodsman's at picking up objects at a distance. The third member of the party, Schneider the dog, was of the gentler sex, wayward, wilful for the lack of careful training during her infancy, apt to take her own way in hunting matters, until brought to a due sense of decorum by a vigorous application of the switch. Though she could not point or set, she was a tolerable retriever,

* See All the Year Round, New Series, vol. ii., p. 569.

and few dogs of any kind could match her for long and steady labour in the water.

Now, it was the fixed determination of the Wanderer, on roaming again northward, once and for ever to prove his title to the hunter's badge, by killing, according to the requirements of the old Highland formula, a Red Deer, a Salmon, an Eagle, a Seal, and a wild Swan. The red deer, he knew, were certainly not numerous in Uist; but the system of stalking them places the possibilities strongly in favour of the hunter, who lies securely hidden, close to one of the paths the game is sure to take when driven by boatmen from the adjacent small islands where they feed. Salmon were plentiful in the brackish lochs communicating with the sea, and in some of the larger rivers. The lesser seals swarmed at all times, while during winter even the great Arctic monster brooded on Hysker, and played splashingly at leapfrog through the Sound of Harris. Here and there, hovering over the inaccessible peaks, poised the eagle, in all the glory of his freedom, while the ravens croaked jealously on the shadowy crags below. As for the hoopers, solitary specimens had been known to alight on the lonely lochans even during the sunny season, and in winter the huge migratants landed in swarms—no very difficult mark for the hunter's bullet or "swan-post."

But the Wanderer was not proud; he had an eye to lesser game, and being inoculated with the least bit of the naturalist's enthusiasm, longed greedily for additions to his museum. Wherefore the eider duck, and the merganser, and the little gallinule, and all the various tribes of sea-birds and land-birds, were carefully marked for addition to the list of specimens culled by that steadfast hand. Then there was the cabin-table to be catered for; and rapturously was it noted, therefore, that wild ducks and plovers, and moorfowl, and conies, were numerous in all the islands, and that the monster wild goose, a still more noble quarry, was breeding in seeming security in the hearts of all the greater moorland lochs.

These were the weapons: a Russian rifle, antiquated, time-worn, good alike with bullet and small shot; a double-barrel breech-loader, good for stopping smaller game on the hillsides; and a long shoulder duck gun, Big Benjamin by name, good for any or everything at a hundred yards, and certain, if loaded with the due amount of shot and powder, to stretch low the unwary shooter with its sharp recoil. Then there was the rod, a slight thing, but clever and pliant, besides being very portable; and then there were the six or seven kinds of flies—the dark wild-drake's wing, with white tip, being found the finest for trout in all those waters. Besides these, there was the telescope, taken in preference to a binocular field-glass, as being at once more powerful and more sportsman-like; but voted a bore in the sequel, always getting lost if carried in the hands, and, slung over the shoulders by a strap, constantly dangling forward in the way of the gun when the shooter stooped, or suddenly loosening at the critical moment before firing, to scare the purposed victim away with a savage rattle!

Floating hither and thither, a light air guiding the punt surely though slowly towards the victims, we soon accumulated specimens of the two species of gool-ducks, the male and female eider, the black guillemot, the herring hawk, the black scart and green shag, and the calloo. All and each of these birds we roasted and tasted after the skinning, having determined to give a fair trial to every morsel that fell to rod or gun; the only eatable birds among them were the eiders, and to devour *them* with a relish would require an appetite. As for the scart, angels and ministers of grace defend us from that taste again! The rakings of the ship's greasiest pantry, the scrapings of the cook's foulest cullender, mingled with meat from the shambles and stinking fish from the sea, could not surpass that savour! Yet the fishermen praise it hugely, and devour it with greed. At St. Kilda, where the chief diet of the inhabitants consists of sea-fowl, and elsewhere over all the islands, the birds are prized as food exactly in proportion to their fishy and oily taste.

Of all common birds that fly, commend us to the curlew; for we are by no means of that tribe of sportsmen who like an easy prey, and in our eyes the more difficult the chase the more glorious the sport. The curlew has two noble qualities. Kept till the right minute, cooked to a turn, delicately basted, and served with sweet sauce, it equals any bird that flies, is more delicate than the grouse, richer than the partridge, and plumper than the snipe. Then, still better, it is without any exception whatever, the most difficult of all English birds to catch unawares, or to entice by any device within shooting distance. It knows better than yourself how far your gun can carry; and with how mocking and shrill a pipe it rises and wheels away, just as you flatter yourself

you are within gunshot! Poor will be your chance at the wild duck on the shore, if the whaup be near; for his sharp eye will spy you out, as you crawl forward face downward, and at his shrill warning, "whirr" will sound the wings of the quacking flock, as they rise far over your head, and you rise shaking off the dirt and cursing the tell-tale. When a band of curlews alight, be sure that not one avenue of approach is unguarded; look with a telescope, and mark the out-lying guards—one high up on a rock, another peering round the corner of a cliff, a third far up on the land, and a last straggler perhaps passing over your own head with a whistle to his brethren. In all our sporting experience we have known only one of these birds to have been shot sitting; and this one was slain on a hillside by Hamish Shaw, who held his gun between his teeth and crawled through the heather, on his stomach, like a snake.

The Wanderer and Hamish Shaw slew many a whaup in the fjörds at Boisdale. Nowhere in the Highlands were these birds so plentiful; they gathered in great flocks, literally darkening the sky; but nowhere, also, were they shyer and wilder. The most successful plan was to row the punt slowly to the spot where the birds thronged the rocks, with their heads and bodies all turned one way; and, when they arose screaming, to run the chance of picking off solitary individuals at long distances. It was found that the curlew always felt himself perfectly safe, flying at one hundred yards; and, with careful shooting and proper loading, Big Benjamin could do wonders at that distance at any tolerably-sized bird on the wing.

But what says the reader to the wild goose? A more noticeable fellow surely, and worthy of the sportsman's gun. Even far south in England, in severe weather, you have been startled by the loud "quack, quack, quack," above your head, and, looking upward, you have seen, far up in the air, the flock flying swiftly in the shape of a wedge, going God knows whither, with out-stretched necks in noble flight. The tame goose, the fat, waddling, splay-footed gosling, is an eyesore, a monstrosity fit only for the honours of onion-stuffing and apple-sauce at the Christmas season; but his wild kinsman is Hyperion to a satyr.

We had been storm-staid for a week in Loch Skifort, a lonely sea-fjörd about midway between Loch Boisdale and Loch Maddy, affording a snug anchorage in one of its numerous bays—MacCormack's Bay by name. So wild were the squalls, for days, that we could not safely get on shore with the punt, although we were anchored scarcely two hundred yards from land. Now, by sheer blockheadedness, having calculated on reaching Loch Maddy and its shops at least a fortnight before, we had run short of nearly everything—bread, biscuits, sugar, tea, coffee, drink of all kinds; and but for a supply of eggs and milk, brought off at considerable peril from a lonely hut a mile away, we should have been in sore distress indeed. At last, the Wanderer and Hamish Shaw went off for a forage with guns and dog, determined, if all else failed, and they could not purchase supplies, to do justifiable murder on a helpless sheep. Though the wind was still high, they sailed up Loch Skifort with the punt and lugsail, and having reached the head of the loch, and drawn the boat up high and dry, they set off on foot with Big Benjamin and the double-barrel.

About five hundred yards distant, and communicating with Loch Skifort by a deep artificial trench, nearly passable by a boat at high tide, lies another smaller loch of brackish water, which in its turn communicates through reedy shallows with Loch Bee—a great lake reaching almost to the western ocean. Dean Monro, who visited the place long ago, speaks of Loch Bee as famous for its red mullet—"ane fish the size and shape of ane salmont;" and it still abounds in both fresh-water and ocean fishes:

> For to this lake, by night and day,
> The great Sea-water finds its way,
> Through long, long windings of the hills,
> And drinks up all the pretty rills,
> And rivers large and strong.*

The loch was only about half a mile broad, so the sportsmen determined to separate, each taking one of the banks: Hamish Shaw shouldering Big Benjamin (which was heavily charged with the largest drop shot) and the Wanderer the double-barrel. The shores of the loch were boggy and covered with deep herbage, with great holes here and there as pitfalls to the unwary pedestrian. The Wanderer stumbled along for about a mile without seeing so much as the glint of a passing wing. At last, he perceived a small and desolate island, over which two black-backed gulls hovered, screaming at the sight of a stranger. From a corner of this island rose a duck, and sped swiftly, out of gunshot, down the water. The Wan-

* Wordsworth's Highland Boy.

derer waded, sure that it must wheel; wheel it did, after flying five hundred yards, and passed back close over his head. Down it came, plump as a stone. Alas! only a gool duck, with its buff breast and saw-toothed bill; and a mother too, for out from the weedy point of the island, diving in unconcern, paddled her five young, earning their own living already, though they were only wingless little lumps of down. The Wanderer bagged his bird disappointedly, for he had made sure of a mallard.

A shout from Hamish Shaw! He was pointing backward up the loch, and shouting out a sentence, of which only one word —"geese!"—was audible. The Wanderer crept stealthily to the water's edge, and espied a number of large birds seated on the water a quarter of a mile away. The telescope soon proving the blissful truth that these were indeed geese, it was hurriedly arranged in pantomime that Hamish should creep back and press the birds gently forward, without approaching so close as to compel them to rise: while the Wanderer, with his dog, crouched behind a rock on the water's edge, ready to slaughter the unwary ones as they swam past.

It was one of those periods of awful suspense known only to the man who shoots —the knees soaking in muddy weeds, the perspiration rolling down the cheeks; an unaccountable and fiercely resisted desire to sneeze suddenly taking possession of the nose; one eye, in an agony, glaring command on the dog, the other peering at the approaching game. And now, horror of horrors! it is beginning to drizzle. The spectacles get misted over every minute, and they are wiped with a hand that trembles like an aspen leaf. Suppose the rain should spoil the percussion cap, and the piece, at the last moment, refuse to go off? There they are, little more than a hundred yards away: a mighty gander, grey-headed and jaunty, leading the way, a female a few yards behind, then another gander and his wife, lastly, four fat young geese, nearly as big as their parents, but duller in their attire and far less curious in their scrutiny of surrounding objects. Hush! the first gander is abreast of us. We have to hold down the dog by main force. We do not fire, for our hearts are set on the young brood; they will be tender, and papa will be tough. Perdition! Schneider, driven to frenzy, and vainly trying to escape, utters a low and hideous whine; the old ganders and geese start in horror; they flutter, splash, rise; and there is barely time to take rapid aim at one young goose, just dragging itself into the air, when Schneider plunges into the water, and the whole portly covey are put to rout!

As the smoke of the gun clears away, one goose lies splashing on the surface, grievously wounded; him Schneider approaches to secure, but appalled by a hiss, a beat of the wings, a sudden sign of showing fight, turns off and would retreat ignominiously to shore. Dire is the language which the Wanderer hurls at her head, bitter are the reproaches, bitter the taunting reminiscences of other mishaps by flood and field; till at last, goaded by mingled shame and wrath, Schneider turns, showing her teeth, despatches the foe with one fell snap, and begins trailing him to shore. Meanwhile, the Wanderer hears a loud report in the distance, unmistakably the voice of Benjamin, adding to the list of slain.

Flushed with triumph (for at least one meal was secure) the Wanderer slung the spoil over his shoulder, patted the dog in forgiveness of all sins, and made his way over to the other side as rapidly as possible. Arrived there, he looked everywhere for Hamish, but saw no sign of that doughty Celt. At last his eye fell on something white lying among the heather; and lo! an aged gander, blood-stained, dead as a stone. Then, emerging from the deep herbage, rose the head of Shaw; a ghastly sight; his face all cut and covered with blood. An old story! Held in hands not well used to his ways, Big Benjamin had taken advantage of the occasion, and, uttering his diabolical roar, belching forward and kicking backward, had slain a gander and nearly murdered a man, at the same time.

A little water cleared away the signs of battle, but Hamish still rubbed his cheek and shoulder, vowing never to have any more dealings with such a gun as long as he lived. After a rest and a drop of water from the flask, tracks were made homeward, and, just as the gloaming was beginning, the fruit of the forage was triumphantly handed over to the cook on board the yacht.

Blessings do not come singly. By the side of the yacht, and nearly as big as herself, was a boat from shore, offering for sale new potatoes, fresh milk, and eggs. On board were a shepherd and his wife, who, living in an obscure bay of the loch, had only just heard of the yacht's arrival. The man was a little red-headed fellow, wiry and lissome; his wife might have passed for

a Spanish gipsy, with her straight and stately body, her dark fine features and glittering black eyes, and the coloured handkerchief finely setting off a complexion of tawny olive. Kindly and courteously, hearing that a "lady" was on board (there *was* a lady, reader!), they had brought, as a present for her, two beautiful birds—a young male kestrel and a young hooting owl, which from that day became members of the already too numerous household on board the Tern. The kestrel lives yet, rejoicing in the name of "Joseph:" a nautical bird, tame as possible, and never tired of swinging on a perch on the deck of a ship. But the owl, christened "The Chancellor," on account of his wig, disappeared one day overboard.

The shepherd was a mountaineer, and knew much of the ways and haunts of birds. He knew of only one pair of eagles in that neighbourhood, and from his vague description, translated to us by Hamish Shaw, we could not make out to what precise species of eagle he referred. He had harried the nest that spring, but the young had died in his hands, and he was afraid the old birds would forsake the mountain. In answer to our questions about sport, he said that the small lochans close by attracted a large number of birds, but if we wished a genuine day of wild-fowl hunting, we must go to Loch Phlogibech, two miles in the interior, where the geese were legion He recommended us to get the punt carried across the hills—a feat which might speedily be achieved by the vigorous work of four strong men.

As it was still too windy next morning to think of lifting anchor and urging the yacht further on her journey up the open coast, the punt was taken to shore at an early hour by Hamish and the Wanderer; and an aged shepherd and his son, living in a cottage on the banks of the fjörd, were soon persuaded to assist in carrying it overland. It was warm work. The hills were steep and full of great holes between the heather, and all were sodden with rain which had fallen during the night. Fortunately, however, there intervened, between the sea and Loch Phlogibech, no fewer than four smaller lochs, over which the punt was rowed successively: thus reducing the land journey from two miles to little more than half a mile. And lovely indeed were these little lochans of the hills, nestling among the hollows, their water of an exquisite limpid brown, and the water-lilies floating thereon so thickly that the path of the boat seemed strewn with flowers. Small trout leaped at intervals, leaving a ring of light that widened and died. From one little pool, no larger than a gentleman's average drawing-room, and apparelled in a many-coloured glory no upholsterer could equal, we startled a pair of beautiful black-throats; but the guns were empty, and the prize escaped. There were ducks also, and flappers numberless; stately herons, too, rising at our approach with a clumsy flap of the great black wings, and tumbling over and over in the air, when out of the reach of danger, in awkward and unwieldy play.

What is stiller than a heron on a promontory? Motionless he stands, arching his neck, and eyeing the water with a steadfast gaze. Hours pass: he has not stirred a feather; fish are scarce; but sooner or later, an eel will slip glittering past that very spot, and be secured by one thrust of the mighty bill. He will wait on, trusting to Providence, hungry though he is. Not until he espies your approach, does he change his attitude. Watchful, and yet still, he now stands sidelong, stretching out his long neck with a serpentine motion, till, unable to bear the suspense any longer, he rises into the air.

At last, all panting, we launched the punt on Phlogibech; and delicious indeed, at that moment, would have been a drop of distilled waters; but the last whisky bottle had been empty for days, and was not to be replenished in those regions. Having despatched the Highlanders homeward, with a promise from them to aid in the transport of the boat on the return journey next day, the Wanderer and his henchman loaded the guns and set off in search of more sport to be duly recorded.

THE TROTHPLIGHT.

CRIMSON red behind the hill,
Day was sinking slowly,
Hushedly the wild birds sang
Notes of melancholy.
Homeward from a bootless quest,
Went the wild bee humming;
Earth was weary, day was done,
And the night was coming.

Sadly thro' the greenwood way
Walked a youth and maiden,
Looking in each other's eyes,
Fond and sorrow laden.
"Rudolf, now thy country calls
And our lives are parted:
Be thou brave—but keep thy troth,
And be constant hearted."

Of the gleaming golden hair,
One bright lock she sunders;
Day is dying, far away
Sound the battle thunders.

"Fare thee well, mine own true love;
Where our flag is flying,
I shall bear thy lock of hair,
Faithful unto dying."

Far away the thunder sounds:
Swiftly speeds the lover,
Wild and loud the days go by
Till the strife is over.
Red and bloody gleams the sun
Over dead and dying,
Sick to death upon the field
See the lover lying!

To a comrade dear, he cries,
"Truest friend and nearest,
Bear this lock of bloody hair
To her my heart holds dearest.
Bertha! We shall meet again
Where the true part never,
Bertha!" then his eyes grew dark,
And were closed for ever.

Home to Bertha hied the friend,
Found her wild with weeping;
"Bertha, was his latest word
Ere he sank to sleeping."
"I shall follow him full soon,
Whom I loved so blindly;"
Then she met his comrade's eyes,
And she thought them kindly.

"Comfort! comfort! do not die!
Thou art fair and youthful!"
Once again she met his eyes,
And she thought them truthful.
Smiling slily stood at hand,
Love, the flaxen headed;
When, for her dear Rudolf's sake,
She his comrade wedded!

THE GLENGILLODRAM CATTLE SHOW.

It is not the great annual gathering of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, nor that of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, that I intend to describe. My task shall be the humbler one of introducing the reader to the yearly doings of a parish Agricultural Society in the far north of Scotland, when its members are met to exhibit their stock. But let it not be supposed that my parish society is an unimportant institution, considered by itself, or in relation to its place in the framework of British "interests." For if we single out the three counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, in the region of which I have just spoken, we shall find that the great metropolis of England draws from thence a surprisingly large proportion of the finest fat beeves that are week by week sold at Islington. And it is at the parish cattle show that those very beeves, which will by-and-bye come up to London at Christmas in scores and hundreds, with glossy sides shaking with fat, are first drawn out and pitted against each other for the honours of the prize list.

Here, then, on a fine summer day, the young oxen, cows, and heifers are being driven from all quarters of the Glen, in groups of three, four, five, six, and eight, with here and there a refractory animal tugged and pushed along with a rope halter over its head. And the bulls have the distinction of wearing each a ring in his nose, and of having each a special attendant to himself. They converge towards a large open field of stunted grass, with heather and broom about its margin. In the lower part are sundry wooden and canvas booths, the occupants of which profess to supply "refreshment for man and beast," and about these we find a miscellaneous gathering of horses, sheep-dogs, and vehicles of various descriptions.

The cattle have passed on a little further, and my friend drags me forward to see them; for, he adds, "The judging has begun." We go on toward the upper part of the field, which is a scene of rather uncomfortable liveliness by reason of the number of animals congregated there—about two hundred, I am told; and, as every farmer endeavours to keep his own small group separate from all the others, the amount of shouting, bellowing, and spasmodic running hither and thither of men and cattle is immense. They have just driven about a dozen animals into a sort of double pen. These I learn are the "two-year-old heifers," which are about to come under the judges' inspection. The space inside the ring is appropriated to the cattle whose merits are under adjudication, the judges, and a few other official, or privileged, persons. Hanging on by, and outside of, the fence are a good many scores of spectators, all deeply interested, evidently, in the awards of the judges. These same judges are three shrewd-looking men, farmers or cattle-dealers, but not men of the parish, lest their decisions should be partial. Along with them are a rustic clerk, to record their "findings," and two or three men with sticks, punching about the cattle for the convenience of the judges. And inside the fence, too, coming and going, are various gentlemen of consideration in the place, one or two of them dressed in the Highland garb. The judges seem to do their work conscientiously. First, they give a brief glance at the lot in general; then they pick out and put to one side a number of the best; next, they compare the "points" of these, turn them round and round for careful scrutiny, and anon draw aside to consult together.

At last the order of prizes is called out, and jotted down by the clerk; the gate is opened, and the two-year-old heifers are driven out, to be succeeded in the pen by the "one-year-old heifers," gathered from different parts of the field with no little noise and scampering. And so it is with the "two-year-old stots," the "one-year-old stots," and various other classes. I have no doubt the judges do their work with thorough knowledge and impartiality, as indeed the dozens of amateur judges around me seem ready to admit, though I am too great a novice to be able to discern with any approach to exactitude the grounds of their various awards. I do not know that in this I am entirely singular either: for here when a new lot is driven into the pen, I overhear one of the kilted gentlemen—the greatest laird in the parish, who smokes a clay cutty, chats familiarly with his tenants, and seems to take a lively interest in all that is going on—directing the very favourable attention of the judges to a showy-looking, speckled cow as an animal of extraordinary merit. These hard-headed gentlemen simply smile an unbelieving smile; and I watch how they will deal with this particular animal, which seems to me also a beast of uncommon merit, judging by her giraffe-like height, and the beautiful speckling all over her body. Alas, for amateur opinion, they are not even at the trouble to turn her aside for a moment's inspection; and though the stentorian attendant calls out six or seven prizes to cows, the speckled cow is not admitted to even the lowest place in the list!

After all the "general classes" have been gone over there comes a special competition. There are a couple of silver "challenge cups" to be competed for; one for the "best male," the other for the "best female breeding animal on the ground." And here both the interest and excitement awakened by the day's proceedings culminate. The man who would make the challenge cup his own must take it three years running against all competitors; and the difficult nature of this feat finds illustration in the fact that nobody has ever yet succeeded in accomplishing it. On the present occasion, I can perceive, the competition runs some risk of tending to a war of races. For the male cup a selection of bulls, old and young, pawing the earth and breathing forth threatenings and slaughter against each other, are brought into the ring; and, after much consultation, a young but, as one can understand, very handsome short-horned bull is declared entitled to the high award; whereupon sundry of the amateur judges around me mutter very audible doubts about the equity of the decision. The region in which we are is rather famous for the production of that variety of the bovine race known as "black polled," which, when fully "finished," stand at the very top of the London butchers' price-lists under the title of "prime Scots." And the idea that any other than a black-polled animal should carry off one of the chief honours of the day does not command the popular sympathy. However the equilibrium of feeling is pretty well restored when it is announced that the cup for females has been carried off easily from a large lot of competitors of divers breeds by a polled cow of "uncommon sweetness," as my friend assures me.

The "labours of the field" fairly over, and certain adjustments about payment of prize-money made, the next part of the day's proceedings is the dinner, which takes place in the largest of the canvas booths already spoken of, the inn, near by, not affording accommodation for a company of sixty to seventy, such as is now assembled. The kilted laird is chairman; his vice, or "croupier" is a very hale-looking man of Herculean build, not under seventy years of age; and who from the designation I hear applied to him on all hands of the "el'er," I understand to be a representative within the parish of the lay element in the presbyterian kirk.

On the chairman's right sits the parson of the parish; a comfortable, sedate-looking man, with ruddy cheeks and bald head, who has not deemed it beneath his dignity to enter the lists with his parishioners, and has honourably gained two or three prizes at the show. To the left of the chairman are the judges; and the rest of the company take their places without any regard to precedence. The toast list, as one discovers by-and-bye, is a paper of portentous length, enumerating well nigh thirty separate "sentiments" from "The Queen" downward; but luckily the speeches are brief; for when the gentlemen of the Glengillodram Agricultural Society get on their legs their otherwise copious power of talk seems notably to desert them. The one really set or effective speech is when, in reply to the toast of "The Clergy and the Rev. Dr. Bluebell," the Rev. Dr. Bluebell proceeds to vindicate the propriety of his appearance there and then, amongst his parishioners; and how it becomes a true

pastor to be interested in all that concerns the prosperity of his flock, to illustrate and make clear the truth that they, the natural, and he and his order, the spiritual, husbandmen, are united by a common nature, common sympathies, and common wants, and thus are bound to seek each other's welfare in every possible way. The elder, as his present office demands of him to do, cries "Hear, hear," and the company cry "Hear, hear," and applaud the Rev. Dr. Bluebell loudly. When the chairman toasts "The Judges," they applaud again; when he toasts "The Successful Competitors" they also applaud; and when he toasts "The Unsuccessful Competitors" they applaud, if possible, yet more lustily. And it is observable that at every succeeding pause between the toasts, the general hum of conversation is getting louder and louder, and more and more animated.

Then the silver challenge cups are brought in, and with due ceremony presented by the chairman to the winners, who turn out to be no other than the elder, and a remarkably jolly-looking farmer from the upper part of the Glen, with a big red nose, and clad in a suit of "hodden grey." The chairman is now evidently getting tired of speech-making; and he begs to inform the company that when the Rev. Dr. Bluebell has given a toast he will call on the croupier for a song. The parson rises, and after a somewhat prosy and meaningless exordium, as it seems to me, proceeds to propose as his toast "The Strangers Present." And, adds the Rev. Doctor, to my unspeakable amazement and horror, "let me join with the toast the name of a gentleman, with whom I have not the pleasure of personal acquaintance—a representative of the small ware and pearl button department of trade, I understand—Mr. Simon Jellycod, your health, sir." All eyes are directed towards me, some dozens of broad good-natured countenances grin at me, as many shaggy heads nod over me; and it is a positive relief when one burly fellow, rather more than half seas over, fraternally seizes my hand with a hiccuped "Gi'es your neive, min," as they madly "hip-hip-hurrah," all round. How I manage to get to my feet, and actually to speak for full five minutes, as my guide, philosopher, and friend afterwards assures me, I do, remains to me still a complete mystery.

My speech, like all things human, takes end at last and somehow; and then comes the elder's song; which as it has in it a touch of the spirit of the old Scottish lyric, and to me at least is quite new, I here reproduce:

BONNY BALCAIRN.

There lives an auld man at the back o' yon knowes,
His legs are nae better nor auld owsen bows,
It would set him far better to be herdin' his yowes,
Than takin' the tackie o' bonny Balcairn.
Whilk o' ye lasses will gang to Balcairn,
Oh whilk o' ye lasses will gang to Balcairn,
Oh whilk o' ye lasses will gang to Balcairn.
To be the good wife o' bonny Balcairn.

I'm nae for the lass that has naething ava,
Nor yet for the lassie that speaks for it a',
Nor yet for the lassie that girns an' flytes,
An' blames her goodman fan its a' her ain wytes,
Whilk o' ye lasses, &c.

I'm nae for the lass wi' the bonny black locks,
Nor yet for the lass wi' the braw ribbon knots,
But I'm for the lass wi' the bonny bank notes,
They will help wi' the tackie o' bonny Balcairn.
Whilk o' ye lasses, &c.

"Oh mither I'm gaen to Laurence fair."
"Daft laddie fat are ye gaen to dee there?"
"I'm gaen to buy some harrows an' plows,
To streek a bit pleuchie on Balcairn's knowes."
Whilk o' ye lasses, &c.

"Oh mither I'm gaen to Laurence fair."
"Daft lassie fat are ye gaen to dee there?"
"I'm gaen to buy some ribbons and lawn,
To wear on my head fan I get the goodman.
For I am the lassie that's gaen to Balcairn,
I am the lassie that's gaen to Balcairn,
Although the auld man be a silly concern,
It's a canty bit tackie the tack o' Balcairn."

"Your health an' song, el'er"—"your health an' song," alternate with shouts of applause when the song terminates. Then the Rev. Dr. Bluebell and a few of the straiter sort in the company leave; then we have one or two more attempts at toast-giving and song-singing. But the company are getting gradually more uproarious and less manageable, till at last the chairman sternly calls for "order," to allow of his finishing the toast list, which is done by drinking to "A Good Harvest."

The company have now dispersed, as I innocently suppose, and my friend and I are setting out for his home, when the elder seizes him by the arm, and says, "Hoot, ye're nae gaen awa wi' the gentleman till he see the cups christen't." It is in vain to urge that I have seen, perhaps, quite enough of the convivialities of the place for the time. We are pulled away toward the inn, and on our way thither the elder seems to be mustering his friends to take part in the ceremony that is about to follow, whatever it may be. Of that we are not left long in doubt. On entering mine host's largest parlour, which is evidently set out for the occasion, there stand the two veritable challenge cups—silver

cups of ample size, though not of the highest finish—at the top of the table, and beside them a goodly array of bottles corked and sealed. Gradually a company of about half the number of that which has just broken up has assembled. That the proceedings are to be more of the free-and-easy order than those that have gone before is testified by the fact that the greater part of those who come in enter the room smoking their pipes; and in this particular the chairman, who is none other than the worthy laird who had officiated in that capacity just before, is no exception. When he has got us all seated, and the elder installed in his former office, Boniface is ordered to draw the corks of the eight bottles of—it is no slander to say it—very ordinary port that grace the top of the table. The liquor, it is understood, has been, or will be, paid for by the winners of the cups; and it has got to be drunk out of the challenge cups, handed round the table among the company. Here there is no toasting, and no particular order to be observed in anything; only the cups have to be filled and emptied; so much does the rite of christening render imperative. And in due course they are emptied, amid infinite noise of speeches and songs, tobacco smoke, and incoherent talk about cattle and cattle breeding, and many things relating thereto, to me very unintelligible. The indifferent port seems to tell more rapidly on the bulk of the company than the whisky-punch imbibed at our previous sitting had done. No doubt the two hours we have spent over the national compound have done their part in helping to mellow all our hearts; but I rather think the general sentiment of the company is expressed by the red-nosed cup-man, when, as the result of an abortive effort to stand in equilibrio, he declares that, "that sour dirt o' wine 's nae like gude honest whisky; it'll turn a man's head afore he's half gate on." How many are tipsy at the close of the christening, which takes place about half-past ten o'clock, I will not venture to guess. The chairman, who has proved himself, as he is on all hands declared to be, a jolly good fellow, certainly is not. Neither is the strong-headed old elder, for, as we are breaking up, with considerably more noise than haste, he tucks his challenge cup under his arm, and marches sturdily out. The ostler has his pony at the door, the elder mounts with a ponderous swing, shouts "Good-nicht, boys!" and in three minutes thereafter we can hear only the receding footfalls of his nag, half a mile off, as he clatters on his homeward way in the grey gloamin' light.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF LUGGAGE.

THERE is a physiognomy in the human back, the wave of the rim of a hat, the height of a shirt-collar, by which a man may be recognised quite as well as by his beaming face. The ignoring of this familiar truth, for a purpose, was singularly illustrated in the RUSH trial, when the endeavour was made to shake the maid-servant's identification of that murderer, because she had only seen his back. Yet we do not remember that the learned judge or anybody else asked the jury to consider whether, in their daily experience, they were accustomed to know people by their backs as well as by their faces.

To know such a man's walk, the shape of such an other man's back, &c., seems to belong to a specially acute and Indian-like instinct: while sailors, in refutation of that meagre sense, which excuses some failure of recognition by such a pretence as "I could not see his face," talk airily, and with a metaphor drawn from their own profession, of knowing some unfamiliar figure "by the cut of his jib." These loose expressions all point to a deeper principle: to the curious marks which the interior soul leaves behind it, wherever it comes in contact with earthy matter, or earthy manners and modes. It all comes under the head of style, which, we have been told, "makes the man." Tell us a particular style, and we shall know the man. And in dearth of all other helps and tokens show us a man's trunk, and we may be pretty sure as to what he is.

Standing on the wooden pier at Folkestone, watching the sole dramatic show of the place, the departing packet, there is no moment so exciting for the jaded voluptuaries of the place as when the three or four great vans are seen rolling down along the rails. These huge trains hold the baggage of the great caravan, and each is halted by a yawning cavity in the pier, down which slopes, at an easy angle, a sort of Montagne Russe. Open fly the waggon doors, sailors and porters swarm round like bees at a hive's mouth, and fling themselves on the baggage warehoused within. This rattles on the ground with hollow thump and sharp clash of hasps and handles, while a skilful

arm launches each on a headlong flight down the smooth inclined plane. There the philosopher, curious in the studies just alluded to, will see a most curious panorama, and discover with wonder, in how many shapes the human soul will fashion for itself an abstract ideal of the notion,

TRUNK.

Something that will conveniently and securely hold the articles you bring with you; that is the aim. Not a very complex one. Yet the world seems to have run riot in fanciful devices. Mere varieties of size would be intelligible—some requiring larger, some smaller space, according to the amount of their property—but the vagaries and devices that go flying down in wild chase of each other seem incomprehensible.

So characteristic are these marks and tokens that, after a few weeks' training, the observer could almost sort them off, each to its proper owner. Here comes a huge family of trunks and cases, bright and dandified, bran new, tall, gay; ladies' trunks, covered like the roof of a house, of a clear new drab, with metal corners, the pure yellow strappings without a soil; new portmanteaus, in black shiny cases, and name in white letters; charming bags, with more strappings; and clean hat-cases. We look to the deck of the vessel, and see a tall, fat, grey father, in a white coat, surrounded by happy daughters, who are smiling on every one, looking out with delight on the sea, impatient to be off: and we know that this is their first voyage to foreign parts. In three months those brilliant trunks will return bruised, battered, smirched veterans of the campaign. The family have spent days in the delightful packing, in the fitting on of holland paletots, and getting "Mary" to sew on little bows of braid (clever device!), by which papa could recognise his own luggage at a glance, and secure it when other benighted travellers were wildly searching for their own. Before two days this sweet delusion is dispelled, and the gay millinery quite thrown away. Again, down come great, covered black chests, huge mourning leather-covered baskets, stout, frayed, abrased, worn, but with an air of service and business: five of these huge locomotive wardrobes together, and a glance at the deck, show us their owners, the handsome showy mamma, with her less showy daughter, habituées at Homburg, and once more bound for that pleasant seat of pleasure. Dozens of robes, long and short, repose in these tabernacles, and will glitter magnificently at the Kursaal and on the promenade. Each case has almost paid as much as a first-class passenger.

See those not over picturesque leather trunks, with quite a Mexican air, so "knobbed" over are they with brass. There is an art in them, to which our English and French workmen have not yet reached. They are American, and are stored with the finery of New York and Paris: they are strong, handsome, heavy; and the sums that an American father has to pay on a tour for these tremendous cases is something terrible. It is, indeed, surprising how the tall, heavy, wooden chests still obtain, and that ladies with huge armouries of apparel do not prefer the lighter baskets. Those who watch the rough and barbarous shifting of luggage abroad, have only to note the special crash with which such a chest is allowed to descend upon the platform, and guess at the weight of the case, which adds some pounds to the bill at the end of the journey. See that pluffy, rusty, rubbed, old, black-leather portmanteau, thickly covered as a bit of old dead wall with the scraps and strays of old luggage labels, with patches and corners of "Paris," "Geneva," "Rome," "Charing-cross," "Marseilles," and fifty other places—the despair of porters, who, in weariness, have given up tearing them off. That faithful old receptacle has done its thousands and thousands of miles, and it is easy to know its master—the imperturbable bachelor growing elderly, a sybarite, who sensibly paid a handsome sum for it when new, as a good article that was to last him for life. He can be picked out readily on the deck, in a faded check cap, reading his newspaper, careless of the flurry about him, as much at home as in his club. He would not exchange his worn, plethoric, and corpulent old companion for a new one; he knows its ways and corners, and he fancies it knows *him*. To it and to a battered old hat-case, also registered and spun down the plane contemptuously, as though it were a ball, he feels affectionately, as though they were dogs; and the trio will wag on comfortably together till the day or night when their old master gives up his ghost in a lonely lodging in Bury-street, St. James's, and the old portmanteau is given away, or goes up-stairs to a lumber-room, where it will lie twenty years in dust until sold or stolen.

Here comes a single new, glossy black basket-trunk, with its attendant port-

manteau in canvas: bride and bridegroom. On the deck *they* may be seen, sitting together, he, like his trunk, in a white coat also. We know the French boxes at a glance—those queer little cases that seem made of cardboard or papier maché, and open like a backgammon-board. They are of a strange size, made too small, and yet too large, with a view of being smuggled into a railway carriage, laid like boulders on the ground to be stumbled over by human legs, or else poised over head among the netting. The French hat-case, too, of a grey canvas, and shaped like a flower-pot, is an eccentric device; but one would hardly guess the strange shapes of luggage that come tumbling down. Very often we see the old-fashioned valise, such as is pillaged on the stage by brigands, and which has the air of a tinker's wallet. Now, glides down lazily the old, old hair-trunk, long and lean, mean and "mangy," unpleasant to look at, and invariably tied up in an old rope, with a big knot. Now, comes the covered tin box, having a lawyer-like air, suggesting deeds and leases, and which ought to have the owner's name on its side in large yellow letters. These small tin cases are growing into a sort of popularity, as light and neater looking than the "basket," and as more secure against damp. Now, comes the old "trunk" proper, a heavy chest, brass-nailed, with the initials of the owner rendered in the same glittering medium. Now comes the mouldy carpet-bag—of genuine carpet, as its name professes: not leathern, as the pseudo-things of our time exhibit themselves. They bend incoherently, like a person with weak knees. Into the notion of a pure carpet-bag of the old genuine pattern, enters something of the degrading. It seems to come of the pattern always running in stripes, or from the handles, suggesting the notion that is to be *carried* ignobly by the owner himself, a cheap and undignified saving of porterage. In the association there is something plebeian: as any one will find out speedily who chooses to test it by the gauge of a landlord's appreciation.

The English and foreign systems of dealing with luggage are very different. With the former the theory still is, that the man and his luggage are one. They are inclined to be tender with baggage. There is a laxity and laissez faire in this view of the matter. The foreigners, on the contrary, are jealous, and even ferocious. They would seem to be more indulgent even in the case of a passenger. Every traveller recals the scene at the "gare" a few minutes before the train is starting—the wild confusion, the stalwart men in blue, with brass on their caps, who haul about the great chests and frantically hoist them upon the low counters; the confused miscellany of travellers' trunks, the shouting, bumping, swearing, clattering, shuffling. Yet this is all about the weighing of luggage. When the postulant's turn is come, his chests are swung upon the scale, some strange gutturals are shouted to a pigeon-hole, whence comes a daubed shred of paper, with a demand for a large sum of francs. The gutturally mentioned weight may be anything; the rate of charge may be anything; but for his baggage the traveller pays heavily, and mysteriously, and "through the nose." It is not too much to say that what takes place in the baggage offices all over the Continent is an organised system of cheating. The confusion, ignorance of the language, hurry, eagerness, and bewilderment, are too tempting. No one is told what the weight is, but accepts what is told him, and is delighted to be gone. When we detect the ticket-clerk constantly trying to swindle—and the present writer was able to check some three attempts during a short tour in this year—the luggage, with superior advantages, is certain not to be above the temptation. All this is a scandal to foreign "administrations," especially on the French lines, where the favourite device is to add about ten francs to the charge for a set of tickets taken together. The flurried father of a family cannot make the "addition," pours the change he has received into his pocket with other change, and never learns the extent to which he has been cheated.

The speculation naturally arises whether this charge for luggage, so thoroughly developed on the Continent, is a legitimate one. And whether the passenger who pays his fare should not be allowed the privilege of having his trunk carried for him. The companies may say that they cannot be expected to find vans and porters for those vast heaps of chests and trunks gratuitously; which seems reasonable enough. But this is a fallacy. Two vans at most accompany a long express train of fifteen carriages; so the proportion of passenger luggage to passenger accommodation is very slight. The porterage, booking, wear and tear, and so forth, would be covered by a very small charge or per-centage: a mere nothing as compared with a passenger fare.

It may be questioned, too, whether the foreign companies do not lose as much in one way as they gain in another; for their oppressive charges must act as a heavy duty, and discourage travellers who would otherwise travel. The English principle, on the whole, seems the most equitable, which allows a certain laxity, and only interferes when there is an excessive and unreasonable quantity of baggage.

Ladies, indeed, are terrible offenders in this way, as hundreds of husbands, brothers, and fathers, can testify. The leading principle they lay down is to take *all* their worldly effects with them; every abatement which they make to the force of necessity is so much gracious and generous concession. Abroad, say at some pleasant Rhine station, the truck piled with the luggage of the travelling family, watched over by "the man," is a sight to see. The monstrous and heavy chests, some five or six; papa's and George's modest portmanteaus; the dozen small square boxes, which "do not count," and contain, Heaven knows what! the dressing-cases, the parcels, the half-dozen dressing-bags, each holding as much as, and far heavier than, a carpet-bag; the three or four bundles of cloaks, shawls, great coats, oil-skin waterproofs, with, finally, the lictors' fasces of sticks, umbrellas, parasols, alpenstocks, firmly bound together, this mass of effects is bewildering, not to say dishcartening, and must embitter the pleasures of travelling. The mere getting such things to an hotel, the distribution through rooms, the unpacking and packing, the nervous duty of keeping them all together, and losing nothing, must make the most delightful of pleasures a most disagreeable task. And, it may be said, there is a great art in packing, or in the distribution of things. For the true secret of happiness, in baggage, is to put immediate necessaries apart in a small and handy receptacle; so that the great case may be dealt with as a reserve, and left in sulky majesty at the railway depôt, while the light and handy case goes off gaily to the hotel. The inconvenience of dragging these great chests to hotels for a night, or half a day, is not to be conceived. They become, at last, as odious as the monster was to Frankenstein. But the skilled traveller knows all these moves.

For the gentleman traveller there is nothing in the wide world so handy or convenient as the old valise, of an expanding sort, and chosen with great nicety as to its size; not too large, or it becomes a portmanteau in all but name; not too small, or it becomes a sort of hand-bag. In the happy mean lies the art. If your choice be good, it is a vast blessing. It never separates from you, it goes in the same carriage with you everywhere. It should have a spring lock, so as to open quickly, and shut smartly. Custom House officers give you the preference; while the other victims are waiting for their great chests to be set in order, you leave the station triumphantly, a porter carrying the modest equipage, and you are the better for the little walk. But here a voice is heard pleading for what has these advantages to an infinitely greater degree, the knapsack. Its owner too, is not delayed, and hoists it on his shoulder. But there is a sacrifice of respect in it, there is something shabby and even mean; every knapsack bearer, unless the most case-hardened, has a qualm as he walks, or skulks up, with his poor kit to the good hotel in the large town. They are shy of him and of his fellows, and of that queer uniform he wears, that plaited thing with a belt, which he is so proud of. Where there is room, they give it to him grudgingly; when there is competition for room, he and his wallet have no chance. Not so with the owner of the genteel black valise, which the owner does not carry on his back.

After all, the American system might be worth a trial here, modified, of course; for in that country they have great lengths of railway, rather than the confused network of lines that is among us. It is always pleasant when, by some lucky chance, you arrive at an hotel, to find your trunks awaiting you with an air of welcome. How much more agreeable if this were reduced to a system. It is surprising that some authorised agent, for whom a railway company would be responsible, should not attend as an experiment, collect the numbers of trunks and cases from such as are willing to try the experiment, and leave all at the various houses. The sixpences or shillings now given to porters might be better spent in remunerating such a useful friend, and the present state of scramble would be abolished. It is wonderful how, with the existing inviting opportunities, a regular organised system of plunder has not been set on foot. A timorous passenger, even though he saw some one carrying off what seemed to be his trunk, might hesitate to claim it, through fear of mistake — trunks and portmanteaus being so like each other.

The cost in cabs and carriages is prodigious; whereas abroad there is always a porter service, with light hand-carts, immensely used. We might learn something from the invaluable aid of the Swiss post-office, where trunks are taken like letters, and forwarded like letters, all over the country. Here, the theory seems to be that a passenger may not be divorced from his baggage; or that once separated from him it must go wandering about helplessly, get strayed or stolen, with no one to look after it. All these matters require reform.

SISTER X.'S CONVENT LIFE.*

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

PUBLISHED "impressions" and autobiographies possess two distinct kinds of value. The first lies in the truthfulness of their portraiture, the second in the skill of their literary workmanship. The two combined would give a perfect sample of memoir writing. The original of the following narrative has the former merit, but is greatly deficient in the latter. All the personages are individualities, unmistakably drawn from life. They are human, made of flesh and blood, very thinly covered with a monastic crust. There are no conventional, melodramatic monks and nuns, black or white to the backbone, and demoniacal or angelic without comprehensible motive, and solely for badness' or goodness' sake. On the contrary, you feel that, were you frocked or veiled, you might be brought to do even as they did.

Some people, however, cannot tell their own tale, and Sister X.—if it be a sister, and not an editor or an amanuensis—is one of these. She is diffuse, unmethodical, in her story; she omits trifles essential to clearness, as if you knew as much about the matter as herself. Moreover, there is a duchesse who has a family interest in forcing her to take vows of celibacy; and there is a scene of hocussing by opium, to get her to sign away, in favour of the convent, a thumping legacy, of which she had been kept in ignorance. These, skilfully told, might improve the drama, although they in no way complete the picture. We therefore omit them, producing merely a condensed summary of parts of the narrative, and referring the reader who is curious to learn more to the original, published by M. Degorge-Cadot, Paris.

* See Those Convent Belles, ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. i. p. 445.

Sister X. was the only child of an officer in the army named Soubeyran, who had lost a leg in his country's service, and who had a small pension and the brevet of an officer in the Legion of Honour. These scanty resources were further eked out by an appointment to a receivership of taxes at St. Marceau, a large market-town in the Orléanais. Her mother was quiet, almost austere, in her ways, speaking little, and occupying herself with her household affairs without fuss or ostentation.

At the age of fifteen Sister X. was affianced to a young officer of great promise, of Alsatian origin, named George Sturm, the son of one of her father's companions in arms. He was a Protestant in faith, of middle stature, strongly built, fair-haired as a thoroughbred German, with large blue eyes, quiet and gentle in all his ways. On his betrothed completing her nineteenth year, George so wearied her parents with his importunities, that a speedy marriage was agreed to. His regiment was then in garrison only twenty leagues from St. Marceau. The lady's father and their friend the aged curé would have dispensed with the formalities of the trousseau, and other matrimonial preliminaries. Her mother, perhaps in consequence of economical considerations, as well as her unwillingness to part with her daughter, succeeded in putting off the event for several months. This delay was fatal. In consequence of an insurrection in Algeria, George was suddenly obliged to leave without being able to bid his friends adieu.

The good old curé of St. Marceau died. He was succeeded by a young priest, the Abbé Desherbiers, not more than thirty years of age, sent from another diocese at the instance of a wealthy family in the neighbourhood. Soon after his installation, there came to St. Marceau, in search of a dwelling, a demoiselle Dufougeray, a sort of adventuress, unknown to everybody, and to the new curé himself, as he pretended. She was a strange personage, who must have been more than forty years of age, but who did her best to disguise the ravages of time. She fixed her residence at St. Marceau.

Mademoiselle Dufougeray soon made acquaintance with the curé, and forced herself into the house of the receiver of taxes, whether he would or not. Naturally Mademoiselle Soubeyran went to confession to the Abbé Desherbiers, as she had gone to his predecessor; and he so thoroughly acquired her confidence as gradually to

suppress in her mind every sentiment of filial affection. He poisoned her mind against poor George, and persuaded her that her parents had sacrificed her real interests to their own caprice. By degrees, he brought her to be disgusted with everything. From this disgust to the wish to enter a cloister, there is only one step. It was very soon made. Mademoiselle Dufougeray did her best to back up the pastor's intrigues. Mademoiselle Soubeyran had no idea what a convent was like. The two worthy servants of God contrived the means of enabling her to visit one without her parents' knowledge.

She saw the convent and had been expected. The nuns played their part to perfection. Nothing but happiness met the eye; nothing struck the ear but angelical benedictions; every countenance beamed with a smile. Thanks to this visit and the eloquence of a famous preacher then in the neighbourhood, the young lady's imagination became excited, and she determined to break every link which chained her to the world. Nevertheless, she feared her father's violence and her mother's cold but firm resistance. At first they would not believe her to be serious, but when she insisted, and talked of sending back to George her engagement ring, the father, who had other causes of complaint against the curé, could not contain his anger.

The Abbé Desherbiers was no longer received at the captain's house, La Tour, but his female confederate, by feigning to share the parents' displeasure, contrived to maintain her footing in the house, and favoured an active correspondence between him and his pupil. This correspondence, combined with the parental resistance, confirmed the mischief. Secular parents little know how much they help the confessor to play his game by stern opposition to their daughters' religious fancies, which only confirms their high-flown notions; whereas, when the rein is wisely slackened, vocations sprung from excitement rarely last. In this case, the abbé convinced the girl that she was "oppressed," "the victim of tyranny," and so forth, and advised her to discontinue every kind of contest, and patiently to await the day of her majority.

On the 11th of September, 185—, the limit which the law prescribes to parental authority was passed. Half crazed by excitement and perfidious counsels, Mademoiselle Soubeyran longed for an opportunity to throw off the yoke. In the pretended impossibility of obtaining her parents' consent, the Abbé Desherbiers urged her to leave them secretly, suggesting that she could afterwards ask their pardon. He learned that, on the second of November, the father would leave home to collect government dues; and he arranged that one of his confidantes, a Madame R., should wait for the girl at nightfall, with a carriage, half a mile outside the town.

"How that terrible day passed," Sister X. says, "it is out of my power to tell. Agitated by contradictory thoughts, I instinctively shrunk from taking a step of which hereafter I might repent, and I almost wished that some accident, independent of my own will, would happen, to prevent the fault I was about to commit. My remembrance of other events is confused and dim. I know that I scribbled a few lines to my mother, that I went out by the garden gate, and that I ran down the little path which leads to the Loire. At the first turn, I met the person who undertook to be the accomplice of my disobedience. I followed her to the carriage without either of us speaking a word. But as soon as we were seated side by side, Madame R. embraced me with great protestations of love and admiration: I was a new Sainte Chantal, trampling flesh and blood underfoot; a Sainte Elizabeth of Hungary. God would bless me, for having preferred Him to earthly affections, and above all for having refused to marry a Protestant, &c., &c. She poured forth a torrent of high-sounding phrases. I had neither the inclination nor the strength to reply. Nature resumed her rights: I burst into tears."

Madame R. presented the runaway at the house of the Sisters of ——, which she had already visited. The mother superior, Madame Blandine, and two other nuns, awaited her arrival. They embraced her, and conducted her first to the chapel, and then to the lodging prepared. The Abbé Desherbiers, who knew the warmth of her father's temper, had expressly forbidden her to take away *anything*, to avoid all possibility of being accused of abstracting property. She, therefore, had no clothes besides those on her back. All these circumstances had been foreseen. Lying on the bed were all necessary articles.

At the first sound of the bell Mademoiselle Soubeyran was up and dressed. A lay sister came to help her inexperience. She showed her how to make her bed, and spoke a few words in a subdued tone of voice. It was the time of deep silence before mass.

No one might break that silence, except in case of absolute necessity. As soon as mass was over, the nuns crowded round the new comer, overwhelming her with caresses and exaggerated praise. She recognised the nuns who had been particularly attentive to her last year. A handsome Arlesienne, styled in religion Madame Claudia*—completely took her under her charge. She had received the order to show the boarding-school, the embroidering-room, the gardens, and the school for poor children, all of which were comprised in the establishment.

Madame Claudia was a charming creature, scarcely twenty years of age, but whose profession already dated several years back. Her sweetly serene countenance was somewhat sad. It was easy to see she was fulfilling a duty imposed upon her, although she performed it with perfect grace. No commonplace phrase about the world and its dangers, about the happiness of breaking with its temptations, escaped from her pallid lips. She showed everything calmly and coldly, without comment or observation. She had none of that verbose and theatrical enthusiasm which is only too common under a religious dress. Her large black eyes seemed moist and their eyelids red, either from fatigue or frequent tears. Every movement appeared to betray either suffering or some secret grief.

After dinner came recreation, which was animated and even noisy. The nuns amused themselves like schoolgirls. The more severe the order was in its private discipline, the more liberty it indulged in during the hours of relaxation. A few elderly nuns basked in the sunshine, sheltered from the wind, in company with the superior; the others gambolled and screamed without restraint.

Recreation over, silence recommenced, and the would-be nun was handed over from Madame Claudia to the superior and the director, Father Gabriel, who questioned her at great length. She told them, in her own way, the story of her projected marriage with a young man loose in his morals and a Protestant into the bargain. She related the persecutions she imagined she had endured, the miraculous way in which God had enlightened her, and the ardent desire with which He had inspired her to devote herself entirely to His service.

The director only, an elderly and very serious man, made some objections, which seemed greatly to annoy the superior. Although Madame Blandine kept silence while he spoke, her countenance manifested her displeasure. In a harsh and angry voice she asked him whether, in consequence of the opinion he had just expressed, she ought to send Mademoiselle Soubeyran home, or keep her.

"Keep her, if you must," he replied, shrugging his shoulders, after a pause: "but I am far from being so sure as you are about the soundness of this vocation. We shall see; time will show which of us has formed the correcter judgment. *I* should send her back to her parents; but you have got your postulant, and may do what you like with her. For my part, I wash my hands of the matter."

As soon as Father Gabriel was gone, Madame Blandine gave her version of what had happened. The good father was a pious and worthy man, only his mind was a little weakened by age and austerities. She had sent a request to Paris for a younger and more capable director, but had been refused. They dared not supersede this one. He possessed very considerable property; it was he who had built the new church and more than half the convent. By displeasing him, they feared they might induce him to leave his fortune to certain nephews, and so frustrate the House's expectations. It was therefore necessary to put up with the old man's whims, &c. &c.

When this explanation was over, Madame Blandine embraced the girl again, urging her to pray, to humble herself before God, to scrupulously fulfil every act of a religious life. She then took from her bureau the rough copy of a letter, a sort of circular, which probably served for every postulant to send to her family, and which was a model of conventional coldness. "Unfeeling as I was," Sister X. observes, "it shocked me; I therefore availed myself of the permission to modify certain expressions it contained."

Whether this letter was sent, or whether it was kept by the superior, Sister X. was never able to ascertain. A week, a fortnight, three weeks, a month elapsed, and no reply. She became anxious, feeling a vague presentiment that regrets and sorrows might

* In many congregations it is usual to call both the nuns of the choir and the lay sisters "madame." Religious women, of whatever class, still address each other as "sister;" but a lay sister, addressing a nun of the choir, or speaking of her, ought to say "madame." The object seems to be to convey the idea that a nun and an old maid are very different beings.

possibly follow the opening phase of enthusiasm.

The rules prevented the question whether any answer to this letter had arrived. Madame Blandine now and then said, "There is nothing, my dear daughter. Accept this first trial of your faith courageously. Pray, pray much. If your parents abandon you, you will always have the good God for your father, the Holy Virgin for your mother, and the amiable Jesus for your spouse. Your family's silence is a sort of acquiescence in the step you have taken," &c.

The transition from this to the question of dowry was logical and easy. Madame Blandine made minute inquiries respecting the fortune of Sister X.'s parents; if she knew the conditions of their marriage contract; from which side the property came. But the girl was almost ignorant on this important point. She knew of no other property belonging to her parents besides the house and garden where they resided. They had lost money, but not all. She believed that the small income was principally derived from her mother.

The superior was very attentive. "So far, so good," she said. "Now tell me frankly; you ought to know your parents' tempers: do you think them capable of disinheriting you?"

"I don't know. My father is hot-tempered, but weak. As to my mother, I have always heard her speak against convents, and severely blame those who left their fortune to them. My mother is quieter than my father; nevertheless, I believe she is firmer and more decided in her opinions."

"You must write again, my dear daughter. How much may La Tour be worth, house and garden together?"

"I have occasionally heard it valued at ten or twelve thousand francs."

"Moreover, your parents must possess the means of portioning you off, since your marriage was quite a settled thing; and nothing but the most providential circumstances prevented its being an accomplished fact."

"I have heard some talk, dear reverend mother, of thirty thousand francs, invested in the funds; and I fancy that——"

"Thirty thousand francs! What a deal of good might be done with such a sum! What a pity, my dear daughter, that your parents don't understand the happiness and the holiness of your vocation! Instead of portioning you for the world, why don't they devote the money to the glory of God? But we must not think of it; we must not even suppose that they will give you the merest trifle, at least at present. Isn't that your opinion, my poor dear child?"

"You see, my mother, they have not condescended to send me an answer."

"You will get an answer by-and-bye. We will pray so fervently to Jesus and to His most holy and most powerful mother, that they will be sure to accord you that favour. Courage, then, my daughter. God has granted you a good part, which shall not be taken from you."

One day Madame Blandine sent for Sister X. at recreation time. She had just received a letter, she said, from a curé in the environs of St. Marceau, who did not wish his name to be mentioned. On entering her room, Sister X.'s first movement was to seize the letter. Madame Blandine at first smiled; then, assuming her authoritative look, she said, "How worldly you still are, my poor child! What haste! what curiosity! Go back to recreation. This evening you shall know what is in the letter."

"But at least, ma mère, tell me what is going on at St. Marceau. Is my father well or ill? And my mother?"

"Gently, my daughter; things are going on better than you fancy. Ask me no further questions. Return to the garden at once. I wish to mortify your carnal sentiments a little, especially your curiosity."

Sister X. retired, offended with this little scolding, which was the first she had received. Hitherto, all had been sugar and honey. After supper she watched every movement, expecting to be sent for from one minute to another. But no sign was made, and it was not until the close of the subsequent service that the summons came. This time Sister X. rose slowly, and mounted the staircase with measured steps. After knocking at the door, she opened it composedly, and remained standing until it should please Madame Blandine to motion her to be seated.

"That is much better, my dear daughter," she said, smiling in the most gracious manner. "My little lesson has done you a deal of good. Come, and let me kiss you."

All anger vanished at this kindly reception.

"Sit close to me," she continued, "in order that we may talk without disturbing the silence of the house. Here is the letter I mentioned. Read it yourself."

The handwriting was not that of the curé of St. Marceau, nor any other that Sister X. recognised; the characters seemed rather to have been traced by a female hand. At the top of the page was the famous Jesuit formula, A.M.D.G., i.e., Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam, and the superior was addressed as "Madame and very dear sister in J. C." It began by stating that the matters about which information was requested had not made so much noise as had been supposed; that M. and Madame Soubeyran had expected their daughter to leave them, sooner or later. Still it had put them a little out of temper, and M. Soubeyran had vowed he would never give his daughter a sou of dower. He had obtained a three months' leave of absence, and they were now making a trip to Gascony, probably to divert their thoughts. Those who saw them start said they were cheerful. The writer gave it as his opinion, that, in a few months' time, they would forget their displeasure.

"Well!" said Madame Blandine, when Sister X. laid the unlucky letter on her writing-table. "Well, my dear daughter, you don't seem pleased. Come, tell me what is the matter. Do you regret having given yourself entirely to God? If so, you have only to say a word. The world is ready to open to you its perfidious arms."

"That word, dear reverend mother, I shall certainly not speak. My father and mother think no more about me. They are gone—travelling for amusement—without a syllable of farewell, without the least expression of regret."

"Alas! my poor child, such is the case with all earthly affections—affections which have not God for their basis and their only object. Still, I *am* a little surprised at the suddenness of your parents' resignation. I attribute it to your fervent prayers and the neuvaine, the nine days' devotion, we have just completed."

Sister X. retired, unable to make any reply, tormented by the most painful reflections. What! had the father and mother, who loved her so dearly, accepted eternal separation without a word of remonstrance! George, too, had forgotten her, and had taken no steps to get her back! That night the girl thought over the strange conduct of the Abbé Desherbiers and Mademoiselle Dufougeray, and began to see things in their true light, although it was now a little late.

In this perplexity, she naturally turned to Father Gabriel, not being satisfied with Madame Blandine's insidious manners and phraseology, whose affected physiognomy, as her postulant now bethought her, was one of those which promise no good. She was about forty years of age, of middle height, and vulgar bearing. Her pale and puffy countenance was slightly marked with the small-pox; the lower half was oval, the upper part square, corresponding to the shape of her head. Her eyebrows were faintly marked by a few soft and sandy hairs; the colour of her deep-set eyes was indescribable, for, according to the light, they changed from dark grey, through lighter shades, to yellowish tints. Her nose was flat, and nearly level with her cheeks; her thin lips smiled caressingly, or threatened, according to occasion. Certainly she was not handsome, and made no pretensions to being so; what she did care about, was to manage and overbear every one with whom she came in contact. Very influential with her former boarders, many of whom consulted her, her advice was almost always scrupulously followed.

Such was the person in whom Sister X. had hitherto placed unbounded confidence. The charm was broken now, and, without her suspecting it, the prey was slipping through her fingers to place her in the hands of her adversary.

Sister X. patiently awaited the day of confession to open her mind to Father Gabriel. He happened to be out of temper, and listened to her confession without speaking. When it was finished, he said, "Collect your thoughts; I will give you absolution."

"Mon père," she said, "permit me to talk to you a little longer. I want your advice. I don't know what to do. I am uneasy, irresolute, thoroughly wretched."

"Ah!" he said. "Already?"

She could only answer by suppressed sobs. At this the old man, usually so harsh and blunt, immediately became kind and affectionate in his manner.

"You weep, my dear child," he said. "What has happened to you, within and without? Open your heart to me. Fear nothing. You may speak to me frankly, in the certainty of meeting with equal frankness on my part."

"Mon père, my parents have not once written to me. They have set off on a long journey without any thought of me, without a word, even so much as a severe reproach."

"Ought that to surprise you, my daughter? Have you forgotten your own thoughtless, inconsistent conduct, as far as they are concerned?"

"But, my good father, I have several times entreated them to grant me their pardon."

"Yes, I know. Under your superior's dictation, you have written some of those commonplace letters which are more offensive than absolute silence. Do you think that sufficient to heal the wound you have inflicted on the hearts of affectionate parents, to whom, as an only child, you ought to have been a consolation and a support in their declining years? Who could advise you to act in that way? Who encouraged and guided you in such an ill-judged enterprise?"

"The first idea was my own—at least, so I fancy; but the curé of St. Marceau, the Abbé Desherbiers, my confessor during two years, fostered the notion, which in truth was at first only the whim of a spoiled child who did not know when she was well off. Now he also abandons me; both he and the person who helped me to correspond with him after my father had compelled me to take another confessor."

"And this Abbé Desherbiers—did he reply to your letters? Did he continue the correspondence without your father's and mother's knowledge?"

"Mon Dieu, yes."

"Imprudence—folly! What was his age? Was he an old man?"

"No, mon père; he was young—not more than two or three-and-thirty."

"And he has not written to you since you have been here?"

"Not once, mon père. When I left home, he sent me word that, as soon as I was at Orleans, he would come and see me. Madame Blandine allowed me to write to him. I sent him three letters, one after the other. I have written to Mademoiselle Dufougeray: neither have answered, and this silence and abandonment are killing me."

"I should like it better if your sorrow sprang from family affection."

"It does so, too; but since I ought to open completely my heart and conscience, I will avow that I feel a slight degree of resentment. I think my parents might have taken some steps to induce me to return. Their disdainful treatment crushes my spirit. And then, I cannot help harbouring strange suspicions. I am distrustful. I am afraid either that my letters have been detained by our reverend mother, or that the answers have been intercepted."

Father Gabriel made no reply at first. His face was pale and sad in its expression. He passed his hand in an absent way through the profusion of grey locks which overshadowed his forehead. After a long silence, he said, "Come to me to-morrow after mass; this is a serious matter, and I must reflect upon it. Meanwhile, don't be too anxious; put your trust in God; and, above all, don't breathe a word to anybody—mind, not to anybody. Remember, such is your confessor's advice."

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XII. NO LESS THAN KIN, AND MORE THAN KIND.

THAT a woman who has pledged herself solemnly before the world and her own conscience to be faithful to a man, should be false to him, did not seem in Barletti's confused code of ethics, to be blameworthy. Veronica false to her husband, would have sunk no jot in Cesare's esteem. It would all have been according to the experience of the world in which he had lived: a loveless ambitious marriage, and a subsequent compensating attachment. The experience of the world in which he had lived was his religion; its opinion, his conscience. He would, no doubt, have acted in contradiction to his world's opinion under sufficient temptation: as men with a higher creed have acted against their conscience. But he would have experienced the same sort of pain in so doing, as attends the conscious disregard of whatever we are accustomed to consider as a sanction.

Now, he was called upon to readjust all his ideas regarding Sir John Gale and Veronica. His first strong sentiment in the matter was blame of Sir John. And it was not altogether unpleasant to find a justification for an even stronger dislike to the baronet, than he had yet confessed to himself that he entertained. Sir John was an old villain! He had brought this girl away from her home. He must have deceived her basely. Poor, lonely, helpless, inexperienced girl!

This, then, accounted for her apprehension on hearing that Sir John's life was in danger! She knew how horrible her position would be, should he die before making her his wife. It seemed pretty clear that the sentence of the physicians had fixed Sir John's wavering mind, and determined the performance of this act of reparation towards Veronica. She had conquered! Barletti felt some admiring triumph in that thought. But it did not soften him towards the baronet.

He believed Sir John to be thoroughly cynical and unprincipled: but that did not make it incredible that the old roué should have been frightened into doing right, by the near approach of death. It was quite conceivable to him that such tardy reparation might avail him before the Tribunal to which Sir John must shortly be summoned. The priests taught the efficacy of a death-bed repentance. He (Barletti) did not much believe in the priests, but these were professional matters which they probably understood. It was no concern of his to inquire further. He had no more idea of arraigning the morality of such teaching, than of repudiating all law because a thief might possibly escape punishment by a technical flaw in the indictment. And he was perfectly at liberty to detest the thief all the same.

This late selfish restitution could not obliterate the memory of the harassing anxiety to which Veronica had been cruelly subjected. And there was, too, the latent consideration—flavouring the whole current of his reflections—that he himself had narrowly escaped being placed in an unpleasant position. It was one thing to be the favoured suitor of a wealthy widow; and quite another to be bound to a woman without rank, or money, or influence; whose sole dowry would be her beauty, and an imperious appetite for the luxuries that only great wealth can purchase.

What had he to offer to Veronica if she were poor? He might have lost her altogether! And his instinctive conviction that she was incapable of loving him with a love which should enable her to endure poverty for his sake, did not militate against the strength of his passion for her.

But suppose, after all, she were to throw him over, now that she was secure. She would be very rich — that he took for granted; and would have a brilliant position in her own country. He became nervously impatient to see her again, and yet he dreaded to find a change in her manner.

He had met Veronica twice, since their first memorable interview in the Villa Reale. She had debated anxiously with herself whether she had not best break her appointment. But she had come to the conclusion that she did not dare to drive Barletti to desperation. He might in his rashness dash the cup from her lips, even at the last moment. They had met, therefore, and Barletti had given his report of the doctor's opinion, and then had claimed in reward of his zeal the privilege of protesting his devoted love. Veronica had made the interview as brief as possible on each occasion. But she had been gentle and soft in her manner to Barletti, and had professed herself very grateful for the trouble he had taken.

He tried to recal the minutest circumstances of these interviews; at one moment twisting and interpreting Veronica's looks and words into an acknowledgment of her love for him; at another, telling himself that it was plain she cared no jot for him, and was only using his devotion without a thought of reciprocating it. All his meditations resulted in an impatient longing to see and speak with Veronica. He resolved to take the step of going to the palazzo she inhabited at once, instead of waiting for the usual hour of his evening visit.

The wretched little cab-horse, which, like most of its class in Naples, seemed to have a mysterious force not derived from food, and which had continued its shuffling trot as though, poor beast, it were desperately trying to run away from existence, was pulled up with a sudden check at a signal from Barletti. He alighted, paid for his drive, and walked hastily away. The sum he gave the driver inspired in that individual sentiments of mingled contempt and self-reproach. The contempt was excited by the spectacle of a man—a native Neapolitan, too, per Bacco!—so soft as to pay him three times his fare. The reason of his self-reproach, of a rather poignant kind, was that he had not had presence of mind to demand double the money!

Barletti, on presenting himself at Sir John Gale's house, was told by the porter that his master could see no one. He had been out that morning, and was fatigued and unwell.

"Miladi, then?" asked Barletti.

The man looked a little surprised at the unprecedented circumstance of Barletti's asking for "miladi" at that hour; but he said he would send to ask whether the signora could receive the signor principe. While he waited for the message to be taken up, Barletti's mind misgave him as to the advisability of the step he had taken. He wished he could have gone without delay into her presence. This waiting gave one time to cool and to take account of unpleasant possibilities.

When Veronica's maid tripped downstairs and invited Barletti to follow her to miladi's boudoir, he was in a state of great trepidation. The boudoir was untenanted when he entered it, and for the moment he felt this to be a relief. He sat down and waited, looking round on the evidences of wealth which met his eye, and feeling a very unaccustomed amount of self-depreciation and timidity.

The door opened, and Veronica appeared. She wore a changing silk dress, whose hue deepened in the shadows of its sweeping folds from silver grey to dove colour. Round the throat and wrists was a small frill of fine lace. There was not a gleam of jewellery about her, save on the third finger of her left hand, where a massive gold ring was half hidden in the blaze of a single splendid diamond set in a broad band of gold and surmounting the plain ring. She was pale, and looked tired.

"What is it?" she asked, advancing with slow grace, and giving him her hand.

He forgot everything in the enchantment of gazing on her beauty, and stood silently holding her hand in his, and feeling his heart so full of mingled emotions that the tears welled up into his eyes. A little faint colour fluttered over her cheeks and throat. She slowly withdrew her hand, and motioned him to a seat. She was keenly alive to his speechless admiration, and it revived her like a cordial. She had been feeling languor and the reaction of intense excitement, like a runner who drops the moment after he has reached the goal.

"What is it?" she asked again. "You asked for Sir John. He is not visible. Is it anything important that has brought you here so early?"

"I did not expect to see—your husband," said Barletti, not accepting the proffered chair, but standing before her as she sat, and looking down upon her.

A vivid blush crimsoned her face and neck. Barletti had spoken with intention, and she had noted that he had done so. She tried to mask her real emotion by a feigned one, and threw some haughty resentment into her voice as she replied: "You did not expect to see him? Why, then, did you come at this hour? I should not have received you, but that I thought you had some real business with Sir John."

"I came to see you, Veronica."

"Then you acted imprudently and inconsiderately."

"Imprudently for myself, perhaps. It may be that the most prudent thing I could do, would be to see you no more. But I have not acted inconsiderately towards you in coming. You have no longer any reason to fear Sir John Gale's anger or caprice. Yesterday it would have been different."

She put her hand on her breast, which was rising and falling quickly. She preserved the haughty attitude of her head as she looked up at him; but her lips quivered in spite of herself, and she could not trust them to frame a word.

"I saw you being rowed to the landing-place," he proceeded. "And then I accidentally got into conversation with an English officer of marine who belonged to the ship that you—visited this morning. I could scarcely believe my eyes or my ears at first. But then suddenly a great many things that had puzzled me, grew clear."

Still she was silent; but her head drooped a little, and she turned her eyes away from him. He had not expected this. He had thought to see her triumphant, but she seemed downcast and oppressed. Or was this the beginning of the change in her towards himself, which he had dimly foreboded?

"Veronica," he said, pleadingly, "you might have trusted me! I should have been true to you. But you were so proud and so secret. How you must have suffered!"

She had been oppressed by a crowd of confused feelings: surprise, mortified pride, an undefined sense of relief in the knowledge that Cesare knew the real facts of her position and was still devoted to her; at the same time a hostile movement of amour propre which shuddered at the idea of falling from the high place she had occupied in his thoughts. His last words, and the tone of compassion in his voice, touched a morbidly sensitive chord in her over-strained nerves, and, suddenly dropping her face upon her open palms, she burst into a passion of crying. Perplexed and distressed he came and leaned over her chair, murmuring her name at intervals, and timidly touching the folds of her long sweeping gown. Her tears relieved and soothed her, and as she cried she thought. Even after the first burst of weeping had exhausted itself she kept her face hidden, feeling that her attitude and her distress afforded a kind of ambush wherein to collect her thoughts.

"Veronica, you are not angry with me?" said Barletti.

She had by this time been inspired with an idea which was as balm to her hurt pride. It was intolerable to her to be an object of pity to the man who had worshipped her. Sympathy—even compassion, so long as it were blended with sufficient admiration—she could endure. But she must regain the level she fancied she had lost. She would reveal to Barletti the fact of their relationship. She had concealed it until she could look her kinsman freely in the face without communicating any breath of dishonour to her mother's race! As the thought passed through her mind, she began to believe in it, as an actor believes for the moment in his mimic sorrows. And she felt quite magnanimous with a sense of noble self-sacrifice. The anticipated enjoyment of her coming "point" gave her face an expression of exaltation as she raised it from her concealing hands, and pushed the clustering hair back from her forehead.

"Cesare," she said, in a voice which had not quite regained its steadiness, "I have something to tell you."

It was the first time she had ever called him "Cesare," and the sound of his name uttered by her lips overpowered him with joy. He fell on his knees and kissed her hand in his demonstrative southern way.

"Anima mia, do I not know already what you would tell me?"

"No;" replied Veronica, with a faint melancholy smile, "you do not know or guess. Sit down there, opposite to me, and listen. You said a reproachful word to me just now, about not having trusted you. I want you to understand how little I deserve a reproach from you."

Barletti began to protest that he had never meant to reproach her; but she checked him.

"No, no, say no more. Hear me out. Last autumn at the Villa Chiari, when I

was startled and alarmed by Sir John's illness, you remember that I spoke to you about it?"

"Remember! Ah, Veronica, can I forget any word of yours?"

"Many, I should think: but probably not those words. Well; it was not merely that you were the only intimate acquaintance who frequented our house; it was not even that I thought you kind-hearted and sympathising, and that in my utter loneliness I yearned for kindness and sympathy. No: all that would not have sufficed to make me confide in you as I did. I knew that there was a tie between us which gave me a real claim on you. Cesare, you and I are cousins."

"Cousins! You and I are cousins! But how? Oh, Veronica, and you never said a word—never gave a hint—that——"

"No. I never said a word, nor gave a hint of our relationship. I never should have done so, had not Sir John done me justice and placed me in a position which I could acknowledge to my kindred. My mother was Stella Maria de' Barletti; and your grandfather and my grandfather were brothers."

"Dio mio! But he—Gale—must have known this?"

Veronica had not anticipated this common-sense remark. Barletti did not appear sufficiently impressed by the greatness of her conduct. When a sensitive artist has made his point, he requires to be sustained and encouraged by the enthusiasm of his auditors.

"Sir John Gale," replied Veronica, haughtily, "probably never heard the name of my mother. She has been dead many years. I have not been in the habit of speaking to him of my maternal ancestors. He is a parvenu, and like all parvenus pretentious and jealous on the score of family."

This magnificent tone a little bewildered Barletti. He knew very well what value was set on a member of the younger branch of the princely family de' Barletti in their own country. Poor princes had been plentiful in his world ever since he could remember; but rich English baronets had not. He recollected having heard that his respected great-uncle (Veronica's grandfather) had married a young English lady with a very moderate dowry (as to her pedigree, no one had thought of inquiring, so far as he knew), and that his respected great-uncle was thought to have done uncommonly well.

"And so we are really cousins!" he said, looking wistfully at Veronica's tear-stained face. "Ah, idolo mio, no cousinship can make me love you more than I love you already!"

"You do not seem to understand, Cesare, that I refrained from claiming you as my kinsman, or of hinting at our relationship to Sir John, solely out of regard to the honour of our family," said Veronica, impatiently. "Some women might have appealed to you to see them righted. But, although *I knew* that the facts of my story could do you no dishonour, I resolved to keep my secret until I could face the world, which judges only by outside appearances."

This was clumsy enough. The inspiration which enables such imitative temperaments as Veronica's to deceive themselves, had faded from lack of responsive sympathy. But the applause *must* be had, at whatsoever cost of insistence! At last Cesare understood what was expected of him. And, be it noted, there was nothing in his mind to make his response otherwise than genuine.

"Dear, noble Veronica!" he exclaimed, gazing into her face with intense admiration.

"Ah, Cesare, you did not understand me!"

"But I know, now, how brave and noble you have been! And I know how utterly unworthy of you is that man who——"

"Hush! Let that rest. He is very, very ill."

"I saw him lifted into the carriage. But, Veronica, he may linger a long time yet."

She made no answer, but drew a little apart from him, as he seated himself beside her.

"I wish—— I wish, Veronica, that you would throw me a word of hope to feed on in these weary days!"

"What can I say, Cesare? This is not a moment to press such words on me. Do not make me feel that I could not dare to rely on you and appeal to you if—if I were left alone here."

"You might give me a right, *then*, to be relied on, and appealed to. Veronica, I adore you! I would devote my life to you!"

"Cesare, at such a time! When he is lying there so ill!"

"But he has been ill all these months!" said Barletti, simply.

"Then think of *me!* I am worn out, and cannot bear much more excitement. If you will talk to me calmly, as a friend

and a kinsman, you may. If you cannot promise to do that, you must go away at once."

"You are hard with me, Veronica."

"It is most ungrateful to say so. Tell me—that English officer you spoke with, did he say—did he speak—do you think he will talk to every comer as he did to you?" asked Veronica, flushing hotly as she brought out the question.

Barletti reassured her. The officer had spoken, merely because Barletti had mentioned Sir John as his friend. Of course a ceremony performed in that way, on board a ship of war, could not be supposed to be in any sense a secret. But the squadron was to depart immediately. There would be no opportunity for the thing to spread among the people who knew her here. Barletti, as he said this, did not believe it. But he saw that she greatly dreaded the secret getting abroad: and he thought only of soothing her anxiety. He tried then, to induce her to tell him about her home and her family, and how it had come to pass that she had left England with Sir John Gale. But on this subject she was not willing to speak quite unprepared.

"You told me to talk to you as a friend and a kinsman, Veronica," said he. "A kinsman surely has some right to your confidence."

"Some day, Cesare," she answered, "you shall know the story of my life. The life has not been long, but the story cannot be told quickly. I cannot bring myself to make the effort now. You must have patience, and *some day* I will not refuse what you ask me. There is my hand on it. It is a promise."

Her tone, and look, and gesture conveyed more than the mere words. He was about to speak, but she lightly laid the fingers of her left hand (he held her right hand in his) on his lips.

"Not a word more," she said. "Go now. You will come this evening; and above all do not allow Sir John to guess that you saw him this morning! Farewell!"

"Veronica, one word! It is a question I have wanted to ask you; do you know an Englishman named Frost?"

"Frost? No."

"He knows you, and spoke of you. Or it may be—now I think of it—that he only knows you by report. I forget his exact words."

"Knows me! What did he say?"

"He said that Gale treated you very ill."

"He said *that?* Tell me exactly, word for word, what he said!"

"Well, I think," replied Barletti, pondering, "that his words were, 'Sir John Gale uses that poor wife of his very ill.'"

"Wife! Ah!" exclaimed Veronica, drawing a long breath. "He spoke of me as Lady Gale?"

"Yes, yes: I am sure of that. But where can he have known anything about you?"

"It matters very little. In Florence perhaps. You have told me enough to show what a hot-bed of gossip there is there. Quiet as we were, we did not escape the tongues of those creatures who lounge at the club-door I dare say."

Barletti felt a little uncomfortable twinge of conscience as he remembered that he himself had made one in a discussion respecting her, at the very spot she mentioned. And her flashing eye and disdainful attitude recalled to him, moreover, Sir John's warning not to tell "miladi" that her name had been spoken at the club.

"Farewell until this evening, Veronica, mia adorata!"

"Good-bye, Cousin Cesare."

When he was gone, she sat down opposite to a large mirror. "Princess!" she said softly to herself. "Principessa de' Barletti!" Veronica understood, although Cesare did not, what the worth of such a title would be in England. Then she stretched herself on a sofa and rested her head on soft cushions. She was really weary in mind and body, and presently fell off into a sleep.

Towards the end of her sleep, she began to dream. She dreamed that she was going to be married to Mr. Plew, and that she was reluctantly walking by his side through St. Gildas's grave-yard, towards the church. And, as they came near to an ancient upright stone she well remembered, Sir John Gale, white and ghastly in his grave-clothes, darted out from behind it, and with a yell of hoarse laughter, bade them stop.

ODD RUNS AND WALKS.

When the beautiful Empress of the French, as one of the notabilities assembled in Egypt to take part in the Suez Canal ceremonials, was lately astonishing the Arabs and Fellahs of Cairo with her joyous runs through the bazaars and streets of that city—sometimes sitting beside the Khedive in an open carriage, sometimes careering along on donkey-back, but in either case exciting the astonishment of the Mussulmans and the envy of the ladies of the

harem—she was preceded by running-footmen of the wildest and most picturesque kind. They were swarthy, lithe, half-naked fellows, brandishing huge torches in the darkness of evening, and screaming out to scare away any and all who might otherwise impede the progress of the imperial and viceregal personages. Our puny attempts at a cavalcade must have been beaten all to nothing by this.

And yet the time was when running-footmen formed part of the establishment of our titled folks and county families. They used to run in front of the travelling-carriage, when out on journeys of any considerable distance; partly to be at hand when the wheels stuck in the mud of the wretched roads, but chiefly to make a show in the eyes of the world. A speed of four or five miles an hour the men could maintain for several hours together; but when improved roads permitted a speed of six or seven miles to be kept up, the running-footmen gradually ceased to be employed. Sir Walter Scott mentions his having seen the state-coach of the Earl of Hopetoun preceded in this way. The old Duke of Queensberry was one of the last who kept up this practice; and a story is told of a running-footman who displayed his agility by running off with his grace's livery while "showing his paces." These domestics were usually attired in a sort of light jockey dress; sometimes they carried a pole or staff six feet long or so, the top of which was a hollow ball, containing a hard-boiled egg, or a little wine, for an occasional snack on the journey. Occasionally these men did their forty or fifty miles in a day. Their more celebrated achievements were as special messengers, in days when railway trains and electric telegraphs were undreamed of. On one occasion such a messenger ran from Home Castle to Edinburgh and back (seventy miles) during an evening and night, to fetch a doctor; and there was another who ran a hundred and fifty miles in forty-two hours, to fetch some medicine. These runners, it must further be understood, had to travel over such roads and hill paths as would stagger a modern Mayfair footman. By the way, this word "footman" was derived from the nimble-footed precursors of the present James Plush and friends. In Cole's Art of Simpling, published in the time of Charles the Second, we are told that, "If a footman take mugwort and put it into his shoes in the morning he may goe forty miles before noone, and not be weary." Valuable mugwort this: do our pedestrians (let alone running-footmen) know anything about it?

Of course many crack runners have made a noise and obtained fame, alike independent of the footman world and the sporting world. There was the Shoreditch tradesman, neither young nor slim, who in 1750 ran from the church in that street to Edmonton, eight miles, in fifty minutes. There was the shepherd who, in 1764, ran on Moulsey Hurst fifteen miles in eighty-eight minutes—at the rate of full ten miles an hour. Of course these achievements have been beaten by the professional racers, concerning whom it is not the purpose of the present article to speak. There was once a race between two men, one of whom was unfairly interrupted by an emissary of the other: he knocked the rascal down, fell over him, picked himself up again, and won the race. There was a running match between a lady and a gentleman round the Steyne at Brighton in 1825: the gentleman ran well, but the lady ran better, and she won.

One Captain Otto made a curious match at Brighton in 1803. He undertook to carry on his back or shoulders a stalwart grenadier of eighteen stone, and to run against a pony carrying a feather; but the grenadier pitched over the head of his bearer, and nearly brought both to ruin. The captain was to have run fifty yards against the pony's hundred and fifty. He then challenged a noble lord to a contest, in which Otto should carry his grenadier fifty yards, while the lord carried a feather a hundred; but the captain was vanquished. Did "feather" mean feather-weight, or light-weight rider, in the sporting phraseology of sixty or seventy years ago? Then there was the worthy who, in 1751, trundled a coach-wheel from the Bishop's Head, in the Old Bailey, to the eleventh milestone at Barnet, and back again, in three hours fifty-one minutes. He won fifty pounds by achieving this curious feat in less than four hours.

Nor is there any deficiency of walking achievements, irrespective of those by professional pedestrians, and sometimes marked by singular conditions. There was the attorney's clerk who, in 1773, took a walk from London to York and back, and accomplished the whole four hundred miles between Monday morning and Saturday evening in one week. There was the Gloucestershire militiaman, about the same period, who walked from London to Bristol in a little less than twenty hours—so, at least, said the newspapers of the period. It would

be interesting to know whether the "Young Irish Gentleman" performed the task on which a wager was laid in 1788, of "Walking from London to Constantinople and back within a year." We have no record of the result; but it may be presumed that he did not emulate the feat of walking on the sea, attributed by a lyrical authority to Teddy M'Gee, by which he wore his legs down to the knee. Among the odd walks which odd people have taken, may be mentioned that of picking up stones placed a yard apart, and carrying them singly to a basket: a walk or a run, this, according to conditions. Then there is the formidable task of walking a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours, first performed by Captain Barclay; since outdone by a walk of a thousand quarter-miles in a thousand successive quarter-hours—a much more wearing and exhausting achievement, seeing that the runner *must* not rest or sleep so long as half an hour at any one time. This foolish, health-ruining work was once attempted, be it observed, by a woman!

From men on foot to men on horseback the transition is natural. Some of the most remarkable examples of speed on horseback have been performed by non-professional riders. Cardinal Wolsey won his first promotion in life by a quick journey. When chaplain to Henry the Seventh, he was sent from London on a special mission to the Emperor Maximilian in the Netherlands; he did the journey there and back in a little over two days, including the very slow and tedious sea passage out and home between Dover and Calais. When Robert Carey was sent from London to Edinburgh, to announce to King James the death of Queen Elizabeth, he performed the journey of four hundred miles in the daylight of three days. Stow relates that one Bernard Calvert went in 1621 from London to Calais and back, in seventeen hours; doing the land journey on horseback, and the channel voyage *in a barge!* by which was probably meant a heavy sailing boat. In 1745, an innkeeper named Thornhill rode from Stilton in Huntingdonshire to London, back to Stilton, and once again to London, accomplishing the whole two hundred and thirteen miles in twelve hours seventeen minutes: of course, with a good relay of horses. This was really a wonderful achievement, if the accounts are reliable. Dick Turpin's ride we all know about; and let us never forget the immortal ride of Johnny Gilpin, of the verity of which we seem as certain as of anything in story. Of the doings on race-courses, we need only mention those in which ladies have been concerned. At the Ripon races in 1725, we find that the ladies' plate was ridden for, by women, in three heats and a final struggle. But the most notable lady in this class of achievements was probably Mrs. Thornton, the wife of Colonel Thornton. The colonel challenged Mr. Flint, in 1804, that Mrs. Thornton would contest a race with him on York race-course, for five hundred guineas a side. The bet was accepted, and the race took place; the colonel leading the lady's horse to the starting-place. Mrs. Thornton took and kept the lead for the first three miles, when her horse failed, and her competitor won. She afterwards wrote to one of the newspapers, complaining that Mr. Flint's demeanour to her on the occasion had hardly been that of a gentleman. A "turf row" sprang out of this event. Mr. Flint asserted that Colonel Thornton shirked payment of the lost bet; the colonel equivocated; Mr. Flint publicly horsewhipped him; and as the Jockey Club first, and the Court of King's Bench afterwards, refused to give him redress, we may safely infer that there was something wrong about Colonel Thornton. His equestrian wife, however, did not relinquish her fondness for achievements in the saddle. She rode a race against Buckle, the Newmarket jockey. Mrs. Thornton appeared on the race-course, attired in purple cap and jacket, nankeen skirt, purple shoes, and embroidered stockings. She was mounted on her mare "Louisa." She rode nine stone six pounds, against Buckle's thirteen stone six, and won by half a head.

Of regular horse-races and race-horses there is, of course, much to tell; but we have nought to do with them here. There is, for instance, all about the famous horse Eclipse, who could cover twenty-five feet with one stride, and make seven such strides in three seconds; his unprecedented success as a racer was found to be due mainly to his magnificent heart (corporeal, not poetical), which weighed thirteen pounds. Unfortunately, horse-racing lends itself with ruinous facility to chicanery. Witness the trial which took place at Kingston Assizes in bygone years. One man betted with another that he would provide three horses which would go ninety miles in three hours. The thing seemed incredible, and so the bet was taken as a very safe one. But how was the matter managed? The person who

laid the wager, and who was much more horsey than honest, brought forward three horses that all started together; each horse did thirty miles in three hours—an achievement by no means remarkable; and, as our arithmetic books tell us that three times thirty make ninety, the knave thought he had done a legal as well as a smart thing. Not quite, however; for a jury refused to recognise it.

Once, now and then, there have been quadrupedal races planned, in which animals of a non-racing kind competed. Such a race is described in Parkes's London News in the time of George the First. At Northampton, in a holiday season, two bulls, five cows, and a calf were started to run a race: the adult animals being ridden by men, the calf by a boy. Four of the jockeys came to misfortune; the three cows all threw their riders; the calf tumbled down with his; and one of the bulls won the race, without at all appreciating the fame which he gained thereby. Not many years ago, a race was planned in Lancashire between an elephant, a pony, and a man; whether it came off, we do not know; but it led to a discussion as to the ability of an elephant to run, in the usual sense in which running is understood; it was agreed that he can shuffle along at the pace of a man at good running speed, but not for a long time together. The ostrich is a runner of amazing swiftness, almost distancing the greyhound and the fleetest Arabian courser. And was there not a famous naturalist who mounted a cayman or alligator in the swamps of South America? And did not the alligator feel very much astonished at having to run or walk with such an unprecedented burden on his back? And would we not rather see it done than do it?

Among *driving* achievements was the famous one by the Earl of March in 1750. He undertook to provide a four-wheeled carriage that would be driven nineteen miles in one hour by one single team of four horses. It *was* a four-wheeler, but one of marvellously light construction. Wire and cords were used wherever practicable, instead of heavier materials; the harness was of fine leather covered with silk; the seat for the driver (no other "fare") was of leather straps covered with velvet; every wheel had a tin box which dripped down oil uninterruptedly; the breechings for the horses were of whalebone; the wood-work was as light as possible, but in all critical parts strengthened with well-tempered steel. In short, the whole machine was so light that one man could carry it, together with the harness. The earl sat on the hinder part of the carriage, but four postilions virtually drove the horses. Many vehicles were made and abandoned, and many horses killed, before the real event came off. He achieved the task; doing nineteen miles in ample time for another mile within the hour.

MR. GOMM ON THE POOR.

"You must have had a large, and not, I should think, a very favourable, experience of poor human nature," I said one day to a very worthy acquaintance of mine, with whom I often interchanged opinions. The name of my acquaintance was Gomm. He had a way of spelling his name when he was angered—which, like the rest of us, he sometimes was—and declaring very emphatically, "my name is Gomm, G-O double M:" as if he wanted to convince his antagonists or opponents, whomsoever they might be, that there could be no possible doubt as to his identity. This double consonant, somehow, seemed to be emblematic of his decision and sharpness of character, for he was a man who ruled his fellows, in a small way, and who seemed born to rule them. He was the master of a large workhouse, and had filled the situation with credit for a quarter of a century. He was much respected alike by the magistracy, the ratepayers, and the poor-law inspector of his district. He was a strong sturdy man, bordering upon sixty-five, with stubbly grey hair, a clean shaven chin, broad open brow, clear grey eyes, and a firmness of expression not alone about his mouth and chin and all over his face, but in his whole build and deportment. He looked like a double consonant, like a man who could hold his own against the world, and would, in common parlance, "stand no nonsense," from those above, or those below him, while he walked on the war path of duty. There was nevertheless a kindly twinkle in his grey eye at times; and his firmness was by no means deficient in good humour.

"Yes!" replied Mr. Gomm, in answer to my observation, "I have seen a good deal of human nature in my time. I suppose by *poor* human nature, you mean the human nature of the poor."

"No, indeed I do not," I replied. "Human nature is the same in all of us, with

much of good as well as bad about it. I am not aware that the possession of money or rank makes any very great difference in the long run; unless in exceptional cases. There are bad rich men and good poor men: just as there are bad poor men and good rich men."

"Well," said Mr. Gomm, "I don't want to cry up the rich, or cry down the poor—God forbid! But I look at the poor with my own eyes, not theirs; or how d'ye think I should be able to keep order in the House? The poor, notwithstanding all the sentiment that is talked and written about them, are but a poor lot, morally as well as physically. As a rule they are neither strong in body nor in mind; at least such is my experience."

He stopped as if he were not desirous to say any more. I encouraged him to proceed.

"Why you see," said Mr. Gomm, "in the way of my business I have got to dividing the world into three classes: those who never come into the workhouse; those who ought never to come into the workhouse; and those who must come into the workhouse."

"The first of your three classes, I suppose, includes all the rich and well-to-do?"

"Not necessarily the rich and well-to-do, for *they* come to the workhouse sometimes; but it includes, of course, the great bulk of the people who pay poor-rates, those who are born rich, those who know the knack of keeping the money they have inherited, and those who have the art of making it as well as the art of taking care of it, and all the ordinarily prudent, careful, and well-conducted people of the upper and middle, and some of the lower ranks. But my experience does not lie among these. They don't pass under my care. The class that ought *not* to come into the workhouse, but *does* come into it, is a troublesome one to me, I can tell you. And yet I pity these poor people very much, though I take precious good care not to let them know it. I have had, and still have, men in the House, clad in the pauper dress, subject to pauper discipline, and fed upon pauper fare, who have possessed thousands, who once mixed in the best society, and who are gifted with abilities which they have not learned to put to proper account, or which they have used only to bring themselves into mischief. I won't mention any real names; but there is one man—let me call him Smith—who was once a fashionable banker, a very fashionable banker indeed, and lived in great style in Tyburnia. His bank broke, partly by his mismanagement, partly by that of his father and grandfather. He narrowly escaped a criminal trial; but got off 'by the skin of his teeth' and without a penny to help himself in his old age. Some of the friends and acquaintances of his better days subscribed a few pounds occasionally to keep him from want. He was too proud to accept a clerkship which he might have got, and which was offered him; but he was *not* too proud to live upon charity. All the same he took the charity as a hard thing, and began to soften it with drink. Gin, the poor man's friend, and a dreadful bad friend too, the very worst of friends that I ever heard of, became at last much more plentiful in his cupboard than bread and cheese. He and his old wife both soaked themselves in it. They took to quarrelling—a result not at all surprising to me—and from bad went on to worse every day of their miserable lives. Their friends soon grew tired of them, and their little subscriptions failed entirely. They are both in the house now, clean, sober, in their right minds, and tolerably useful. The old gentleman helps with the accounts, and the old lady is a tidyish cook enough; they both seem to have a faint glimpse of something like happiness, when a friend, a true friend, *I* call him, who was once the head cashier in the bank, sends the old gentleman a pound of tobacco, and the old wife a pound of tea. Now, I say, he's one who ought not to have come into the workhouse, and wouldn't except for his own deficiency of moral strength.

"There was another man I had with me for years. He died three months ago. Let me call him Montague, for he had an aristocratic name, as old as Montague, and as high sounding. He had been a parliamentary reporter for some great morning paper or other, I don't know which; and seemed to me, as if he could make speeches as eloquent as any he had ever reported. A capital mimic he was, and could speak by the hour in the character of Dan O'Connell. He gave the brogue perfect. The fun was perfect, too, and real Irish. When he was in the humour, he could speak like Joe Hume, with all the hums and hahs, and half-finished sentences; or he could 'orate' like a Yankee, till he made the tears run done my cheeks with laughing. Good company, and too much of it, was the ruin of *him*. First step down the

ladder into the pit of perdition, excessive drinking; second step, loss of character; third step, loss of employment; fourth step, the pawnbroker; fifth step, more drink; sixth step, desperation; seventh step, beggary and begging letters; eighth step, prison; ninth step, the workhouse. He had been a 'jolly good fellow,' as the saying is; but the jolly good fellows with whom he loved to associate, or who loved to associate with him, forgot his good fellowship as soon as his coat began to grow threadbare, and as he himself began to hint that the loan of half-a-crown would be useful. Nobody sent *him* any tea or tobacco. Nobody ever so much as inquired after him. Only once a poor penny-a-liner—a real penny-a-liner, with scarcely a shoe to his feet, and with eyes that looked excessively beery—who came to report an inquest on the body of an old woman found dead in her bed, gave him a sixpence. I am sure the poor young man could ill afford it. 'Thank you, my dear fellow,' said Montague, 'I accept it as a loan. Keep out of this place, if you can; except in the way of business. There'll be an inquest on me some day, perhaps, and as you know something about me, you can lengthen out your report to the extent of sixpence; and so repay yourself!' Now, this Montague was one of the class that ought not to come into the workhouse, and he could certainly have kept out if he would.

"There was another with me up to a short time ago, who had been a great cheese merchant. He knew all about cheese, and made a fortune out of it. His name was—never mind—call him Jones; and before he was fifty he had scraped up fifty thousand pounds, all out of cheese. Unluckily for him, he retired from the cheese business to live quietly on his money. But quietness did not suit him, and he had scarcely been a twelvemonth trying to live like a gentleman, his idea of a gentleman being a person who had nothing to do, than he could stand that kind of life no longer, and went rioting roaring mad into speculations of all kinds. What it had taken him five-and-twenty years to build up with honest cheeses he knocked down in three years with rash, foolish, grasping speculations, that had no bottom in them. He 'bust up,' as the Yankees say, and escaped with about a thousand pounds. With that he went into the cheese business again. But there was another man in his old shop, who had 'got the pull,' as they say, and Jones could not rival the new man, for all his knowledge of the article. Besides, he was down; and I do believe, whatever the world may say to the contrary, that when a man is down everybody, or almost everybody, has a malicious pleasure in trying to keep him down. The world will help a young man forward, if he be honest, and straightforward, and likely to do well; but it won't help an old man who has had his chance and lost it. At least, that's *my* experience. When you have come to be sixty, you must have often been in people's way; and if those people live, and have got *you* out of the way, they don't give themselves much trouble to help you into the way again. You are under the feet of the crowd, and the crowd rushing on its own business, will trample you to death, without thinking about you. After four or five years of new struggle in the cheese line, Mr. Jones gave it up as a bad job, and passed into my care. He passed out of it, however, before long, not into the next world, which might have been about the best thing, but into the County Lunatic Asylum. There he is still, and great upon cheese. He buys cheese by the thousand tons at a time, in his fancy, and drives a roaring trade. Perhaps the poor old man is happy. I trust he may be; but if he had had ordinary common sense, he would neither have come to the workhouse nor to the lunatic asylum."

"It is good, after all," said I, "that there are workhouses and lunatic asylums to receive these waifs and strays of Fortune. But for my part, I am far more interested in the last of the three classes of people into which you divided the world—those who *must* come to the workhouse, struggle against it as they will. It seems to me that these are among the very saddest products of our civilisation, and that such people, call them what we will, are born slaves and pariahs, though they may not know it, to whom the world offers nothing from the outset to the end of their career but toil; toil from youth to maturity, and from maturity to old age, until the grave receives them."

"No," said Mr. Gomm, all his double consonant bristling in his face. "You are not altogether right. There are such people, too many of them, God knows, and I shall speak of them by-and-bye; but the mass of the poor—I know them, or ought to know—are not people who do, or who

have ever done, hard work. There are people who are born vagrants, and wanderers, and strollers, and vagabonds, and pests, and who hate and detest work as the devil does holy water. They seem to me to partake of the nature of birds and wild animals, or, at best, of the Red Indian savages in America, who can't, or won't, dig or plough, or cultivate anything, or save anything, but prefer to trust for their dinner to the day's chance of snaring or shooting something as wild as, but better to eat than, themselves. How they do hate work, to be sure! They'd rather cadge and steal for half-a-crown than gain five shillings honestly. In fact, England swarms with wild men and women of this class: men and women who are utterly untamable, and who use workhouses just as rich people use hotels, but with this difference, that they pay for nothing. I do detest these professional tramps and permanent poor, and I own that I sometimes wish that I might order them a good whipping along with the bread that they rob the poor rate-payers of. And if they are as wild as foxes, they are quite as cunning. Indeed, my opinion is that a regular inveterate professional tramp is as cunning and acute as an Old Bailey barrister, and knows as much of the world. The she-tramps, too, are the most disgusting specimens of human nature that ever fell under my notice. And when they get into a rage, their language is awful. I must say" (and here the double M was very conspicuous in Mr. Gomm's tone of voice and in the angry sparkle of his eye) "that I wish it was lawful to give the impudent hussies a few rounds of the cat-o'-nine-tails! If it were I would pick out the very strongest honest woman in the workhouse to administer the dose, and pay her handsomely for it."

"But these, both males and females of this worst description, must form a very small class?" said I.

"Not so small as you imagine," replied Mr. Gomm, his double M starting out as vividly as before. "England is overrun with them, and I don't see any way to England's getting rid of them in the present generation. Perhaps the next, if, in the mean time, we can manage to catch every child over five years of age, and send it to school to be taught, not only reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, but its duty to itself and society, may grow up better than the present, and the race of mere savages, may diminish amongst us. That's my hope," he went on to say more softly, again relapsing into the double M, when he added, "not forgetting the cat-o'-nine-tails for the grown-up incorrigibles."

"But touching the honest poor—who work until their strength fails them—what have you to say about *them?*"

"Nothing but what is kindly and charitable. They are the victims of our overcrowdedness, and are not to blame for what they cannot help. When a man has toiled and striven during a long life, society would be worse than a wild beast if it allowed him to perish in his old age, when his right hand had lost its cunning. It is a sad thing to me, when I see a lusty, willing, young fellow driving the plough, or industriously hedging or ditching, or doing other farm work, to think how many chances there are that he will come upon the workhouse when his hair grows grey, and how few chances there are that he will be able to keep out of it. And yet, with all my pity for the labourer, whose day's wage pays for no more than the day's want, and hardly that, I cannot say that a little more education, not only in the common school branches, but in the real knowledge of his duty to himself and his offspring, would not greatly improve his condition. Thousands of people of this class seem to have no more idea of their duty to the children whom they bring into the world, than if they were rats. Only the week before last, a poor, hard-working under-gardener, at a big house I know of, fell off an apple tree, and broke his right arm badly in two places. He had not a penny saved. All he earned was fifteen shillings a week. The parson of the parish helped him on a little, and one or two other gentlemen and ladies did the same. But what good was it? In the meanwhile another man slipped into his situation, and in less than three weeks this poor devil lost all heart and hope. His means were exhausted, and we had to take him into the workhouse; not only him, but his wife and nine children. What right had he to beget nine children if he could not tide over three weeks without coming to the workhouse with the whole brood of them? Do you call that honest or fair either to himself, his children, or the ratepayers of his parish? *I* don't, and I won't, though you may think me heartless for saying so. If that man hadn't married, and hadn't had nine children, before he was able to support even himself, and allow a little margin for sickness and accident, he might have had his margin to himself, and

tided over the evil day without burdening the parish or bringing ten innocent people into partnership with his misfortune. It is *not* right, let soft-hearted people say what they will. If such cases were not so very common I shouldn't have said a word about this one; and it is only because they are the rule, and not the exception, that I mention them. It seems to me, and I know something of what I am talking about, that the agricultural poor think no more of the duties they incur towards society when they marry, than so many sparrows do. This may seem harsh, but, God knows, I don't feel harsh. I own I can see no remedy for it."

"I think I can see two remedies," replied I; "EDUCATION and EMIGRATION. The first will tend, if rightly administered, to diminish, if it do not remove, this particular kind of improvidence among the poor; and the second will provide a home for the overflow of our population. There are millions upon millions of fertile acres in every part of the world only awaiting the willing hand to till them. Perhaps we may not be so far from solving these two problems as most people think. We move faster than our forefathers, and I think the day will come when the only paupers in England will be the aged and infirm, and when every strong man will be able, either to live respectably in England by his intelligent and educated labour, or to get comfortably out of it to some other land, where the chances are more favourable."

"I am afraid," said Mr. Gomm, "that I shall not live to see the day; but I can imagine it, nevertheless, and will certainly not be so wicked, or such a false prophet, as to predict the contrary."

THE FAITHFUL COMRADE.

ONCE I had a comrade true,
He followed my steps the whole day thro';
When I sat in the house by my side sat he,
Never tired of my company;
When I wandered forth into the town,
My comrade followed me, up and down.

Out of the self same dish he fed,
He lay beside me in my bed,
Whatsoever I thought or knew,
My faithful friend had a share in too.
When I went wooing one fine day
My comrade followed me all the way.

And after that in vain I tried
To shake the shadow from my side;
A curse upon that comrade true,
He followed me still the whole day thro'.
Morning and night in every place,
He chid me with his changeless face.

Thro' many a day of wintry weather,
Beside the fire we sulked together;
But when the wintry days were passed
Up to my feet I sprang at last.
"Here on the hearth, if thou wilt, abide!
But *I* have sworn to be free!" I cried.

I opened the door, I rushed away,
'Twas the gentle morn of an April day;
As I hastened on thro' the quiet street,
The sky was blue and the wind was sweet.
Out thro' the city gate I crept,
The green fields beckoned, my heart uplept.

Blithely along the fields I flew,
My quick feet glistened with gladsome dew;
The merry lark from my feet upsprang,
Wafted the wet from his wings and sang.
The bright sun glistened, the leaves were pearled,
O! but it seemed a gladsome world.

Even then I heard a deep-drawn sigh,
And turning quick, with a bitter cry,
Knitted my brows again, to see
My faithful friend was close to me.
I stood at the foot of a great green hill,
And the weary face was with me still.

"Stay;" he called, full low and sad;
But the breath of the spring had made me mad:
"Farewell for evermore," I cried,
And on I sprang up the steep hill-side;
And up! and up! with my blood in a glow;
I left him lingering far below.

Sweet was the air upon the height,
The wind was sweet, the sky was bright,
And all my heart was full of glee
Now the peevish face was gone from me.
And hour by hour went sweetly by,
Till the sun was low in the western sky.

Down the green height I went again,
The glad thoughts dancing in my brain,
And when I came to the foot of the hill
I found my comrade cold and still.
And I dug him a grave for the sake of his love,
And I wrote this epitaph above:

"Here beside this greenwood way
Slumbereth HYPOCHONDRIA!
For years my friend in the city dim,
He loved me better than I loved him:
The scent of flowers, the spring's sweet breath,
The song of the skylark, were his death.

"Over his head let grasses wave,
And the skylark build upon his grave;
Hyacinths and daisies rise
Out of his blue lack-lustre eyes!
Strew ye rue for his sad sake,
But pray that he may never wake!"

MORE SPORT IN THE WILDS OF UIST.

LOCH PHLOGIBECH is a large and solitary mere, in the heart of a melancholy place. Around it the land undulates into small hills, with bogs and marshes between, and to the south-east, high mountains of gneiss, with crags and precipices innumerable, rise ashen grey into the clouds. All is very desolate—the bare mountains, the windy flats, the ever-sombre sky. There is not a tree or shrub: instead of underwood, stones and boulders strew the waste. The mere itself is black as lead: small islands rise

here and there, heaped round with rocks and stones, and covered inside with deep rank grass and darnel. Everywhere in the water jut up pieces of rock—sometimes a whole drift-reef, like a ribbed wall; and at the western end are the ruins of a circular tower, or dune, looking eerie in the dim twilight of the dull and doleful air.

But now we are afloat, pulling against a chill, moist wind. Hark! The air, which was before so still, is broken by unearthly screams. The inhabitants of the lonely place are up in arms, yelling us away from their nests and young. Look at the terns, pulsing up and down in the air with that strange spasmodic beat of the wings, curving the little black head downward, and uttering some endless creaking croak. Why, that little fellow, swift as an arrow, descended almost to my face, as if to peck out my eyes; I could have struck him with a staff! Numberless gulls, large and small, white and dark, all hovering hither and thither, above our heads, now unite in the chorus; and two of the large black-backed species join the flying band, but, unlike the rest, voice their indignation only at long intervals. The din is frightful! All the fiends are loose! Yet numerous as are the criers in the air, they are only a fraction of the swarms visible in the loch—flocks of them sitting moveless on the island shores, solitary individuals perching on the straggling rocks where they protrude through the water, others floating and feeding far out from land. See yonder monster gull, perched on a stone; she is huge as an eagle, with back as black as ebony, breast as white as snow, and large and glistening eye; she does not move as we approach, but her frantic mate hovers above us and tries to scream us away. Though sorely tempted to secure so magnificent a bird, we spare her, partly for the sake of her young, partly (and more selfishly) for fear of frightening from the loch other and more precious game. Note the smaller and darker plumaged birds, paddling swiftly here and there close to the rocks; they are young gulls, recently launched out on the great water of life.

All this life only deepens the desolation of the mere. There is a hollow sadness in the air, which the weird screech of the birds cannot break.

But the geese: where are they? Not one is visible as yet, we have not even heard a quack. Is it indeed to be a wild-goose chase, but only in the figurative sense, not literally? No; for Hamish, with his lynx-like eye, has picked out the flock far away; he points them out again and again; but the Wanderer, wipe his spectacles as he will, can see nothing. With the telescope, however, he at last makes them out: a long line upon the water, numberless heads and necks. What a swarm! Surely all the geese of Uist have gathered here this day to discuss solemn business! It is the very parliament of geese. Hush! Now, to steal on them slowly with muffled oars. Some, the older birds, will rise; but surely out of all that mighty gathering, a few will be our own!

As we approach, the geese retreat; they have spied us already, and wish to give us a wide berth. Two or three have risen, and winged right over the hill. Never mind! push forward. So swiftly do they swim, that the boat does not gain a foot upon them; but they cannot pass beyond the head of the loch up yonder, half a mile away, and there at least we shall come upon them. Hark! they are whispering excitedly together, and the result of the conference is, that they divide into two great parties, one making towards a passage between some islands to the left, the other keeping its straight course up the mere. Conscious of some deep-laid scheme to baulk us, we follow the band that keeps straight forward — some forty ganders, geese, and goslings, flying fast for life. Faster! faster! We are gaining on them, and by the time they reach that promontory, we may fire. Now, they are beginning to scatter, some diving out of sight, and many rising high on wing to fly round the corner. They have rounded the promontory, doubtless into some fatal bay; not a bird is visible. Yes, one! For a miracle, he is swimming straight this way. His dusky plumage and crestless head prove him a juvenile; and surely nature, when she sent him into this world of slayers, denied him the due proportion of goose's brains! Is he mad, or blind, or does he want to fight? He is only fifty yards away, and, rising erect in the loch, flaps the water from his short wings and gazes about him with total unconcern. A moment afterward, and he is a dead gander.

Not a moment is to be lost; quick—round the promontory—or the flock will be Heaven knows where! Too late! Not a bird is to be seen. We are close to the head of the loch, with a full view of all comers;—not a solitary feather. They cannot all be diving at the same time. Yet

we can swear they did not rise on the wing; had they done so, we could not have failed to perceive them. Two score geese suddenly invisible, swallowed up in an instant, without so much as a feather to show they once were! Hamish Shaw scratches his head, and the Wanderer feels awed; both are quite unable to account for the mystery.

You see, it is their first real Wild Goose Day, and, being raw sportsmen, actually accumulating their knowledge by personal experience, and utterly rejecting the adventitious instruction of books, they are unaware that the young wild goose, when sore beset in the water, has a sly knack of creeping in to shore, and betaking himself for the time being to the shelter of the thick heather or the deep grassy bog-hole. But now the mystery is clear; for yonder is the last of the stragglers, running up the bank as fast as his legs can carry him, and disappearing among the grass above. Tallyho! To shore, Schneider, and after her! Schneider plunges in, reaches the bank, and disappears in pursuit. Running the boat swiftly in to shore, we land and follow with the guns. Half running, half flying, screaming fiercely, speeds the goose: so fast that the dog scarcely gains on her: and making a short sharp turn rushes again to the water, plunges in, dives, and reappears out of gunshot. But her companions: where are they? Gone, like the mist of the morning. Though we search every clump of heather, every peat-hole, every watercourse, and though Schneider, seeming to smell goose at every step, is as keen as though she were hunting a rat in its hole, not a bird do we discover. Can they have penetrated into some subterranean cave, and there be quacking in security? Forty geese vanished away! By Jupiter, we have been befooled!

Somewhat tired, we rest for a time on the water-side. The mere is silent again, untroubled by the screaming birds or the murderous presence of man. A drift-mist is passing rapidly against the upper parts of the mountains yonder, and the crags look terrific through its sickly smoke, and the wind is getting higher. Hark! Is that distant thunder; or is it the crumbling down of crags among the heights? It is neither. It is the hollow moan of the western ocean, beating in on the sands that lie beyond these desolate flats. One feels neither very wise nor very grand, caught by such a Voice in the wilderness—hunting geese! Had it been a red deer, now, or an eagle, or even a seal, that we were pursuing; but a goose, how harmonise *it* with the immensities? Of course it is merely association; for in point of fact the wild goose is a thoroughly noble bird, a silence lover, a high soarer, a lover of the lonely mere and desolate marsh, a proud haunter of the weedy footprints of the sea. Still, a goose is a goose, and, in the presence of ocean, the Wanderer discovers his likeness to the family.

The wind is really rising. Dark clouds are driving westward, and the surface of the mere begins to whiten here and there with small sharp waves. It looks like the beginning of a spindrift gale, but the weather is very deceptive in these latitudes, and it may mean nothing after all. It will be better, however, to be making tracks over the hills.

Up goes the lugsail, and we drive down the loch with frightful speed. Down with it. For the water is sown with rocks, and if we were to touch a stone while going at that speed, the punt side would be driven into splinters. We fly fast enough now, without sail or oar. Ha! yonder are the geese round that point, all gathered together again, doubtless conversing excitedly about their recent terrific adventures. Before they can scatter much, we have rounded the point, and are down upon them. Bang goes Big Benjamin! Bang! bang! goes the double-barrel. Five fine young birds are secured, three of them due to Ben the monster. We have just dragged them into the boat, when the rain begins to come down, while the wind is still flogging the water with pitiless blows.

And so, wet and weary, we draw up the punt in a sheltered creek, and turn her over. Hard by, are some rude huts, built of peat turfs and wood—the summer abodes, or shelters, of the shepherds who bring their flocks over here for pasture; in one of these we leave the oars, mast, sail, and other articles. Then shouldering our spoil, three fat geese apiece, we put our backs to the wind and rain, and dash along, through bog and over ditch, till we arrive at the shepherd's hut on the side of Loch Skifort.

Two wild days of rain and wind had to pass away ere we could get across to Loch Phlogibech for the punt. At last, however, we went over, shot a few more geese, and brought the punt through a drenching mist. It only remains to be added that, with the assistance of Schneider and the hawk, we ate up every goose we slew, and,

if we had had something to swallow with the same, even a crust of bread or a biscuit, would have found the flesh delicious. But man cannot live on goose alone, however young, however tender. How did we crave a snap of bread, and a drop of whisky, or tea, to wash it down!

Though we had goose galore, and eggs, and milk, that was all Loch Skifort could do for us; and really it might have been much worse, and we were ungrateful beings to crouch frowningly and mutter about starvation. Hamish Shaw was the bitterest, for he was out of tobacco, and to him, as to many another water-dog, life without tobacco was torture. He tried tea, till that was quite exhausted. Then he attempted a slice of boot-leather, and rather liked it, only, if he had persisted in smoking that kind of stuff, he would soon have had to go barefoot. The Wandered recommended peat, but the idea was rejected with indignation.

Just as the weather was beginning to clear, a large ship put into the loch, for a rest after weeks of bad weather. By boarding her we procured a few supplies—a little tea, some tobacco, and a number of weeviled biscuits. The presence of a large vessel acts like magic in a solitary place. No sooner had the ship entered the loch, than the region, which had previously seemed uninhabited, became suddenly populous, and numerous skiffs rowed out, laden with natives. The skipper did a "smart" thing with the natives on that occasion. Having need of hands to get in his anchors, which had dragged, he paid them off in biscuits of the finest quality, telling them to return next day, and (if they pleased) he would take in exchange for biscuits any quantity of dried fish they liked to bring. The natives were of course delighted, and the skipper secured a splendid lot of fish for the southern market. But imagine the disgust of the poor deluded Celts on examining their prize of dearly-coveted bread. The biscuits were full of weevils, and worth scarcely a penny a pound.

"All this far you have been digressing!" cries the impatient reader. "We have heard more than we want to hear about ducks and geese, and hunger and thirst; but what of the red deer, the eagle, the salmon, the hooper, the seal?" Well, as to the red deer, we may or may not in our time have been the death of the forest king, his antlers may or may not be hanging over the chimney-piece in our smoking-room, but we did not get so much as a glimpse of a deer in the wilds of Uist. The salmon had not yet ascended the rivers, and the wild swans were rearing that year's young in the distant north. More than one eagle we saw, floating among the mountain peaks on the eastern coast, and dwarfed by distance to the size of a wind-hover; but mighty would have been the hunter who could reach and slay the sky-loving birds in their glory. Indeed, who ever killed an eagle in its full pride of strength and flight? It is the sickly, half-starved, feeble bird that inadvertently crosses the shepherd's gun, and yields a lean and unwholesome body to the stuffer's art. Such an one we saw low down on the crags of Ben Eval, passing with a great heavy beat of the wing from rock to rock, now hovering for an instant over some object among the heather, then rising painfully and drifting along on the wind. We had no gun with us that day, or we think that, by cautiously stalking among the heights, we might have made the bird our own; our hearts were sad for the great creature, with that fierce hunger tearing at its heart, while, doubtless, the yellow eyes burnt terribly through the gathering films of death. Out of the hollow crags gathered six ravens, rushing with hoarse shrieks at the fallen king, and flying with horrible yells whenever he turned towards them with sharp talon and opened beak; attracted by the noise, flocked from all the surrounding pastures the hideous hooded crows, with their sick grey coats and sable heads, cawing like devils; these, too, rushed at the eagle, to be beaten back by one wave of the wrathful wings. It was a sad scene—power eclipsed on the very throne of its glory, taunted and abused by carrion,

> Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

yet preserving the mournful shadow of its dignity and kingly glory. Every movement of the eagle was still kingly, nor did it deign to utter a sound; while the crows and ravens were hideous in every gesture, mean, grovelling, and unwieldy, and their damnable cries made the echoes hideous. Round the shoulder of the hill floated the eagle, with the imps of darkness at his back. We fear his day of death, so nigh at hand, was to be very sad. Better that the passing shepherd should put a bullet through his heart and carry him away to deck some gentleman's hall, than that he should fall spent yonder, insulted at his last gasp, torn at by the fiends, seeing the leering raven whet his beak for slaughter,

and the corby perched close by, eager to pick out the golden and beautiful eyes.

> By too severe a fate,
> Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
> Fallen from his high estate,
> And welt'ring in his blood;
> On the bare earth exposed he lies,
> With not a friend to close his eyes.

Just as he passed away, there darted out from the side of the rock a ghastly apparition, glaring at us with a face covered with blood, and looking as if it meant murder. It was only a sheep. Yet for the moment it amazed us, for it seemed like the ghost of a sheep, horrid and forbidding. Alas! though it glared in one direction, it could not see; its poor gentle eyes had just been destroyed, the red blood from them was coursing down its cheeks; and it was staggering, drunken with the pain. It was the accursed deed of the hoody, or the raven, ever on the watch for the unwary, ready in a moment to dart down on the sleeping lamb or the rolling sheep, and make a meal of its eyes; then, with a devilish chuckle, to track the blind and tottering victim this way and that, as it feels its feeble way among the heights, until, standing on the edge of some high rock, it can be startled, with a wild beat of wings and a fiendish shriek, right down the fatal precipice to the rocks beneath; there the murderer, while a dozen other of his kind gather around him in carnival, plunges his reeking beak into the victim's heart.

Though we slew a raven and half a dozen corbies, having from that night sworn a savage vendetta against the murderous kind, no eagle died by our hand—neither eagle, nor red deer, nor hooper, nor salmon. So far, the search in Uist for the hunter's badge was a wretched failure, ending only in humiliation and despair. But we have at least taken one step in the right direction; for we can avow, by Diana and by Nimrod, or (if the reader like it better) by the less classic shade of Colonel Hawker, that we killed a seal.

It was up among the fjörds of Maddy that the seals began to attract our attention. They were floating about in considerable numbers, coming quite close to the yacht at times, but always keeping well aloof whenever there was the slightest smell of powder. So one day the punt was got ready, Big Benjamin and the Russian rifle were put on board, and the Wanderer and his henchman started off up the fjörds.

There was a stiff breeze from the east, and the little boat shot swiftly with the lugsail through the inland waters. Every now and then, the head of a seal popped up out of gun-shot, floated for some minutes exactly like an oscillating leather bottle, and then was drawn out of sight: still like a bottle, with the neck (or snout) upwards. The creeks were full of female eider and gool ducks, each female followed by five or six fluffs of down, in various stages of development; on one headland, which smelt as strongly of stale fish as a herring-boat, a whole covey of cormorants, sitting bolt upright, like parsons in black coats and dingy neckcloths, were basking in the sunlight. The sea-larks twittered everywhere, the oyster-catchers whistled, the curlews screamed; and the gulls, scattered all around as thick as snow-flakes, completed the chorus with their constant cries.

There was a rocky point, well up the principal fjörd, which we had ascertained to be a constant resort of the seals, and on which, only the day before, an eye-witness had seen no less than forty, old and young, taking their noonday siesta all at once. Toward this point we ran with the fresh breeze, not firing a shot on the passage, but watching warily ahead; and at last, when in full view of the rocks and about a quarter of a mile distant, we hauled down the lugsail and lay to, reconnoitring. Hamish Shaw's keen eye discovered seals at once, and the telescope soon showed that he was right. There they were, three or four in number, sunning themselves snugly on the very outermost rocks of the promontory, ready on the slightest alarm to slip like eels into the water. What was to be done? Shooting them from the boat was impossible; a nearer approach on the water would soon scatter them to the deeps. However, by careful stalking, a good shot might be had from the land. About a hundred yards behind rise knolls of deep grass, intermingled with great boulders, and among these there must be many a capital point of vantage. Luckily, the knolls were well to leeward of the seals, and there was no chance of the wind playing traitor. Be it noted, that a seal, though not particularly sharp-sighted, has as fine a nose as a stag for any scent—such as that exuded (as Dean Swift vowed and as delicate animals know) by the murderous monster, Man.

Leaving Hamish in charge of the punt, the Wanderer shouldered the rifle and made a long detour inland, not venturing to turn his face until he was well to leeward of his quarry. Then, strapping the rifle on his back in backwoodsman fashion,

and throwing himself down on his hands and knees, he began crawling slowly towards the hidden point. Ah, my Grub-street friends, how little do ye think of the discomforts of the wilds! The ground was squashy as a sponge, and full of horrible orifices where the black rain-water gathered and grew stagnant. The Wanderer's knees were soon soaking, and ever and anon he plunged up to the elbows in a puddle treacherously covered with green. Be sure he muttered no blessings. Again and again he was on the point of rising erect, but was checked by the reflection that it was now impossible to mend matters, and that much might be achieved by pushing on.

He was soon close to the knolls, which, instead of affording such good cover as he had anticipated, lay pretty well exposed to the view of the black gentlemen on the promontory. It was immediately quite clear that, to get within shot of all or any of them, the Wanderer must learn something from his ancient friend the snake, and do the rest of the stalking on his stomach.

Did you ever try to perform this feat; to lie straight down on your face, keep your whole body and legs stiff, and wriggle yourself forward with your elbows and breast, as you have seen the clown in the pantomime when he has designs on the pasteboard leg of mutton? If you are fat, don't attempt it; it is fatiguing if you are lean. But add to the difficulties of the feat, the inconveniences of doing it in a place as wet as a sponge, and thereby drenching your whole person with the green water of a damp morass, and you have some idea of the Wanderer's situation. Nothing daunted, however, he oozed through the long grass, brushing the dirt with the tip of his nose, and glaring through his spectacles at the prey. The Wanderer had his reward; the seals, unsuspicious of danger, remained motionless as stones.

Five were visible—three very large, two smaller—all seated less than a hundred yards away. Creeping behind a large rock, which afforded a tolerable rest for the rifle, the Wanderer breathed a space, being quite exhausted with his labour; then, prepared to fire. He trembled very much, partly with fatigue, partly with terror lest he might miss; but getting two in line, and aiming as steadily as his nerves would allow, he drew trigger. A sharp crack, and all was over. The smoke curled up from the muzzle of the gun, and for a moment he thought he had missed. But no! All the monsters had disappeared but one, which was floundering wildly among the rocks, and making for the sea. The Wanderer rushed down, ready to finish the work with the butt-end of his rifle, but, before he could reach the spot, the seal had plunged into the sea. Forgetting in his excitement to load again, he saw it rise and sink, with short painful dives, leaving a trail of blood behind it, until at last it turned over on its back, floundered, and sank in the bubbles of its own dying breath. By the time that Hamish came round with the punt, no seal was there; indeed, the rascal Hamish seemed to receive with a look of incredulity the news that any seal had even been hit at all. He rowed over the spot indicated, looking down for the white gleam of the seal's belly; but the water was very deep there, and the slain one was lost beyond all hope of recovery.

That was the seal we slew. We certainly did not "bag" him, but we nevertheless accredit ourselves with the glory of his death; and no taunts of the ill-disposed shall make us change our opinion.

Having sought in vain for other loungers on shore, we determined to drift about, in the hope of getting chance shots from the boat. The water was full of seals, and the black heads were still coming and going in all directions. Now, it was a fixed and determined superstition of Hamish Shaw, that the seal, being fond of music, can often be lured within gunshot by whistling; and it was a pretty sight, finely illustrating the pleasures of the imagination, to see the Wanderer and his henchman, guns in hand, whistling softly to attract the attention of some black head oscillating out of range. Neither being very musical, their melody did not seem to have much effect; until suddenly, about eighty yards away, a grey old fellow popped his head through the water and stretched out his neck for a good stare in our direction. Shaw continued softly whistling, and both took aim and fired. There was a great splash in the water, and the seal was gone!

Thus ended, not gloriously, our sport in the wilds of Uist. None of the great trophies were won, though keen had been the chase; but something better had been gained—the fresh sense of new life. Cold and exposure, damp and hunger, rain and wind, daily acted as tonics to exhausted nature; and the Wanderer, who had medicinally swallowed enough iron to make a gun-barrel, and enough strychnia to poison a boarding-school, was renewed like Æson by the rough process of nature herself. To the weary and exhausted; not to the merely

nervous, but to the nerve-diseased; he recommends such a cure with confidence. Fight with the elements from morn to night, fear nor cold nor wet, and the cure will come of itself. Nerve-exhaustion (nervousness is another thing, and means merely weak-mindedness) is the one thing that must not be coddled and humoured. Dr. Chapman prescribes ice along the spine; the Wanderer recommends sport in the Scottish wilds.

There is another question, however, raised by the benevolent—the cruelty of sport as blended with the sorrow of things that feel. Now, we are not among those enthusiasts who avouch that the fox and hare enjoy being hunted, and that nothing is more glorious to a red deer than being shot on the hillside; we will yield to no man in love for dumb things: we hold them so dear, and have so many of them around us. Sport, be it granted, is a savage instinct, yet it is none the less a natural instinct. All true sportsmen love animals better, than do men who are not lovers of sport. Well, as to wild shooting. It has in our eyes this grand recommendation: it combines a maximum of hard labour and skill with a minimum of slaughter; for, in the eyes of the wild shooter, a prize is precious precisely in proportion to the difficulty of its capture. Pheasant-shooting is like shooting in a hen-house, partridge-shooting (in England) is mere murder of innocents; grouse-shooting, early in the season, is nearly as bad; all these have for their main object, the filling of an enormous bag. But in wild shooting, not only are you forced to contend with mountainous difficulties, and are you taken into extraordinary scenes of excitement, but you are amply satisfied with little or nothing as a recompense. One precious ornithological prize is "bag" enough for a fortnight.

TENANTS OF SAINT DENIS.

In the completion of the difficult and delicate task of restoring the royal church of St. Denis, will lie M. Viollet-Leduc's chief claim to consideration as an able and clever architect. The undertaking was one demanding the greatest possible care, judgment, and labour, and M. Viollet-Leduc has brought all these to bear, with a result that leaves nothing to be desired. It was not merely a question of replacing displaced tombs, raising fallen columns, and mending statues, but the notions of former governments had evidently been very vague and indistinct on the subject of "restoration," and those notions had all tended to spoil St. Denis rather than to improve it, so that it has been now necessary to destroy much, before the work of restoration could be begun. Yet it was this disfigured church that was the glory of the sight-seers of the reigns of Louis the Eighteenth, Charles the Tenth, and Louis Philippe! The lightness and elevation of its dome were vaunted by our fathers, yet its flooring had been raised more than a yard above the ground, to avoid damp; its windows had given place to mediæval portraits of kings and abbés, whose likeness to the originals was very doubtful; and its tombs had been removed into a dark, damp crypt, exposed to the indiscretion of visitors. There were columns, statues, and busts—some among them of persons who had never been buried at St. Denis—all unchronologically and incorrectly arranged. The St. Denis of to-day presents a very different appearance, even in its unfinished state.

The royal mausoleum stands before us, brilliant in renewed beauty and freshness, and carries us back at once to the days of its past glory. With this difference, however; that it is now less a mausoleum than a museum. M. Georges d'Heilly, in a very interesting account lately published in Paris of the extraction of the royal coffins from St. Denis in 1793, says: "Death no longer surrounds us when visiting St. Denis. The tombs which once sheltered the bodies of our kings are empty, many of them re-made, the ashes of Dagobert and Henry the Second thrown to the winds, and their bones burnt in quick-lime. The fault, therefore, of this admirable restoration is, that the royal church is no longer a church, nor a necropolis. It is simply a museum which we visit, as we visit the Louvre, and the difference between the old tombs, painted windows, and chapels of the past, and those of the present, which are the work of M. Viollet-Leduc, is the difference which exists between an admirably executed copy and an utterly lost original.

"On the 31st of July, 1793, at a sitting of the Convention, Barrère, in the name of the Comité du Salut Public, read a paper in which he proposed that the anniversary of the 10th of August—the day on which the throne had been levelled—should be celebrated by the destruction of the royal tombs of St. Denis: the sumptuousness of which, he argued, was vanity tending to the flattery and glory of monarchy. The Convention unanimously gave assent to the proposition,

and the work of destruction commenced on the 6th, and finished on the 8th of August, to the end that on the 10th it might be publicly announced that a great and just act had been accomplished, and that it only now remained to open the coffins and disperse the remains of the royal tyrants, which would be effected as soon as circumstances permitted. Accordingly, in the following October commenced the opening of the coffins—the first being that of the great Turenne. The shape of his body was well preserved, and his features were very little altered. He appeared like a dried mummy of a light shade of bistre. A large opening was then made in the vault in which lay the Bourbon princes and princesses, and the coffin of Henri the Fourth was discovered. His body was perfectly preserved, and his face recognisable. At the moment of opening, an enthusiastic soldier threw himself before the corps, and, after a long and silent worship, drew his sword and cut off a lock of his beard, which he held to his own lip, crying in loud tones, 'And I also am a French soldier! And I am henceforth sure of conquering the enemies of France, and marching to victory.'

"On the same day, 14th of October, the other members of the House of Bourbon, to the number of forty-seven, were taken out of their coffins. The body of Louis the Thirteenth was whole, and surprisingly well preserved; he was recognisable by his moustache, called à la royale, which remained intact. The body of Louis the Fourteenth was black as ink, and the skin shiny. The coffin of Louis the Fifteenth was opened at the entrance to the pit, which had been dug ready for the reception of the royal remains in the court-yard of the church where formerly stood the beautiful chapel of the Valois. This chapel was destroyed in 1719, being unsafe; but some of its finest remains, consisting of arched columns, &c., are to be seen at the present day in the Parc Monceaux. The body of the royal lover of the Du Barry was entire, and well bandaged: the skin white, the nose violet; some portions of the trunk, red. It floated in water formed by the dissolving of the sea salt in which it had lain. The bodies of the other princes and princesses were in a state of liquid putrefaction, and gave forth a black and thick vapour, the odour of which burnt vinegar and gunpowder hardly dissipated. The intestines of the illustrious dead were placed in leaden vessels attached to the iron trestles that supported the coffins, which were also of lead. The whole was despatched to the melter's, after the contents had been emptied into the pit.

"In the vault of Charles the Fifth, several members of his family had been buried. In his coffin, besides some dried bones, were a crown and sceptre of gold, and a hand of Justice beautifully carved in silver. In the coffin of Jeanne de Bourbon, his wife, were the remains of a crown, a gold ring, a spindle in gilt wood half eaten away, and some pointed shoes covered with gold and silver embroidery. Part of a crown and a gilt sceptre were also found in the coffins of Charles the Seventh and his wife Marie d'Anjou. The tomb of Henri the Second held nine coffins, containing the bones and decomposed remains of the princes and princesses of his line. Louis the Tenth had no coffin. His body had been simply placed in a stone hollowed into the form of a trough, and lined with plates of lead. Bones, and part of a sceptre and brass crown, were found in it, much rusted. Charles le Chauve had been placed in a similar receptacle, as had also Philippe-Auguste. In the coffin of the latter, nothing but dust was found. The body of Louis the Eighth was enveloped in a leather sack, beside which was part of a wooden sceptre, a diadem of gold tissue, and a satin cap. Philippe le Bel was in a stone coffin—an entire skeleton; a gold ring was on one of his fingers, and beside him lay a diadem of gold tissue, and a brass gilt sceptre. A statue of Dagobert stood in front of his tomb, and this the workmen were obliged to break, in order to get at the coffin. In the tomb was a wooden coffer two feet long, containing the bones of Dagobert and of Nantilde, his wife. These remains were wrapped in some silken stuff, and separated one from the other by a plank, dividing the coffer in two. The head of the queen was missing; that of the king was complete, even to the teeth. The skeleton of Duguesclin—buried by favour at St. Denis—was found intact in a lead coffin, the head perfect and the bones wonderfully white. The vault of François the First contained six coffins. All the bodies were in a state of liquid putrefaction, and a sort of black water issued from the coffins during their carriage to the pit. The body of François himself was of extraordinary stature and build. In the coffin of Philippe le Long, was his complete skeleton, clothed in royal robes. On his head was a gold crown, enriched by pre-

cious stones; his mantle was decorated with gold and silver. After the completion of the ghastly work at St. Denis, the coffin of Madame Louise, daughter of Louis the Fifteenth, was fetched from the Carmelite convent, of which she was superior. Her body was in the dress of a Carmelite nun, and in a state of putrefaction. It was taken to the cemetery of Valois, and thrown with the rest into the fosse commune. On the 12th of October a grand ceremony and procession took place, in order to transport the gold and treasure found at St. Denis, with becoming dignity, to the Convention Nationale."

In this way Revolution scattered the treasured dust of kings!

SISTER X.'S CONVENT LIFE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

Next day, Father Gabriel, to avoid any difficulty, sent for Sister X. to speak to him after mass, and resumed the conversation at the point where it had been broken off.

"If I rightly understood you," he said, "what you wish is, that your family should make the first advances, and so spare you any sacrifice of self-esteem. That cannot be. You have committed a grave fault, and every fault carries with it expiation and punishment. You have disowned parental authority; you have braved and trampled it underfoot. It is your place to sue for pardon; on that point I will admit of no compromise. I am ready to favour a step in that direction, if you wish it; but it must be frank and full. You must acknowledge yourself to be completely in the wrong. Have you thought the matter over carefully, and made up your mind?"

"I think I have, mon père. I begin to comprehend that this convent life, with which my imagination was smitten, as young people are with a romance, has its severe and terrible aspects, to which I feel I cannot conform. Many things which enchanted me at the outset now seem either puerile or unnecessarily rigid. My haughty temper cannot bear contradiction, and I feel no inclination to make, in favour of my superiors, a total abnegation of my own proper will. And, as I stated yesterday, I have lost confidence even in Madame Blandine."

"That, my daughter, is what I call plain speaking. I see that I have not to renounce my first impressions. I judged you to be unfitted for a cloister life. These rash vocations, fostered and developed by young or inexperienced priests rarely hold out; and if the subjects remain with us, it is only for their own torment and that of everybody about them. What shall we decide, then? To return to the parental home, repentant and humble, with the determination to use every effort to atone for the errors of the past. You write in this sense; I will annote your letter, and will undertake that it shall reach your parents, either at St. Marceau or in Gascony—if, indeed, they are really there."

"How kind and good you are, mon père!"

"No, my dear child, I am not kind and good, only reasonable and a little clear-sighted; that's all. Kind and good I once was, but vexations and disappointments have soured me. It is no easy task to have to direct a convent with such a counter-directress as Madame Blandine. What a struggle; what a fearful struggle! Take care not to whisper what has passed between us. She would find the means of thwarting us, and of rendering useless the advice I have given you; moreover, she would get me into trouble at Paris. But I forget the essential point: How will you manage to write? Have you pen, ink, and paper at your disposal?"

"Neither one nor the other, mon père. You remember, we must have special permission to write; and whatever we do write inevitably passes under the inspection of the mother superior."

"True." He reflected, and seemed greatly annoyed. After a moment's thought, he added, "Nevertheless, poor child, I cannot refuse to help you; I cannot leave you in the blind alley into which you have strayed. Take this pencil and this sheet of paper. It will be strange if you cannot steal an instant to trace five or six lines in a proper spirit, coming from the heart. I will undertake the rest. I am sure you quite know what I mean—repentance and expressions of sincere regret. Go now, my child; a longer interview might awake suspicion. Come to the confessional the day after to-morrow. Be discreet, and trust nobody; otherwise I answer for nothing. Like you, I suspect intrigues."

Father Gabriel's suspicions of intrigues were well founded.

At two in the morning, Madame Blandine, who had been in unusually good humour during the day, stood by Sister X.'s bedside, like an ill-omened vision. She

told her to get up and dress herself. An order from the Generale had arrived by the last post, summoning the sister immediately to Paris. She had thought it best to let her sleep a little before starting. Moreover, religious women ought always to obey, and be ready to set off at a moment's notice.

The nuns in the neighbouring beds paid little attention to this colloquy. A few of them sat up, and stared; but at a sign from the superior they lay down again. Not one of them dared utter a word either of sympathy or curiosity. For one who had been up all night, Madame Blandine seemed in excellent spirits. On her pale but smiling countenance a feeling of cruel satisfaction was plainly legible. Sister X. felt strongly inclined to revolt, and resist the order, but at four in the morning was on the way to Paris.

At the General House in Paris, Sister X. drifted into her novitiate, like a fly drawn by the smooth, but irresistible current which precedes the plunge of the cataract. Monastic direction knows perfectly how to tire and wear out rebellious spirits, until it has rendered them supple and malleable. Imagine nine days of sequestration, nine days of depressing mortifications, reflections, readings, high-flown conversations, and lengthy prayers, in a sombre chapel as silent as the grave, redolent of the incense burnt day by day. And then fancy the effect of such a medium on the brain of an inexperienced girl, naturally inclined to reverie and already under religious hallucinations. Add to this the monastic picture of future punishments, contrasted with the ineffable joys reserved by the Divinity for his elect, the pure delights of the cloister opposed to the atrocities of a wicked world, and there is more than enough to decide the irresolute, to turn the balance of a hesitating will.

One day, a letter from St. Marceau announced to the superiors the sudden death of Sister X.'s father. It fell upon her like a clap of thunder. She then beheld the results of her conduct in their true and proper light. She felt she had killed her father. The letter unfortunately left no doubt of it: he had died of grief. In vain the nuns offered their common-place consolations. The will of God, Providence, and other fine words, only shocked her despair and sharpened her remorse.

Sister X. wrote to her mother, assuring her of her deep repentance, and offering to return to her. She replied briefly and bitterly, declining to receive her daughter. The proceedings of the lawyers employed by the convent caused a further estrangement between Sister X. and her mother. They insisted on everything being sold, in order that the girl might get her full share. They claimed the father's arms, his cross, and his clothing as hers by undoubted right. In her anger, Madame Soubeyran said it was no more than just, for at all times and in all places whatever persons put to death had on them became the perquisite of the executioner. She was obliged to buy the things back at an exorbitant price. Sister X. was not made aware of these odious facts until several years afterwards. She never saw her mother after this time.

Sister X. was one of five novices, in all, preparing to make profession on the same day. During the retreat, they were urgently and persistently exhorted to think no more of their families, to banish from their hearts every sentiment of human affection. This proscription of earthly affections, like every other article of the rule, is subject to modifications according to occasion; that is, with families from whom the convent has expectations there are relaxations in proportion to the hopes entertained.

The vows on taking the veil are divided into two periods. During the first, they are binding for five years only, after which they become perpetual. So long as the first of those periods lasts, there are still indulgences, distinctions, and bowings low before heavy dowers; but as soon as the final vows are uttered, the house pockets the cash for good and all, and absolute obedience is enforced on every nun without respect of persons.

After profession, Sister X. was sent to Auvergne, to a branch establishment which had lately been founded. The superior, Madame Ludivine, already mentioned, swelled its scanty funds in several ways. First, there was the boarding-school, from which all small folk were scrupulously excluded. Every pupil admitted belonged to the noblesse or the haute bourgeoisie. Then, there was a veritable shop, open to all comers, that is, to all payers. Its contents ranged from the smallest devotional fiddle-faddles up to gold and silver stuffs at fifty francs the yard. The boarders could purchase there at cost price — for of course the worthy sisters were above making any profit by the trade—paper and pencils, pens and ink, needles and thread,

canvas and muslin, patterns and wool, beads, barley-sugar, and rolls flavoured with orange-flowers. A glass of sugar-and-water was half a franc.

Finally, there was a House of Retreat for the reception of elderly ladies. Candidates for this required neither a pedigree nor the smallest "De" of noblesse before their names. Hard cash, rich farms, eligible landed property, spread a varnish over the most vulgar patronymic. Such ladies were petted like fattening chickens, according to the extent of their fortune and their liberality. They were relieved of every care and anxiety, even of the trouble of receiving their rents and managing their property. Moreover, they were guaranteed the privilege of a godly death. Families must be very selfish and irreligious if they make any complaints at such an arrangement. What better use can be made of money than to insure in this world a quiet life, and in the next the joys of paradise?

At a time when Madame Ludivine's funds were running short, one of these ladies, a Mademoiselle St. Chéron, adroitly inveigled into the house, arrived so very opportunely as to be styled the providential boarder. A lay sister, Henriette, had formerly been her servant; and her old mistress, whose temper was so bad that no femme de chambre would stay with her, wanted to get her back again. Madame Ludivine, aware of this by reading her letters, one day said to Sister Henriette, "You must go and see that lady, my child. Her attachment to you is really touching. You will make her understand that you cannot leave the house, but if she came here you would be completely at her disposal. She complains of being robbed and ill-treated. Here she would have nobody to vex her. We would take the greatest care of her, and do all in our power to consult her wishes. Make her fully sensible of that, and try to bring us this excellent lady."

"Excellent!" said the lay sister. "Not exactly, ma mère. She has not the slightest shadow of religion, but smokes like a dragoon and swears like a waggoner."

"We will convert her. Has she any fortune?"

"Bonté de Dieu! I think she has indeed. If madame had only half of it, she would finish her new buildings easily enough."

Madame Ludivine smiled, licking her lips. Her thoughts wandered to the old lady's cashbox. Sister Henriette was sent on her errand, and must have proved a skilful negotiator. She brought back her former mistress in triumph — carriage, horses, furniture, and all. Amongst the latter, the lay sisters said, was a pretty keg filled with five-franc pieces.

The first time that Mademoiselle St. Chéron appeared in chapel, there was a movement of curiosity, which was not repressed by any one of the sisters. She was a crook-backed, short old woman, with a masculine and worn-looking head. Armed with a binocle, she cast around her searching and defiant glances. Her prayer-book lay open on her knees; she let it fall several times; Sister Henriette picked it up. Everything in her gestures and manner betrayed something worse than mere vulgarity. Madame Ludivine kept her promise of allowing this precious acquisition the full benefit of Henriette; but the latter was always assisted in her duties by a shrewd and insinuating nun called Madame Anna.

One evening, an old lay sister, half an idiot, told Sister X. that she was designated to replace Madame Anna as Mademoiselle St. Chéron's companion. The order surprised Sister X., and, in fact, the lay sister had confounded her name with that of another nun. She obeyed, little suspecting that this mistake would prove the turning point of her destiny.

It was supper time when she reached the ladies' quarter and was introduced to an apartment decorated with Parisian luxury. Then she saw huddled in the corner of a sofa, a heap of bright silks, surmounted with a pile of flowers and lace, in the midst of which was the St. Chéron's visage. She was playing with an Italian greyhound, and did not pay the slightest attention to the new comer. Henriette pulled Sister X. back, and, taking her aside, said, "This is your first visit; have you had your instructions?"

"No, good sister."

"Astonishing! You have received no hints for your guidance?"

"I was only told that the mother superior ordered me to replace Madame Anna, who has a headache. That is all I know about it."

The bell was rung with violence: Henriette ran in. Sister X. remained at the door, not knowing whether she ought to enter or not.

"Am I to go without my dinner today?" screamed the angry lady. "What are you prating about with Anna?"

"Madame," said the lay sister, "your

dinner is served. But it is not Madame Anna; she is ill."

"Who is it?"

"A lady you have not yet seen."

"So much the better. I am tired of the other cunning puss. The devil fly away with her!"

"Offer your arm to madame," whispered Henriette.

Sister X. approached; the old woman laid hold of her. The lay sister preceded them, opening a pair of folding doors, and they stepped into a delicious little dining-room, brilliantly lighted, before a table handsomely spread. The greyhound frisked round, barking loudly. Mademoiselle St. Chéron sunk into an arm-chair, and motioned Sister X. to take her place at table opposite to her.

"Well," said St. Chéron, presently, "you don't serve the soup."

"Excuse me," observed the lay sister, "but Madame is not accustomed——"

"Hold your tongue, big stupid! she will get accustomed. It is not so hard to fill a couple of plates."

Sister X. therefore served the soup, and waited for her to begin. Mademoiselle St. Chéron regarded her suspiciously, and asked, "Why don't you eat? Is this the day fixed for poisoning me?"

"Begin to eat first," said Henriette, in an undertone.

"Will you hold your tongue?" interrupted the other. "You had better be off." And she prepared to throw a plate at her head. "No, stop," she continued; "you will go and make mischief with the Ludivine. She has forgotten to put this one up. That's just what I want; I'll put her up myself."

After dinner the party returned to the salon, and Mademoiselle St. Chéron, reinstalled on her sofa, lighted a cigar. She then questioned Sister X. about her family and the reasons which had induced her to shut herself up in a convent. Observing that her voice trembled, and her eyes were moist, she said, "Ah! you have some approach to a heart—the mention of your father and mother makes you weep. Morbleu, it is the first time I have seen anything of the kind, ever since I have been buried in this old barrack."

She went on in this style at considerable length, and, as Sister X. neither interrupted nor contradicted her, she suddenly took a great liking to her. She related her abominable adventures in detail, and ended by complaining that, after being plundered of her money, she was detained by the community against her will.

Presently she said, "Listen to me. I can already read to the bottom of your heart. You are tired of your life here, and would be glad to be outside the walls. Help me; we will escape together. I have property of which the nuns are not aware. I have a nephew, a handsome fellow of thirty; he has already made his way. He shall marry you. You will give me a family of darling children; for, ma foi, you are still good-looking and young, in spite of all your sufferings. What say you? Is it absolutely impossible to get out? You shall no longer live on cabbages boiled with bran——"

A knock at the door interrupted her pleadings. It was Henriette, announcing that the mother superior desired to see Sister X., who therefore took her leave of Mademoiselle St. Chéron. Let Sister X. herself describe the closing scene:

"Madame Ludivine received me graciously. She did not deny her regret that an accidental misunderstanding had assigned me a task which required great self-devotion, but she hoped that I would profit by the occasion to raise myself in the opinion of the sisters, who had been scandalised by my carelessness respecting the interests of the house. She begged and, if needful, commanded me not to destroy certain illusions that it was indispensable to maintain in Mademoiselle St. Chéron's mind; to keep her in ignorance of the actual state of things; to contradict her in nothing; to talk much of the straits in which we found ourselves when she arrived; to flatter her vanity by telling her that she was our support, our patroness, our providence. She also instructed me to bring up religious subjects occasionally, and to frighten her about her latter end. Finally, she dispensed me from all discipline and obedience during my attendance on our eccentric boarder; adding that she believed I had sufficient good sense and true devotion not to be frightened by the oaths and coarse language of a poor old woman who did not know what she was talking about.

"As I made no reply, Madame Ludivine, who could not conceal her vexation, in spite of her efforts to be amiable, asked, 'Ma sœur, am I to take your silence for acquiescence in my views, or as a determination to disobey my orders?'

"'Ma mère, I should be thankful if God had spared me the grief and the shame to which a mere accident has exposed me.

Nevertheless I will do the best I can, and try to make my conscience accord with your pleasure.'

"'You will try! No reservations or restrictions, if you please, ma sœur. I have traced the line of conduct you are to follow, and take upon myself the entire responsibility. You will obtain a fresh loan from Mademoiselle St. Chéron. She evidently has taken a fancy to you, and you can get out of her anything you please by saying you will be obliged to leave her. You will make use of the same means to induce her to fulfil her religious duties.'

"'Ma mère!'

"'I have told you I will suffer no observations: I must have obedience, pure and simple.'

"'Very well then, madame; I will not obey,' I exclaimed, indignant at this despotism. 'I will not lend myself to manœuvres unworthy not only of religious women but of honest men of the world. On the contrary, I will enlighten the poor woman respecting her true interests. Do you think I will make myself an accomplice in deception, and abuse the confidence of a person sequestered?'

"'You talk big,' replied Madame Ludivine. 'You expect, by your impertinence, to get sent to Paris; but that does not enter into our plans. We will keep you, and, with God's help, will get the mastery of your horrible temper. To-morrow, if you persist in your refusal, we will send you into the country. A few weeks of out-door labour will dissipate the fumes of your pride. Think well of this, and make your choice.'

A tap at the door interrupted our colloquy. The lay sister in waiting whispered something in the mother superior's ear. I made a move to retire. 'Wait a minute,' said Madame Ludivine; 'I have not yet done with you.'

"She shut the door after her. I heard several voices and the placing of arm-chairs in the salon. She was receiving visitors.

"I was greatly agitated. The threat of sending me into the country was strange. Doubtless that meant our country-house, with its vast inclosure surrounded by lofty walls, inhabited only by five or six nuns and as many lay sisters and friars. I remembered that, last year, while walking in the garden with one of the lay sisters who did the cooking, she showed me a sort of underground dungeon, and said with a laugh, 'That is to put any of the sisters in, when they don't behave properly. You see what care the mother takes of our salvation; she is provided against every contingency!' The recollection chilled me with horror. 'She is capable of doing it,' I said to myself; 'for she has neither heart nor conscience, nor fear of God, and knows that the Central House will support her.'

"It was seven o'clock in the evening, and quite dark. There was only a small night-light in the cabinet. I glanced at the window. My only safety seemed to lie in flight. I opened the window; got out; shut it after me, and let myself down by the trellis on the wall. On reaching the ground I was seized with giddiness, but immediately recovered my strength and courage. I found a gap in the wall, which the bricklayers were repairing, and forced my way through a thick hawthorn hedge. Although bruised, torn, and bleeding, I was free."

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XIII. REPARATION?

"'To my beloved wife.' That will be sufficient. Take these things away, and put another pillow behind my shoulders, Paul. Paul! Paul! do you hear?"

Then followed a hoarse muttered volley of oaths, and Sir John sank back on his pillow.

Veronica and Barletti stood beside his bed. The former very pale and excited; the latter wondering, and impressed by the change in Sir John's face. There was an awful look upon it. The skin seemed to be burnt and shrivelled by an inward scorching fire. The eyes looked out glassy and prominent from under their red eyebrows. There was a harsh stubble of beard upon the cheeks and chin.

"You have explained to him, have you?" asked Sir John, in a faint voice, making a slight movement with the emaciated hand that lay outside the coverlet, towards Barletti.

"He understands the purport of what you tell us you have written," answered Veronica.

"Aye, that is right. I want him to understand. The estate in Dorsetshire is entailed, and will go to a cursed snob, a third cousin who inherits the baronetcy, curse him! But the money in the English funds, the plate, the house in town, the railway shares, and—and everything else, in short, will be 'my beloved wife's.'"

He said the words with so strangely malevolent a grimace on his withered face, that Veronica stared at him with wide eyes, for once unconscious of their own expression. Barletti, too, was struck by the look, though he could not fully comprehend the words of Sir John. The latter had lately—during the last day or so, that is—ceased to speak any language but his own. It troubled him to talk French, he said. At any time of his life, and under any circumstances, it would have appeared to him a sufficient reason for refraining from doing anything, to say that it troubled him. But as things were with him, it was very obvious that he was unequal to making much continued effort.

"Does Gale say it has been signed?" asked Barletti of Veronica.

Sir John's ear had caught the question, and he answered it.

"Oh, yes! Yes, the witnesses! Aye, we must have witnesses, or it would not be a legal instrument. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes. Oh, it is signed; it is witnessed. I have taken care!"

In obedience to a sign from his master, whose every movement he watched attentively, Paul took a small key from a ring attached to his master's watch-chain, and with it unlocked a desk that stood at one end of the room opposite to the bed. He then opened an inner compartment of the desk, which was fastened by a spring, and took out a folded paper covered with writing on one side. When all was done, Sir John stretched his hand out for the paper to be given to him. His eyes travelled over the writing—it was very short—and then glanced at Barletti and Veronica as they stood side by side near the bed. With a sudden movement his fingers cramped themselves on the paper they held, creasing it into irregular folds.

"Go away, go away!" he gasped out. "Go and leave me. And—Paul, Paul!

Take you this precious paper, and lock it up again carefully in the drawer of that desk. Let them see you do it. So; so. And you are a witness to it, remember. You will know and recollect that that is my will, which leaves the bulk of my property to my wife—'to my beloved wife.' Now go."

The latter command was addressed to Barletti and Veronica, who, nothing loth to leave that presence, withdrew. It was the fifth evening after the day the incidents of which have been narrated in the preceding chapter. On returning home from the ship Sir John had taken to his bed, and had not since left it. He was in a strangely excited state, and fuller than usual of capricious ill humour.

After Sir John had dismissed them from his bedside, Veronica and Barletti remained tête-à-tête in the large dimly-lighted saloon. No one observed them. They were free to remain together as long as they chose. Sir John, far from displaying suspicion, seemed to desire Barletti's presence in the house. But yet the prince made no attempt to profit by this opportunity of making love to the beautiful Veronica. She sat down silently, and with a disturbed countenance. He walked to the window whose shutters were unclosed, and looked out into the moonlight. The oppression of Sir John's looks and words weighed upon them both like a hot, stifling air.

Veronica broke the silence. She spoke in a subdued voice, although there was, as she well knew, no human creature within ear-shot.

"Cesare! Why don't you speak to me? I feel so horribly unstrung."

"Cara! You have been too much tried. You must try to be strong and composed. Coraggio."

"I hate such meaningless talk," she replied, fretfully. "'Coraggio!' It is not courage I want. Courage won't explain and make clear. Do you think, Cesare, that he is really—dying?"

"He is undoubtedly very, very ill."

"There again! Meaningless empty words. I know—we all know—that he is very, very ill. But I ask if you think the end is near?"

Cesare really loved her, and he was patient with her as real love is. He seated himself near her, and softly placed his hand upon her head.

"Veronica mia," he said, "I am not skilled in such signs. But it does seem to me that there is to-night a warning change in him."

Veronica shuddered and drew close to him, pressing her shoulder against his with the gesture, not of a lover, but of a little frightened child that seeks the comfort of human contact in the dark.

"He must feel deeply the wrong he did you," proceeded Cesare. "It must be owned that he is doing what he can to save his soul. The testament he has made is a generous one."

"Yes—I don't know——"

"You don't know?"

"I—I—feel—I cannot explain it; but I have a strange feeling as though he were fooling me to the last."

"Fancies, my child. What puts them into your head?"

"I cannot explain it, I tell you. He looks at me sometimes almost fiendishly. And with a kind of exultation in his eyes too. Just now I almost believed his mind was wandering."

"No, no; he was in perfect possession of his senses," said Barletti, hastily, feeling that this suggestion was an extremely imprudent one for Sir John's legatee to make. "He has done everything with forethought and deliberation. The marriage on board ship was his own idea, was it not?"

"Yes."

"And on the first distant hint of his making a provision for you—which you uttered in accordance with my suggestion—he met your wishes by telling you that he had already made a will with which his widow would have no reason to be dissatisfied?"

"Yes."

"The will is clearly expressed and duly witnessed, is it not?"

"He did not show it to me. He merely read a few words from it."

"But he stated what its purport was, in the presence of Paul, who had witnessed it. And its terms surpassed your expectations. Is all that not true?"

"Y—yes, I suppose so. Yes; it is true," added Veronica, in a firmer tone. Barletti's recapitulation of the facts was reassuring her. She had, in truth, spoken at first with an indistinct hope of eliciting some such reassuring statement of the case.

"But," she added, after a pause, during which her memory had vividly recalled certain of Sir John's looks and words: "although all that *is* true, quite true, I cannot help being made uneasy by his manner. *Why* should he do this for me if he hates me, as I most thoroughly believe he does?"

"Hates you, Veronica! What wild folly!"

"No, no, no; it is not wild folly. It is sober sense," pursued Veronica, speaking with vehemence, now that she had once began to reveal the secret thought that was in her. "I have long guessed it. I may say that I have long *known* it. What love he ever felt for me has been over this many a day. I always know when people love me—*always*. And he hates you too. He is jealous of you. I have seen his eyes, when he did not know that I saw them, under the shadow of his lamp-screen on the little table. And I believe he set Paul to watch us. I do!"

The strong conviction in her tone was not without its effect on Barletti. But he answered with the confident calmness of one who is rebutting an obvious absurdity, and with a slight nodding of his head up and down: "Well, it is the most original demonstration of hatred I ever heard of, to bestow his name and his fortune on you at the very moment when he is about to leave you free to enjoy both as you please. Most people would call such conduct affectionate and generous."

"Yes. And it is because I know him to be incapable of either affection or generosity that I cannot be easy."

"Veronica, that is morbid!"

"Well, you may say what you please, but I *know* that man means me no good. Do you remember what he said last night as we sat beside his bed? Dio mio! How it all comes back plainly to me. He said, 'Ah! you are both young, and handsome, and healthy. How delightful it is to think of the years of happiness that stretch before you!' And did you not see the diabolical sneer he gave? Oh! Cesare, there is some evil to come. I am sure of it."

She wrung her hands tightly together, and began to pace quickly up and down the room.

"Veronica," he said, after a minute's consideration, "it may be that you do not much wrong Sir John's nature. And yet I am convinced you are mistaken in your conclusions. If he does not care for you he cares for himself, and the fear of death is a powerful motive to reparation."

"He does not believe in reparation. He scoffs at everything. He has no religion."

"But those are the very people to be afraid. I have known men who have never been to mass, or to confession, for twenty years, turn like soft wax in the hands of the priests when there came any question of dying."

"Ah, in your church, perhaps. But with us it is different."

"And then, don't you see, Veronica, that the struggle in his mind between evil promptings, and the desire to save his own soul, may produce all the strange fluctuations you observe in his manner?"

She shook her head doubtfully, but she liked that her vague fears and suspicions should be combated. She leaned on this man who loved her. She had been right in her assertion that she always knew when she was loved. With whatever motive he had first sought to make himself pleasing in her eyes, she was unshakably sure that *now*, at all events, he loved her for herself; and that were she destitute to-morrow he would not desert her. And then, too, her apprehensions seemed less alarming now she had uttered them, than they had appeared while she brooded over them silently. Perhaps Cesare was right, and she was wrong after all! What flaw *could* there be in her fortunes? Yes: no doubt Cesare was right! She was very glad she had spoken to him so openly. Before they parted, she took his head between her hands, and pressed her lips to his forehead. The action was little more than an expression of the relief to her mind which his word had brought: and partly it was the selfish instinctive clinging in peril to a clasping hand—the clinging of a child, that knows no compunction in throwing all its weight of care and fear on to the patient willing shoulders of those who love it.

The next day about noon, Cesare de' Barletti was breakfasting in one of the principal caffès in Naples, when Mr. Frost walked in and took his seat at a small round table near him.

"Ah, Mr. Frost! So you are not gone then?" said Barletti, shaking hands. This was a ceremony he never omitted with an Englishman, conceiving that to have done so would have been as great a solecism in good manners as to decline the proffered pipe of a Turk.

"No," returned Mr. Frost. "I am not gone, as you see. The telegram came after all. I may be detained here another week or so. I have not seen you these last days, prince."

"I have been nowhere—nowhere except to the house of a sick friend. He is dying I fancy. Do you remember——" Barletti suddenly checked his speech and dropped his coffee-cup with a clatter that brought

the waiters hurrying up. In the little momentary bustle, his sudden pause and confusion escaped notice, as he fancied.

Cesare had been on the point of mentioning that his sick friend was no other than the bridegroom whose marriage had taken place on board the Furibond, when he remembered that Frost had spoken of "Lady Gale." If Frost supposed Veronica to be Sir John's wife already at the time of their conversation at the window of the hotel, it would be injudicious, to say the least, to proclaim that she had only been married that very morning. Besides, Veronica had so shrunk from having the date of the marriage known. It might be—nay it was probable—that Mr. Frost had already heard of it. But at all events he (Cesare) would say no word on the subject. Mr. Frost had clearly perceived that the dropping of the coffee-cup had been a mere feint on Barletti's part to divert attention from his unfinished speech. But it was a matter of considerable indifference to Mr. Frost whether Prince Cesare de' Barletti were close or candid in his communications, now that the business which had brought the two men into contact was satisfactorily concluded. He therefore began to chat easily and amusingly as he sipped his coffee, and Barletti listened with lazy satisfaction.

Presently he observed, during a pause in the talk: "What a devil of a pace those fellows drive at! The hackney cabmen I mean. Just listen how one is tearing up the street at this moment. Neck or nothing!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Frost, "I often wonder that in your teeming streets more accidents do not happen. This fellow, whoever he may be, is coming here, by the sound. By Jove! What's the matter?"

The exclamation was elicited by the sudden pulling up of an open cab at the door, and the hurried descent therefrom of a pale frightened servant in an English livery. The man looked about him eagerly, and elbowed his way through the crowd of coffee-drinkers with a disregard of their convenience which would have brought down considerable wrath on his head, had it not been for the expression of his countenance, which aroused curiosity and kept resentment in abeyance.

"Oh, there you are, signor principe!" exclaimed the man, catching sight of Barletti; "I've been half over Naples looking for you! At last I heard you were here. Will you come at once to miladi? Here's the cab waiting."

"What is it, Pietro?" asked Barletti, rising with a face yet paler that the servant's.

He had no reason to fear for Veronica, and yet his unreasonable lover-like apprehension could fix on no other object.

"My master, signor principe, is dying or dead. I don't expect to find him alive when we get there, and miladi she's been falling from one fainting fit into another. And as soon as she had consciousness she sent for you."

Barletti seized his hat and rushed to the door. Before he stepped into the cab, he called out to Frost, "Let me see you this evening! I may have business. Something important! Come to the Palazzo Dinori at six o'clock if you possibly can, and ask for me!"

Then Barletti got into the cab, and was whirled away with a mighty whooping and clattering of hoofs.

CHAPTER XIV. "MY BELOVED WIFE."

Mr. Frost called at the Palazzo Dinori a few minutes after six o'clock that evening. He was admitted immediately by the porter, who had been told to expect him, and was ushered into a small, sumptuously furnished room, overladen with ornament. It was Veronica's boudoir.

Mr. Frost had not come to the palazzo without trying to gain some information respecting the person who lived there. A rich Englishman—very, very rich! A millionaire at the least. Milordo Gale. That was the report of the landlord of Mr. Frost's hotel. His cook was a superior person—a man of talent—a cordon bleu! The landlord had the honour of a slight acquaintance with that distinguished artist; who sometimes cracked a bottle of "Lacrima" or fine Capri with him, in his private room. As to Milordo Gale—ah, yes, he was rich. Diavolo! Poor men did not enjoy the services of such a cook. The landlord had known the latter long, and esteemed him highly. He had been chef de cuisine to the Russian Ambassador, years ago: in the old days, you understand.

Mr. Frost would perhaps not have complied with Barletti's request to go to the Palazzo Dinori so promptly, had he not felt a considerable amount of curiosity respecting its inmates. He sat down in the luxurious room and contrasted it with poor Lady Tallis's shabby lodging in Gower-street. That thought brought others in its train: other thoughts of a painful and harassing nature. His promise to Zillah Lockwood had not yet been redeemed. And Hugh

was growing more and more headstrong. It was more than a fortnight since he had had any private letter from England, and the last had been from his wife; a tissue of complaints and demands for money from beginning to end. Mr. Frost's private meditations were not soothing. They were a bitter cud to chew. So with a wrench of his mind, and a movement of his body as though he were shaking a tangible weight from his shoulders, he turned his thoughts to other matters. Things had got to that point with him now, when a man tells himself that it is no use thinking of his troubles: thinking will mend nothing. Some turn of luck must come—may come, at all events. And if not——? If not, why still it is no use thinking. The devil must have his own way!

Mr. Frost had not sat ten minutes in the boudoir, before Barletti came in.

"Caro amico," said he, grasping the lawyer's hand hard, "you are come! Thanks, many thanks. I have great need of you."

Barletti had never addressed Mr. Frost as "caro amico" before.

"What can I do for you?" asked the latter, observing Barletti's face attentively, but not ostentatiously.

"It is all over here. That man—Sir John Gale——"

"Your friend?"

"My friend! Yes, yes, my friend! The most unheard-of cold-blooded villain——! Maria Santissima, forgive me! He has gone to meet his deserts."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Frost, with closed lips and an indescribable inflection in his voice. "*Has* he? That is to say that he is——?"

"Dead."

"Oh! Yes. I see. Was it sudden?"

"One can hardly say so after all these months of wasting away. But yet at the last it was sudden. It was a hideous sight to see. When I got here they took me straight into his room. I turned sick and faint as a girl," said Barletti, growing pale and shuddering at the recollection.

"How? What was the hideous sight?"

"He had broken a blood-vessel, and was lying there just as he had died. They had touched nothing. It was horrible!"

The impressionable Italian hid his face with his hands, as though to shut out the remembrance of the scene.

"Who was with him? How was the cause of death ascertained?"

"The two physicians who attended him arrived just after it happened. He had been raving in a fit of maniacal fury. That killed him, there's no doubt."

A thought occurred to Mr. Frost. If Sir John Gale had died intestate, his widow would undoubtedly be a wealthy woman. In any case his death would benefit her, for there were settlements under which she would have at least such an income as befitted her rank. Lady Tallis Gale's niece would now be in very different circumstances from those she had been in hitherto. Maud would be Lady Tallis's heiress of course. And then—then that might make a difference in the prospects of Hugh Lockwood! The thought passed through Mr. Frost's brain so quickly that there was no perceptible pause before he said, "You will allow me to suggest that you should at once telegraph to England. Perhaps you have already done so?"

Barletti was resting his elbows on the table and alternately bringing his open palms together on his forehead, and slowly separating them with a stroking movement towards his ears. He made a little negative gesture with his head, in answer to Mr. Frost's question.

"You asked me to come here, prince, in such a manner that I concluded you stood in need of professional advice from me. If I was wrong, you will forgive me for reminding you that my time is precious, and that if there is no service I can render you, I must withdraw."

"No, no, don't go! Pray don't go! I do want you. I have the greatest need of you! I have been half distracted all day. More for her sake, God knows, than my own!"

"For—*her* sake?"

"I am her cousin. I have a right to be near her and protect her. Her mother was Maria Stella de' Barletti. There is no other relative in Italy to take care of her."

"Prince, I do not in the least doubt your right to take care of the lady in question. But—who is '*she*'?"

"Do you remember that morning, now nearly a week ago, when we saw Sir John Gale being rowed ashore from the English ship?"

"Certainly. Ah, I see. Yes, yes: I begin to understand. There was a lady with him—a young lady as it seemed to me. Humph!"

"Yes, that was she. She was in a dreadful state this morning when I came here. She had been fainting, falling from one swoon into another, and that was best for her, povera anima sofferente! For when she

became conscious again, her misery was terrible to witness."

"May I ask what was the occasion of the lady's agitation? Did they permit her to see the scene which so affected you? That was injudicious!"

"Oh, yes! She saw it all. She has not yet been able to give me a connected account of it, but from what she said, and from what Paul said—Paul was that man's valet—I have ascertained that the scene must have been appalling."

Mr. Frost was secretly very much surprised at Barletti's acknowledgment that the beautiful young woman whose position in Sir John Gale's household could not be doubtful, was his cousin. The young prince's visits to Palazzo Dinori, and his devotion to the lovely woman who inhabited it, were well-known and much-discussed topics of gossip in Naples; as they had been at Florence: a fact of which Barletti was as innocent as a child. For there are minds which although shrewd enough to judge their neighbours, can never conceive that the same standard is naturally applied to measure *them*. Some breath of this gossip had floated by Mr. Frost, and had remained in his memory. Veronica was usually spoken of as "La Gale;" a mode of designating her which conveyed no idea of wifehood to Mr. Frost's ears. Mr. Frost was not unacquainted with foreign life. He had lived in Paris, and called himself a man of the world. But he did not quite understand Italian manners; nor was he aware that their social morality is presided over by a stern goddess called Decorum: to outrage whose laws is a blasphemy condemned by all well-bred persons. It would not sting an Italian man of quality to talk to him about "whited sepulchres." There *must* be sepulchres, and the least you can do is to whitewash them!

"Well," said Mr. Frost, shrugging his shoulders, "the poor signora ought not to have been allowed to witness such a scene. But I suppose it will pass away. Did Sir John make any provision for her?"

"It is on that point," said Barletti, changing colour, "that we wish to consult you. She has been the victim of a base deception. But I believe that Providence has not forsaken her. This man, in his will leaves everything absolutely——"

"His will!" cried the lawyer, suddenly on the alert "He left a will? Are you sure?"

"Most sure. I saw it only last evening."

"Last evening! You read it?"

"No: I cannot say that I read it. I should not have understood it all, being in English, though I might have made out a word or two. But he told us the contents in presence of one of the witnesses: Paul, the valet I spoke of just now."

"And this will leaves everything absolutely you say, to——?"

"To his wife."

"To—his—wife!"

"'To his beloved wife.' Those are the words."

"By Jove!" breathed out Mr. Frost in a whisper of amazement. "Why then your cousin will not get a penny, not a soldo, not a centime! Unless—stop! was there a codicil? Any other legacies?"

"There was nothing more. And it was all meant for Veronica. She must have it! She was his wife when he died."

"My dear prince," said Mr. Frost, in a low, steady voice, laying his hand on the other man's arm, "you had best be frank with me. It is useless to call in a doctor unless you will tell him all your symptoms. Some folks try to cheat even the doctor! But that is not found to result in a cure very often. This lady, for whom as your relative, I profess every respect, was not, according to English law, the wife of Sir John Gale. And English law is terribly inflexible and unromantic. I don't think Phryne herself would have a chance in the Court of Chancery:—which is not without its good side when you don't happen to *be* Phryne!"

"Phryne! What do you mean, sir? What are you talking of? I say that my cousin Veronica is Lady Tallis Gale, and can be proved to be so in any court in Europe. She was married on board the English Queen's ship Furibond, on Tuesday morning."

"What!" shouted Mr. Frost, springing to his feet. "He did that? Then he was a bigamist. I tell you his lawful wife is living. I know her well!"

"No, you are wrong!" said a low voice which startled them both.

The door communicating with the adjoining room, which was "miladi's" dressing-room, was opened, and Veronica stood in the doorway. She was as white as the muslin wrapper that was folded round her. Her hair fell in disorder over her shoulders. Her eyes were swollen and heavy. But in the midst of her very real absorption in the trouble that had fallen on her, she was not altogether indifferent to the effect she should produce by her appearance. And it was as striking as she could have desired it to be.

"Angelo mio!" exclaimed Barletti, running to support her with tender sympathy, "why didst thou venture here? Thou art too feeble, my dearest!"

"Leave me alone, Cesare. I can stand and walk by myself. Look at this, Mr. Frost!" she added in English, holding out a letter to him as she spoke.

"You speak—you are English?" murmured Mr. Frost, more and more bewildered, but taking the letter and opening it.

His eyes had not mastered two lines of its contents, before he gave a violent start, and the letter fluttered from his hand on the table whilst he gazed searchingly at Veronica with all his keen wits about him.

"That killed him," said Veronica, bitterly. "He had thought to betray and to trap me. And the rage of disappointment was more than he could bear."

"But," said Mr. Frost, all his professional interest aroused in the case, "we must be careful to assure ourselves that he did *not* succeed in betraying and trapping you!"

She was about to interrupt him impetuously, when he held up a warning finger to check her.

"Stay a moment! This bears date—aye, the same day. Tuesday last, was it not? Then this much I see plainly—*it will all depend upon the hour*. And now tell me your whole story. Have no more reserves than if I were your father confessor. The only chance I have of helping you is to know the whole truth."

"Go away, Cesare," said Veronica, after a pause. "I would rather speak to Mr. Frost alone. I will send for you by-and-bye."

"Do not let her tire herself, poverina," said Barletti, moving reluctantly away. He turned when he had reached the door, and, coming back, took her hand and kissed it with a touching, humble tenderness. Then he was gone.

The letter which Veronica had handed to Mr. Frost, ran thus:

London, March 5th, 186—.

Sir John,—It is my painful duty to inform you of the decease of your respected wife, Lady Tallis Gale, who expired, at her apartments in Gower-street, yesterday morning. Her ladyship's niece, Miss Desmond, was with her to the last. Awaiting any instructions with which you may be pleased to honour me, and with my respectful condolence on the sad event,

I remain, Sir John,
Your very humble servant,
Adam Lane.

To Sir John Tallis Gale, Bart.

P.S. Her ladyship's disorder was consumption of the lungs. The arrangements for the funeral have been made in your absence, by Miss Desmond's directions. Her ladyship's relative Sir Thomas Delaney of Delaney has been invited to attend.

A. L.

A HINDU LEGEND.

About a century before our Christian era, there lived in India—precise locality a little hazy to us western barbarians—a certain king and demigod, called Gandharba-Sena. Now Gandharba-Sena was the son of Indra, the great God of the Firmament; and according to Captain Burton (whose delightful book* we are going to lay under contribution for an article) he was the original of that famous Golden Ass, whose metamorphosis and vicissitudes are told by Apuleius. For, having offended Father Indra by an indiscreet tenderness for a certain nymph, he was doomed to wander over the earth under the form of a donkey, by day; though, by the interposition of the gods he was allowed to become a man by night. While still for half his time a donkey, Gandharba-Sena persuaded the King of Dhara to give him his daughter in marriage; but it unfortunately happened that at the wedding hour the bridegroom could not show himself otherwise than as an ass; in which, perhaps, he was not singular, taking the circumstances into consideration. Hearing music and singing within, he resolved to give them a specimen of his powers of melody too: so he lifted up his voice, and brayed: to the consternation and contemptuous amusement of the company. The guests began forthwith to remonstrate with the king.

"O king," said one, "is this the son of Indra? You have found a fine bridegroom; you are, indeed, happy; don't delay the marriage; delay is improper in doing good; we never saw so glorious a wedding! It is true that we once heard of a camel being married to a jenny-ass; when the ass, looking up to the camel, said, 'Bless me, what a bridegroom!' and the camel, hearing the voice of the ass, exclaimed, 'Bless me, what a musical voice!' In that wedding, however, the bride and bridegroom were equal; but in this mar-

* Vikram and the Vampire; or Tales of Hindu Devilry. Adapted by Richard F. Burton, F.R.G.S., &c. London: Longmans and Co.

riage that such a bride should have such a bridegroom is truly wonderful."

"Other Brahmans then present said: 'O king, at the marriage hour, in sign of joy, the sacred shell is blown, but thou hast no need of that.'" (Alluding to the donkey's braying.)

"The women all cried out, 'O my mother! what is this? At the time of marriage to have an ass! What a miserable thing! What! Will he give that angelic girl in wedlock to a donkey?'"

"At length Gandharba-Sena, addressing the king in Sanskrit, urged him to perform his promise. He reminded his future father-in-law that there is no act more meritorious than speaking truth; that the mortal frame is a mere dress; and that wise men never estimate the value of a person by his clothes. He added that he was in that shape from the curse of his sire, and that during the night he had the body of a man. Of his being the son of Indra there could be no doubt. Hearing the donkey thus speak Sanskrit—for it was never known that an ass could discourse in that classical tongue—the minds of the people were changed, and they confessed that, although he had asinine form, he was unquestionably the son of Indra. The king, therefore, gave him his daughter in marriage."

The son of this man-donkey, or donkey-man, Gandharba-Sena, and the Princess of Dhara, therefore the grandson of Indra, was the great soldier-king Vikramanditya, or Sun of Heroism, "Vikram" meaning valour or prowess, the King Arthur, the Charlemagne, the Harun el Rashid of India. (We follow Captain Burton, who presumably knows what he is about, in the spelling of our old friend's name.) Before the Sun of Heroism's birth Gandharba-Sena promised him the strength of a thousand male elephants; but Indra swore an oath that he would never be born; whereupon his mother stabbed herself, and Vikram, as he is called for short—it is lucky for him he did not get curtailed to Vik—came into the world on his own account, and so saved his grandfather's oath. In conclusion, perhaps as some sort of compensation, Indra, to whom the little Sun of Heroism was taken, had compassion on him, adopted him, and gave him a good education: which last fact is an example which all irate but influential grandfathers ought to follow.

We come now to two quasi-historical and decidedly less mythical accounts of Vikram; one which makes him the second, the other the eldest, son of his father. In the first account, of course, he murdered his elder brother, Shank, as all wise young princes, in India, do. For though he was protected by grandpapa Indra, and endowed by Father Gandharba-Sena with the strength of a thousand male elephants, still as the younger brother of the reigning monarch he would not have found things quite to his taste. The second account makes him the eldest son of Gandharba-Sena, of whom the most that posterity has to say is, that he became an ass, married four queens, and had six sons: each of whom was more powerful and learned than the other; and that when he, Gandharba, died, Vikram and his younger brother, Bhartarihari, received some excellent advice from their worthy grandfather about mastering everything; which, as Captain Burton says, is a sure way not to succeed in anything. Without going into the list of their required accomplishments, suffice it to say, they were to be models of morality, and inexhaustible wells of learning; the outcome of which was that Vikram, when he had become a monarch on his own account, meditated deeply on what is said of monarchs. "A king is fire and air; he is both sun and moon; he is the god of criminal justice; he is the genius of wealth; he is the regent of water; he is the lord of the firmament; he is a powerful divinity who appears in human shape." He reflected with some satisfaction that the scriptures had made him absolute, had left the lives and properties of all his subjects to his arbitrary will, had pronounced him to be an incarnate deity, and had threatened to punish with death even ideas derogatory to his honour.

His kingship, however, despite its power and glory, was no sinecure practically; and what between the necessity of swallowing a mithridatic every morning on the saliva, or, as we say, on an empty stomach; of making the cooks taste every dish they had prepared before he would touch a morsel of it; of being fully armed when he received strangers; and of having even women searched for concealed weapons, before they were admitted to him, his life must have been anxious as well as busy. Pedantically marked out, and wearisomely monotonous, it certainly was. The result of it all was, it must be confessed, a well-ordered kingdom, where no one was oppressed, and where all had equal justice; where the innocent were protected, and offenders inexorably punished: whereby the

majesty of the law was upheld, and a wholesome fear of the rulers inculcated. "But what benefited him most, was his attention to the creature comforts of the Nine Gems of Science: those eminent men ate and drank themselves into fits of enthusiasm, and ended by immortalising their patron's name." Suddenly, the king bethought him he would travel, that he might, in fact, spy out in disguise the nakedness of the lands, and so judge for himself how he could best bring his powerful army against them. He had several sons by his several wives, and he had a fair share of paternal affection for all, save, of course, his eldest born: a youth who conducted himself as though he had no claim to the succession! But of all, Dharma Dwaj, his second son, was his favourite. Accompanied by this young prince, an adolescent of admirable modesty and simplicity, Vikram the Brave, giving the government of his kingdom and the city Ujjayani into the charge of his younger brother, Bhartari Raja, set out in the garb of a jogi, or religious mendicant: wandering from city to city, and forest to forest, to see what fate and chance would send in his way.

Now, the Regent Bhartari Raja "was of a settled melancholic turn of mind, having lost in early youth a very peculiar wife. One day, while out hunting, he happened to pass a funeral pyre, upon which a Brahman widow had just become sati (a holy woman) with the greatest fortitude. On his return home, he related the adventure to Sita Rani, his spouse, and she at once made reply that virtuous women die with their husbands, killed by the fire of grief, not by the flames of the pile. To prove her truth, the prince, after an affectionate farewell, rode forth to the chase, and presently sent back the suite with his robes torn and stained, to report his accidental death. Sita perished upon the spot, and the widower remained inconsolable—for a time." He led the dullest of lives, and took to himself sundry spouses, all equally distinguished for birth, beauty, and modesty; he regulated his desires in all things by the strictest rule and measurement; he worked as ploddingly and unrestingly as a horse in a mill; and when his monotonous day was over, he used to retire to his private apartments, and while listening to soft music and spiritual songs fall fast asleep as the best compliment he could pay the minstrels. Sometimes, on wakeful nights, he used to summon his brother's Nine Gems of Science, and give ear to their learned discourses, which never failed as soporifics when nothing else could "get him off," as nurses say. So time and his youth passed away, and Bhartari Raja became a philosopher and a quietist.

But Kama, God of Love, no more able than his younger brothers Eros and Cupid to let sleeping dogs lie, sent into the raja's way, Dangalah Rani, his last and youngest wife. To say that her face was the full moon; her hair a purple rain-cloud; her complexion exactly like the pale waxen blossoms of the large-flowered jessamine; her eyes those of an antelope; her lips as red as a pomegranate bud, and that, when they opened they distilled a fountain of ambrosia; to say that her neck was like a pigeon's, her hand like the pink lining of the conch shell, her waist a leopard's, and her feet the softest lotuses; will perhaps give us dull westerns no very distinct image of her charms. To say that the staid raja became drivelling and doting in the excess of his love; that he would even have committed the unforgivable sin of slaughtering a cow, had she so commanded; and that the very excess of his love sickened the woman into indifference, if not hatred; is perhaps more intelligible. To indemnify herself for the presence of a husband who loved her and whom she did not love, Dangalah Rani lost no time in lavishing all the love of her idle soul on Matú-pala, the handsome ambassador of peace and of war, who, in his turn, preferred Lakha, one of the maids of honour; who again looked to the regent as the fountain of an honour still higher than her own, vice the king.

Now, it happened that in this city of Ujjayani, within sight of the palace, dwelt an austere Brahman and his devout wife. This couple were very pious. They fasted and refrained from drink; they stood on their heads; they held their arms for weeks in the air; they prayed till their knees were like pads; they disciplined themselves with scourges of wire; they walked about unclad in the cold season, and in summer they sat within a circle of flaming wood; in short they became the envy and admiration of all the second-class gods dwelling in the lower heaven; and in return for their piety a celestial messenger brought them an apple from the tree called Kalpavriksha, which would confer immortality on whomsoever should eat of it. But it was enough for only one person's immortality; it would not serve for two. At first the old Brahman was for making himself deathless; but his cleverer

wife, with as much craft as good sense in her meaning, prevailed on him to refrain; and rather to get the good reward which would be sure to be given them if they presented it to the raja. So the old Brahman took it to the court, gave it to Bhartari Raja, and brought away as much gold as he could carry. The raja rushed with the apple to his young queen Dangalah Rani, saying, "Eat this, Light of my Eyes! This fruit, Joy of my Heart! will make thee everlastingly young and beautiful!" The pretty queen, placing both hands upon her husband's bosom, kissed his eyes and lips, and sweetly smiling in his face—for great is the guile of women—whispered: "Eat it thyself, dear one, or at least share it with me; for what is life, and what is youth without the presence of those we love?" But the raja, whose heart was melted by those musical words, she being always so cold and repelling—he called it coy—put her away tenderly, and having explained that the fruit would serve for only one person, departed. Whereupon the pretty queen, sweetly smiling as before, slipped the precious present into her pocket and gave it to the handsome ambassador. He, wishing to please Lakha, gave it away to her; and she, seeking to rise at court by favour of the raja, presented it anew to him. And then the raja saw the full extent of his misery, and by what a round of deception the apple of immortality had come back to him. Loathing life and all its pleasures, he resolved to abandon the world, and end his days in the depth of a gloomy forest. But before he set out, he took care to cause Dangalah Rani to be summoned before him. He asked her what had become of the fruit he had given her: she replied that she had eaten it; upon which he showed her the apple, which caused her to stand silent and aghast before him. Then, giving careful orders for her being beheaded, he washed the fruit and ate it, and went out into the jungle as a jogi or religious mendicant, no one knowing what had become of him.

This was the history of Vikram's brother, the regent, and of what passed in the royal palace, during the absence of that Luminary of Heroism.

Meanwhile Vikram became weary of wandering about with his second son alone. To be sure his kingdom was well secured, though he did not know it, for Indra sent a div or giant to defend the city, and hold the throne until such time as its lawful possessor should put in an appearance. But the wandering monarch began to reflect, that this dancing about from city to desert, and from desert to forest, half clothed, and always more than half hungry, afraid of wild beasts, and at all times ill at ease, was neither comfortable for himself nor dutiful to his various wives and their several offspring. He reflected, too, that the heir-apparent would probably make the worst possible use of the paternal absence, and that the kingdom had been left in the hands of an untried man, who for aught he knew might make the worst possible use of his trust. So he resolved to return forthwith to Ujjayani, more especially as by this time he had spied out all the weak points of friends and foes alike, and had nothing more to learn. And while these considerations were pressing on him, he heard a rumour that Bhartari the regent had abdicated his viceregal throne, and gone away into the forest; which rumour decided him on the spot. So he and his son went home, and got to the city gates just as the gong was striking the mysterious hour of midnight.

But they were not allowed to enter unmolested. A huge and hideous figure starting up barred the way, demanding in a thundering voice, who were they, and where going? Raja Vikram, choking with rage at such a reception, gave his royal name and address; but the giant, div or demon, Prithwi Pala by name, commanded that he should first fight to prove his title, after which, if showing that he was really the Sun of Heroism, he might enter. The warrior king cried "Sadhu!" wanting nothing better; and for all that the giant's fists were as large as water melons, and his knotted arms whistled through the air like falling trees; for all that the raja's head scarcely reached the giant's middle, and that the latter, each time he struck out, whooped so abominably loudly that no human nerves could remain unshaken; yet Vikram was not Vikram for nothing. Besides, the young prince aided by jumping on the div's naked toes, and sitting on his stomach when he was down; so both together they got Prithwi Pala into evil case, and the raja, sitting astride on his throat, dug both his thumbs into the monster's eyes, and threatened to make a second Polyphemus of him if he would not yield.

The giant, moderating the bellow of his voice, agreed to give the raja his life, in consideration of his own overthrow. And when the raja laughed scornfully at what seemed a mere piece of fustian, the giant

raising himself up into a sitting posture, began a solemn tale in solemn tones.

The story is too long (as long as the giant in fact) to be more than very closely condensed here, keeping to the leading lines only in so far as they relate to Vikram.

It seems that a certain jogi was Vikram's deadly enemy. He, an oilman's son, and the king, were all born in this same city of Ujjayani, in the same lunar mansion, in the same division of the great circle described upon the ecliptic, and in the same period of time. The jogi had already slain the oilman's son, and his own child; and was waiting now to compass the death of the king, in revenge for a practical joke which had been played on him in the days of Gandharba-Sena, when a pretty young woman of doubtful discretion made a promise to bring him to the court, bearing his child on his shoulder, he being then a famous devotee renowned throughout the universe for his austerities. When the saint found that he had been simply taken in by a designing little witch, and made into a court jest—that he had lost the fruits of his austerities to create a laugh among addle-pated courtiers, he cursed them all with terrible curses; took up his child again on his shoulder, and went back into the forest—where he slew him as his first offering of expiation. He then slew the oilman's son, suspended him head downwards from a mimosa tree in a cemetery; and was now designing to do the same kind office by Vikram. The oilman's son he had made into a baital or vampire. Wherefore said the giant to Vikram, among other useful counsels, "Distrust them that dwell amongst the dead, and remember that it is lawful and right to strike off his head that would slay thee." Then Prithwi Pala disappeared; and the king first feeling his bones to make sure they were all sound, went into his own again.

By-and-bye, after the coloured powders had been flung, the feasts made, and the rejoicings of Ujjayani at the return of the lawful ruler had become a little moderated, there came into the city a young merchant, called Mal Deo, with a train of loaded camels and elephants, and the reputation of immense wealth. He came one day into the palace court, where the king was sitting dispensing justice, and gave into his hand a fruit, which he had brought with him. He then spread a prayer carpet on the floor, remained a quarter of an hour, and went away. But the king was wary. The giant's warning remained in his mind, and he gave the fruit to his maître d'hôtel, with orders to preserve it carefully. Every day the young merchant came to the court in the same way, and every day brought one single fruit. One day the king was in the royal stable when Mal Deo arrived with his offering; and as Vikram was thoughtfully tossing it in the air it fell from his fingers to the ground. Then the monkey, who was tethered among the horses to draw calamities from their heads, snatched it up and tore it open, when a ruby of such size and water came out as astonished all beholders.

The raja, now thoroughly angry and suspicious, asked Mal Deo what he meant by presuming to bring such costly gifts. On which the merchant demurely quoted the Shastras, where it is enjoined on men not to go empty-handed into the presence of rajas, spiritual teachers, judges, young maidens, and old women whose daughters they would marry. Mollified by the glib religiousness of the young man, and not displeased at finding that he had in his possession some half dozen or more of these rubies, which were of such value that the whole revenues of the kingdom could not purchase one, Vikram gave Mal Deo a robe of honour; then graciously asked him what he could do in return for such more than regal generosity? On which Mal Deo replied: that he was not Mal Deo a merchant, but Shanta-Shil, the devotee; and that all he asked of the king in return for the rubies, was to come to him on a certain moonless night, to a cemetery where he was going to perform incantations which would make the Eight Powers of Nature his. He was to bring with him his arms, and young Dharma Dwaj, his son, but no followers.

Vikram at first almost started when he heard of the cemetery, remembering the giant's words, but knowing now with whom he was dealing, composedly answered that he would come to the accursed place; and with this promise they parted.

The moonless night indicated by the jogi came. It was a Monday, and the king and his son passed out of the palace gates, and through the sleeping city to the abode of the dead. Arriving there, after a most uncomfortable and horrifying walk, they found Shanta-Shil, hideously painted, and nearly naked, sitting by a fire, and surrounded by demons and every loathsome and terrifying form that could be summoned from the face of the earth or the darker regions below, playing on a skull with two shank bones, and making a music therefrom as frightful as

his person. Father and son, nothing daunted, walked boldly forward and seated themselves by the jogi. They waited for some time in silence, and then the raja asked the devotee what commands there might be for them? Shanta-Shil desired them to go to a certain place where dead bodies were burned, and where, hanging from a mimosa tree, was a body which he was to bring to him immediately. So Vikram and his son rose up and departed for the place.

It was an awful night, and they had an awful walk, even worse than before, with company neither to be imagined nor described. At last they came to the burning place; where they suddenly sighted a tree which, from root to topmost bough, was a blaze of crimson flame. And hanging from this, head downward, was a nondescript thing, more like a flying fox than anything else: icy cold, and clammy as a snake; whose only sign of life was the whisking of a ragged little tail like a goat's. This was the oilman's son—the baital or vampire. After tremendous struggles and repeated failures, but by the grace of not knowing when he was beaten, and never giving in, Vikram at last conquered, the vampire saying on the seventh effort, "Even the gods cannot resist a thoroughly obstinate man," as he resignedly suffered himself to be thrust into a bag improvised out of the king's waist-cloth, and slung across his shoulders en route for the jogi, and the subjection of the Eight Powers of Nature. But on the way, being a loquacious demon, the vampire proposed to tell the king some stories, giving him good-naturedly a prefatial bit of advice, never to allow himself to be entrapped into giving an answer or an opinion, for if he should fail in this, then assuredly would he, the baital, slip back to his mimosa tree, and all the labour of the capture would have to be repeated. Then he began his stories.

Not being able to epitomise even one of them, we refer our readers to the book itself. There are eleven of them, for eleven times did the Sun of Heroism suffer himself to be entrapped into an answer, whereby the baital was able to wriggle himself free from his bag, and hang himself up by his toes again from a high branch of the burning mimosa tree. But the twelfth time Vikram had learnt a little discretion, so the journey was duly completed, and the baital flung into the jogi's magic circle. We will say no more. How Vikram fared, and how the jogi fared, and who slew whom, that is which was able to "breakfast on his enemy ere his enemy could dine on him," is it not all to be found within the black and red covers which Ernest Griset has so quaintly adorned? All that we would say is this: if such a story as we have epitomised can be got out of the prologue, what may not be expected from the body of the book?

LADY MACNAMARA'S STORY.

It was eight-and-thirty years ago, and I had been married five or six years, when I went to live at Manorbere Lodge. The ship in which my husband had been first lieutenant was paid off. He had got his rank as commander, but had no immediate prospect of employment afloat, so his mind naturally turned to the occupation he loved best, next to his profession—fox-hunting: a passion for which sport came to him by nature, as the second son of a Lincolnshire squire. His younger-son's portion, with my dowry and his pay, though altogether making up a comfortable income, would not suffice for that very expensive amusement, unless we could find a house in a good situation, at a moderate rent; and we were looking for such a house, when one day Dick came in, radiant with expectation, to tell me he had heard of one beyond the dreams of avarice, or rather of economy. It was in the heart of the shires, within easy reach of three first-rate packs, had capital stabling, and was all to be let by the year at a fabulously low rental.

It is a maxim with me that nothing is to be had for less than its value, so I was not quite so sanguine as Dick; but I agreed with him in thinking it worth while that he should run down and look at the place.

He went, and came back delighted. He had spared no pains to find out what there could be amiss with the house, but had come to the conclusion that it was almost faultless. Indeed, it seemed to him such a prize that he had feared to lose it by delay, and had taken it at once for a year certain. "I am sure you will like it, my love," he said. "It is an old house, a great deal larger and handsomer than we want, but that does not matter." I was quite content so that he pleased himself, and a very few days saw us settled at Manorbere.

I found the place all that Dick had

said it was. The house as it now stood had apparently been only a wing of the ancient mansion. Part of the principal building had been completely pulled down, but for some reason or other a portion abutting upon the present house had been left standing, and was converted, the lower part into a cart-house, and the first-floor into a place for carpenter's work, lumber, and so forth. On the ground-floor the communication had been walled up, where a door had formerly opened upon a passage running nearly the length of the present house. A similar corridor ran along the first-floor, and here the disused part of the house was divided from the dwelling only by a strong oaken door, heavily barred and bolted. A staircase led up from the ground-floor to this end of the corridor; but it was seldom used, as we inhabited the rooms at the other extremity, and the servants' chambers were reached also by a different stair. The door itself looked as if it could resist everything except treachery in the garrison, and even a traitor would have had some difficulty in removing the defences, so rusted were they in their places.

There was nothing at all gloomy about the house. The rooms were large and light, with the ample windows characteristic of English houses erected before the imposition of the window-tax gave our builders their present traditions. The principal sitting-room was a very large one on the ground-floor, looking nearly south, and catching all the sunshine in its bay-windows. These opened on a raised terrace, beneath which was a pretty flower-garden, and there was a paddock with fine trees beyond. The stables were of much later date than the house, and were excellent.

Of course we soon made acquaintance with our neighbours, and the assemblies to see the hounds throw off on a fine morning were very pleasant and sociable. We had no close carriage, and our house was at a considerable distance from any visitable families, so at first we declined all dinner invitations. But that sort of thing never goes on long when those concerned are still young, cheerful, and sociable, and very soon we got into the way of going frequently to dine and sleep at our neighbours' places. At the very first of these dinner parties, the truth came out about Manorbere.

"It is very nice having you and Captain Macnamara at Manorbere," said a certain lively Mrs. Brodrick to me, when we ladies went to the drawing-room after dinner. "I do so hate having a house shut up; and, indeed, there was a talk last year of its being pulled down, since nobody would take it."

"But why would nobody take it? I think it so charming," said I.

"Well, perhaps it is foolish; but you know a great many people really do not like living in a house that has such a name."

"A name for what?"

"Being haunted."

"Haunted!"

"Good gracious! did not you know about the ghost?"

I burst out laughing. "So that is the reason of our getting it so cheap? I am really very much obliged to the ghost."

"How odd that you should not have heard of it! But I am so sorry I mentioned it. You are so much alone there. I hope it won't make you uncomfortable."

"Thank you; it only makes me laugh. But do tell me the story of the house."

"Hush!" said another lady, "don't talk about it now. Here comes Mrs. Dormer" (our hostess), "and she never quite likes the subject."

My curiosity, however, being roused, I begged Mrs. Brodrick the first time an opportunity offered for a tête-à-tête to give me particulars as to our tiers-parti at Manorbere. And this is the substance of her narrative:

The last family that had lived in the house was that of Colonel Fearon, a widower with three daughters. They were a very pleasant, cheerful set; hospitable as far as their means, which were not very large, would allow; and ready to promote or to join in anything that was proposed in the way of social amusement. But unfortunately a few months after their arrival the colonel got a bad fall out hunting, and became for a time a confirmed invalid. He recovered ultimately, but at that period it was feared that he never would be himself again. His nervous system was so affected by the blow he had received on the spine, that he could bear hardly any noise or company, and he was so weak as to be reduced to a wheel-chair in which to take air and exercise. The family had selected for their own occupation the same set of rooms we had chosen for ourselves at the opposite end of the corridor from the condemned door, and the rooms near to it were reserved for guests. The hitherto gay and lively house

had, however, for some time become quite changed in character, the girls giving up all society at home uncomplainingly, for their father's sake. Eleanor, the eldest, thought, however, after a time, that it was a pity her young sisters, Effie and Lucy, should be debarred from taking part in the gaieties suited to their age which were going on during the winter; so the girls took it in turn to go out two and two together, some neighbouring matron being always ready to act as chaperon when they joined her at the ball or soirée. On one of these occasions two young friends who had come to the same party from some distance on the other side of Manorbere, had been offered a night's lodging at the latter place to save them the long winter drive after midnight, and also that they might accompany the Fearons to a ball on the ensuing evening. Though it was not very late when the girls returned home, the invalid had retired to rest, and Eleanor was ready to follow his example, when she heard her sisters and their friends coming up-stairs, and went out in her dressing-gown to meet them, and see that they had all things comfortable in their rooms. The girls were in high spirits, and, though subduing their voices lest they should waken their father, Eleanor feared that some incautious laugh or exclamation might disturb him; so enjoining silence by a gesture, she led the way to the chamber at the further end of the corridor which had been prepared for her guests, stirred the fire into a bright blaze, lighted the candles, and told them now they might laugh and chatter their fill. The young folks did not hesitate to avail themselves of the permission, and hung over the fire discussing the party of that evening, and the prospects of the morrow's ball, till Eleanor declared she must take her sisters away, or they would talk all night. She had twice risen with this intention without getting them to follow her, and was now standing with the door half open in her hand waiting for them, when they saw her suddenly put her finger on her lips, and peep cautiously out; then she set down her candle, and stepped softly into the passage. The others ceased talking in a minute, and looked inquiringly towards her. "What is it, Eleanor?" whispered Lucy, coming to the door.

"The most extraordinary thing! I thought I heard the door open."

"What door?" said Effie.

"Why the great barred door."

"My dear Nellie, you must be dreaming. It is time we went to bed, indeed," said Effie laughing, and taking up her candle. Eleanor took hers also, but instead of returning to her room, walked straight up to the door and examined it closely, followed by Lucy, who looked at her in smiling wonder.

"Are you satisfied, dear?" said she, pointing to the cobwebs which in many places stretched across from the door to its lintel.

"Yes, I must have been mistaken. But it is very odd!"

"What did you hear, Nellie," eagerly asked the others, coming to their room door.

"The first time I signed to you to be silent, I thought I heard footsteps coming gently and cautiously up the stair, and fancied it was one of the maids. They know I do not allow them to sit up so late, and I waited to see who it was, stealing up this way where they have no business. But instead of passing by this room, the footsteps seemed to stop at the top of the stairs, and then the door turned slowly on its hinges."

"Did you *see* it?" asked Lucy.

"Oh! no. It only sounded so."

"The wind or something."

"Perhaps. Now do go to bed, children." And they all separated.

The next evening one of their visitors, Isabel Murray, being rather tired declined to go to the ball, and said she would prefer staying to keep company with Lucy, whose turn it was to remain with her father. After he had gone to bed, the two girls became so absorbed in a game of chess that the time slipped away unobserved, and they then bethought them of sitting up for their sisters, to give them what is called in Ireland, "a raking pot of tea" on their return. The bright idea was immediately carried out. The tea-things were set in the guest-chamber, the fire was made up, the maids were sent to bed, and the girls, after partially undressing, met together wrapt in their dressing-gowns to enjoy the vigil. They had brought up their chess-board and books, but presently agreed that if they took a nap they would be all the fresher by-and-bye; so curling themselves up on a sofa they were soon asleep. Perfect silence reigned throughout the house, and in the room nothing was heard but the soft breathing of the sleepers. Suddenly and simultaneously both awoke and sat up; Lucy's little dog at the same time starting from his slumbers and pricking his ears.

"Is it the carriage?" said Isabel Murray.

"I don't know. Something woke me, but I can't tell what. Yes, it must be," continued Lucy, as the dog went sniffing to the door, and she opened it and looked out. "I hear footsteps, but there is no light. How quietly they have come in!"

Just then Pincher, who had run out when the door was opened, came cowering back with drooping tail, and at the same moment came the grating sound of a door turning on rusty hinges, and then quietly closed. Isabel sprang to Lucy's side, and, softly closing all but a chink of the door, stood listening. Nothing more was heard. The girls looked at each other, and drew a long breath. "There's something wrong here, Lucy," said Isabel. Lucy quickly shut the door, and bolted it.

"Oh! Isabel, I am so frightened! Only think if anybody can get in here in the dead of the night! We may all be murdered!"

"We must tell Eleanor, and, of course, it must be looked to. But the strange thing is, that the door seems as if it had not been opened for a century."

"Oh dear, that's nothing. These people are up to all sorts of tricks——"

"What people?"

"Why housebreakers and burglars!"

"I don't think it can be a burglar," said Isabel, "as he has been here already, and nothing appears to have been stolen. Perhaps one of the maids has a *follower* whom she lets in by stealth. What is there on the other side of that door?"

"I don't know. Oh yes, I do! A sort of lumber-room and carpenter's workroom."

"We ought to go to-morrow and examine it on that side. I do not think there is any danger for to-night, as the intruder, whoever he be, seems to have departed. What's become of Pincher? Did you shut him out?"

On examination the dog was found under the bed, pressed closely against the wall, and trembling all over. Lucy had some difficulty in coaxing him out, and even when she had got him in her arms her caresses failed to restore him to his usual spirits. "Is he ill, poor fellow?" asked Isabel.

"Only frightened, I think; but he is usually so courageous! I cannot understand it. You may be sure he has seen some one who has terrified him somehow. I wish the others were come home!"

After this the raking pot of tea was not so jovial an affair as they had intended. The two watchers had not quite got over their alarm, and the others heard their account with anxiety and uneasiness. Eleanor agreed that the first thing to do was to scrutinise both sides of the door, but cautioned them all to keep entire silence on the subject, meantime.

The next day they made their investigation of the carpenter's workroom, which was entered by an outside wooden stair. Eleanor made the pretence of wanting a piece of old-seasoned wood for a drawing-board, which gave them an excuse for poking about unsuspected. Not only were the door and all its adjuncts as rusty and cobweb-tapestried here as on the inside; but they found heaped against it a quantity of wood which had been cut up for making new hurdles.

"They might be put there only for a blind," Isabel suggested in a whisper; so the astute Eleanor put a leading question immediately.

"Have you not been a long time about those hurdles, Jones?"

"Well, ma'am, the hurdles is ready, and has been any time these three weeks. It ain't my fault they bean't put up long ago, and I'd be glad to get 'em out of my way lumberin' here. Perhaps you'd speak about it?"

Eleanor promised to do so, and remarking that her father's illness had caused some neglect of out-door work, gave directions about her board, and withdrew.

"No light thrown on the mystery yet," she observed, as they walked away. "That door cannot have been opened for years, I am positive." The Murrays were to leave the lodge next day. "I shall move into that room to-morrow. When the servants know one of the family is close by, they will hardly dare to carry on any clandestine meeting."

"But that's no good," said Lucy; "if it is one of the servants the man will be let in elsewhere. Dear Nellie, do get to the bottom of it. I am sure if you do not, I never can feel that we are safe for a single night."

"My child, it is not proved that anybody did come in. On the contrary, it seems impossible."

"We will watch to-night, anyhow," said Effie.

When night came, however, Eleanor desired her sisters would go to their own rooms, as she thought so many of them together could hardly keep quiet enough to avoid giving some warning to the mysterious visitor. She also begged the Mur-

rays to go to bed as soon as they were ready; and they had done so, though they could not sleep. And now, in the dead of the night, she sat in their room, the candle closely shaded and the door ajar, breathlessly awaiting she knew not what. She had, without saying anything about it, brought with her one of her father's pistols. The fire burned low and red, and everything was profoundly still, when the ominous creaking struck on their terrified ears. Eleanor quickly seized her candle and ran into the passage, followed by the other two, who had instantly sprung out of bed. Footsteps were distinctly audible descending the stairs. "Who is there?" demanded Eleanor. "Answer, or I shall fire!" No voice replied. They held their candles over the balustrade, but no one was to be seen. At the same moment Lucy darted from her room, and came down the corridor to join the group. "Is it broken?" said she, hurriedly.

"Broken? What?" Lucy ran past them to the stairs, bidding them follow.

"Look here," said she, showing them a thread, the two ends of which lay across the stair. "I tied this to-night to the balustrade, and fastened it into the wall at the opposite side. You see it is broken in two."

"My child," said Eleanor, "a cotton thread might easily snap, merely from being stretched too tight. That is no proof of any one having passed by. Indeed, I am certain nobody did, for I was out on this landing before he could by any possibility have got down-stairs, and I must have seen him."

"How brave you are, Eleanor!" said Isabel, glancing at the pistol, and thence to her calm face; and shivering with fear and cold she crept back to bed with her sister. As she carefully bolted her door inside, she could not repress an exclamation of thanksgiving that this was to be their last night in that dangerous house.

Eleanor now declared her conviction that the mysterious noises were produced by some occult vibration or echo, as is not uncommonly the case in old houses, and that they had nothing alarming in them. Lucy, however, would not be persuaded. Though she did not openly assert her incredulity, she ventured by herself to the terrible spot next night when all had retired, and tied a pack-thread firmly to the balustrade, fastening it with a tack to the opposite wall. Waking in the morning almost as soon as it was light, she immediately ran to look at her trap, and hurried back to Eleanor with the intelligence that the packthread was broken!

"How those stairs creak at the end of the passage!" said Eleanor to her maid, as she was dressing her hair that morning. She had chosen that moment because from the position Mrs. Wilkins then occupied behind her chair, her mistress could watch the expression of her countenance in the looking-glass. "I heard them creaking quite loudly under somebody's footsteps after I came up to bed last night. I can't think what took any one that way."

"None does go that way, *never*;" said Mrs. Wilkins, emphatically.

"It is not the proper way, certainly, as there is the back-stair from the offices. But I have heard persons going up, or down, while the Miss Murrays were here."

"I'll undertake to say you were mistaken, ma'am. Not a servant in the house would go up or down them stairs after dark. Not for a thousand pounds, ma'am."

"What do you mean, Wilkins?"

"I mean, ma'am, as they has a bad name. Them's the parts that's haunted."

"*Haunted!* Rubbish. Who put that into your head?"

"You may call it rubbish, Miss Fearon," said Wilkins, resentfully; "but words can't alter things. Them stairs is haunted; all that knows about the place will tell you as good; Sarah, as lived here with a former family, she know it well. But she don't mind, because she says the ghost never did no harm as long as it warn't interfered with."

"I thought you had more sense, Wilkins," was all Eleanor replied, as she left the room to go down to breakfast. The thought, however, did come across her that this story had perhaps been impressed on the minds of the other servants by Sarah, in order to keep the coast clear for any operations she might wish to carry on under the rose. What these could be, Eleanor could not divine, but she did not feel altogether comfortable. A vague feeling of suspicion and doubt took possession of her, and, with that subtle infection which some attribute to animal magnetism, her uneasiness seemed gradually to spread through the whole family: the colonel alone remaining unaffected by it. Her sisters became silent and abstracted, as if always on the watch. The maids went about in pairs, and were found holding whispered colloquies behind doors. The butler, under pretence of black-beetles in the pantry,

"which he could not abide no how," got permission to remove his sleeping quarters into closer proximity with the footman. At last, Eleanor felt it necessary, unwilling as she was to annoy him, to speak to her father on the subject. Her fears of any ill-effect upon him were soon set at rest. The colonel's nervous malady was purely physical, and the old habits of ready decision and action reasserted their force when called upon. He listened to his daughter's statement with attention, questioned her carefully, and came to the conclusion that a thorough investigation must be made. Without further loss of time he wrote to the inspector of police for the district, requesting him to call privately at Manorbere Lodge as soon as he could; and desired that in the mean time the subject should be entirely dropped, so that the nocturnal intruder should not be put on his guard.

The inspector soon made his appearance, causing himself to be announced as the builder from Barton, come to see about certain repairs; in this character he was able to go over every portion of the house after holding a consultation with the colonel and the ladies. Before he left, it was settled that two constables should be sent to pass the night at the Lodge, unknown to the servants. They were to be let in by Miss Fearon, at a door opening from the terrace to one of the sitting-rooms, after the house had been closed for the night. This was easily effected; and the men, with dark lanterns, were stationed one at the foot of the stairs, the other on the landing half way up. They had been here in perfect silence and darkness nearly an hour, when the sound of a heavy door grating on rusty hinges, made the one on the landing grasp his truncheon and hold his lantern in readiness. Footsteps came softly down, and something seemed to brush by. He struck at it as it passed, and at the same time turned on his light, calling, "Look out below, mate!" Nothing was visible. There was a low moaning cry as he struck, but he felt no resistance. The man at the foot of the stairs heard the sound, quickly turned his lantern on in that direction, and rushed down the passage as if in pursuit, followed by the other at full speed. The noise roused some of the household, who, when they had summoned courage to appear, were confounded at finding themselves met by guardians instead of disturbers of the peace.

The two policemen were utterly puzzled. Both had distinctly heard the great door open, and the descending footsteps, as well as the low cry, like the cry of some one in fear or pain. Each had felt something flit by, but both described it as more like a cold blast of wind than any bodily thing. They had both run to try and prevent its escape, but on reaching the end of the passage, where it was crossed by another in the form of a T, nothing was to be seen. They were quite certain that no door had been opened on either side, and this part of the house terminated in the cross passage, the only access to the principal sitting-rooms and vestibule being through a passage-room, or the kitchen, which was built out. Both these doors of communication were always locked at night, and were now fast. The rooms were examined, but no traces of any invader were perceptible in either. While this was going on below, Eleanor, who had sat up in her father's room, had, at the first sound of any movement, gone at once to the bedrooms occupied by the maids, every one of whom, including the suspected Sarah, she found quietly asleep.

After this signal failure on the part of the police, the ghost became an established fact, and the place became uninhabitable. Servant after servant gave warning; Mrs. Wilkins became hysterical; the cook took to drinking—"her spirits was that low," she said in excuse; and, except the stoical Sarah, who "never knowed the ghost do no harm as long as it was let alone," everybody was more or less unnerved.

A few weeks after these occurrences the colonel's medical attendant having advised his trying some new galvanic treatment, the family had to move up to town. Effie and Lucy were glad enough to go, both sharing, to a certain degree, in the alarm felt by the servants, though each in her different way. Effie inclined to the supernatural view, while Lucy held fast to her burglarious theory, for, she said, "How could a ghost, an immaterial being, break her thread and string?"

It was now late in the spring, and most of the neighbouring families had left the country: so the Fearons had not many adieux to make, except among the few poor people with whom they held relations, Manorbere being removed from any closely-inhabited part of the county. There was an old bed-ridden woman, to whom the girls had shown kindness, and they went over one morning to pay her their farewell visit. The family had been much liked,

and their sudden departure was a regret to all. "Ah, dear!" said the old dame, "I heerd as how you was a goin' to flit! Well, it will be a loss to me, though I did not see ye often, bein' at a distance. But it was something to think of, that I might have a look of your bright faces when you stopped in your rides to say a kind word, or bring me a little dainty nows and thens. I'm main sorry to lose ye, young ladies, but I ain't no ways surprised. None does stay long at Manorbere. The ghost drives 'em out, all on 'em."

"You don't seem to believe us when we say it is on account of papa's health that we are going away. But you know he came to these parts expressly for the hunting; and as, since his accident he has never been able to go out, there is nothing to keep us here."

"Ah! yes. No doubt there's reasons. There's always reasons. But still it comes to this; none does stay in that house; and it's my belief the ghost drives 'em away, say what they will."

"But what *is* the ghost? What does it do? What brings it there? Do tell us," said Effie.

"Well, ladies, I can only tell you what I've heerd. You see, the Clendons—the family as Manorbere belonged to—was always a baddish lot. They were all wild from father to son, and they drank, and they gambled, and they was in bad ways from year's end to year's end, and run though most of their money. And then they would go abroad out of the way, and the place was shut up, and let go to rack and ruin. The old house was pulled down because they thought it was not worth repairing. (It had got into the creditors' hands by that.) Ah! it was a fine place was the Lodge when I first remember it, afore the trees was cut down, and the park ploughed up, and sold off bit by bit."

"How long ago was that?"

"A matter of fifty years—or nigher sixty maybe. When the last Clendons come back here to bide, there warn't above half left. But the great house was there still: only part was shut up, because it warn't sound and safe. They was a gladsome set, them Clendons, but the gentry about did not take to them much, and I don't think they cared whether they did or no. They had their friends from London staying down here, months together, and French folk; and the goin's on at the Lodge was the talk of the country. There was gaming, and dancing, and play-acting, it was said, goin' on every night; and there was some new dances they had learned in France, and they was thought undecent here in England. I must say they were pleasant to look at, all those people—pretty, and gay, and merry. I would go out to my gate to see 'em come by, such a many together, all talking and laughing, riding and driving, and pic-nicking about. They didn't care what they spent, you see, the Clendons didn't, for they didn't pay anybody, and they knew it couldn't last; so it was a short life and a merry for them. They lived mostly in the new wing, what is the house now. It was called new, though I heerd say more nor a hundred years old; and they threw two rooms into one to make the drawin'-room where they had their dances and romps. Well, the nearest neighbours then, was the Perigals, of Dour Grange. Very strict folk they was to be sure. Never no junketings nor gay doin's was heerd of in *that* house; no laughing nor singing, except it was hymns; but always grave faces and solemn voices. And as to plays, or dancings, or cards, or, for the matter of that, games of any sort; they thought them things was so many traps laid by the devil to catch souls. It was always preaching and praying that went on there; so you may suppose, ladies, what the Clendons and their doin's was to *them*. Mr. Perigal said 'they stank in his nostrils,' and he always looked as if they did; and the more the Manorbere people racketed, the closer the Perigals kept to their strict ways. As ill-luck would have it, just afore this time Mr. Perigal's sister-in-law died, and her daughter bein' left a orphan, come to live with her uncle and aunt at the Grange. Poor child! I did pity her. She was a bit flighty in her ways, but she had always been used to a cheerful home and young folks for companions, and the Grange was no better than a prison to her. To make a long story short, she somehow got knowledge of the Clendon ladies. It was quite innocently at first. She met them driving out, in a lane where they had got into some strait with the ponies, or lost their way, I think. She tried to direct them, but they didn't understand quite, so they begged her to get into the pony-chaise and go along o' them, and show them; and she did. She was a pretty creatur, and taking, and so were they, to do them justice; and when she got down and left

them, they said they hoped to see her again. Her uncle and aunt were in a sad way when they heard what had chanced. She didn't make no concealments about it at first, and I do think she was druv to it after, along o' their bein' so very strict and hard upon her at home. She did lead a dreary life of it. She was never trusted out alone after that. She was not strong in her health, and she had a pony to ride, which was a'most her only pleasure; but she never went out without the old man-servant behind, to see she come to no harm, unless Mr. Perigal was with her himself. One day who should she fall in with, but a pic-nic party from Manorbere, and the ladies she had met the day they lost themselves come up so free and pleasant, and asked her to join their lunch. She come round old Richard with her pretty coaxing ways to keep it secret from her guardians; and so by little and little she got to make meetings with her new friends. Bad friends they was to her, but I don't think they meant her any harm. They liked her, and thought to amuse her: only they led her into deceit and false ways. One of the young gentlemen was taken with her pretty face, and got a sweethearting of her; and one day when they were dancing on the grass, he wanted her to be his partner in one of their new-fangled dances. Of course she knowed nothin' of it, though she was used to dances in her own home, and could foot it in a country dance with the best of 'em. Bless her, she was as lissom as a fairy! So, then, they said they must teach her; and she took to it like natur', and said there never was anything so delightful. Then they told her they practised it every night at the Lodge, and she must come there and make one of them. For a little time she stood out that she musn't, and she durstn't, and what would come of it if uncle and aunt found out! 'Well, and if they did, they can't send you to Bogey,' said Clendon, who never feared God nor devil. And they all laughed at her, and persuaded of her, so at last it was settled how it should be. After she was gone to her room at night—there was prayers at the Grange at half-past nine, and when they were over the house was shut up, and all the lights was put out, and everybody went to bed—she was to slip out by her window, and her young man was to meet her, and take her to Manorbere and in by the old part of the house, and through the door at the top of the staircase (what's barred up this many a year now), and so down to the dancing-room; and when their jinks was over, some on 'em took her home again, all on the sly. I don't know how long this went on, but not many times, I should think, or she'd likely got caught. It would have been best for her if she had, poor thing! But one night, as she was whirling round and round with her lover, and his arm round her, he felt her lean heavy all of a sudden, and then slide away to the ground. They all stopped in a fright, and lifted her up, and carried her to the sofa; but no burnt feathers nor vinegar, nor anything else, try what they might, would bring her to. They rode off like mad for a doctor, and he come galloping back with 'em; but he could do nothing. She was dead!"

"Good heavens! how shocking!" cried Effie.

"Ah! you may say so, miss; cut off like that in the midst of her sins!"

"There's no sin in dancing," said Lucy.

"But there is in disobedience, miss, and deceit! The doctor he said it was disease of the heart; but Mr. Perigal, he never would be persuaded but what it was a judgment on her for seeking after carnal pleasures; and he cursed the Clendons and all their lot, as the devil's imps misleading the unwary. They was more strict and serious than ever, after that, at the Grange, and the house was like a tomb for gloominess; for they both loved their niece after their fashion, and they looked on her as a lost soul. Though, for my part, I can't help thinking the Almighty might, mayhap, have mercy on a poor misguided child."

"You are a better Christian than they were," said Lucy.

"But what was the end of the Clendons?" asked Effie.

"Well! Even they seemed sobered like by that shocking night's work. The party broke up soon after, and all went away for good. The family never come back, and I've heerd as how the last on 'em died in forrin parts. The creditors come and took possession, and the property was cut up and sold off. Several different families has had the house, but none for long. They do say that of a night, when all is quiet, that old door is heerd to open softly, creak, creak, and then footsteps go stealing downstairs; and then, by-and-bye, they come creeping up again, and the door creaks again, and sounds as if it was to shut to. But nothing is ever seen." . . . .

Effie listened to this recital with a sort of fascinated terror, and repeated it with

all its eerie particulars to her father and Eleanor when they got home.

"And you believe it really is a ghost going to a ball, do you, my credulous little Effie?" said the colonel, pulling her ear playfully.

"But the noises, papa! We all heard them."

"I have no doubt you did, and that the noises exist, though we have not been able to account for them. But don't you see, my dear girls, that it was the noises that were the cause of the ghost; not the ghost that was the cause of the noises?"

When we got home, of course, I told all this to Captain Macnamara, who, like all sailors, loved a ghost-story. But neither of us was troubled with nervous terrors. On inquiry we found that the sad story of the poor little truant girl was substantially true; and then the matter passed from our minds.

It was now April, very fine weather, and warm for the time of year. Tempted by the beauty of one fragrant evening we had lingered on the terrace, on returning from a stroll in the garden after our usual late dinner, till I was quite tired. So leaving Dick to finish his last cigar, I stepped in to the drawing-room by the window, and sat down to the pianoforte. It was quite dusk indoors, but I did not care to ring for lights till he came in, so I continued playing little bits of soft music by heart, till at last I fell upon one of an old set of Beethoven's waltzes, which had not come into my head for a long time. While I was playing, I heard the door to which my back was turned, open gently; but no one came in. I thought it was my husband, and that he was stopping to listen, as the waltz was an old favourite of his.

"Is that you, Dick?" said I. "Will you order tea?"

No answer. I turned round, and there, looking in at the half-opened door, as if the person were standing behind it, I saw a face so strange, so wan and wistful-looking, that I uttered an involuntary cry. In a moment Dick sprang in at the window, and I pointed to the door. "Who is it?" said I, faintly. He went to the door. "There is no one here." It opened into an ante-room which he crossed, and looked out into the corridor.

"What was it, dear?" said he, coming back. "You look scared." I told him what it was.

"The housemaid coming to see whether the room was put to rights, I suppose."

"I suppose it must have been. But oh, Dick, you can't think how weird, and ghastly, and odd the face looked!"

"Why, so does yours at this moment, love; and most faces do look pale and queer at twilight: especially peeping in at a door. Let us have lights."

He rang the bell. The servants came in with the lamps and tea, and I persuaded myself I had been mistaken. But somehow I did not like to think of that face at the door: and I shunned making the inquiry, whether the housemaid *had* looked in.

A few weeks later, we were to go up to town to pass the London season with my parents, who had taken a house there; and we had engaged to pay visits to various relations in the country afterwards, before returning to Manorbere for the cub-hunting in September. The members of the hunt who happened to be still remaining in the neighbourhood had got up a parting dinner, at which Captain Macnamara was to make one. It took place at Barton, a town five or six miles from us, and at an early hour, because some of the party had a long ride home afterwards. I dined alone at our usual time. I walked in the garden a little with our favourite terrier, Fussy, and then I sat lazily enjoying my tea and a new book till I found myself beginning to nod. Looking at my watch I saw it was already eleven o'clock, and knowing that my husband might be expected home in half an hour or so, I preferred waiting up for him to going to bed; so I went to the piano to rouse myself. Fussy, who was very fond of music, sat up, stretched himself, and followed me to the instrument, where he placed himself at my feet. After playing several pieces, the old Beethoven waltzes recurred to my memory and I began them.

I must make the confession that after the evening when that very unpleasant face had looked in so mysteriously, I had been weak enough to have the piano moved so as to sit facing any one who might come to the door. There was only one lamp in the room, on my reading table: so the other end of the spacious apartment was imperfectly lighted. Looking up as I played, to my astonishment I saw in the distance what I thought to be two white mice capering about on the floor. I left the piano and went to the spot, but nothing was to be seen. This did not surprise me,

as naturally the timid creatures would run away at the slightest movement; but being very fond of animals I wanted to discover them, and sought under the sofa and chairs, and in every corner of the room. All in vain. At last, hoping that if I kept quiet they might come out again, and wondering at the music seeming to attract them, I sat down once more to my waltzes. In an instant, there they were again, going round and round with the greatest regularity; but the moment I stopped playing, or moved from my place, they were gone. This happened three or four times, and the oddest thing was that Fussy, who was rabid after rats and mice, instead of flying at these little creatures crept close to me and crouched trembling by my side. I was glad of it, for I did not wish to have the pretty dancers killed, and I had just recommenced my tune for the fourth time when the door opened, and my husband entered and waltzed up the room towards me while the little creatures kept time with him perfectly, seeming to follow his steps.

"Dick! Dick!" said I, without stopping my music; "look there! Did you ever see anything so curious?"

He paused, looked in the direction indicated by my eyes, and then in a tone of utter amazement, exclaimed:

"Feet! by Heaven!"

"What?" cried I, starting up.

He stood as if petrified. Nothing was to be seen of the strange apparition. I told him what had happened, and that I believed them to be white mice that I had seen.

"Mice!" said he. "As sure as I stand here, it was a little pair of feet in white satin shoes! Go back and play."

I did so.

"There they are again, by Heavens! Come quickly."

I ran to the end of the room, but no trace of them appeared.

Next morning we started for London in the full expectation of returning to Manorbere early in September. But we were summoned in the beginning of that month to what proved to be the death-bed of my dear father, and changes in the family arrangements consequent upon that event kept us some weeks away.

During this time an uncle of my husband's was appointed to the governorship of a colony, and wrote to offer his nephew the post of naval aide-de-camp, which he gladly accepted. Before the year was out, we had sailed for our new destination. When we came back to England, the haunted house had ceased to exist. A railway company had bought it and run its iron road clean across the pretty garden. The house was razed to the ground, the trees were felled, and corn now grows on the scene of the ghost's waltz.

For some time Dick and I kept the story of the ghost's waltz strictly to ourselves; but the public mind is now so well prepared for the reception of marvels, that I have no hesitation in desiring its acceptance of this authentic little history. Accustomed as every one is, now-a-days, to hear—though certainly not to see—how gentlemen who print their indisputable experiences can elongate themselves, flatten themselves, graze themselves against ceilings, and flit in and out of three-pair-of-stair windows; how instruments of music can play for their own amusement in odd corners out of humanity's reach, or fly about in the air, while human beings float among them; how hands, unattached (like retired colonels), can gather flowers and crown poets; and how spiritual beings can return from the grave, to enjoy a game of romps under a loo-table, or talk more dreary nonsense than they talked in life, if possible; there surely can be no difficulty in believing the simple fact of a poor little pair of feet in white satin shoes returning to this world, at the summons of a favourite tune, to finish a dance unexpectedly cut short by ruthless Death!

GRETCHEN'S GUEST.

The great town that to-day is full of life and stir was at that time not thought of. Where the sunshine falls now upon the brilliant shops, upon the gay carriages, upon the hurrying crowd, it lay then upon sweet meadow grass, unbroken, save by the passing clouds, or the shadow of the kine in the silent fields, or the robber crows that lived in their stronghold in the ancient forest hard by, and wheeled in daring foray above the newly ploughed land.

The grand market-place and the stately squares, the noble cathedral church, with its shrines, and carvings, and painted windows, was then but a city underground, reposing in quarries and mines, or in the heart of greenwood trees, awaiting the call to its new life. For the town, whither on market-days the peasants' wives rode with their well-stowed panniers, and whither the maidens went decked in all their bravery to mass or fair; the town, with its

ten thousand indwellers, its rich abbey, its sleek burgomasters and stalwart men-at-arms, and which has now but a tumble-down, decayed, almshousy sort of an existence; was then more than a league away from the little hamlet that is to-day a city. I was going to say that what it is had nothing to do with what it was; but I retract. It has everything in the world to do with it. With the time when the populous streets were mere forest paths, and when the din of the great town was only the clang of the forge iron, or the splash of the mill-stream.

Your hand, and we will cross the planks that bridge the flux of the past; here, somewhat decayed and insecure, there, slippery, and overgrown with the green deposit of years.

So, now we are over. The hard stony lineaments of the city lose their rigidity in the waning light. They become impalpable with something of dream-wavering, reconstruct themselves into their original combinations of rock and wood, and stand out in solemn beauty beneath the stars. Pointed arch and flying buttress of the great church melt into dim vistas of forest trees springing towards heaven, with the delicate tracery of the frost carving upon their branches. The roar of the city softens into a hum, and resolves itself into a soothing sound of falling water, as the mill-wheel goes its round. The echo of the clocks that have but now chimed the hour from tower and steeple, circles out into the air, and comes faintly back through the twilight years in the music of the Christmas bells from that old town more than a league and centuries away. And now it grows darker and darker; we can no longer distinguish the track by which we came, for the fast-falling snow obliterates every path. We can no longer hear falling water or Christmas bells through the pleasant night stillness, for the winter storm howls through the pines and around the mill, as if the evil ones had been exorcised by the holy sound, and wailed in their agony of impotent despair.

Little Gretchen lay in her little bed in the mill-chamber on Christmas Eve long ago. In all the mill-house there was not one living creature but herself and the old blackbird that hung in his wicker cage in the kitchen below; for Hans, the miller, was carousing with some of his boon companions at the ale-house in the distant town, and Fritz, his man, had saddled the old horse, and jogged off as soon as his master's back was turned; for he knew very well that he was safe for that night. The blackbird slept soundly, with his head tucked warmly beneath his wing; Gurtha, the wicked watchdog in the yard, lay dreaming in her house, curled up out of the reach of the drifting snow. Even the people of the hamlet were a league off, hearing the midnight mass in the great abbey church. Only little Gretchen lay awake, with her blue eyes full of tears, as she thought how lonely she was. She had seen, from the mill window, the neighbours all passing in their holiday clothes—some in carts and some on horses; and the mothers had their children with them; even the little babies in their arms going to the great church in the town. Then she thought how fine it must be to be going there, to see the lights, and hear the chanting of the choristers, and smell the incense, and watch the priests in their purple and golden robes, grander than the emperor himself. But above all, O, far above! to kneel before the shrine of our Lady with the Child, who held out his hands so lovingly; and to say the prayer that her mother had taught her, before she went to heaven!

Her tears flowed fast when she thought there would be no one to carry even her name to the holy feet; and she said mournfully, "Alas! When He shall see all the neighbours there without me, He will be angry, or, perhaps, He will forget me, and He will not think of me for a whole year long!" And she almost felt that she must put on her little mantle, and run to present herself, and ask Him to remember her; but although she did not dread the darkness of the road, or the wolves that lived in the forest, she feared her father's anger. For stern of brow and hard of speech was the miller.

So little Gretchen had stood gazing out at the whirling eddies of snow until long after the last passer-by had gone, and she thought as she watched the pure white flakes that never seemed to touch the earth, "Perhaps in those snow robes the good angels fly to-night, and some of them will watch beside our door until the bright sun shines out to-morrow!" And she said, for she was but a little child: "O Heaven birds! if to-night you fly and perch upon the church-roof, ask Him to bless Gretchen so far away!" Then there was a pause for a moment, as if they had been really waiting for her message, and presently round and round, faster and faster, they flew past the houses and above the forest, towards the distant town. But soon the white wings had also passed, and

the thick darkness came up from the ground shadows, and sat rocking and moaning in the tops of the tall trees; and the winter storm, with its mourning hood of mist and bitter hail tears, came rushing down the hills and over the river, as if it had been driven forth to-night from the rejoicing town; and it seemed as if it howled and raged round the mill, trying, in the blind fury of its giant strength, to pluck it up from its foundations, and dash it down to the earth.

Then little Gretchen thought, as she lay in her little bed, of the wehr wolf with the flaming eyes, and of the dark huntsman who rides through the night, to see whom is death; and of the wicked ones with the fair cruel faces and foul trailing serpent bodies, that peer through the tangled branches in the mysterious depths of the forest, to tempt men; and, above all, of the Skeleton Hand that knocks upon the pane before the dead are called. And she thought, "Were I shut up all night by myself in the old church, I should not fear the cold silent ones in their grave clothes, for I should creep close to the feet of the dear Lord, and I should be safe; but, alas! I am now too far away for Him to help me, if they come!" So she hid her eyes with the coverlet, and she heard her heart beating so loudly that it seemed as if the Hand knocked without; and as if in the cold darkness some fearful presence, wrapped in the death mantle, drew near in the chamber to her little bed.

Hearken! Over the forest it came from the distant town. The angry conflict of the night died wailingly off, on great mountain ranges as the holy sound followed hard upon it, and smote it. The strong wind, like a fleet runner, from the watch-tower sped upon its way, bearing good tidings of great joy to all the dwellers in the valleys. Blessings were scattered abroad upon the air, and sprinkled each lintel as they passed, with the sacred influence.

Then Gretchen's tears flowed fast; but they were not for sorrow, nor did she any longer dread the lonely darkness, nor the evil ones, nor the raging of the tempest; for she knew that now the happy birth-hour had come, and she remembered how the patient dumb oxen, sheltered within their stalls from the winter cold, kneel down in humble adoration, and how the birds fly up to the star mansions to be fed by the angels, and learn the songs of the skies; and how to-night the innocent ones, sleeping on mothers' bosoms, or within their cradles, hear voices to which men are deaf; and how the orphaned ones receive the Christmas love-kiss on their slumbering lids.

Then a great peace and joy filled her heart with their harmonies, and she said, "All creatures are bidden to rejoice to-night. I, too, will keep the Master's feast." So she arose, and crept down the mill-stairs to the kitchen below, where the kindling fuel still smouldered upon the hearth. Then she lighted her lamp. She took forth from the chest of napery a cloth that her grandmother had woven in the days of her own youth. She spread the table, and placed upon it all that she could find in the poor household stores—the loaf of wheaten bread and the pitcher of water; and she laid the trencher and cup in the guest place, and drew the old oaken settles to her supper. Then Gretchen set wide open the house-door, to let the Yule tide in, and she sat down to break bread, and, through her childish tears of loneliness, she saw the light of her lamp, all blurred, fading upon the outward air, and presently rekindle into the light of stars, as it shone around the head of the Child who had come to be her midnight guest.

Oh, the beautiful dawn! Clad in its heaven robes of unspotted snow, with its ice jewels sparkling upon its breast, it came in fair presence down from the mountain top! The great king of the East came from afar with golden gifts to do it homage. The smoke from the home-hearths rose up as from pious censers to greet it; the bells in the distant towers signalled its approach; the voices of the children shouted a welcome into the clear cold air. Even the cocks in the farmyard stood upon tiptoe to make themselves heard. The cattle lowed from the stalls, and the birds, in a fine commotion, flew hither and thither, twittering as if they, too, had been bidden by the Master to his feast.

But Hans, the miller, was in no trim to meet it. Surely he had been drinking of the dark wine of the Evil One, which turns to poison in the veins. His eyes were all red and bloodshot, and sunk abashed from meeting the pure angel of light. His beard was untrimmed, and his clothes were awry, as if those unholy companions had plucked at them with graceless fingers, saying, "Abide with us; are we not brethren?"

Then as he stood in sullen shame, opening softly his door, lest some passing neighbour should see him, a sweet fragrance smote him, that was certainly not alone the heavenly breathing of the young morning. Oh,

wonder! what was this? Had he lost consciousness of the time in the fumes of the debauch, and was it the golden summer that the bells rang out so joyously to meet? But no. The mill-stream wore its holiday garb of ice. The snow harvest rose above the silent fields. The frosty air was keen, and where it breathed left winter jewels. And yet! Hans rubbed his eyes. Where yesterday only the bare brown twigs had interlaced each other around the porch, now clustered the shining green leaves, and the red roses opened their hearts to the day.

Then, as one who comes from darkness into light, he stumbled and groped; and it was as if some strong cruel grasp held him back from his threshold; and he would fain have turned and fled to hide himself in the dim recesses of the forest, for a vague terror fell upon him. Then, as he put forth his hand as one who wards a blow, his little maiden stood at the door, and took hold of him and drew him in, as to a city of refuge from the power of the soul pursuer for ever: and she led him to the table where the Guest Child had broken bread at the midnight hour, and behold! the lowly vessels ranged upon it were transformed into pure gold, and the water within the chalice was now generous wine that might have been trodden out in the vineyards of the sun.

And now the mists of the past, lifted for so brief a space, gather again, and rise a golden vapoury haze, through which, as in some poet's dream, the people walk transfigured in the glow. But always is little Gretchen, as one of the pure shining ones, whom some mysterious sign had set apart from her fellows, just as in old time it lingered on the three who had been up with the Master on the Mount. The miller passes under that marvellous transfiguration into a staid, grave burgher in velvet raiment, befitting his dignities, and with belt well stored with broad pieces for the needy; for he remembers now ever the saying, "The bread that thou givest is sown above for thee in the cornfields of God, and when thou openest thy door to the poor, an angel enters in."

So the benediction fell even upon Hans. It touched the beams and rafters of the old mill, and all prospered beneath its roof, as the place which the Lord of all had blessed: and presently upon the spot so honoured was raised, by pious hands, that noble pile which travellers come from far distant lands reverently to visit. And as they are led to our Lady's chapel, where stands the shrine of the Child and his Mother, devoutly removed from the old abbey church, they see beneath, carved in the pure white marble, a recumbent figure of a little maiden, with meekly folded hands. And as the light enters through the painted pane, it seems as if saints and martyrs cast down their purple and golden glories to enwrap her in their pomp, and as if the shadow of those outspread hands above, still fell and rested in mystic benediction upon her head. Then, as from distant aisles comes the chanting of priest and chorister, and as the great flood of harmony surges through the space, and as the strong young life of the mighty city of to-day is faintly heard in a blent busy murmur from the walls without, the sacristan tells the traveller in hushed tones the Legend of Gretchen's Guest.

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XV. WHAT SAYS THE LAW?

MR. FROST'S cross-examination elicited more truth from Veronica than she had intended to tell, or than she was aware she had told. She had meant, indeed, to narrate the main facts of her case as they were; but at the same time to present them in such a manner as to gain her hearer's sympathies wholly for herself. She could not have spoken to the raggedest lazzarone without trying to make an effect: only in different cases she adopted different means for the attainment of the same end.

Mr. Frost read her like a book. For Mr. Frost's clear judgment was not dazzled by the glamour of her beauty. He was infatuatedly in love with another woman. He thought Georgina far handsomer and more stately than this girl. And how superbly indifferent she was to his feelings! He knew that her heart was as hard as the nether millstone. But he had taken the first downward step in his life to win her.

When a man like Mr. Frost has done so much to gain any object, he does not easily cease to prize it. That would be to acknowledge his whole life a failure; and Mr. Frost hated failure, and, more deeply still, he hated the *acknowledgment* of failure.

The natural bias of his mind being towards hard judgments, and his professional experience having taught him to expect evil, he had at first been more than half inclined to suspect Veronica of having known all along that Sir John was a married man, and of having been an accomplice in the commission of bigamy. But at last he satisfied himself that she had been duped.

"But still I do not quite understand why he should have run that risk," said Mr. Frost, thoughtfully.

"He ran no risk. His doctors had told him that he could not live a month. And I—I——"

"You importuned him, I suppose?"

"I did not importune Sir John. I never importuned him. And as to our marriage—he was bound by the most solemn obligations to make me his wife."

"Obligations which he never could have looked upon as binding, in the least: since *he* knew, although you did not, that his real wife was living. No, no; the 'solemn obligations' had nothing to do with it."

"But I had threatened to leave him, unless he did me right and justice."

"No doubt he would not have liked that. His pride (to speak of no other feeling) would have sufficed to make that painful to him. But, excuse me, that threat would scarcely have had any influence so long as he thought it a vain one!"

"It was not a vain threat; and he knew it was not. I could have left him, and I would have done so. I should have appealed to my cousin, Prince Cesare, for assistance and protection."

"Aye, aye, *that*, indeed! Jealousy, and resentment, and bitterness, and envy of the folks who were going to live after he was dead! Yes: and then he secured peace and quietness for himself at the last, and prevented your leaving him."

"And he thought he was snaring me!" said Veronica, her breath coming quickly, and her splendid brows creasing themselves near together. "He thought I was his dupe and his victim. He meant me to awaken to unspeakable shame and misery after he was

dead. And he thought he was preparing an overwhelming disappointment for Cesare too! Oh, it was devilish!"

Mr. Frost declined to enter into the question of Sir John's deviltry.

"It is one of the strangest stories altogether that ever came under my notice," said he. "And we lawyers, of course, come in the way of strange stories; or they come in ours."

Veronica had had much to learn as well as to narrate. It will be remembered that she had received no communication from her old home since her flight. And almost the bitterest drop in her cup was the discovery of the identity of Sir John's forsaken wife, with Maud's aunt, Lady Tallis.

It was so intolerably galling to her to think that her story must now be known and canvassed by all the people she knew! Had Sir John left a lawful wife in Spain, or Algiers, or Australia, there might (or so Veronica fancied) have been some hope that the world she cared to shine in, would never have been made acquainted with the real circumstances. By skilful management they might have been kept back. But now there was no hope of that. Lady Tallis had belonged to a well-known family. People like Miss Betsy Boyce, whose after-dinner gossip at Lowater now came back vividly to Veronica's mind, would recal all the old story and industriously piece it on to the new one. It would be the town talk! The thought was distracting. For in proportion as Veronica could never be entirely happy without an audience to witness her happiness, so was the idea that she must have spectators of her humiliation and misfortune, intolerable to her.

Evil that could be hidden, did not seem so evil, to Veronica.

She had clung during so many months to the hope of some day returning to England as Lady Gale; throughout the gradual progress of Sir John's illness, she had suffered such fluctuations of hope and fear, that she felt as though some compensation were due to her.

Had she not been injured? Had she not suffered? As to others—what had others done for her? The good people had drawn off from her. (And *were* they so much better than she was, pray?—except Maud? Maud was good! She understood now, how it was that Maud had seemed to desert her, and had never answered her letter. But then Maud was different from any one else. Her aunt must have prevented her from writing.) And as for the bad people, they had been desperately bad to her.

These thoughts passed through her brain as she sat with her hands clasped before her, leaning back in the easy chair wherein Cesare's care had placed her. And she looked full of a noble melancholy, with her dark eyes fixed abstractedly on vacancy, and her rich lips apart.

If Mr. Frost had seen her portrait faithfully reproducing that look and attitude, he would have formed all kinds of exalted ideas about the original. But Mr. Frost had fathomed her nature, as he flattered himself. She could cast no sorcery over *him!* And yet—and yet it is certain that he would not have behaved to her quite in the same manner if she had been fat, or freckled, or had lost her front teeth.

"Veronica!" said Cesare, timidly entering the room, "you promised to send for me. It is so long ago. I have been so anxious. Let me stay with you. You see, Mr. Frost, how exhausted she is. Ought she not to take some rest?"

"I had been resting since two o'clock, until Mr. Frost came," she answered, languidly. "It is not bodily rest I want!"

"You understand, my friend," pursued Barletti, addressing Mr. Frost, "that I am Miladi Gale's nearest male relative in Italy; and that I am, therefore, the proper person to give her every assistance and protection in the position in which she is so unexpectedly placed."

"Oh, undoubtedly, prince. Ahem! Your cousin naturally looks on you as standing in the place of a brother to her."

The most subtle of mocking smiles lurked about the lines of Mr. Frost's mouth as he spoke.

Cesare, with a grave bow, accepted the position assigned to him by the Englishman's phrase: wholly unconscious of its irony. But Veronica answered at once with disdainful frankness:

"Not so, Mr. Frost. I do not look on Prince Cesare de' Barletti as a brother. My cousin he is truly, and as such I have a claim on his protection. But it will be as well for you to understand at once, that he is, moreover, my promised husband; and that our interests are identical. It will, doubtless, not surprise *you* that I do not think it necessary to condescend to any hypocrisy of grief at my widowhood. The prince and I do not hesitate to repose full confidence in you as our legal adviser."

Cesare took her hand and kissed it gratefully, but he was a little startled, and

one might almost say, shocked. Why be so outspoken? Of course Mr. Frost understood their real position. But, why speak of it? At such a moment it seemed almost indecorous. Of course she could not be supposed to mourn for Sir John Gale, but why not make-believe a little, if even only to the extent of saying nothing?

Mr. Frost looked at Veronica with a good deal of undisguised admiration, and no little secret surprise. She had more spirit and cleverness than he had supposed! He had not quite fathomed her character after all!

And Veronica was perfectly sensible of the impression she had made.

"I suppose," she said, after a little pause, "that the best thing will be for me to go to London at once?"

"It will be well to do so as soon as possible," said Mr. Frost.

"Our good friend has no doubt of your getting your rights?" said Barletti, glancing from the lawyer to Veronica.

"Prince, we must speak to the point. The fact is, that the legality of your cousin's marriage will, in my judgment, depend entirely on the hour at which Lady Tallis Gale expired. If she died before the ceremony at Naples took place, the marriage is good. If she survived that ceremony—even by five minutes——!"

Mr. Frost finished his sentence by an expressive shrug. There was a dead silence.

At length Cesare said, "But the will, the property; that will be my cousin's? It must be!"

Mr. Frost slowly shook his head. "I have not seen the documents, but neither have you, nor has your cousin. And I do not disguise from you that, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, I think it likely that Sir John made that will prior to the ceremony on board the Furibond, intending really to bequeath his property to his real—to his first—wife."

"It would be monstrous! Infamous! Unheard of!" exclaimed Barletti, in much excitement.

"He was capable of it," said Veronica. Then she turned sharply on Barletti.

"Did I not tell you? Did I not warn you last night? I told you that I was sure all was not clear—that he meant to fool and delude me!"

Cesare looked blandly from one to the other. "Then," said he at length, "my cousin will have nothing? Absolutely nothing?"

"Gently, prince," replied Mr. Frost. "You go too fast. The whole matter turns upon the legality of your cousin's marriage. If that marriage were good, any will made previous to it is null and void—mere waste paper. Marriage vitiates any former testamentary dispositions."

Veronica drew a long breath, and raised her eyes to the lawyer's face.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, in a low voice; "then, if she—that woman—his—his wife, died before the hour of my marriage——?"

"In that case your marriage was legal; Sir John must be held to have died intestate; and you, as his widow (there being no child to inherit), will take your legal share of the personal property. No inconsiderable fortune, I apprehend."

"But," persisted Cesare, who could not relinquish the idea that Sir John had meant to make some kind of restitution, and to whom the idea of a dying man doing deliberate evil was horrible: "but I think he did mean to leave Veronica the money!"

"You think! Bah! You are mad!" cried Veronica, in a tone of exquisite irritation, throwing herself into a chair. She had been pacing up and down. Her face was worn and haggard, her eyes were swollen, her hands fevered.

"The only way to decide the question," said Mr. Frost, "would be to see the will. Who has the custody of it?"

"Paul—the valet I spoke of—has the keys of his master's desk in his own possession. The will was locked up in a drawer of the desk in our presence," replied Barletti.

"Ay! You consider this Paul to be trustworthy?" asked Mr. Frost.

"I will tell you what I think would be the best thing," said Cesare. "If Mr. Frost would undertake to see us remove the document from the place where it was put last night, and examine it, and then seal it up, and keep it in his own possession, until we go to England; that would be quite satisfactory."

Mr. Frost had no objection to do so, and at Barletti's request rang the bell to summon Paul.

"Cesare," whispered Veronica, as the lawyer turned to the other side of the room to reach the bell, "I need not—it will not be necessary for me—I—I *cannot* go in there!"

"My Treasure, I think it would be best if you could stand at the door for a moment even! It will be but for a moment."

Barletti did not know but that the omission of some trifling precaution might imperil the possession of the property. He had a vague idea that the law was a ticklish and complicated machine, something like a conjurer's paraphernalia, in the handling of which great nicety and cunning were required, lest by the touching of a wrong spring, or the non-touching of a right one, the instrument should go wrong, and produce quite unexpected results. He really had faith in the justice of Veronica's cause, and deemed that it would be a crying shame to deprive her of the money that he persisted in believing had been bequeathed to her.

But none the more for that faith would he have neglected any wile that the wiliest lawyer could have suggested to him.

Blunt-fingered Honesty will never pull the yards of ribbon out of the conjurer's box. That is not blunt-fingered Honesty's business.

The servant who answered the bell, was told to send Paul to the boudoir immediately.

"Wait for me an instant," said Veronica to Frost and Barletti. "I—I will come."

She took a lamp from the table, and went into her dressing-room, shutting the door behind her.

CHAPTER XVI. THE WILL.

On the toilet-table in the dressing-room, stood a large dressing-case. It was open, so as to display ostentatiously its rich gold fittings and violet velvet lining.

Veronica selected one of the crystal bottles it contained, and turned its contents into a drinking goblet; but only a drop or two dripped out. The liquid it had contained was eau-de-cologne. She poured a little water into the goblet, and drank it off; but there was scarcely enough eau-de-cologne to flavour the water.

Impatiently she searched about, opening another case that stood near, and then shaking a wicker-covered flask that lay uncorked on a side table. It was quite empty.

After a minute's hesitation, she took up the lamp again, and hastened very noiselessly through her bedroom, into a corridor, and so to the dining-room. The large room was empty. The cloth was still spread. The plates, dishes, and glasses, were just as they had been left after dinner on the preceding evening, when Veronica and Cesare had dined tête-à-tête, before the making of Sir John's will. The machine-like regularity of the household service had been terribly interrupted since then.

The air was close, and there was a faint sickening smell of fruit, and of the lees of stale wine in the room.

Veronica peered about, holding her lamp up so as to throw its light here and there in the great shadowy space, and moving with a kind of stealthy hurry. On the sideboard stood a row of bottles and decanters. She examined them one by one. They were mostly uncorked, and some were nearly empty. On the ground beside the sideboard, was a large plated ice-pail, and in it was a small bottle of champagne. She set down her lamp, knelt on the floor and took out the bottle all dripping from the melted ice. It was corked, and she had no means of opening it. For a moment she listened intently, turning her head towards the main door of the saloon. There was no sound to be heard. Then all at once she rose, seized a tumbler from the table and broke off the neck of the bottle by striking it sharply across the rim of the ice-pail. The foaming wine poured out over the floor, and over her hands, and some of it half-filled the tumbler. She drank it desperately, as though it had been some draught on which her life depended. Then having thrown the broken flask back into the ice-pail and replaced the tumbler on the table, she hastened back breathlessly to her dressing-room.

Her going and return had occupied but a few minutes. In her confused haste she was hardly conscious how long it was since she had left the boudoir. But when she re-entered it, Paul had only just made his appearance in presence of the two gentlemen.

"You have the key of Sir John Gale's desk, Paul, have you not?" said Barletti.

"Of the desk that stands in his bedchamber? Yes, Signor Principe."

"We wish to open it to take out the testament which your master read to us last night, and which you signed."

Paul very quietly raised his left hand, and put the thumb and forefinger of it into his waistcoat pocket. Having done so he made no further movement, but stood looking gravely and silently at Barletti.

"Well," said the latter, impatiently, "where is the key?"

"It is here, illustrissimo," said Paul, very respectfully, but still not attempting to produce the key.

Barletti coloured with anger. He had never liked Paul, having derived a prejudice against him from Veronica; and the

steady non-compliance of the man was irritating.

"I think you need a lesson, Signor Paolo Paoli," said Barletti, haughtily; "you do not quite understand your position in this household. I recommend you to give up the key at once, and to refrain from any attempt at insolence."

"Insolence, Signor Principe!" exclaimed Paul, genuinely shocked at the accusation. "Pardon, illustrissimo, I never was insolent in my life. I know my duty to my superiors. But——"

"The man has some scruple, some hesitation, in giving up the key; is that it?" asked Mr. Frost, who had been watching both the interlocutors attentively.

"Yes, sir," replied Paul immediately, in English. "I have a scruple. I humbly demand the pardon of Prince Cesare, but you see, sir, I was always a faithful domestic of Sir John Gale. And Sir John Gale left me, as I may say, in charge of many things. Now, Prince Cesare demands to have my master's will. Prince Cesare" (Paul made a deferential bow in Barletti's direction every time he mentioned his name) "was doubtless a respected friend of my master; but not a brother, not a cousin, not a nephew, not any relative at all, of my master."

"No; that is quite true, Paul," said Mr. Frost, gently nodding his head.

"Well then, sir; you see, how can I give up my master's testament to one who has no right—you see, sir?"

"Paul's new-born nicety of scrupulous honour would be diverting, if it were not impertinent," said Veronica. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were flushed, her face had lost its dragged and weary lines.

Paul did not look at her, but he made a little deprecating gesture with his head and shoulders, and stood there with the mild, melancholy obstinacy of a dumb beast.

"Pardon me," Mr. Frost put in. "Allow me one moment! I must say that I respect our friend Paul's scruples. But, Paul, a proper and fit person to have possession of Sir John Gale's will is his widow; is it not?"

"His—widow, sir?"

"This lady, Lady Gale. It is on her behalf that we wish to see the will. You know the contents of it, do you not?"

"Not altogether, sir. I was at the other end of the bedchamber when Sir John was speaking to miladi and the Signor Principe, and Sir John's voice was very low; very low indeed, sir."

"But you had previously signed the will as a witness, I am told."

"Yes, sir, I was witness; but my master did not inform me what was in the will."

"And was there no other witness but yourself?"

"There was yet another, sir. Sir John did not like that any of his own servants should be witness, so he told me to get a loyal person to sign the testament. Sir John wished he should be English, that other person. So I found a man who had brought horses here for a gentleman; and this man was going back to England; and before he went, I asked him one evening to supper with me, and then Sir John signed the testament, and I signed it, and the other witness signed it. The man can be found, sir. Sir John made him leave his name and address in my care, and I have them."

Every word that Paul uttered, fed Veronica's rising indignation.

Barletti understood very little of what was being said; but he watched Veronica's face, and reflected its expression unconsciously.

"Ha! Yes, yes: very systematic," muttered Mr. Frost. Then he asked aloud, "How long is this ago, Paul?"

"About a fortnight ago, sir. The Signor Principe may remember the date. It was three days after the morning when I saw him and miladi in the Villa Reale."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Frost. "That's decisive. A fortnight ago. There *may*, however, be a codicil added later."

Veronica's mind was less impressed by this fact than by the other one admitted by Paul, that he had watched her and Barletti in the Villa Reale.

"You have the audacity to confess——" she broke out in high excitement. But Mr. Frost stopped her.

"Pray, madam," he said, gravely, "do not let us allow anger to enter into our discussion of this matter."

There was a short silence.

At length Paul said bluntly, addressing Mr. Frost: "Were you a friend of my master's, sir? Did you know him well?"

"I am an English lawyer, Paul. My name is Frost You may have heard my name mentioned here. You have, eh? Well, I am that same Mr. Frost. I did not know Sir John Gale personally, but you may be sure that in allowing your master's will to be inspected in my presence you are running no risk of failing in your duty."

Paul looked somewhat re-assured, though he still hesitated. "May I say one word to you, sir?" he whispered.

Mr. Frost stepped with him outside the door, which Paul closed and held in his hand while he spoke.

"Sir," said he, "she is not his wife. You see, I knew it all along, but it was not for me to interfere. How could I? I am but a domestic. But, the parents—the relations, I mean—of Sir John in England will know very well who has a right to the property. I say nothing against miladi, but the truth is, that Sir John was angry with her for some time before he died. Now why does she want the will, sir? If there is anything left to her in it she will get it safely by the law."

Paul emphasised his speech by a prolonged and grave shaking of his head from side to side.

"Paul," said Mr. Frost, after a moment's deliberation, "miladi, as you call her, *was* married to Sir John Gale." Then he told him in a few words when and where the ceremony had been performed.

Paul remembered the expedition to the ship of war, and how ill and exhausted his master had been after it. He was much astonished by Mr. Frost's statement, and reiterated his assertion that Sir John had been very angry with "miladi" before he died. How was it then, that he had made her his wife at the eleventh hour?

It appeared clear to Mr. Frost that Paul had no suspicion of the existence of a former wife, or of any fraudulent intention on the part of his late master.

"At all events I suppose you believe my word, do you not?" said Mr. Frost. "The marriage on board the man-of-war I have reason to be sure did take place."

"Oh, no doubt, sir!"

"And remember, Paul, although I perfectly appreciate your fidelity to the interests of your late master, that you have no conceivable right to retain possession of that key, when Lady Gale bids you give it up."

"I am sure, sir, I desire nothing but to do my duty. Sir John was hard in some things, but he has done a great deal for me. He took me, from being a courier, to be his valet; and he gave me a liberal salary, sir, and I have been able from my sparings to do well for my family. I could not go against my duty to Sir John, sir!"

There was absolutely a quiver of emotion in Paul's well-regulated voice as he spoke. He was so fond of his boys in the Piedmontese hills, that Sir John, from constant connection with them in his mind, had attracted some soft sentiments of Paul's to his own share. And besides: under the little man's grave imperturbability there was quite a feminine power of becoming attached to that which needed him, in proportion as it was unattractive to the rest of the world. He had often told himself that if he were to leave Sir John, the latter would never get any one to serve him so well. For Sir John was a terribly hard gentleman, to say truth! During Sir John's lifetime, Paul had occasionally come nigh to finding him intolerable. But now that he was dead, the man actually missed, and mourned for, his daily plague.

"Have you succeeded in making my servant understand that he will have to obey me, Mr. Frost?" asked Veronica, when the two men re-opened the door of the boudoir.

"Paul quite understands," said Mr. Frost, quietly.

Barletti looked angry, but he gave his arm to Veronica without making any remark, and they all descended the stairs to the ground-floor, on which Sir John's bedroom was situated.

"Go on Paul, and open the door," said Mr. Frost. Then, as the servant obeyed him, he fell back a step or two, and said in a low voice, to Barletti and Veronica: "If you will take my advice, you will conciliate Paul. He is honest, I think. And it might come to pass that you would be glad to have him on your side."

"Conciliate him!" echoed Veronica, with a frown, and a cruel compression of her red lips, "I would turn him into the street this moment. He should not be another night beneath this roof if I could have my way."

"Cara mia! Per pietà! Be reasonable!" whispered Barletti, on whom the lawyer's warning produced a strong effect.

Paul unlocked the door of the dead man's chamber, and, holding a lamp high above his head, stood aside just within the threshold to let the others pass. All traces of disorder had been removed from the room. It was dim and still. The one oil lamp that burnt there, threw deep shadows on the walls, and faintly illumined the objects that immediately surrounded its pale flame. The floor was covered with a thick carpet into which the foot sank noiselessly. Gleams of gold shone out mysteriously here and

there; and a soft glow of ruby velvet from the furniture and hangings made itself seen in the dimness, where some salient fold caught the light. At one end of the room was a large swing glass, that reflected the blinking lamp and the rich dark curtains touched here and there with light, and the bed with its vague, ghastly burden covered with a large, white sheet.

Veronica, when her eyes encountered this object in the glass, stopped, shuddering, and clung to Barletti's arm. He, too, was not unmoved by the scene, and he pressed her hand silently.

"No one watches here?" said Mr. Frost, in a subdued voice, which yet seemed to startle the solemn silence.

"No one, sir. But I have the key of the chamber. And, as for that, not one of the domestics would venture to come here now, if the room was all unguarded, and unreckoned gold was scattered on the floor."

In silence they proceeded to open the desk: Mr. Frost holding the light while Paul unlocked it, opened an inner drawer, and took out a small folded paper.

"You recognise this as being the paper which your master told you was his will, and made you sign? And you see that as far as you can tell, it has been quite undisturbed since you put it there by his command last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you, prince?" asked Mr. Frost, handing the will to Barletti.

The latter bent forward and examined it without touching it. Veronica barely glanced at it for a moment, and then her gaze returned to that white, ghastly picture in the mirror, which seemed to fascinate her.

"I believe it to be the same paper which he had in his hand last night," said Barletti, speaking scarcely above his breath.

Mr. Frost unfolded the will and read it silently.

It bore date the seventeenth of February, and was expressed in short and clear sentences. It bequeathed the whole of Sir John Tallis Gale's personal property absolutely to his "beloved wife" during her life-time; and, in case of her death before the death of the testator, to her only surviving niece, Maud Hilda Desmond. There was no subsequent codicil, and no mention of any one else, save a legacy of two thousand pounds to Mr. Adam Lane, Sir John's agent, who was also appointed sole executor.

"What does it say?" whispered Barletti.

"What it says is of less consequence than the date it bears. If your cousin's marriage was a good one, this will is mere waste paper."

Then, turning to Paul, Mr. Frost added, "In accordance with Lady Gale's desire, I shall by-and-bye, in your presence, seal up this document, and retain it in my possession until we all arrive in England. You understand that I am responsible for its safety until then."

Paul answered after a little grave deliberation. "Of course, sir, I desire to do my duty to Sir John. I hope you will not take it per male—that you will not be offended—if I say that I shall write to Mr. Lane, the agent of Sir John. I do not know any of my master's family. But I shall tell Mr. Lane that I am ready to bear testimony if I am needed."

"That is quite right, Paul," answered Mr. Frost, a little stiffly. "You may be sure that everything will be done in a proper manner."

Then Paul proceeded to replace the empty drawer, and to re-lock the desk. And, as he did so, making no sound in the process, the others stood by in profound silence. It was a silence truly of death. Death was there in a tangible shape beneath the cold white linen that was slightly raised with an outline at once terribly unmistakable and terribly indistinct.

Veronica had not dared to look directly at the bed, but she continued to stare at its image in the glass. All her old horror and dread of death seemed to be stealing over her. The factitious excitement which had given her courage to enter the room was fading fast. Her head throbbed, and her eyes were hot, and she felt dizzy. The impression of the awful scene during Sir John's last moments seemed to come back to her with the sickening terror of a bad dream.

In coming away from the desk, Paul accidentally gave a slight touch to the great glass, and it instantly swung to a different angle: making one who looked into it giddy with a sudden vague sense of insecurity.

As the mirror swung slowly down, it seemed to Veronica's eyes as though the white form on the bed were stirring and rising.

"He moves, he moves, he is not dead, he is moving!" she cried. And with a stifled shriek that died in her throat, she burst from Cesare, who was scarcely less horror-

stricken than herself, and rushed into the corridor, where, after a few paces, she fell down heavily in a swoon.

A CHAPTER ON THE LATIN POETS.

Mr. Tennyson's extraordinary poem of Lucretius, and the criticisms to which it gave occasion, have naturally induced some inquiry among readers in general as to the Latin poets in particular. Curiously enough, Lucretius stands not only in the first rank, but as the first in time, of the great writers who brought Roman verse to perfection. We wish to make a few remarks on this line of singers, of whom less is known by us than of the Greek bards, to whom, indeed, scholars have paid almost exclusive attention.

We have the confession of Cicero that poetry appeared very late among the Romans in the shape of refined composition. The Fescennine verses, or the loose satirical pieces sung at harvest-homes, were of course of great antiquity; as were also the Versus Saturnii, or the iambic ravings of Faunus and the prophets, in which measure Nævius composed an historical poem on the Punic War. The older Romans looked with contempt on Greek accomplishments; counting, indeed, music, painting, singing, dancing, acting, and other arts, as mean and dishonourable professions, in which they were willing to educate their slaves, but not their children. The perfection of Latin verse was due to Lucretius and Catullus, but especially to the former, whose style always flows in a pure stream, and whose verses are frequently recommended by a beautiful harmony of numbers. Lucretius was educated at Athens, in the Epicurean philosophy. He had for patron one Memnius, whom he has celebrated in his verses, but who nevertheless fell into disgrace, having been accused of canvassing and bribery for the consulship, and was, with others, condemned and banished for the crime. Here, it is probable, lay the real cause of the poet's distemper and death, which happened in the year of Rome 701, when he was about forty-four years of age.

The great poem of Lucretius was, after his death, revised by Cicero, for so highly was it esteemed that it was deemed proper it should be given to the world in the best possible form. The Invocation to Venus at the beginning of the poem has always been admired, understanding by the goddess the principle of Love and Concord. Mars, in her embrace, forgets his rage; and therefore the poet pleads, in the interests of his country, that she will so propitiate the War-God as to procure for Rome the peace which was so needful for the cultivation of the arts and sciences. Among the descriptions which have received the highest praise are, those of Sicily, the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the offering of the calf and the dam's concern for its loss, the shells that cover the sea-shore, and the plague of Athens.

The purely philosophical character of the poem provoked opposition, which was increased by its plain speaking; for Lucretius professed a noble pity for human ignorance and superstition, which he believed it was the mission of Epicurus to enlighten and remove. His aim was to supply mankind with a motive for directing their affections to objects whose perfections are sufficient to satisfy the desire, and fill the soul with admiration and delight. What Lucretius says on this point vindicates Epicurus against the imputation of his having encouraged sensual pleasure, the main drift of the argument being in recommendation of sobriety and temperance as the sole conditions of true happiness.

The next poet in time and merit is Catullus, who was born about eighty years before the Christian era in the territory of Verona. His father was acquainted with Julius Cæsar. He was carried at an early age to Rome by his patron Manlius, and there soon gained another patron in Cicero. Indeed, his wit and merit recommended him to the greatest men of his time, who are mentioned in his writings as his most intimate friends. His poems are lyrical and epigrammatic, much inferior in the harmony of numbers, and also in their moral tone, to the verses of Lucretius. One of his most celebrated poems is in praise of Lesbia and her Sparrow. The heroine so styled, was a Roman lady named Clodia; he had also another mistress named Ipsithilla of Verona. Most of his writings are lost; many of them were licentious and satirical, the severest being directed against Julius Cæsar. The latter, to counteract his animosity, invited the poet to supper, and treated him with such affability and good nature, that the satirist was subdued by his courtesy, and resolved on silence for the future. He died about the age of thirty.

The third poet on our list is Tibullus, who was born at Rome, and patronised by Messala Corvinus. He had a country seat at Pedum, a town in Latium, near Rome,

and flourished in the first century of the Christian era. He suffered from the civil wars of the time, though he never meddled with politics himself, and laments his losses in his poetry. For the rest he seems to have abandoned himself to the passion of love, and had at least two mistresses, Delia and Nemesis, who both united in their regards for him at his funeral. He, too, died young, much lamented by his mother and sister, who closed the eyes of the dying poet. These circumstances are mentioned by Ovid, who commends him as a fine writer and good critic, and intimates his favourable opinion of the sweetness and elegance of his elegies by describing Cupid and Venus mourning at his death. By some Tibullus is preferred to Ovid himself. His hexameters are remarkably sweet and flowing, and critics have ruled that "he has left us in his works the most perfect form of the true elegiac style."

With Tibullus is usually associated Propertius, a poet who lost his father in youth, but gained the patronage of Mæcenas and Gallus. Beyond these few particulars are known of him, except that he died young, it is supposed about the age of forty-one. He sought to imitate Callimachus, the great Greek elegiac poet.

We speedily reach the culminating point. In Virgil, whom in due course we next mention, Latin poetry at once attains to excellence. Virgil, like Homer, is by his earliest biographers esteemed a miraculous person: wonders accompanied his birth, and he was also illegitimate. He was probably born at Andes, near Mantua. His mother's name was Maja. Previously to his birth, she is said to have dreamed that she brought forth an olive branch, which as soon as set in the ground took root, sprang up into a full-grown tree, and abounded with fruit and blossom. Next day she was delivered of him by the way-side, and was surprised by the child not crying like other new-born babes, but appearing with a smiling countenance. A branch of poplar, called after his name, was set on the spot, according to the custom of the country, and grew so fast that it soon arrived at the size and height of the other trees that had been set long before, and was the occasion of much superstition in the neighbouring country. Certain it is, that the great poet's birthday was kept in after times with much solemnity. Statius tells us that he was accustomed to celebrate it. Heathen mythology, indeed, admitted of a kind of worship being paid to the souls of departed heroes. Statius probably had a sincere devotion for the genius of Virgil, in the hope that he might thereby obtain from him assistance in the composition of his own poems.

Virgil was at seven years of age sent to Cremona, and thence to Milan; and was there educated in the Greek language, physics, mathematics, and the Epicurean philosophy. The last he ultimately forsook for the Platonic. Having finished his studies, he travelled through Italy into Naples, and probably visited Rome. At a later date he lost his patrimony through the divisions of lands made by Augustus to his soldiers; and for its restoration he depended on the interest of Varus, in whose name he wrote a tragedy. Varus, in return, used his interest with Pollio, to whom were confided the most important employments and honours in the empire. Virgil's application at court succeeded. Pollio himself was a poet, having written several tragedies. Virgil had now acquired a name by his Pastorals and Georgics. The latter he began to read to Augustus at Atella, a town in Campania, but from the weakness of his lungs failed near the end, when Mæcenas condescendingly supplied his place. Virgil was in his forty-second year, when he began the Æneid. Into this work it was his design to weave all that was then known of Roman history, and that of the several nations of Italy. On this account he has been called the Roman historian as well as poet. He rehearsed his sixth book to Augustus and Octavia, and so touched the sympathies of the latter that she swooned at the recital. On her recovery, the empress rewarded the poet with ten thousand sesterces for every line of the passage that had so affected her—somewhat less than thirty lines. The sum amounted to about two thousand one hundred pounds of our money. The Æneid was finished about four years afterwards, but still needed correction. Many lines, indeed, were left incomplete. Virgil then set out for his travels in Greece, and was seized at Megara with a languishing distemper, of which he died at Brundusium. He was buried at Naples. His poem was published as he had left it, not even a hemistich being filled up. He died very rich, leaving, by his will, nearly seventy-five thousand pounds among his relatives and patrons, besides a considerable legacy to Augustus.

The merit of Virgil's poetry lies in its exquisite finish and perfection. Everywhere we recognise not only genius but taste. Thus it has conciliated the patron-

age of the great, and secured immortality to his poems, which are all dignified either in regard to their themes or their treatment.

The value of style having been shown by Virgil, his immediate successors were not slow to profit by his example. Horace aimed at the same perfection for odes and elegies as Virgil had attained for his epic and pastorals. Horace was not of noble birth; his grandfather was simply a freedman and tax-gatherer of Venusium. At ten years of age Horace was sent to Rome, and carefully and morally educated. On his start into the world, he went with Brutus to Macedonia, and was made a tribune; but nature never intended Horace for a soldier. At the battle of Philippi, it is reported, he left the field and fled, having first thrown away his shield—an action regarded by the ancients as dishonourable.

Horace was now reduced to want, and resorted to poetry as the means of improving his position. His merits were recognised by Mæcenas, to whom he was recommended by Virgil. But Horace preferred a country to a court life. However, he was one of those who, with Virgil and others, accompanied Mæcenas as deputies for Augustus to make a treaty of peace with Antony. He has described his journey in the fifth satire of his first book. This transaction introduced him to Pollio, who wrote a history of the civil wars.

Horace has left many descriptions of his rustic retreat at Tibur, both in his epistles and his odes. His wishes were moderate, and his mode of life simple. A good library, food to serve a year—these combined the whole of his desires, and seemed to him all mankind should pray for. His custom was to visit Rome in the spring, to spend the summer in the country, and to pass the winter at Tarentum. In his retirement he abstained, it seems, from literary work, and gave himself up to enjoyment. In his latter days he devoted himself entirely to rural pleasures. At all times he avoided the fatigue of a long work, though his gratitude to Augustus led him occasionally to celebrate the imperial triumphs over Pompey and Antony, or the victorious exploits of Tiberius and Drusus. Besides, Augustus expressly desired to be frequently mentioned in the works of so elegant a poet.

In his youth, Horace was a professed Epicurean; but "the years that bring the philosophic mind" induced him to turn Stoic. His conversion he has described in one of his odes, in which he mentions that on a certain day it lightened and thundered in a pure sky, an occurrence which he regarded as miraculous, and accepted as an argument for an overruling Providence.

As to his personal appearance, Horace was short of stature and corpulent, being compared by Augustus to a little thick volume which he had sent him, accompanied by a letter. At forty he was grey-haired, and subject to sore eyes, which induced him to abstain from too much exercise, though he loved company and a cheerful glass. But he wished his guests to use their own discretion, and be entirely free in their use of the latter. His disposition was amorous, but he mastered his passions, and lived tranquilly in his old age. He and Mæcenas died in the same year and month; Horace being then in his fifty-seventh year. He is regarded as a master in the lyric school of poetic art, and in his Odes has risen to the sublime as well as the beautiful, aiming always at dignity of thought and majesty of expression. Thus, he illustrates the defeat of Brutus and Cassius by that of the Titans when warring with Jupiter. His style has many felicities which are peculiar, and by which he contrives to elevate the humblest themes. Delicacy, brevity, and simplicity are its general characteristics. Of satire, Horace may almost be considered the founder, as the kind was not known to the Greeks, and, as we have said, the form was altogether of Roman origin. It was somewhat improved by Lucilius, brought to perfection by Horace, and maintained at a high level by Persius and Juvenal. These writers are, however, distinguishable from one another—Horace for his wit, Juvenal for his eloquence, and Persius for his spleen.

A far greater name is that next in succession, namely, Ovid. This eminent Latin bard was born at Sulmo, a town in the country of the Peligni, about nine miles from Rome. The event happened in the year of Rome 710, about forty-three years before the birth of Christ, at the time of celebrating the Quinquatria, games instituted in honour of Minerva, and taking place near the 19th of our March. The year itself is celebrated in history as that wherein the consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, were slain in the battle of Mutina against Antony. Ovid was born to a fortune and a good education. The Romans had begun to cultivate the learning with which their conquest of Greece had made them acquainted. But first of all his parents were careful to make him master of his mother tongue; and the youthful bent of his incli-

nation lay to poetry, though afterwards he studied law and practised at the bar, having for that purpose cultivated eloquence under Arellius Fuscus and Porcius Latro. Accordingly we find him to be one of the Triumviri, who were magistrates that tried criminal causes; but he soon quitted the courts of law for those of song. He was married three times, having repudiated two of his wives soon after marriage. But for his last wife, Perilla, he had a strong affection, having discovered in her a sympathetic taste for poetry. His affection was returned, for on his banishment she remained faithful to him, notwithstanding certain ungenerous solicitations with which she was tempted.

It is thought that Ovid would have been a better poet if he had been less affluent. Naturally indolent, he preferred company to composition, and he was much sought by the most polite families in Rome, where he for the most part dwelt. Light pieces, like elegies, first occupied his attention, in which he tells us he was not guided either by Apollo or the Muses, but by Love alone. Of his mistresses, of whom he had many, he celebrates one under the name of Corinna. Besides elegies, Ovid wrote his epistles and his Fasti, and other little poems which have perished. A tragedy of his on Medea is much commended by Quintilian. But his fame rests on his Metamorphoses—a work of remarkable beauty which has rendered him immortal. This poem was undertaken with deliberation, and prosecuted with diligence, and it was the poet's purpose to make it one of the most correct ever produced by Rome: but he was prevented by his banishment from giving it his last touches.

Ovid was fifty years old when he was banished to Tomi, a town in Pontus, on the Black Sea, near one of the mouths of the Danube. His alleged offence was the laxity of his poetic vein, especially as shown in his poem called The Art of Love; but the true cause was his discovery of an intrigue, either on the part of Augustus or of Mæcenas. The inhabitants of Tomi, though rude, were conscious of the poet's merit, and conferred many honours upon him. In return, Ovid wrote some poems in their language. After seven years' exile he died, and was buried by them in a stately monument before the gates of the city.

Graceful of person, though slender and of middle stature, his disposition was courteous and gentle, indisposed to satire, though once inflicting it on a treacherous friend. His complexion was pale, but his frame strong and nervous. As a poet he has been censured for luxuriancy of thought and expression; but it is allowed that no poet, ancient or modern, has invested beautiful ideas with more beautiful diction. Nevertheless, it is clear that he was too negligent of style, particularly in his Metamorphoses, albeit they abound with beauties, and in the early books are even sublime. Some of his descriptions are equal to those of Virgil, and his similes are frequently excellent. He had a fine art in managing the transitions between his stories, so that they slipped almost insensibly from one into the other. Hence they have been compared to the texture of Arachne's web, wherein the colours were so nicely blended that the most subtle vision could scarcely discover where one begins or the other ends. Many of his sentiments are beautiful in their delicacy and simplicity. His fancy, too, was equal to his wit; and his conceptions were generally just.

The next poet is Phædrus, of whom the ancients have told us little. He was born in Thrace, a few years before Julius Cæsar became emperor, and, as he boasted, on the Pierian mountain. In fact, his parentage is uncertain, but we find him in the service of Augustus, from whom he received his freedom. Under Tiberius, he was unjustly persecuted by Sejanus. He was a composer of fables, some of which have reference to his own misfortunes. He was patronised by one Particulo, a man of good taste and fine understanding, and also by Eutycus, to whom he has inscribed his third book, and who was employed in the greatest affairs, and possessed of much power. The fables of Phædrus are of extraordinary excellence; their style is laconic, but seasoned with Attic salt: the latter rather to be designated a just, clear, and elegant turn of expression, than wit as generally understood—"such," says a learned critic, "as we may imagine in the conversation of persons of good sense, and perfectly well bred." The purity of his language is remarkable.

REPROACH.

Fierce the sea is, and fickle if fair.
So they say of it. So let it be
But did ever the landsman's languor check
The seaman's pride in his dancing deck?
Or did ever the helmsman, whose home is there,
In place of his own true hand and eye,
Trust the ploughman's skill, when the sea ran high,
And submit to a landsman's usurpature?
No! For the seaman loveth the sea,
And knoweth its nature.

Peril there is on the mountain peak,
When headlong tumble the turbulent rills.
But did ever the lowland shepherd's fear
Daunt the heart of the mountaineer?
Or did ever the hill-born hunter seek,
When the snowdrift, sweeping the mountain wide,
Flew fast and fierce, for a lowland guide
To track the path of a mountain creature?
No! For the huntsman loveth the hills,
And knoweth their nature.

Then to whom shall the sailor for counsel go,
Thro' the violent waters his bark to steer?
Or what, thro' the ice and the falling snow,
May guide the foot of the mountaineer?
Hath the huntsman heed of the pastoral trills
Which the shepherd pipes to his flocks on the lea?
Or the seaman faith in the fear that fills
The landsman's babbling prate? Not he!
For the heights and the depths have their ways and wills,
Which they must learn who their lords would be;
And the highlander studies and trusts the hills,
As the mariner studies and trusts the sea.

But, O my love, I am thine in vain,
If thou trustest me not! And, oh! why hast thou ta'en
Counsel not of my nature nor thine
How a woman should deal with this heart of mine?
The seaman the sea doth trust,
And the huntsman the hills. But thou,
Thou that hast known me, dost
Trust those that I scorn to know
For the knowledge of me;
Who have been thine own
In vain, if by thee
I be still unknown.

COUNTRY BALL IN NEW ENGLAND.

While the New England summers are far warmer than those of Old England, the winters are far colder. It is no unusual thing for the snow, in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, to remain hard, glistening, and crisp, upon the ground for months together. The bleak winds cut across you like a sharp invisible knife; as you emerge from the storm door, which is built up before nearly every house, your hands instinctively seize your ears and nose: then, as they themselves are bit by the keen air, as suddenly plunge into the deepest recesses of your pockets. Unless you have a care, as you walk up the street, your ears and nose will acquire that monitory numbness which precedes freezing, they will turn a white-blue; and, mayhap, some kind-hearted passer-by will rush up and clap his hand upon the infected organ, with the apology that it is fast becoming frozen.

Yet, with all its discomforts, the bleak New England winter is not without its compensations. A kind Providence has, after all, distributed climatic goods and ills with even hand.

Two of us college undergraduates had (much to our shame, as we look back on it all) committed certain student pranks (whether victimising a freshman, or breaking tutors' windows is not material), and were, in midwinter, punished by "rustication." By "rustication" is meant, the sending a student away to some remote village, for a certain period, where he is put under the charge of a rustic parson, and forced to keep up with his class by studying in solitude.

Arrived at Cranberry Centre, half frozen from the long coach ride, we descended at the neat, snow-shrouded cottage of the Reverend Elkanah Pike, Independent minister. He had received minute instructions from the "prex" of our college as to our discipline and government, and was waiting to receive us with a countenance which strove hard to be stern. But there was a merry twinkle in the good parson's eye which spoilt it all. His "Ah, boys, boys, been in mischief, hey?" far from frightening, reassured us.

The parson, besides being a parson, was, as many New England parsons are, a farmer. He penned in his own cows on Saturday night, and preached on Sunday morning. He was the nabob farmer of the neighbourhood; a well-beloved squire, who took the lead in all the amusements as well as the charities and the well-being of God's Church. He had two buxom daughters, who were perpetual treasurers of the fairs, head-singers of the choir, committee on quilt-meetings and apple-bees. We had scarcely been at Cranberry a week when Ellen Maria, the eldest (whom in rustic absence of restraint, we already called by her Christian names), informed us that next Thursday night there was to be, at Hodges's Tavern, a good old-fashioned New England country ball. It was further intimated to us that all the girls for miles about had heard that two college boys were sojourning with "Squire" Pike; and were *frantic* (the word is Ellen Maria's) to see them and have a dance with them at the ensuing festivity.

For a week it had snowed and snowed and snowed, with a steady, unremitting, heavy descent of great countless flakes. It had cleared up the day before; the roads were, indeed, choked with snow, but it had melted a little, then frozen hard, so the whole country round was smooth, glistening ice, while the tree-boughs fairly dazzled one with prismatic scintillations. The glorious winter moon was full and round, and the moonlit winter scene was nothing less than gorgeous; the aurora, too, fitfully

flashed in the north, as, muffled up and loaded down with rugs, we emerged from the reverend squire's, and made our way across the snow-bound lawn to the sleighs. Great barge-like sleighs were they, whose backs rolled round at a comfortable curve, and they were soon, by our efforts, well padded with buffalo-skins and huge woollen rugs. The squire himself, his wife, his youngest daughter and I, occupied one, the other would only hold my chum Tom, and Ellen Maria, between whom there was a "kinder sorter likin'," as the good folk remarked, and who arranged matters with exceeding cunning to this end. The sturdy farm-horses had been harnessed for the occasion; and the long festoons of bells which hung across them began to chatter and jingle all merrily as the parson's cheery "Hud up, old Phil! Go 'long, Nancy!" resounded in the still, sharp air. It was some three miles to Hodges's, and as we came to the cross-roads and turnpikes, the procession of sleighs constantly became longer and merrier, parties from all the neighbouring farms joining us and hailing us with hearty "How-d'ye-dos!" and "Goin'-to-the-ball, I 'spose!" Then, when the party had become numerous, and friends whirled along "nip and tuck" with friends, a song would swell out in the clear dry air, with its strong rustic bass and high tenor, and full maiden soprano: a music untaught by rule, yet just adapted to the scene and time.

At last we whirled up to Hodges's, and there was of a sudden a great bustle and confusion of getting out from the midst of the skins and rugs, and there were screams, and titterings, and coquettings on the part of the maiden merry-makers, as Josh and Obadiah helped them out, and gave them a hearty lift from the sleighs to the ground.

Hodges's was one of those cheerful, cozy, wood-built taverns which are to be met with, everywhere, in rural New England. Along its front, ran a wide, roofed verandah, in which were rows of wooden benches, now deserted indeed, for the bleak season drove the village gossips within doors; but in summer a famous place for huddling together and discussing politics and crops. At one side were long sheds for the horses and waggons, and a barn beyond for winter use. On this night the modest tavern was dazzlingly lighted up, albeit only with home-made candles; we had seen the glimmering lights from the brow of the hill half a mile off, and they had given us new inspiration. Hodges himself, portly, rubicund, loud-voiced, received us at the door, and welcomed us in burly tones. He himself helped the girls to unravel themselves from the buffalo robes, and the boys to put up their horses and sleighs in the barn.

"Up-stairs, girls, 'n take off your things," said he. "Take any room you like; they are all lit up; 'n thar's a fire in every one on 'm." The girls were not slow to take the hint, and went noisily up, chatting and laughing and rubbing their hands.

"Now, boys," said lusty mine host, when the male portion of the party had put up their horses and came blowing and frosty-breathed within doors, "Now, boys, I'm all ready for you. Come into the bar-room, every one on ye. Darned if the hull kentry aint here, though. Hullo, Bill Judkins, 's that you? When did *yeou* come to town? College folks, be they? Well, gents, hope you won't stick up yeour noses at old Hodges's toddy."

There was no danger of that; for when we got into the bar-room, with its neat white-sanded floor, its fly-stained lithographs of presidential portraits and prize-fighting scenes; and its narrow bar, adorned at the back by unique many-coloured bottles and glasses, there, upon the counter, stood as hot and savoury a bowl of "flip" as frost-bitten Yankee ever tasted. We gathered about, a cold and frosty group, and Hodges ladled out to each a great steaming glass of the liquor, meanwhile carrying on little jerky conversations with this or that acquaintance among his guests. The flip which one gets in winter at a Yankee tavern, is the very best of blood circulators, and one is infected by it with a genial steaming warmth symbolised by the bowl of liquor itself. It speedily set us laughing and chatting, and it was while we were in this comfortable humour that Hodges came around amongst us, saying:

"Neow, boys, shell eout. Two dollars a-piece all round; pays for ball 'n liquor 'n everything. Ladies pay nothin'. Supper at ten o'clock, and a darned good 'un, sure as *yeou* live! Marm Hodges down stairs gettin' it up neow. Forgot your money, did you, Steve? Wall, never mind, *you're* good, you are. Guess I aint 'fraid o' Steve Brooks. Two dollars, young man from collidge—heow d' you like our kentry, sir? Ring-tailed roarin' winter, aint it?"

The ball-room was a long, rather low apartment on the first-floor, which, to tell the truth, usually did service as the tavern dining-room. It had been fitted up for the present occasion with all the elaboration which the landlord's resources would allow.

There were festoons of paper-flowers everywhere; over the windows and doors; around the homely pictures which adorned the walls; and hanging from the rude central chandelier, where some twenty candles, moulded by Dame Hodges herself, were burning. At the upper end of the hall was a slightly raised platform, improvised for the occasion; thereon stood a quaint old harmonium, and several chairs for the amateur musicians.

The sides of the room were supplied with wooden benches, where the non-dancers, "wall-flowers," and elders could sit and enjoy the sight of the quadrilles, waltzes, country jigs, and reels. The girls were a long time, we thought, fixing their curls and arranging their bows and neck-ribbons; they appeared at last, however: a bright bevy of them, arrayed in gorgeous colours, and in excellent spirits for fun. The elders, male and female, ranged themselves on the benches, and prepared to enjoy the scene. The three knotty-handed and thick-whiskered youths who were to supply the music, made their way with an awkward gait to the platform, and began an eager and discordant tuning of two fiddles and a bass-viol, trying mightily to look unconcerned and unconscious. At first there was a slight difficulty in breaking the ice and starting the dances. The girls huddled together in one group, the lads in another, both too bashful to begin; but after the requisite amount of tittering, and sly glancing, and hurried whispering, my classmate Tom made a dart for the group of petticoats, and captured Ellen Maria: at the same time calling on the boys to follow up the assault he had so heroically made. This brought matters to a crisis at once, and where before there was an embarrassing silence and stiffness, there was now laughing and talking, and the couples up and down the hall quickly placed themselves in squares for the first quadrille. We college men, with our reverend and pastoral host's two daughters, took up a position at the head of the hall, dancing vis-à-vis. It was charming to observe how simple and modest were the manners of these good country people. The girls had no affected society airs, but if coquettish, were honestly so, and if bashful, had a true bashfulness which was far from unbecoming; and the boys, mostly awkward souls enough in speech and movement, were yet gifted with sturdy vigour, open faces, and hearty spirits, which made the refinements of fashionable youths seem paltry and effeminate. These farmers' boys certainly looked with little pleasure upon the less ungainly manners of us collegians; and just possibly we *did* put on some airs; still, we were a little disposed to envy on our side, for the ruddy health of a farmer's boy is worth at least as much as the ability to read the Antigone without stuttering. We were also quite at a disadvantage here on the dancing floor. How tame and weak did our fashionable best-approved quadrille step seem, amid the lusty thumps and leaps and flourishes of our rustic rivals! *They* danced as if the art were made for the double object of pleasure and exercise. They put their whole souls into it; they grew earnest and red in the face over it; their hair danced on the top of their heads; their boots danced with a creak on their feet; their elbows danced up and down in mid air; they danced all over. And we, simpering youths of society, walked through the figures at a fashionable pace, as if we had hardly strength enough to hold out our arms in "ladies' chain!" To be sure, our country friends were awkward and ungainly enough in their gyrations, and afforded us vast amusement; they floundered so! But they were thoroughly enjoying themselves, which I certainly was not, and which Tom would not have been, had he not been under the spell of Ellen Maria's bright eyes. The quadrille was really a sight to see, and to be long remembered. Once started, the little hall shook and shook with the sturdy thump of feet. The musicians caught inspiration from the sight, and squeaked away with an ever-increasing zeal; the old folks stood up in their eagerness to see the fun. Josh, as he advanced in "forward two," jumped out into the middle of the floor, and, arms akimbo, broke into a rattling spasmodic jig; Amanda, who was his vis-à-vis, kept up the spirit of the thing by curtseying and bobbing about and nodding her ruddy face; then back they whirled to their places, and the next couple repeated the performance. In some parts of the dance, the boys would seize the girls round the waist, and fairly hurl them across the room, making them spin round and round, quite off their feet, and giving them a final hearty squeeze as they set them on the floor again. There was no squeamish, simpering modesty among these damsels, you may be sure; they did not give you their hands as if they were about to touch a red-hot poker, but grasped yours tightly and heartily and honestly; neither did they shrink in pretended bashfulness when their partners

grasped them round the waist, but yielded with a natural grace which betrayed far less guile than the pseudo-sensitiveness of your dreadfully proper city belle. Free and easy and innocent was the familiarity between these rustic lasses and lads; the familiarity of those who have grown up together, and who live far from the corruptions of great populations.

Best of all were the hearty "country dances," which afforded the coveted opportunity to jig and jump, and were repeated oft and again. The figure was, however, merely the outline, the skeleton of the dance; it was filled in by the countless gyrations which the boys and girls had learned or invented. Now, Josh would come rushing down with a complicated jig which kept perfect time with the music, short quick steps and sudden salutes; then, Ike would follow with a series of long strides brought up abruptly, and ending in a jump into the middle of the figure; next, Seth would tide on sideways, working arms and legs like an ingenious piece of machinery in a hurry; then, Nancy would treat us to a self-taught pas seul, quite as amusing as any seen on the boards in town. And all chattering, laughing, whispering, coquetting, love-making, and hand squeezing, at the same time. Tom and I were infected, we in turn tried impromptu antics, which generally elicited a roar of laughter at the clumsiness of our imitation, but doubtless made us somewhat more popular, as showing that polite society had not driven all the spirit out of us. At the end of one of the dances, exhausted by our exertion, we descended to the bar-room, and there, while refreshing ourselves, we were amused by the group of sturdy farmers and shop-keepers who were gathered about the great round stove, and were earnestly discussing, now the affairs of the nation, now the farming prospects of the next year. There, sat the oracle of the village, Squire Forbes, who was laying down the law in a most dogmatic way, and to whom the others listened as if he were the embodiment of enlightened wisdom; the squire was quite in his glory below stairs, with his glass of flip by his side, as his daughters were above, flirting gaily.

In a corner of the bar-room were several fathers of families, who were deeply engaged in a game of dominoes, and who joined in the general conversation now and then; here, in short, were gathered those who did not care for the dancing, and preferred a quiet homely chat, a modest pipe, and a steaming glass.

The party were not half wearied with dancing, when good Dame Hodges emerged from the lower regions, with a face hot from long contact with the stoves, and announced that supper was ready.

Each young man must—so went the rule and custom—escort the young woman to supper, with whom he had come to the ball; so Tom delightedly sought out Ellen Maria, and snugly tucked her round chubby arm under his, while I performed the same service for the younger sister. What a hastening, crowding, hustling, there was on the stairs! What hurry to get down and secure the best seat for one's own damsel; what little tender delays, on the part of loving couples, happening, oddly enough, in the very darkest part of the stairway, whence came ominous sounds, and suppressed tittering and whispering! And when at last we reached the supper-room, how bright and savoury seemed the homely feast, lighted up by ancient newly-burnished candelabra, and hardly less by the cheery shining face of mine hostess, who looked as if *her* hour of triumph were now come. After the due amount of pushing and screaming and crowding, we all got fairly seated at last, with Hodges at one end and the dame at the other; the old folks sitting together above, and the young folks together below. The covers were lifted by a number of Yankee damsels who "waited" at the tavern, assisted by some of our own party, who did not at all disdain to "lend a hand." A repast it was for no delicate, worn-out palates; viands as lusty as the eaters, as the landlord and his dame, as the granite-ledged country in which we were, as the rough old Boreas who howled without, and down the chimney. There were beef and mutton, the traditional Yankee "pork and beans," hot corn-cakes, and bouncing loaves of home-made bread; there were fowls and sandwiches; great generous pumpkin, apple, and mince pies; winter apples and stored-up nuts, cider, and punch, and home-brewed beer. Long and noisily we sat at the feast, and the country lads made burly love as they helped Susan and Jane to pork and beans, and took to themselves long quaffs of the homely and hearty potables. Supper over, it was in order to get out the sleighs, and take the girls on a rollicking musical ride for a mile or two; then, returning, we were ready to resume dancing; and, in between the dances, we got up many a good old-fashioned country

game: among them famous "blindman's-buff," "Copenhagen," "hunt the slipper," and "stage-coach."

It was long past midnight before we thought of breaking up and returning home: our little party from the parsonage were somewhat chagrined when our good parson-squire came up and admonished us that morning had begun some time ago. The homeward ride was a repetition of the ride tavern-ward: only jollier, noisier, and more hilarious. So ended our first country jollification in winter time. Tom and I were fain to confess, chuckling, to each other, that the university "prex" had not given us so dreadful a punishment after all; while, from what followed during our residence with the Reverend Elkanah Pike, I imagine that Tom thanked the "prex" from the bottom of his heart, for sending him straight into the house of his future wife.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PYRENEES.

No doubt Mr. Lecky hit his mark when he pointed out the correspondence between the beliefs of any time and country, and what he terms the "standard of probability" then and there existing. In the case of an ordinarily intelligent and educated Englishman the conception of law and order in the Universe takes such firm, though unconscious, possession of his mind, that he thinks modern so-called supernatural manifestations not worth examination. With our neighbours on the other side of the Channel it is otherwise. Mrs. Craven's charming "Récit d'une sœur" well illustrates the readiness of French persons of religious temperament to receive as miraculous any unexpected event. An account is there given of the sudden conversion of a young Jew, Monsieur Alphonse Ratisbonne, who, with his brother, afterwards founded the order of Notre Dame de Sion. This Ratisbonne being accidentally in the church of St. Andrea delle Fratte, at Rome, the Virgin appeared to him, and as preparations were then being made for the funeral of the Comte de la Ferronnays (though the body had not yet been brought to the church), the miracle was at once ascribed to the intercession of that gentleman. Whereupon his family accepted the whole story, not only with implicit faith, but with adoring gratitude and joy, as did also the Abbé Gerbet who happened to be with them—a really distinguished man, of whom the Comte de Montalembert wrote, in 1837, that the eyes of the Catholic world were turned upon him as the Defender of the Church against the attacks of the Abbé de la Mennais.

If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? Can we be surprised that in remote and mountainous districts, where for a great part of the year the aspect of nature is frowning and severe, where education is scanty, and credulity greedy, an abundant harvest of old fancies should linger, and a plentiful crop of brand-new miracles should spring up?

Among the contributions of Monsieur A. Cordier, to the Bulletin Trimestriel de la Société Ramond," published at Bagnières de Bigorre, is an article in four parts upon the superstitions and legends of the Pyrenees. Some of these are so grotesque, and others have so much of a kind of picturesque pathos, that we present a few.

It was in 1854 that Pius the Ninth first proclaimed the novel doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and four years later, a supernatural confirmation of this dogma was given by the Virgin in propriâ personâ, to "la petite Bernadette," a small thoughtful-faced maiden of the little town of Lourdes in the Pyrenees. The august visitor appeared in a grotto, called forth a healing spring, demanded a chapel, and, gave, as her own name, the words Immaculée Conception. Whereupon a solemn commission was appointed, under the auspices of Monseigneur the Bishop of Tarbes; a long and minute inquiry was made; witnesses were heard on oath; and the result, in 1862, was a solemn proclamation to the faithful that they might receive as a certainty the statement that the "Immaculate Mary, mother of God, did verily appear to Bernadette Soubirous, on the 11th of February, 1858, and following days, eighteen times in all." Lourdes has ever since enjoyed a reputation for its healing waters, which is certainly not unmerited, if we believe in the cure of a child, who, when half dead, was plunged into the icy spring, held there for a quarter of an hour, and withdrawn cured! Says Monsieur l'Abbé Fourcade, the sapient secretary to the commission, after telling this story: "the child's mother sought the recovery of her son by means condemned alike by experience and reason; she nevertheless obtained it immediately." A picturesque church was erected over the grotto, and it is to be hoped there will be no attempt sacrilegiously to remove the

image of the Virgin from the spot selected by herself. Such attempts have been made not unfrequently in those parts, and the statue has either become so heavy as to make its transport impossible, or has returned unaided to its chosen home. Notre Dame de Néas even found her way back in spite of the precaution which was taken of blindfolding her for the journey!

The church at Lourdes was built by the aid of charitable contributions without further supernatural intervention; but the masons who erected the chapel of Héas, also in the diocese of Tarbes, were nourished by certain mysterious goats which appeared daily to be milked for their support. But one morning the workmen, tired of this infantine diet, agreed to kill one of the kids which followed their mothers. The animals suspected the plot, and prudently disappeared, to return no more. Animals of various kinds naturally play a conspicuous part in the fancies and traditions of the Pyrenean shepherds: especially the goat and the bear. The latter issues from his winter retreat on Candlemas Day, to judge of his prospects for the spring. If the weather be fine, he returns weeping to his den, for he knows that the winter will last forty days longer, unless it rains or snows on that day. Nine steps on a bear's back is said to preserve a child from epilepsy and mumps.

The multiplicity of charms of various kinds almost rivals those of the ages of faith. A toad hung up and left to die in a stable, preserves the horses from the evil eye; certain pointed stones called Peyres de pigotes, or small-pox stones, tied round the neck, are a defence against infectious diseases. In the valley of Argélès, the poorest peasant contrives to procure a mighty log of wood on Christmas Eve; this is lighted, and to it he offers a portion of the bread, wine, &c., of which his poor supper on that night is composed. Hawthorn and laurel secure the wearer against thunder; the inhabitants of Biarritz make wreaths of these plants at dawn on St. John's Day; they then rush to the sea, plunge in after a prayer, and are safe, during the ensuing twelvemonth, from the temptations of evil spirits. The belief in fairies and spirits is common. There is the friendly sprite, who tends the fire, folds the linen, and redes up the house in the absence of its owner. Le Follet is a tricksy imp, who lives among the mountains, and specially delights in teasing horses: which are sometimes found on stormy mornings, with manes marvellously plaited, and in a state of great agitation from his visits. As to fairies, they are still visible to the unsophisticated Pyreneans, and they sit at the entrance of their grottos, combing their golden hair, much as they used to do in our own old nursery days. He who tries to reach them, perishes; should he find favour in their eyes, he disappears for ever from this world. If, however, a mortal release a fairy from a spell, she sometimes lends him her magic wand, with which he can obtain whatever he desires. In the Barège valley the fairies inhabit the interior of the Pic de Bergons, and flax placed at the foot of their abode is instantly spun into the finest thread. In the valley of Barousse they go from house to house on New Year's night, carrying happiness in their right hands, and sorrow in their left, under the form of two children, the one crowned with flowers, the other weeping. To propitiate them a repast is spread in a room with open doors and windows, and on the morrow the master of the house distributes the food among his family and servants, with good wishes for the New Year. Occasionally, however, tricks may be played upon female fairies with impunity, as when one was caught in a pair of trousers, left in a garden for the purpose.

A reputation for witchcraft is both profitable and dangerous in those parts. A witch who died quietly at Argélès in 1865, had lived surrounded with benefits and advantages conferred on her by those who feared her power; but in 1850, a poor old woman, named Jeanne Bedouret, was thrown alive into a heated oven at Pujo, near Vic-Bigorre, and died under the torture.

Like all superstitious people, the inhabitants of the Pyrenees account, by legendary stories, for natural sights and sounds. The man in the moon was banished to his place of distant exile, for Sabbath-breaking; he sinned in February; he has borne the name of that month ever since. He still bears upon his shoulder, the fagot that he gathered on the sacred day. He is condemned to labour without repose, until the end of the world, when he will have expiated his transgression and will regain his liberty and name. When the shepherd leading home his flock hears the shiver of leaves in the wind; when mysterious woodland sounds startle him; when the mountain echoes awake from rock to rock; he trembles, for he knows that Bassa Jaon (Basque for the wild lord) is near. Bassa Jaon is of enormous size; he has a human

countenance, and walks upright like a man; but he surpasses the stag in activity, and is covered with long smooth hair. He foresees tempests, and at such times cries aloud, for he knows that he must endure the hardest buffets of the elements. Occasionally, he forewarns the herdsman of the approaching storm, and woe to the unlucky wight who neglects or despises the caution! Despite his formidable appearance and manners, Bassa Jaon seems to be rather a good-natured personage, who does not resent liberties. Once having fallen, like the fairy, into the trap of a pair of trousers, he allowed himself to be tricked into revealing the secret of the previously unknown art of welding iron. Some have supposed that Bassa Jaon is a legendary reminiscence of the ourang-outang of Africa, where the Basques are said formerly to have sojourned.

A beautiful stalactite grotto at Arièze, is said to be the place of burial of Roland, the hero of Roncevaux. Around the name of this paladin cluster a hundred legends. He it was who dashed from the mountain summits, the enormous masses of rock now lying on the lower ridges; he carved the gigantic crescent upon the immense wall of the Marboré; his horse could leap from hill to hill, clearing at a bound the abyss between. At Lourdes, where the steed once threw his rider, two ponds still preserve the form of his foot and knee; and on one of the mountains of the Arrens gorge, the impression of his huge body was left by a similar catastrophe. It may still be seen, as well as his footprint, and the two sabre-cuts which he aimed at the rock in his indignation at his discomfiture.

It is scarcely necessary to say that most of the Pyrenean lakes are of supernatural origin. The Lake of Ourrec, or, as some have it, the Izabi Lake, is thus accounted for. The hills of Davantaïgne were infested by an enormous serpent, which devoured the herdsmen and flocks of the valley of Argélès; a blacksmith of the village of Arbouix hit upon an ingenious method of destroying the monster; he laid upon the ground, masses of red-hot iron; the serpent swallowed them; intense thirst followed; he drank to bursting; burst, and the lake was the result!

The Basques still believe in a three-headed, or triple-throated, flying dragon, whose appearance betokens some impending calamity: such as war, cholera, or famine. The most common of the lake legends, however, tells of a heavenly traveller going, in human form, from house to house, imploring charity. Sometimes he proved to be Jesus Christ, sometimes God himself. Rejected by the rich, he is succoured by some poor family, who are miraculously recompensed, and saved from the waters which overwhelm and destroy their wicked neighbours. The details of this legend vary in different places. At the Lake of Lourdes, a child was in the favoured hut, and a rock on the brink in the shape of a cradle, is pointed out. At another place, the compassionate woman who entertained the divine guest, kept for herself the first and largest cake she baked; she was allowed to escape to the mountains, on the condition imposed upon Lot's wife; but the awful noise behind, inducing her to turn her head, she was changed into a rock of the shape of a long-bearded goat; hence the name, Barbazan. A similar legend belongs to the well-known mountain called La Maladetta, the Accursed. We give it in Monsieur Cordier's picturesque words: "On this mountain, covered till then with the most beautiful pastures, some shepherds were leading their flocks. Our Saviour came to them. He was passing through the earth, proving the hearts of men. The shepherds would not receive him; in savage derision they set their sharp-fanged dogs upon the God-man; but oh prodigy! all turns to ice—men, dogs, and flocks; the shepherd with his scornful brow and his long crook; the dogs, heated with the chase, excited, with gaping mouths; the fat grazing flocks, 'in number like the hair of the head'—all became ice. All movement, all joy, all rage, all insult, was arrested in an instant, and long afterwards those who saw the great glacier could still count, one by one, the victims of that terrible justice; the sheep appeared like waves; the shepherds, like barren points, were still erect, with uplifted crook, with proud and threatening brow. They could be seen long ago, but time has triumphed: many winters have hidden them under fresh coverings of ice; they sleep for ever buried beneath that frozen azure mirror; and only superstition can still discern, with lynx-eyed faith, the eternal prison of the pitiless herdsmen beneath those numberless frozen layers."

The most pathetic superstition of all is reserved for the last. It tells its own melancholy story of the penury and want, and sharp struggle for existence, too often the sad birthright of the unhappy children of the mountains. The hero of the tale is

called Peyrot at Bigorre, Petire (Pierre) among the Basques. When hunger enters a cottage, Peyrot aux bas rouges—that is, with naked legs reddened with cold—enters also. He sits between the master and mistress of the hut at their penurious meal; he struggles with the perishing child who tends the daily lessening flock; he follows the maidens to their chamber, where they literally lie down to rest with Famine. When Peyrot is in a house, the time has come for a final supreme struggle. The father works with desperate energy; the mother kindles fire on the extinguished hearth; the last cow is sold; the poor furniture parted with; and at last, perhaps—perhaps—the dreaded guest is exorcised. Fanciful as the legend is, there is about it a sad ring of truth. The reign of the three R.'s will, by-and-bye extend itself even to those remote old-world corners, and their ghosts and phantoms will flee. May Peyrot, the red-legged, share their fate, and may the reality of which he is the type, be banished with him into the land of shadows!

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A Yachting Story.

CHAPTER I. THE HEROINES.

St. Arthur's-on-the-Sea was a bathing town combined with a packet station: and a harbour that, to any one looking from the inland hills, seemed like a loop of delicate ribbon floating on the water. It was a granite district, and the abundance of plaster, frosting over villas as though they were bride-cakes, made the place glitter and shine in the glare of the sun, like an Italian bay.

It was also a yachting station, and two clubs, the Royal St. Arthur's, and the Royal Burgee, frowned and scowled at each other from opposite sides of the jetty. The St. Arthur's was select, and though founded on a broad platform, by-and-bye began to black-ball various local persons as "low" and "not the sort of person." But the famous rejection of Mr. Littlejohn, the solicitor, whom every one knew, and whom many of the "fine" party—men, for instance, like Foljambe and Knox, ruthless "beaners"—were willing to admit, brought matters to a crisis. Then it was determined to found The Royal Burgee.

Once every year a regatta was given by both clubs, conjointly—an act, however, in which there was no amity or cordiality. It was imposed by sheer necessity, as neither could have separately borne the cost of entertaining. They gave plates and prizes together; but somehow the St. Arthur's contrived to bear off any honour or profit that was to be got out of the strangers of rank, much as a lady of condition will ignore the client to whose party she has undertaken to ask guests. The distinguished strangers always chose the St. Arthur's, when offered honorary membership. They were "put up" to the matter almost before they touched shore by the Reverend Doctor Bailey, who was for "keeping the club pure, sir," and threw out, in a careless parenthesis, that "the other place" was "a kind of poor thing, you know," mostly "brokers and the shopkeepers," well-conducted and respectable, and all that; but scarcely the sort of thing. "And it is gratifying for me," continued the doctor, a very enormous clergyman, six feet two in height, and portly and weighty without absolute corpulence, "to see persons of that class, banding themselves together for rational relaxation. If they want their club, why shouldn't they *have* it? and Heaven speed their work; and I am told it is exceedingly well-conducted, but it is scarcely the place, you see. You are a man of the world, Sir John."

The Reverend Doctor Bailey, thus mentioned, was vicar of this important and fast-rising watering-place. In appearance, he was a very remarkable-looking man of great height; he had a vast broad chest; a flourishing umbrella; a broad-brimmed hat, and an unhealthily florid face; lips that were made for sauces and wines; with a high stiff wall of a white tie, which came up at the side of his neck, and seemed bent on cutting off his ears. The hat lay very far back, and the Reverend Doctor Bailey, stalking along, his head back, his "snub" nose to the clouds, was as well-known an object as the spire of the church he served. That church, with a wise forethought, he had accepted when the place was a poor one. With a true instinct as to its future, he had asked his patron, Lord Frogmore, for the living, and it had been worked up into a most profitable "berth." He was a good preacher, or had the reputation of being one, which did as well; and during the season the doctor contributed much to its success by his genteel sermons, in which there was none of that vulgar conventicle language, which he called mere "low poking the fire," and which he said fretted unnecessarily the nice and good people who came to hear him. "Not that I would

compromise the truth," he said, "one hair's breadth. I shall do my sacred work always faithfully and to the best of my power: but the roaring vulgarity of such fellows as that Buckley, who has the little Bethel yonder, does no good."

There was a parsonage next the church, a very small apostolic mansion. Long ago it had been given over to the curate at a rent, while the doctor gave his dinner-parties up at the Beeches, a handsome gentleman's seat which he had purchased. There he lived with Mrs. Bailey, whose little shrunk figure no one was familiar with, with his daughter Jessica and his son Tom—a young fellow in the army, often spoken of as "the captain." These children had unhappily been born when Doctor Bailey was "a mere working curate," and had not yet established his connexion; he often regretted that one had not been christened Constantia, after "dear Lady Frogmore," and the other St. John, a family name of the same house. Nay, turning his regrets still further back, the doctor would bewail his excessive haste in the matter of marriage, when he might have chosen something far more "suitable;" the truth being that Mrs. Bailey's origin would not bear heraldic tracing, nor was she even fortified with useful connexion. But, with a venial exaggeration, if not untruth, the doctor devised conversational pedigrees, spoke of Mrs. Bailey's "family," and very largely of "the Bakers of Blackforest."

Thus much for allusion to the doctor, who was, as it were, viceroy of the place, and was really allowed to take on himself all representative duties. He was, indeed, described as an "overbearing, choleric, insolent fellow," by one of the radicals of the town, and "a clerical bully," who, at home, roared at his family, though he was a little afraid of his daughter. A selfish schemer, with no more religion about him than was confined strictly to his Sunday platitudes. *Then*, it was owned, he shone, working his arms vigorously, and having a tremendous pair of lungs. Thus much for the doctor's house. But there is a family, whose heiress daughter is a heroine of this little piece, who must be noticed before the figures themselves enter from the wing.

Panton Park was well back in the country, and the owner, Sir Charles Panton, a true squire and hunting man, boasted that the sea could not be seen from his top windows. Yet it was not more than a mile and a half from the bathing town, down in a rich bowl of grass and planting. There, in a great stone palace which the late baronet had built fifty years before, literally not knowing what else to do with his money, lived Sir Charles and daughter. She was HEIRESS—magic title of honour, that has made many hearts thrill more than the loveliest faces on this earth. More conjuring has been done with that spell than with any other, which brings with it beauty, grace, wit, honour, virtue, and accomplishment. And Miss Laura Panton was an heiress combining the blessings of fifteen thousand a year, with "savings," a park and mansion, with a town house in Brook-street, and, what was not the least of all in the eyes of matrons with young candidates, a father, grey, rather stricken in years, though wiry. Such rare attractions soon became well known, and indeed it was said that St. Arthur's-on-the-Sea owed as much to them as to its other natural advantages of fine air and bathing. But she was delicate; had a weak fragile chest, and, though small and refined-looking, with a well-bred haughty air, seemed bloodless, and was said once to have broken a blood-vessel in her throat. Hence she and her father had to pass each winter at one of those hiding-places where poor invalids run timorously from Boreas and Eurus. The gossips also said she was flighty and fanciful; gay, too gay, and, for all her delicacy, passionately fond of the world and its delights.

Sir Charles had been originally a Mr. Wright, a plain unassuming gentleman of very moderate means. He had sent his only child to a "finishing" school, where also the parson's daughter, Miss Bailey, had been placed by her father, not from any paternal anxiety to give her the best, that is, the most costly, education possible, but because it might lead to acquaintances, "nice connexion, you know," for himself. How simple, having thus laid a foundation, to proceed in this way, with an engaging smile: "Not Mr. Dashwood, surely? Might I ask, any way connected with a charming young lady that was at Dampier House with my little girl? Wonderful! My dear sir, I am the clergyman here, &c." It was while this delicate Miss Wright, whose health was so precarious, was here, that the two girls first met.

The truth was, the school had accepted Jessica at a reduced premium, for a mere trifle: in fact, the doctor valuing his position and possible recommendations, at the difference. *Their* view was that he would surely do them mischief, and injure the school, if they refused his terms. And

it is certain the doctor would have steadily shrugged his shoulders, and pished and poohed the establishment into ruin. "A very poor sort of place, sir; all sorts of paw-paw people. A lucky escape of sending my girl there!" But the lady directors, true to the instincts of their kind, "took it out" of the unhappy little hostage thus confided to them, and they had instinct to see that from that indifferent father would come no protest. She was kept there for six years, going through the whole "curriculum," such as it was, and going through a course of steady mortification, bitter drudgery, with that hot iron of dependency which the Misses Proudfoot forced steadily, day by day, and hour by hour, to enter into her child's soul. The vicar's daughter could not be treated with open disrespect; but it was known to every one that the pale, and worn, and studious child was "on charity," more or less. So pale and thoughtful she was now, having been slowly changed from the gay, romping, rosy-cheeked "little thing" which she had been when she arrived.

When the new girl, just come, "Wright," was known to be the daughter of a gentleman of slender means, the Misses Proudfoot had some reluctance about accepting her, owing to a possible uncertainty about the premiums. From parents of this undesirable sort the moneys had to be dug out, must be, as it were, crushed and broken up from quartz masses, collected in grains, after long delays, excuses, appeals, &c. But the references were genteel. She was a curious girl—delicate, peevish, fretful, full of humours, ready to complain of her companions, and to turn away from the excellent fare provided for them. She took as many airs as a bishop's niece whom they once instructed, and whom the bishop, an "honourable and reverend," came to see in full apron. They hardly knew how to deal with her, for she was dangerous and vindictive, and could injure the school.

She had one friend among the girls, who clung to her with a romantic friendship and adoration. This was the parson's daughter, who, from the moment of her arrival, had become her jackal and defender, her admirer and worshipper. It was inconceivable, the services she rendered, the devotion she paid. She was more useful than an Eton fag, because her service was voluntary. She shielded her from punishment when the other could not shield herself; she followed her with loving eyes, like a faithful dog; and when "Wright" (for the young ladies spoke of each other in this gentlemanly way) was sick, stole off to watch her, in defiance of the rules of the establishment. The determined breach of these laws brought a tart letter to the doctor, who came off in an angry fluster, blowing and puffing, and began to revile his child for her scandalous ingratitude for the blessings of a good education. "I am told you are going after low mean creatures, sticking to them with a disgusting familiarity, separating yourself from the nice young ladies of the establishment. Do you suppose, girl, I can pay for you here, stinting myself in common luxuries, all for you to follow your grovelling whims and these vulgar tastes? There are plenty of nice well-connected girls in the house whose friendship would be useful, and useful to *me* too; and you choose to go puddling in the gutter, making dirt pies! Faugh! It's disgusting." The reproof had no effect, and the father even remarked, from the first, a cold insensible look in the eyes of his child, fruits of the excellent training he had been passing her through.

The young girl recovered, "joined her companions," more pettish and helpless than before, and was received with affectionate rapture by her faithful henchwoman. What was the secret of this singular devotion? Possibly there was none. It was her humour, or there was in the fretful eyes of the other girl a faint expression of suffering which drew her pity irresistibly. Sometimes a *look* of this sort has strong and permanent fascination. The other showed neither gratitude nor love; but Jessica was quite content.

CHAPTER II. THE BEGINNING OF THE VENDETTA.

Suddenly, one fine morning, there was a flutter and bustle at Dampier House, and it was known that strangers had arrived: a gentleman, a carriage and four posters. Miss Proudfoot, in agitation, had come herself to fetch Wright from the playground, calling her "darling." There was a sweetness and obsequiousness in her manner that was bewildering to the boarders. "Come, darling, your dear father is longing to see you!" And she gave her—unaccustomed luxury!—a glass of wine in the "study." For with schoolboys and schoolgirls wine is the symbol of unutterable glory and even apotheosis. The chaise and four had spread the news; all was wonder and speculation. Miss Ventnor, the genteelest, and therefore the haughtiest, girl in the school, who thought the other girls mere "scum," whose sister had married a baronet, was awed and even curious. Our

affectionate little jackal was in a tumult of delight. Cinderella's carriage and four could not have given much more joy. It betokened something good for her friend and idol.

In the parlour—chamber of horror or of joy, where severe or doting parents sat alternately—she was caught in the arms of her dear father. He was come to tell some great news. Their old cousin Panton had died, that rich, cross old man, and had left them a great fortune, and the beautiful castle by the river, which she could see from Miss Proudfoot's. They were now rolling in wealth, he and his little girl. At this the delicate girl slid off, and tossed back her head; a curious look of exultation and pride came into her eyes. But they must both lose their dear old name: the name their mamma bore, and take another, which was quite as good, however.

"What matter," she said. "Who would care; but was she to be an heiress?"

"Yes."

"*And to have it all one day?*"

The new Sir Charles was disturbed at this question, and looked at her thoughtfully.

"O yes," he said with a smile, "after me, of course."

It was explained to her that the doctors found the air of St. Arthur's so good for her chest, she must remain a little longer under Miss Proudfoot's kind care. (How gladly would that lady, had she been permitted, have engraved that high testimonial on her programme: "In testimony of the healthy and salubrious air of her establishment, she is permitted proudly to refer to her distinguished pupil, &c.")

She drew back pettishly at this scheme, but it was shown to her that her stay was to be under quite altered conditions. She was to have a room to herself, *no lessons*, wine every day, doctors every week, to walk in the garden by herself or with any young friend whom she preferred to keep her company. She reflected: these bribes were not to be resisted. Miss Proudfoot had in the kindest manner given permission. It was not mentioned then that Miss Proudfoot had in the kindest manner also agreed to accept double the usual payment, in return for these privileges. She called it being a "parlour boarder."

In future that name of Panton made the whole glory of that white plastered house, with "grounds" at the back overlooking the sea. This was a kind of melodious bell, of gold or other precious metal, on which the Principal rang with never-flagging vigour, triple and quintuple bob majors on the subject of their former illustrious pupil. They were privileged, in their programmes, to refer to Miss Panton, of Panton Castle, who had received instruction in the establishment. Reference was also permitted to Sir Charles Panton, of Panton. On Tuesdays and Saturdays the pupils were accorded the kind permission to take recreation in the grounds of Panton Castle. To the parents and guardians who had audience, the Misses Proudfoot, with most ingenious powers of apropos, contrived continually to draw in Sir Charles Panton and his daughter, met every doubt and objection with the same august names, and illustrated the progress of the studies, by scenes from the happy era when Miss Panton pursued her studies there; and a favourite tableau, as it were, often brought forward for the visitor, was one in which was grouped their illustrious pupil and that other young lady.

The change in Laura from this hour was scarcely conceivable. The new wealth of a sudden made her healthy, animated, and also inexpressibly arrogant. She rose into a sort of queenship, taking indescribable airs, which, alas for the sycophancy which repeats itself even at this small end of the worldly telescope, was accepted and endured by the school and its heads. But the worst feature was this: it was noted that she quite "dropped" her old friend and worshipper. This conspicuous ingratitude even surprised these other worldlings, for they had been saying to each other, "That now Wright (or Panton) would settle half her money upon Bailey." For a long time the clergyman's daughter herself could not see this strange conduct, marked as it was, and unmistakable even when she ran up to her idol at first, scarcely able to contain her delight, and was repulsed pettishly. For this and for many more instances of ungracious behaviour she could find excuses. It was so natural now that Laura should have much to think of; how could she think of her in this turn of fortune! Any overlooking was almost proper. When Miss Panton was seen "walking" with a new friend, suddenly elected to intimacy, no other than the young lady whose sister had married the baronet, she was not staggered. The public understood it perfectly: the new heiress was growing "fine;" but her young worshipper alone could not believe it, and

would not. She would sooner disbelieve her senses or suppose that two and two made three, than accept the possibility of such an ungrateful change. She returned again and again, the other grew more and more arrogant; and from her new "nice" friend she was inseparable.

One day when they were engrossed in talk, and the future heiress was explaining what state they would have at Panton, how many horses she would keep, &c. (her favourite theme), Jessica approached humbly.

"Well, what is it?" the other said, peevishly. "*I don't want you. You are always persecuting me.*"

Each of these nine words was a stab, each went deeper, until at last she could have given a scream. Some date a whole change in their system, their life itself, from a fit of sickness, from some shock; and it was so with her. She retired almost reeling. What she could not see before she was forced to see now, as though some one were thrusting the flame of a candle close to her eyes. From that moment she shrank from Laura quite scared; though she was still open to explanation of some kind. But the gap or chasm opened finally when the time came for the heiress to go away home, when she heard some of the pupils talking over every incident of the departure as though it were that of a royal personage. Her father, Sir Charles, had given her leave to choose a friend "whom she liked" from among the girls, to take home with her to amuse her during the vacation. This news produced the most tremendous excitement: some even said that Miss Proudfoot herself nourished faint hopes of being the selected companion, having performed prodigies in the way of obsequious adoration of her pupil, fawning on her, and plying her with praises of herself and of her "dear good father." The young girl, quite overset with her sudden turn of prosperity, did not care to restrain herself from any extravagance, and behaved with an amusing wantonness of arrogance, holding out hopes to some, but all the while pledged to her dear friend the baronet's sister-in-law. To others she made promises, but the faithful worshipping Jessica she passed over. When the morning came, and the carriage was waiting at the door, and the whole house was obsequiously gathered to see her go forth with her chosen companion, the baronet's sister-in-law, there was prodigious embracing all round; the clergyman's daughter standing at a distance, with a strange look upon her face, a kind of bewildered stare. It at last came to her turn, and with a sort of constraint Laura turned to bestow her parting accolade. But, to Miss Proudfoot's horror, Jessica, cold, stiff, and with a steady stare in her eyes, drew back.

"No," she said; "I cannot. I could not touch you—not for the whole world."

"As you please," said the other, coolly, and, getting into the carriage, drove away in her glory, the principals and scholars being inexpressibly shocked at this conduct. But from that hour all noticed a most singular change in the parson's daughter, who advanced at one stride half way on her path to womanhood. That discovery made her cold and hard, as she was before impulsive and affectionate; calculating and distrustful, a most "disagreeable creature," it was pronounced, but far more able to hold her own and get on in the world.

In the carriage which was taking Laura away that happy day there sat a young man of thirty, with very dark eyes, a forbidding uninviting expression, which some would have called "a scowl." People would have passed him by without sympathy; but any one who came in contact with him in any trifling contention, say about a seat, went from him flushed and put out, and saying, "That ill-conditioned fellow!" This gentleman, a friend of her father's, was Mr. Dudley, a distant cousin, who came very often to the school to see his relation. It was known even to the girls that she did not relish these visits—"He was so dark and ugly," she said to her friends—and that every time he brought her presents she always seemed merely to endure him. Some of the girls, however, thought him "deeply piratical" and interesting, and also that he could smile sweetly.

But when she had thus left the school, and was established in all her splendour, as Miss Panton, of Panton Castle, her proceedings became of profound interest to the neighbourhood. It was seen also that Dudley was always about the place, either staying at the castle, or in the town, where he would appear in a small yacht at unexpected seasons. As the schoolgirl became a "young lady," it seemed to be her humour to exhibit that strange fitfulness and uncertainty of humour which wealth and indulgence had now made her character. For him her father had a curious pity or partiality, and was ever saying, "Let us have that poor fellow Dudley here. He's your terrier dog, your worshipper." At which she would protest fretfully that she hated and loathed him, and would almost cry if the plan were

persisted in. And yet, as a curious trait in her character, when her father at first would yield to her, thinking he was gratifying her, there would be another turn, and she would be fretful again at being taken at her word. To them both he was very useful, almost necessary, because he was eager and willing. People wondered at this unmeaning alteration in so "ordinary" a girl, a girl, too, who had none of the redeeming virtues of spoiled or ill-regulated minds, namely, a wild and generous impulsiveness which hurries them into what is right. She, indeed, had more of the qualities which belong to the meaner animals; the uncertainty and spitefulness in small matters of the monkey. But there did at times come in her face a strange expression of desertion, of questing and seeking for help, which set every string in Dudley's heart a jangling.

He was half indignant with himself for this unmeaning partiality, and at first struggled to free himself, but, like a true spoiled child, when she saw he had nearly succeeded, she exerted her powers, and made him her slave again. It was about that era, when she had left school some three or four years, that she took a freak—for it was no more—of exhibiting this power in a most singular way. She had with her, on a visit, that baronet's sister-in-law, who had gone away from school with her, and whom she had treated in her favourite fitful way. This girl, it occurred to her one day, should marry Dudley. She set her heart on it, it was a new whim, and it should be done, just as she *should* have that horse or dress from her father, though it cost a thousand pounds. And to this task she set herself so petulantly and so desperately that Dudley saw he must gratify her, or else incur her bitter dislike. He was well off, the baronet's sister-in-law was not, and was eager to be married. To the surprise of his friends, to that of Sir Charles, and to the overflowing triumph of Miss Panton, this extraordinary marriage was actually brought about; though almost at once the new wife found that she had not her husband's heart, and, being impetuous and passionate, they separated within a few months, and Dudley came himself to tell Laura Panton the news.

"I hope you are satisfied with your handiwork," he said, bitterly. "You can do no more, now—at least to *us!*"

She laughed lightly, and from that time—about four years before this story begins—treated him with more gentleness and toleration. She seemed to consider him promoted to a responsible station, and herself privileged to consult him and make him useful. He seemed to be quite happy in this mastiff-like office, and came and went as he chose; and any new guest at Panton often wondered at the dark, moody, and scowling man, whose eyes glared so, and who spoke so little, save when he, the guest, touched on *her*, and the scowling man became eloquent. "Yes, look at her speaking face. There is a whole world behind it. They think here, because she will be so rich, and all that, that she has no other title. I know her well, and tell you there is a strange charm about this girl which would attract if she had not a farthing. Look, look at her now; see, as she turns her face to the lamp! I cannot tell you the effect on me." The guest cannot see it, but thinks privately this is a very strange wild creature of a man.

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I. TEMPTATION.

By the end of March Veronica arrived in England. The news of Sir John's death and of her marriage had, of course, preceded her thither. Telegrams and letters had been sent to Mr. Lane, the agent, in the name of the self-styled Lady Tallis Gale. But besides these, there had come to Mr. Lane a letter from Paul. The agent had lost no time in communicating with the inheritor of the late baronet's estate and title. This was an elderly bachelor who had made a small competence in trade and had retired from business, and was living obscurely in a suburb of the large manufacturing town in which his life had been passed. Sir John had as much as possible ignored his plebeian connexions; and without ever having set eyes on him, detested his presumptive successor. Mr. Matthew Tallis, or, as he must henceforward be styled, Sir Matthew Tallis Gale, had hastened to London and had had a meeting with Mr. Lane; and Mr. Lane had seen Sir Matthew's lawyer; and they were all three prepared to meet and discuss matters with Veronica's legal adviser.

Mr. Frost had written to his partner, stating that he should be in England on the twenty-fifth of March. But the fact was, that he arrived three days sooner than that date. And one of his first proceedings was to go to Mrs. Lockwood's house in Gower-street. The yellow window-blinds that had been drawn closely down between the day of Lady Tallis's death and that of her funeral, were now again raised: and the front rooms were pervious to as much daylight as ever visited that side of Gower-street on a March afternoon. The little parlour into which Mr. Frost was shown, looked neat as ever, but, he thought, very threadbare and poor. The air in it was close, though it was a chilly raw day. And there was a heavy silence in the house.

Mrs. Lockwood entered the room with her noiseless, light footfall, and touched Mr. Frost's outstretched hand very coldly with her fingers.

For a few moments neither spoke.

"Well, Zillah, I have got back you see," said Mr. Frost, with the slightest possible over-assumption of being at his ease, and in the superior position.

"Yes, you have got back, and I hope you bring some good news for me."

"Your greeting will not turn my head by its cordiality."

"I hope you bring some good news for me," repeated Mrs. Lockwood. "I have waited longer than the time you mentioned. You said, 'Wait until the winter.' We are now at the end of March. I have had no word from you directly, all this time. And now that I see you it is natural I should recal our conversation last summer."

She spoke very dryly, and with more than her ordinary deliberation of manner. Mr. Frost seized on an unimportant twig of her discourse, so to speak, hoping thereby to divert her attention from the root of the matter.

"You had no word from me!" he echoed, knitting his anxious forehead. "Why, I begged Georgina to come and give you my news several times. I was busy, day and night. My wife was the only person to whom I wrote a line save on business."

"Your wife came here once or twice—not specially to see me—and she said some

vague word about your kind regards, and that affairs were going well. But, of course, neither you nor I can pretend *to each other* that there was any satisfaction in that! I dare say it was all very well as regards other people."

Mr. Frost commanded himself with an effort. Even whilst he repressed the rising temper, he told himself that it was cruelly hard that *he* should always have to be smooth and civil, whilst every one else he knew could have the satisfaction of lashing out when they were irritated; he wavered up to the instant when his lips began to form the words of his reply as to whether he should not give way and ease his goaded spirit at whatever cost!

"Well, Zillah," he answered, "I *have* good news for you."

"Thank God!"

"At least, I suppose it will be considered to be good news. At Hugh's age *I* should have thought it so."

"Ah!" exclaimed the widow, with a weary sigh. "If there can be a question about its goodness, your 'good news' is not good enough."

"Hugh has the offer of a position which may be the stepping-stone to fortune. The directors of the Parthenope Embellishment Company will be happy to employ him, on my recommendation, for a twelvemonth certain. And it is a kind of employment which must bring him into notice. The salary offered is most liberal. The residence in such a charming place as Naples will be——"

"It is of no use. Not the least, Sidney," interposed Mrs. Lockwood. She had not called him by his Christian name for years. And the return of the once familiar appellation to her tongue, was a proof of unwonted excitement in her.

"No use! *No use!*"

"It is of no use at all, if what you have to offer Hugh involves exile to a foreign country. I was in hopes that you had something better to tell me than that. I was in hopes that——"

"Exile!" repeated Mr. Frost, impatiently interrupting her. "What nonsense! Exile to Naples! How can a woman of your sense talk in that way? One would think I was proposing to send him to Sierra Leone."

"If you were, it would not be more unlikely that Hugh should accept it. He has made up his mind to set up for himself. He has formed new ties, and assumed new responsibilities. Captain Sheardown has offered to try to help Hugh to raise the necessary sum for the purchase of a business in Daneshire. If Captain Sheardown had the money himself I believe he would advance it directly. But he is not rich enough."

"Is Hugh married?" asked Mr. Frost, abruptly.

"No: but he has engaged himself to Maud Desmond."

Mr. Frost felt on the whole relieved. If these friends would advance the money that Hugh needed, it might be a reprieve for him, Sidney Frost.

And then—then it was possible that the money might never be needed at all! How good that would be! What an excellent way out of the difficulties that beset him, what an admirable postponement (not *cancelling*, oh no! Of course Hugh's money should be paid when the fortune that was budding for every one connected with the Parthenope Embellishment Company should be full-blown) of the debt that weighed on him so irksomely! What a deserved solace to the anxieties of the widowed mother whose heart was heavy with care and self-reproach!

"Engaged himself, has he?"

"Yes."

"Then the family difficulties I once hinted at—on the score of rank, you know—have been got over?"

"Lady Tallis, the poor woman who died here, was very fond of Hugh. I think that at first she did not quite like the idea of her niece's marrying him, though. But she was as soft as wax, poor soul, and hadn't a real 'no' in her. And the girl loves him very much."

A stranger might have detected no discontent in Zillah's voice or words. But Mr. Frost knew her well, and he was sure that her son's engagement did not altogether please her.

"It is not so bad a match for Hugh after all," said he. "It is true that I did not like the idea when you first spoke of this thing as being likely, but—— It might have been worse. Miss Desmond has very little—a mere pittance—but small as her dowry is, it may be useful to Hugh."

"Maud wanted to give it all to him, to purchase this business with. But——"

"But I suppose her trustees wouldn't hear of that?"

"*Hugh* would not hear of that! He is resolved that every shilling she has shall be settled tightly on herself."

"That is so like Hugh!"

"Now you understand that I cannot—certainly will not—allow my son to commence his career hampered by debt, even though the debt be incurred to friends who would not press him unduly. I have thought of the matter in all ways, for many weary days and wearier nights, and I have come to a fixed resolve on this point."

Mr. Frost sat leaning his head on his hand, and with his other hand twisting and untwisting his watch-chain. He did not look at Mrs. Lockwood while he spoke to her.

"Zillah, I am going to risk making you harder against me than you are already," he began.

"I am harder against no one than against myself," she answered: and then set her mouth again inflexibly after she had spoken.

"I am going to risk making you harder against me than you are already, by confessing that my chief object in coming here to-day—so immediately after my arrival—was not Hugh's business."

"That does not make me any harder against you. I am not hard, in order to please myself, Heaven knows."

"Have you heard anything from Mr. Lane lately?"

"Sir John Gale's agent? Not since the funeral. He undertook to let that man know of his wife's death."

"You do not see the papers, nor hear much news, I suppose?"

"I? No; you know I do not."

"But I suppose you have heard that Sir John Tallis Gale is dead, and that Sir Matthew reigns in his stead?"

"Dead! Sir John Gale dead!"

"You did *not* know it then?"

"Not a word, not a hint! When did he die?"

"Twelve days ago, on the tenth of March. And you had not heard of it? Miss Desmond had not been informed?" said Mr. Frost, looking half-suspiciously at Zillah.

"Maud has scarcely seen a soul since her aunt's death. The vicar of Shipley came up to attend the funeral, by Lady Tallis's express desire, and he and Maud have been shut up in the house all day, and only go out to take a little walk in the Regent's-park in the evening. Hugh has been away at the Sheardowns. I expect him home to-morrow or the next day. And that man is dead? Within a week of his poor wife! How strange! Poor Lady Tallis was unfortunate in her death as in her life. If she had survived him but a day, she might have had it in her power to make some provision for Maud."

"How so?"

"Well, I suppose that man, bad as he was, would have bequeathed his wife *some* part of his fortune. And if he had died intestate, she would have been a rich woman. That would have been the most likely. Men like Sir John Gale often make no will at all."

"By an odd enough chance, I happen to know that this man did make a will, though."

"You?"

"Yes; I have seen it."

Zillah knew Sidney Frost well enough to be quite sure that in saying this he was not indulging in mere purposeless gossip. Besides, he had said that he had not come to Gower-street on Hugh's business. Was the business he had come upon, in any way connected with Sir John Gale?—with Lady Tallis?—with Maud?

The latter thought sent a sudden hope through her heart: a hope which seemed almost a pang. She was so unused to hopes, that the barest glimpse of good fortune which her imagination might perceive, was instantly followed by a movement of repression. If a thing appeared good, then it was unlikely! That was Zillah's experience of life at fifty odd years.

"You have seen Sir John Gale's will?" she said, folding her small, fair hands quietly on the table by which she sat, and bending over a little towards Mr. Frost.

"He died in Naples. I was there at the time. I became, through some business transactions, acquainted with a gentleman who is a great friend, and—he says—a relative, of the very beautiful young lady who was called in Naples Lady Gale."

"Ah, I see! He has left all his money to her—to that vicar's daughter! What a fool I was not to think of that before! I might have known that the person who least deserved it, would get the prize!"

Zillah would not have admitted to herself that she had hoped: and not having hoped, she could not be said to be disappointed. Nevertheless it was a secret feeling of disappointment that gave an extra flavour of bitterness to her words.

"I have always thought you one of the most clear-headed women I ever knew, Zillah;" said Mr. Frost, "as well as one of the most discreet and trustworthy; and I am going to prove the sincerity of my opinion, by telling you a strange story, on

the condition that you keep it strictly to yourself for the present."

"A secret? No, no, no! For Heaven's sake give me no more secrets to carry about with me!"

"This cannot be a secret long," answered Mr. Frost. Then he told her with great clearness and accuracy, the story of his acquaintance with Barletti, of Veronica's marriage on board the ship of war at Naples, and of the subsequent sudden death of Sir John Gale, and the finding of the will.

Mrs. Lockwood listened with ever deepening attention. When he came to the contents of the will, she removed the hand which had hitherto covered her mouth, and let it fall on the table.

"Was the will witnessed—duly made out—was it a legal document?" she asked.

"It was unimpeachably correct, and unusually clear and brief."

"Then, Maud Desmond is a great heiress!" She sat very still, and spoke very quietly, but an unusual flush suffused her pale face, and the blue veins in the little worn hand that lay on the table swelled, revealing the force with which she was pressing it down.

"I cannot tell you whether she is, or not. But you can tell *me*."

"I? *I* can tell you?"

"A true marriage invalidates a will: a false one does not. If there were still any breath in the body of Hilda, Lady Tallis Gale, at a quarter past ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the fourth of March, the will is good, the second marriage is void, and your son's wife is one of the wealthiest women in this kingdom."

Zillah gave a great sigh. Her hands dropped nervelessly into her lap, and she sank back in her chair staring at Mr. Frost in silence.

CHAPTER II. MRS. LOCKWOOD'S MEMORY.

Hugh returned from Lowater House on the day after Mr. Frost's interview with his mother. Mr. Levincourt was still in London, but intended to return home by the end of the week. The vicar's consent to his ward's engagement had been given before Lady Tallis's illness had begun to display cause for immediate alarm. The vicar had been once to London since the terrible journey when he had taken Maud to her aunt; having been summoned thither by Lady Tallis's urgent request that she might have an opportunity of speaking to him about Maud.

"I cannot put all that I want to say upon paper," she wrote. And indeed the poor lady's epistolary style did not improve with years.

When the vicar arrived, in compliance with Lady Tallis's entreaty, she urged him not to oppose the wishes of the young people.

"If you do not object, Lady Tallis," said Mr. Levincourt, "I suppose I cannot do so, either."

"It is not what Maud might have expected, if things had been different with *me*," the poor lady observed. "But what has the child to look to? Sir Thomas Delaney has eight children, six of 'em daughters! So it isn't very likely *he*'ll do anything for Maudie. And you know, my dear friend, birth and riches don't *always* make marriages happy. Goodness knows I had the first. At least poor papa always would be telling us that his was some of the best blood in Ireland—not *literally*, of course, ye understand: for the fact is, he suffered a martyrdom from gout all his life. But what did my birth do for me? And as to money—well to be sure, I'd like to have a little more of *that* to do as I like with! But still money won't buy the best things. Now at one time I had more than I knew what to do with—in the early days, ye know—but I'd a thousand million times sooner have my dear girl to be kind to me and be poor, than be as rich as a Begum without a soul that cared a quarter of a straw about me; and that brings me round to what I was saying to ye, that it would be a pity to lose a good husband for our dear Maud, just for a bit of family pride. I've reflected a good deal about it lately, my dear friend. And ye know good husbands don't grow on every bush!"

The vicar had no personal wish to oppose the engagement. He liked Hugh, and thought well of him. And, besides, there was another feeling in his mind which tended to make him favourable to the engagement. He had never lost the conviction that Maud's mother would have been a happier woman as the wife of a certain poor clergyman whom she loved, than it was possible for her to have been under any circumstances of loveless prosperity. And he had a vague notion that in forbearing to oppose Maud's love-match, he was making a kind of reparation for the share he had had in destroying her mother's young romance in the days when Clara Delaney had wandered with him under the old trees in her Irish home, and dreamed her girlish dream of unworldly happiness.

Lady Tallis's interview with the vicar had taken place early in December, and the engagement had been formally sanctioned before Christmas.

"We needn't proclaim it just yet," said Lady Tallis, "until Hugh sees his way a little more clearly. And Maudie is quite young enough to wait."

"Dear Aunt Hilda, there is no one I know of to proclaim it to!" Maud had answered, simply and sadly. And Lady Tallis had acquiesced; not without a sigh that the alliance of a daughter of the united houses of Delaney and Desmond should be, perforce, thus mutely inglorious.

Hugh had, however, compounded for permission to tell his happy news to his old friends the Sheardowns. And Captain Sheardown had been moved to the offer of trying to assist Hugh in his project of raising the money for the purchase of the architect's and surveyor's business in Daneshire, by the announcement that Hugh was to marry Maud Desmond.

"Did your ears burn, dearest—what pretty little white ears they are—whilst I was away?" asked Hugh on the first evening of his return, holding Maud's hands in his, and looking down at her golden hair. "They ought to have been of the fieriest crimson, if the old saw were true: for we talked of you, you, you—scarcely anything else *but* you—all the time I was at Lowater."

"*We* talked! Dear Hugh, I am afraid you must have teased them with my name."

"No, darling: Mrs. Sheardown spoke of you constantly. What a delightful creature she is!" added Hugh, with a naive earnestness that brought a smile to Maud's lips, and a blush to her pale cheek.

Maud is not much changed in outward aspect since she was last presented to the reader. She is perhaps a trifle paler and thinner, but that has come within the last month. She had grieved for her aunt, but without acute pain of mind. She had the peace-bestowing assurance that her presence had been a solace and a joy to poor Aunt Hilda; and had made the forsaken woman some amends for years of hard usage and neglect. And there was in Maud's spirit none of that unappeasable sorrow which comes from remorseful memories of duties left undone, or done grudgingly without heartfelt kindness.

Lady Tallis's death had been almost painless. She had not known that her end was near, until within three days of her decease, and then she spoke of it calmly and cheerfully. And she had uttered many a solemn injunction to Hugh to be true and tender to the orphan girl who loved him. "My only regret in the world is that I can do nothing for the sweet child," she had said. "If she had been my daughter instead of my niece she would have inherited a pretty penny under my marriage settlement. But as it is, it all goes back to *him*. But may be it is all for the best."

After a pause she had added: "I can't speak of *him* to Maudie, my dear Hugh. But if—if ever any chance—God only knows how strangely things come about sometimes—if ever chance should give ye the opportunity of letting him know that I—that I die in peace with him, I'd be glad he should be told so. It might be good for him to know it, some day. And—and—of course I can't altogether make excuses for him, but I know I was not very wise in times gone by, and may-be I tried him. And I did love him once, Hugh. And those whom God has joined together, I don't believe can ever be *quite* put asunder. Distance won't do it. And time won't do it. And—I'd like him to know that I prayed for him, Hugh, and asked his pardon if I vexed him or did wrong by him in past years."

"Dearest Lady Tallis, I am sure *you* have nothing to reproach yourself with!"

"Ah, Hugh, Hugh, looking death in the face gives the foolishest of us wisdom enough to see our own short-comings. And I'd like him to forgive me my trespasses as I forgive his—and as I hope to be forgiven."

Again she paused; this time for so long that Hugh thought she had fallen asleep. But as he began softly to move away, she stopped him and motioned him to bend down his head over the couch where she was lying. And then she said, "And, Hugh, when I'm gone, he may do justice to that—that young woman. I have felt very bitter towards her, that's the truth. And I don't mean to tell you that I feel quite as a good Christian ought to feel at this minute. But I have forgiven her, my dear, though it was hard. I dare say she is to be pitied, poor creature! And I won't distress our darling just now, with speaking of it, but *afterwards* Hugh, when she's calm, and can think of me without pain, ye may tell her what I said. She loved the other girl, and 'twill comfort her."

And so the poor, gentle, kindly spirit had left the world, in charity with all men.

Hugh had much to say to Maud on that

first day of his return. They walked out together at dusk, and he spoke of his plans. Matters had not yet been definitively arranged, but Captain Sheardown had great hopes that Mr. Snowe would advance the money required. Herbert Snowe was now a partner in his father's bank, and was good-naturedly desirous of helping Hugh. The old gentleman was slow and cautious and difficult to satisfy. But Hugh had good hopes that he would consent to advance the money after a decent delay.

"And then, my own darling, we will be married directly, will we not? There is nothing to wait for, is there?"

"N—no, dear Hugh. If you will take me in my black gown, I will come to you when you are ready. Dear Aunt Hilda would not have wished us to delay our marriage."

"Far from that! You know what she said, the good kind soul. And as to the gown, it must be a white one for that day at all events."

When they got home again, Hugh had some papers and plans to look over for his employers, Digby and West. He had not left their office, but was continuing at a weekly salary, on the understanding that he should be allowed to quit them at a fortnight's notice. They all sat in Mrs. Lockwood's little parlour. The sitting-room upstairs had not been used since Lady Tallis's death. Maud had a book, but it lay for the most part idly in her lap, while her eyes dreamily wandered towards Hugh as he bent over his papers, and every now and then stuck a short blunt pencil between his teeth to hold it, and knit his brows portentously over the consideration of some difficult point. The vicar, too, had a book which he read, or seemed to read. And Mrs. Lockwood's nimble fingers were busy with a basketful of soft grey woollen stockings—Hugh's stockings—which she was mending on an infallible principle that almost appeared to make a darned stocking superior to an undarned one; so daintily dexterous was the crossing of the threads!

Usually the widow was not by any means loquacious. To-night, however, her tongue moved, if not as rapidly, almost as unrestingly, as her fingers. She harped on the topic of Lady Tallis's death, returning to it again and again, until the vicar at length shut his book with a look of resignation.

"You remember what day it was she died, Maud?" said Mrs. Lockwood.

"Remember it!"

"I mean you remember the date and all. Of course you do. Tuesday the fourth of March it was: yes, that was the date."

"Yes."

"And—and when I came up-stairs again after preparing the beef tea that she had asked for, she had fallen asleep."

"Yes;" said Maud, again. She did not understand why these details should be recapitulated, but she answered sweetly and patiently.

"We have never spoken of the particulars to Mr. Levincourt, have we?" pursued Mrs. Lockwood. The vicar was not specially desirous of hearing more particulars than he knew already respecting Lady Tallis's death: and Zillah perceived this, perfectly. But with an utter absence of her usual fine tact, she continued to harp on the subject.

"She seemed a little better, and very cheerful that morning, did she not, Maud?"

"Yes; she was free from suffering at the last, thank God!"

"Oh quite; quite. When I first came into her room, she said, 'I feel much stronger than I did yesterday.' Who would have thought that by noon that day she would be dead!"

The vicar, feeling himself called on to say something, gave a little sigh, and murmured, "Ah, it is often the case in that disorder that the patient feels unaccountably better just before the end comes."

"I was with her a long time after Maud went away that morning, Mr. Levincourt. Maud had been sitting up all night, and was worn out. I sent her to bed. Was I not right?"

"Very right, and considerate."

"And so Maud was not with her aunt at the last. But Lady Tallis passed away in a kind of gentle slumber. She slept a long time—until past ten I should say. Indeed I am pretty sure. And Jane says so too. I was talking to Jane about it this morning. I could swear Lady Tallis was alive until past ten o'clock! And Jane is sure of it too."

"You had better not swear it, either of you," said Hugh, looking up from his papers, "for you would be mistaken."

"Mistaken! Why, Hugh, the—the more I think of it, the surer I feel that——"

"Darling mother, we need not pursue the discussion. It is not likely that you will have to make oath about it."

"Not at all likely. Most unlikely as far as—as far as we know. But still, Hugh, as far as the matter of fact is concerned, I feel convinced that she must have been still

alive after ten o'clock. She *must!* I am sure of it."

Mrs. Lockwood's tone was so petulant and sharp, and so unlike her usual tone of resolute composure, that Hugh looked at her with some uneasiness.

"She has been over-worn and harassed, the poor little mother," he thought. Then he glanced at Maud, whose eyes were brimming with tears: and pushing his papers aside, to be finished when the others should have gone to bed, he set himself to speak cheerfully of his prospects and of his plans; how they would let the house in Gower-street; and how he had seen a tiny cottage near the spot he had set his heart on living at, in Daneshire, that would just suit his mother; and how he had already projected sundry inexpensive alterations that would make the tiny cottage a delightful residence. And so no more was said that night about Lady Tallis.

THE OLD CARDINAL'S RETREAT.

We live in it at the time of this present writing. It is in the Montagnolo, an hour distant from Siena, among the mountains bordering the Maremma. The whole country is a forest—such a forest! Giant oaks, wild, scathed, savage-looking, growing on rocky broken ground, with never a stick of underwood. Spiky cypresses, gathered up like nosegays; patches of olives—grey mystic trees said to have paled into that sad tint, out of grief for the Divine One who once wept under their shade; vineyards of yellow-leafed grapes, now laden with ruby fruit, clinging to light cane supports. Higher up, fold upon fold of rounded hills, dimpling into each other like the petals of a tulip, clothed with a dark mantle of evergreen ilex. Beyond, an open country broken into long horizontal lines of hills and valleys, waving up and down like the swell of a stormy sea, either utterly barren and desolate, or thickly dotted with villas, churches, towers, villages, clinging together as if for company. How easy to give the details, how impossible to paint the whole; the glorious sun lighting up all, even in November, like a golden dream! The varied tints and magic changes of light and shade on this broad horizon, the morning mists, the fervid blue of the mid-day sky, the great white clouds like snow-drifts that come riding up over the dark hill-tops, the ruddy glory of the sunsets! When we came here, the woods were green; now they look as if lighted by a living flame; the shadows those of a furnace, glowing russet, deepest ruby, and richest purple.

The heart of this fair forest-wilderness is a villa, built in the Tuscan or rustic style, standing on a plateau facing the Apennines to the south, and backed by the evergreen forests on the hills. It was built by Cardinal Chigi, brother of Pope Alexander the Seventh, and is still in possession of his descendants. As Louis the Fourteenth created Versailles out of a sand-hill, so the cardinal (attracted to this spot by its exceeding natural beauty) caused this villa-palace to arise out of a virgin forest, by the force of gold. He summoned the great architect Fontana to his aid, made roads, pruned the wild forest luxuriance into parks and gardens, formed stately terraces adorned with sculpture, placed twelve chapels or stations round the house in the adjacent woods, which he peopled with statues of saints, gods, and satyrs, a mixed but goodly company, looking over the tree tops on pedestals some sixty feet high, and startling the sight in unexpected places. Also he caused to be traced from the northern front of the villa, a broad grassy alley, spanned midway by a triumphal arch, and further on by a theatre for al fresco performances, from whence, rising abruptly—always in a straight line and forming a vista from the villa—two hundred steps of stone, cut through the forest, form a Scala Santa, or sacred staircase, mounting to a high tower on the summit of the hill, where twelve monks, living in twelve cells, said prayers for his eminence and all his family, day and night.

When all was done, our cardinal called the place The Thebiad, in memory of his lowly brethren, the starving monks in the Egyptian desert, who would mightily have enjoyed the change from arid sand and thirst and hunger, to this refined and luxurious hermitage. Pope Alexander, out of the funds of St. Peter, left it also a noble revenue, along with many broad acres on Tuscan and on Roman soil, which have come down unlessened to the present day. The Thebiad is therefore maintained with fitting splendour by its present owner.

Within, the saloons and galleries are still decked with old frescoes, gilding, marbles, and statues, to which are added the comforts of our own present time. A crowd of modern retainers, valets, keepers, stewards, gardeners, shepherds, come and go, over the grassy court within the gates, where in the morning are often

to be seen seated patiently on a certain stone bench, waiting to be served, whole families of beggars: poor yellow-faced wretches, who all receive a meal of bread and a drink of wine, according to ancient custom, in spite of the vigorous remonstrances and often violent interposition of Argo, the watch dog, as large and as white as a polar bear.

The old cardinal's retreat has its ghost, of course. One evening we had been tempted by the wondrous beauty of the moonlight into the woods. The twisted ilex trunks looked down upon us, like a fantastic multitude hovering in the deep shadows; above, the moon rode in an unclouded sky. We went on and descended from the plateau into the Siena road, over-arched with black branches. On one side, a wall borders the road; on the other, where the ground falls rapidly, and the road is terraced, there is not even a parapet, but a fall of some ten or fourteen feet. The night was very still, nothing but the distant baying of a dog broke the silence. Suddenly a sound of wheels came on us, very faintly at first, then ceased, then came on again. At last it grew loud and distinct: it was a baroccino (gig) returning late from Siena with some of our people; Antonio butler, Adamo keeper, and Filéppo gardener.

"Oh, signori, signori!" gasped Antonio, "we have just seen the donnina; there, just below, between the Satyro [a great statue] and this chapel here. We saw her as plainly as we see you, standing in the middle of the road: with her head bent."

"Yes," broke in Adamo, shaking himself as if waking out of a nightmare, "yes, indeed! Santa Maria! I was leading the horse—for the road is so rough, and the shadows are so dark—when I saw, in the moonlight, a woman with something over her head, like the peasant-women wear, come out of this wall and glide across the road, close before me. She disappeared over the parapet among the woods. Anima mia! she was there, beside me, for the horse saw her too, and so started and shied, that he nearly threw the gig over the parapet."

"Indeed, signori," said Antonio, "the gig jerked, and I was almost thrown out. I saw the donnina too."

"Yes, but not so plainly as I did," cried Adamo. "I tell you she passed close, close to my hand, under the horse's nose; with a cloth on her head and a spindle in her hand. She passed across the road over that deep fall, which must have killed any mortal creature."

These two men had been soldiers, were no cowards, and were ready to face any mortal foe bravely. They were comforted with wine, and sent to bed. We then sent for the head man—the Fattore—to ask what it all meant?

It meant that from father to son, so long back that no one can tell where it began, it had been known among the peasants that these woods are haunted by a ghost in the shape of a woman of small stature, known as the donnina, who generally appears towards dusk, after the Ave Maria, at special spots, and usually in stormy weather. She had been often seen where the servants had seen her, in the wood on the road to Siena; also in a deep hollow or borro, the bed of a torrent, dry in summer, and blocked with masses of rock and rolling stones, brought down by the upper streams—an ugly lonesome place, with exceedingly steep banks, overgrown with scanty shrubs.

She generally appears, we were told, in black, her head covered, her face bent down over a spindle, which she seems to turn as she moves. Nobody has ever seen her face. There is nothing terrific or horrible about her, save the fact that she is supernatural. She always glides slowly away, so slowly, as to be distinctly seen disappearing among rocks, or over walls, in the woods. Not a year passes that she is not seen several times, especially towards early winter.

We spoke with those to whom she has most frequently appeared. An old man, by name Currini, a mason, specially remembered that once as he was returning home, he saw a woman whom he supposed, in the fading light, to be his daughter, sitting on the wall of a rough little bridge that crosses the stream in the borro, spinning. Her back was turned towards him. "Ah, Teresa mia, are you waiting for me?" he said, putting out his hand to touch her shoulder. The hand fell upon air, the figure rose (the back still turned towards him), and slowly glided away down the steep bank of the borro, and vanished among the big rocks heaped up there. He has often seen the donnina since, but never has been conscious of feeling the horror he felt then.

Then we talked with a keeper called Carlo di Ginestreto, a fine Saxon-looking fellow, with honest round blue eyes and a shock of uncombed yellow hair. This Carlo has his home on the hill over the borro, and had seen the donnina among the trees there, three months ago. "Once," he said,

"I was coming from Siena along the road, and there had been a heavy fall of snow, the moon was extremely clear, and everything in the forest, was as plain as day. I was coming along, thinking of a new gun I had seen in Siena, when I saw, standing in the middle of the road, the donnina as plain as I see your Eccellency now before me. She stood there, till I was almost close to her. She wore a sort of light petticoat with colours on it, and had something all black, over it, on her head and shoulders. There, I saw her, and I saw her shadow in the moonlight, too. She looked like a girl, though I did not see her face, and she went away, piano, piano, piano, as I stood still, and faded out among the trees. I never saw her so plainly, for the snow made all so clear. I often see her, poverina. I do not feel any fear. What harm could she do to me?" And he spread out his large chest, and lifted his long arms with that ejaculatory action common to Italians. After Carlo came Celso, a respectable contadino living also on the estate in a vineyard close to the villa. He told us "that after he had come back from serving in the militia, he was standing one evening with his little brother in the road, near the Satyro, when he heard himself called distinctly three times, out of the wood, in a strange sad voice, 'Celso, Celso, Celso!' His little brother said, 'Who calls you, Celso, in such a strange voice?' and he heard the same voice call him again when he was alone in the wood." He was frightened, and liked it so little that he now never passed by that road in the evening, but went "round a mile or so, higher up on the hills."

We have more material mysterious personages going about the old Cardinal's Retreat, too, as will presently be seen; and we have incentives to strange fancies out of number.

On one side of the villa, adjoining the broad terrace leading to the Scala Santa, is a pleasure-ground or park, designed and specially set apart by the cardinal for meditation and repose. It may be some two or three miles round, enclosed by a high wall, and entered by three lofty gates. It is full of broad, moss-grown walks, with here and there statues of monks and angels, high on carved pedestals, in attitudes of prayer. The walks, and narrower paths, are all knit up at the further end, by a chapel somewhat small and low, with kneeling statues on either hand darkened and moss-grown by time and storm. The trees are the ilex of the surrounding forest, expanded into superb proportions by being so long undisturbed. The ground is rocky and undulating, covered with a graceful undergrowth of arbutus, and holly, and lauristinus, every plant and every tree being evergreen. The big branches of the ilex trees, with long silvery beards of delicate white moss hanging down amidst the glittering waxy leaves, pointed like thorns, wave over the paths, casting flickering shadows as the eager sun darts through the dark foliage. As the passing clouds come and go over the surface of the chapel, here and there a glint of sun calls out the dark outlines of the kneeling statues so vividly, that at a distance, looking from among the interposing confusion of the wood, they seem to move under the changing light. In truth, a very weird and ghostly spot, set apart it would seem for unholy rites, altogether solemn and mystic.

Here, in the brief though ardent autumnal sunshine, impenetrable shade tempts one to wander among the rocks, and under the dark twisted ilex stems, all speckled and flecked with patches of black and white mosses, like the breast of a bird, that pillar-like bear up the sombre canopy overhead; or, to rest on a carpet of moss, and hear the ripe acorns drop from the evergreen oaks among the dry leaves; or the busy twitter of the departing birds, arranging their winter flight, as they circle round and round, pecking the ripe arbutus berries; or the buzz of the last bands of bees, gathering honey from the scented herbs. It is a rare place, too, in which to watch the last pale butterflies hovering among the aromatic flowers of the cyclamen and caper, growing in the crevices of the rocks; and the little green lizards racing over the stones, or immovable in some sunny corner, watching for the harmless wood-snake who still creeps out to enjoy the mid-day warmth. As day declines in this strange and beautiful wood, the gathering clouds put out one by one the bright lights on rock and leaf and stem, and a gloom gathering around, and a silence of all those inarticulate utterances that people woods with life, tell of darkness and approaching night.

One day sitting in the thickest tangle, near where the hill abruptly descends towards the Siena road and the statue of the Satyro, we heard a low whistle, answered in an opposite direction, then the sound of many feet crushing the leaves, and the flap

of the branches as of men passing through them. We promptly made for the house, where the polar bear was aloft on a wall barking furiously, and some serving men were standing in the court around a group of five rough fellows, each carrying a long gun; and one, a fair-complexioned youth, rather hump-backed, of about twenty, armed, also, with a short sword. This fellow, the spokesman, had walked in, followed by his band, and desired to see the master, as he wanted money. When told that the master was out, he asked for the Fattore, and still for money. The Fattore, also, being invisible, he demanded wine and bread. Gathering up the fragments given him, he and his band all took their departure up the Scala Santa.

This intrusion was followed by all sorts of reports. There was a band of six men on the hills over the villa, above the hermitage, their chief, a young man called Campanello, humpbacked, and about twenty-three years old, a deserter. They had guns and revolvers. They had gone to the residence of an old priest, and fired on the house, when he sent out word to them that he could give them no money. A peasant, passing at the break of day to his work in the hills, had found a large fire burning, and, sitting down to warm himself, received a blow on his head from a stone hurled at him from behind out of the trees. Other stories came in, that the same band had appeared nearer Siena, twenty-five in number, disguised in black and red masks; had waylaid and robbed people returning from the city market; had bound them to trees and so left them. Another story told how a certain Bindi had found his villa entirely surrounded one evening with revolvers pointed at all the windows, and how he had ransomed himself for five hundred francs. Later, came the gendarmes in good earnest, who were refreshed with wine and meat, and then dispersed themselves in the woods to hunt for Campanello.

One evening, just at dinner time, a peasant appeared, looking very scared, in the court before the villa, holding in his hand a piece of raw meat. So many peasants came and went with such strange burdens of comestibles for the chef, that this excited no surprise, until the man with the raw meat made his way to an open gallery enclosed by a lofty iron grille, by which the great hall is entered. Here he stopped, and accosting one of the servants, said he had a message to the master, which he must deliver personally. We were all in the hall waiting for the dinner bell, and came out. There stood the trembling peasant, holding his raw meat, which with a low obeisance he presented to the master. In a slit in the meat was a dirty little letter to the effect, "that Campanello demanded five hundred francs to be placed that night, after the moon had set, under the stone beneath the crucifix placed in the grove of cypresses in the middle of the forest; and that if the master did not comply with Campanello's demand, he and his might confess to the family priest, and consider themselves dead." The peasant, being asked why he had made himself the bearer of such a threat, replied "that Campanello and his band had surrounded his cottage, and that he had shut himself up for some time, but, being obliged to feed the beasts, had at last gone out. That he still found the brigands there, revolvers in hand, and gun on shoulder, Campanello armed also with a short sword; and that Campanello had threatened to shoot him, and to hamstring his oxen if he did not carry the letter." But it was shrewdly suspected that he had more dealings with the band than he cared to own.

The matter duly considered, it was resolved to give the men twenty francs, which were duly placed under the stone beneath the crucifix, in the grove of cypresses, in the middle of the forest, at ten o'clock that same night. Some of our party proposed the three gendarmes and an ambush; but as Campanello's men were desperadoes, and as an honest man may be picked off from behind a tree as well as another, and as we were all hemmed in on all sides by trees, it was deemed prudent to do without the gendarmes and the ambush.

Now, it is to be remembered that these men—still, at this time, roving up and down on our hills under cover of the evergreen woods now before my eyes as I write—are fed, and clothed, and do not generally sleep out of a bed. Therefore it is pretty clear that if the peasants living here and there, on redeemed fields of corn and olive, on the sunny sides of the slopes, spoke out, the brigands would be soon caught. But your Tuscan peasant is the veriest coward living. He trembles before any Campanello whom he meets; he lodges him, and feeds him, and conceals him, and would swear his face black and blue before he would betray him. It is fair to the poor fellow to bear in mind, that if he did other-

wise, some members of the band, or some other members of some other bands acting on oral instruction, would then and there mark him, as a hunter does a stag, would scent him out and shoot him (and perhaps his children) from behind a convenient tree, fire his house, and strew ashes on his hearthstone. This in spite of the magnificent defence offered by government, in the shape of three gendarmes, attired in a brilliant uniform of white, yellow, and blue, with cocked hats as big as Dr. Syntax wore when he went out searching for the picturesque—announcing them at least a mile off, in fine contrast to the emerald mantle of the woods—over a district forty miles in extent Such facts will not be found chronicled in local newspapers, nor will they be admitted in the clubs of Florence, or other large cities where it is convenient to believe pleasant things only; but they are true none the less, and we well know them to be true who receive polite correspondence in raw meat in the old Cardinal's retreat.

Great news has just come in. Campanello was taken last night. He was living at free quarters on an unfortunate peasant on the very summit of the topmost heights, over the Romitorio, looking towards Volterra. But in this case love was stronger than fear of vengeance. He had deeply incensed a youth who was in love with one of the peasant's daughters by paying his court to her, and by offering her some trinkets supposed to have been stolen, which she wore. This youth, by name Oreste, went in his fury straight to a town called Rosia, and informed our friends, the three gendarmes who live there, where Campanello was to be found, and promised to conceal them until he could be taken. In the mean time poor Campanello, led away by the same fatal passion of love, lent himself blindly to his pursuer's devices. That very evening there was a dance given at a neighbouring cottage. Thither went Campanello in pursuit of his fair one, unarmed, even leaving his little sword in the house where he slept. In the middle of the dance he caught sight of our brilliant friends, conspicuous in their war paint, as they naturally would be, and, escaping by a back entrance, rushed off in flight. But Fate again met him in the shape of the injured lover, Oreste, who was watching outside. He sprang upon him, and tied him up until the gendarmes arrived, and secured him, and, already scenting the sweet savour of a government reward for the capture of a capo-brigante and a deserter, triumphantly led him off to prison.

EARTH'S SHADOWS.

O PERISHABLE brother, let us pause,
Here on the bald crown of the crag, and mark,
With tight-held breath and passionate deep eyes,
The many-coloured picture. Far beneath
Sleepeth the silent water like a sheet
Of liquid mother-o'-pearl; and on its rim
A ship sleeps, and the shadow of the ship.
Astern the red sharks basking, tiny specks
Upon the brine: oh, hark! how softly sings
A wild weird ditty, to a watery tune,
The fisher among his nets upon the shore!
And yonder, far away, his shouting bairns
Are running, dwarf'd by distance, small as mice,
Along the yellow sands. Behind us, see
The immeasurable mountains, rising silent
From bourne to bourne, from heathery thymy slopes,
To the grey slopes of granite; from the slopes
Of granite to the dim and ashen heights,
Where, with a silver glimmer, silently
The white cloud, pausing, sheds miraculous snow
On the heights, untravell'd, whither we are bound!

O perishable brother, what a world!
How wondrous and how beauteous! Look! and think
What magic mixed the tints of yonder heaven,
Wherein, upon a cushion soft as moss,
A heaven pink-tinted like a maiden's flesh,
The dim Star of the gloaming lieth cool
In palpitating silver, while beneath
Her image, putting luminous feelers forth,
Streams liquid, like a living thing o' the sea!
What magic? What magician? O, my brother,
What grand magician, mixing up those tints,
Pouring the water down, and sending forth
The crystal air like breath—snowing the heavens
With luminous jewels of the day and night,
Look'd down and saw thee lie, a lifeless clod,
And lifted thee, and moulded thee to shape!
Colour'd thee with the sunlight till thy blood
Ran ruby, pour'd the chemic tints o' the air
Thro' eyes that kindled into azure, stole
The flesh tints of the lily and the rose
To make thee wondrous fair unto thyself,
Knitted thy limbs with ruby bands, and blew
Into thy hollow heart until it stirred;
Then, to the inmost chamber of his heaven
Withdrawing, left, in midst of such a world,
The living apparition of a Man,
A mystery amid the mysteries,
A lonely semblance with a wild appeal
To which no thing that lives, however dear,
Hath given a tearless answer; a shapen Soul,
Projecting ever as it ages on,
A Shade—which is a silence and a sleep!

Yet not companionless, within this waste
Of splendour, dwellest thou; here by thy side
I linger, girdled for the road like thee,
With pilgrim's staff and scrip, and thro' the vales
Below, the race of people like to us
Moves on together like a single cloud,
Uttering a common moan, and to our eyes
Casting a common shadow; yet each soul
Therein now moveth, with a want like thine,
Westward unto the bourne. Nor those alone,
Thy perishable brethren, share thy want,
And wander, haunted, thro' the world; but beasts,
With that dumb hunger in their eye projects,
Their darkness: by the yeanling lambkin's side
Its shadow plays, and the lithe lizard hath
Its image on the flat stone in the sun.
And these, the greater and the less like we,
Shall perish in their season. In the mere
The slender water-lily sees her shade,

And sheddeth sweetly on the summer air
Her farewell breathing; and the forest tree,
That standeth for a hundred years, fulfils
Its daily sunset prophecy at last,
And falleth, falleth! Art thou comforted?
Nay, then, behold the shadows of the Hills,
Attesting they are perishable too,
And cry no more thou art companionless.

A DRIFT FOR LIFE.

The Great Central Pacific Railway, just opened across the whole continent of America from sea to sea, runs in the neighbourhood of some of the wildest territories now left to explorers. There is, particularly, one district beyond the Rocky Mountains, marked on the map as belonging partly to the State of Utah, and partly to that of Colorado, which has scarcely ever been approached until the last two years, and which contains some of the strangest scenery in the world. It consists of a series of high table-lands in steps, one behind the other, seamed with gulfs or chasms thousands of feet deep, at the bottom of which run the rivers. It is completely barren, as every drop of water drains off at once from the surface above: an arid desert, with no vegetation beyond a prickly scrub or a distorted cactus. Whether these extraordinary fissures, called cañons, are volcanic rents in the earth, or have been produced by the action of the rivers themselves, or by both together, is a geological point not yet decided. In some of the shallower ravines trees are to be found growing by the beds of the streams and in their broken sides, and an enormous cactus is mentioned which often reaches forty feet in height, but the deeper clefts are more like immense drains than anything else, sometimes even larger at the bottom than the top, where the softer rock is worn by the water and not more than a hundred feet wide; the sun scarcely penetrates to such enormous depths, the soil is washed away by the floods, and there is scarcely any footing for plants or shrubs.

The only white men who have hitherto explored this inhospitable region have been the "prospectors" or seekers for gold, and latterly some of the Yankee pioneers in search of "new tracks." One of these, General Palmer, is quoted by Dr. Bell in his recent interesting work on these regions,* as follows: "Suddenly there yawned at our feet, without the least previous indication, one of those fearful chasms with its precipitous sides hundreds of feet deep, and apparently so narrow that you hardly realise the fact that, before you can continue your march you must either find a place sufficiently broken to descend and mount again on the other side with your loaded mules, or consume days in heading the inexorable channel." On one occasion, he with his party of soldiers had decided on going down and travelling in the bed of the stream, following an Indian trail, when upon reaching a spot where the cliffs in the rear, ahead, and above, looked like a grey coffin, they suddenly heard a horrible war-whoop echoing as if all the savages in the Rocky Mountains were upon them, and they received a perfect shower of arrows and bullets, followed by the rolling down of enormous stones on their heads by the stealthy Apache Indians. In this case General Palmer's force was large enough to send two scaling parties, who mounted the cliff like cats, took the Indians in the rear and put them to flight; but, says he, if the soldiers had been fewer in number they must all have been killed.

The hero, however, of cañon explorers, though an involuntary one, is a certain James White, whose story, as given by Dr. Bell, follows here somewhat stewed down as it were.

In the spring of 1867 a small party of Yankee prospectors having heard that small lumps of gold had been seen in the pouch of an Indian from that district, set off to try their luck. At the miserable village called Colorado city, situated on the last hem of the known land, they heard such an account of the hardships of the country and the dangers from the Indians, that one of the party fell off. The other three, with two pack mules to carry their provisions, mining tools, and blankets, travelled on in a south-western direction four hundred miles beyond all trace of the white man. They found a little gold, on "striking" the San Juan, but not enough to satisfy them, and went on another hundred miles or so, into the wilderness, until they reached the great cañon of the Colorado river, by no means at its deepest part. They and their animals were suffering sadly from thirst, and the only water was foaming and dashing like a silver thread two thousand feet below, at the bottom of perpendicular cliffs. They pushed on, hoping to find a place by which they might climb down. After a most toilsome day among the rough rocks, they succeeded in

* New Tracks in North America, by W. A. Bell.

discovering a smaller cañon, where a stream made its way into the main river; and got at last to the bottom, where they encamped. They were much disheartened and talked of returning home. Captain Baker, however, kept up their spirits, and sang songs over the camp-fire, and when they started next morning they were in very good heart. They were climbing the precipitous bank, Baker in front, then James White, lastly, Strole with the mules, when suddenly they heard the war-whoop of the Apache, the most cowardly and cruel of the Indian tribes thereabouts. A shower of bullets and arrows followed, poor Baker fell immediately, and though he raised himself against a rock and fired in return, he called out to the others who were hurrying up to his help, "Back, boys, save yourselves, I'm dying!" They stood by him nevertheless, till the breath left his body, firing on the Indians as they came up. The delay of the wretched Apache in scalping the dead body enabled the two men to rush down the chasm once more, secure the arms, a stock of provisions, and the "lariats" of the mules. There was no chance of saving the animals.

It was quite impossible to escape by the upper country, where they were certain to fall into the hands of the Indians, and they followed the stream for four hours, when it flowed into the great Colorado at a low strip of "bottom land," where the cold grey walls, which must here have been two thousand feet high, hemmed them in, and there was no possible outlet but along the river itself. A good deal of drift-wood lay on the shore, and they put together a frail raft of three trunks of the cotton-tree, about ten feet long and eight inches in diameter, fastened with their mule ropes, and then picked out a couple of stout poles to serve as paddles to guide it. It is a proof how little they realised the frightful security of their prison walls that they waited until the moon went down for fear they should be seen by Indians. About midnight they launched their miserable raft, and went rushing down the yawning cañon, tossing and whirling about in the eddies, and dashing against the rocks in the dark. Early in the morning they found a place where they could land, but the walls seemed to be increasing in height. They strengthened their raft, and ate some of their food, which was by this time quite soaked. The width of the cañon seemed to them some sixty or seventy yards, and the current carried them about three miles an hour. That day, they reached the confluence with the Rio Grande, but the two rivers were hardly wider, though deeper, than the one; the depth of the fissure at this point is estimated, by trigonometrical estimates made afterwards, to be about four thousand feet, with pinnacles of immense height standing out in places. At night they fastened themselves to a rock, or hauled up their raft on some "bottom land." The perpendicular walls were composed of grey sand-rock, the lower portions worn smooth by the action of floods, up to about forty feet. A little line of blue sky showed high above them, but the sun shone only for an hour or so in the day—it was a dark gloomy abyss, where nothing grew, and not so much as a bird was to be seen. Every now and then they shot past side cañons, which looked black and forbidding, like cells in the walls of a massy prison. They remembered, however, that Baker had told them the town of Colville was at the mouth of the cañon where the river Colorado entered the plain. They thought they could make their provisions last five days, and "surely such wonderful walls could not last for ever."

Before long, they reached what they believed to be the opening into the San Juan river, and attempted to turn the raft into it; but the swift current drove them back, the water reached from wall to wall, and there was no possibility of landing. Still they floated on, every bend seeming to take them deeper into the bowels of the earth; the walls above appeared to come closer and shut out more of the narrow belt of sky; to make the shadows blacker, and redouble the echoes. They were constantly wet, but the water was comparatively warm (it was August), and the currents were more regular than they had expected. Strole steered, and often set the end of the pole against a rock while he leaned with his whole weight on the other end to push off the raft. On the third day they heard a deep roar of waters, the raft was violently agitated, and seemed as if it must be whirled against a wall which barred all further progress. The river, however, made a sharp bend, and they saw before them a long vista of water lashed into foam, and pouring through a deep gorge full of huge masses of rock fallen from above. The raft swept on, shivering as if the logs would break up; the waves dashed over the men, and they seemed to be buried under them. Strole stood up with his pole to attempt to guide their course, when suddenly they plunged

down a chasm amidst the deafening roar, and, with a shriek which went to the solitary survivor's heart, the poor fellow fell back and sank into the whirlpool amidst the mist and spray. White still clung to the logs, and in a few minutes found himself in smooth water, floating fast away. It was nearly night, the provisions had all been washed away, and the raft seemed to be coming to pieces. He succeeded, however, in getting it on to some flat rocks, and there he sat all night, thinking over his horrible loneliness, and wishing he had died with Baker fighting the Indians; but when he remembered home, he says he resolved "to die hard, and like a man."

At dawn he strengthened his raft and once more put off, taking the precaution of lashing himself to his logs; he passed over a succession of rapids where the river must have fallen, he thinks thirty or forty feet in a hundred yards, and was blocked with masses of stone; he was whirled about and thumped and submerged, until at last the fastenings of the upper end of the raft gave way and it spread out like a fan; the rope, however, held him firm, and when he floated into calmer water he managed to get upon a rock, and once more contrived to fasten the logs together.

Some miles below this, he reached the mouth of another great river, the Chiquito, more rapid than the San Juan, and where the current was at right angles to the main stream: causing a large and dangerous whirlpool in a black chasm on the opposite shore. He saw it from a long way off, but the Colorado current was so strong that he hoped with his pole to guide himself straight. But when he reached the meeting of the waters, the raft suddenly stopped, swung round as if balanced on a point, and was then swept into the whirlpool; he felt as if all exertion were now fruitless, dropped his pole and fell back on his raft, hearing the gurgling water, and expecting to be plunged into it. He waited for death with his eyes closed. Presently he felt a strange swinging motion and found that he was circling round and round, sometimes close to the vortex, sometimes thrown by an eddy to the outer edge. He remembers looking up and seeing the blue belt of sky and some red clouds, showing that it was sunset in the upper world, five thousand feet or more above him. He grew dizzy and fancies he must have fainted, for, when he again became conscious, the sky had grown dark and night shadows filled the cañon. Then as he felt the raft sweeping round in the current, he suddenly rose on his knees and asked God to help him. "In my very soul I prayed, O God, if there is a way out of this fearful place show it to me, take me out!" It was the only moment, says the narrator who wrote down what he had heard from White himself, that the man volunteered any information; the rest came out only with close questioning, "but here his somewhat heavy features quivered, and his voice grew husky." Suddenly he felt a different motion in the raft, and, peering into the dark, found that he had left the whirlpool at some distance, and that he was in the smoothest current he had yet seen. One of his questioners smiled at this part of the story, and he said with emotion: "It's true, Bob, and I'm sure God took me out!"

After this the course of the river became very crooked, with short, sharp turns; the current was very slow, the flat precipitous walls were of white sand-rock upon which the high-water mark showed strongly, forty feet above. And here it was found afterwards by barometrical observations, to be nearly seven thousand feet in height. The deepest part, in fact, of the cañon is between the San Juan and the Colorado Chiquito. The wretched man's clothes were torn to shreds, he was constantly wet, every noon the sun blazed down, burning and blistering his uncovered body. Four days had dragged on since he had tasted food, hunger seemed almost to madden him, and as the raft floated on he sat looking into the water, longing to jump in and have done with his misery. On the fifth day he saw a bit of flat land with some mesquit bushes on it: a relief after the utter absence of any living thing; he had seen no plants, nor animals, nor birds, at that dreary depth. He managed to land, and ate the green pods and leaves, but they seemed only to make him more hungry.

The rocks now became black, an igneous formation, with occasional breaks in the wall, and here and there a bush; they were becoming gradually lower, though he was unconscious of it He had been six days without food, it was eleven since he started, and he was floating on almost without any sensation, when he heard voices and saw men beckoning from the shore; a momentary strength came to him, he pushed towards them, and found himself among a tribe of Yampais Indians who have lived for many years on a strip of alluvial land along the bottom of the cañon, which is here somewhat wider, and the trail to which, from

the upper world, is known only to themselves. One of the Indians made fast the raft, another seized White roughly and dragged him up the bank, and began to tear away the remains of his shirt, and was doing the same by his trousers, when a third interfered. White could not speak, but pointed to his mouth, and they gave him some meat and roasted mesquit beans. He stayed with them all night; next morning, having found out by signs that he might reach the dwellings of the white men in about "two suns," by the river, he once more pushed off. He had still a revolver left tied on to the logs, with which he purchased half a dog and some more beans. In spite of good resolutions, the temptation of food was too great, and he ate all he had, on the first day. For three more days he floated on; the prison walls must now have been gradually expanding and lowering, but he had grown so weak that he lay utterly exhausted, indifferent to life and death, having given up all hope. On the third day, however, from leaving the Indians, and the fourteenth from first starting, he heard voices and the plash of oars. He understood the words he heard, though he could not reply; he found himself lifted into a boat, he had reached the open world, and the battle of life was won.

The people of the Mormon settlement of Colville treated "this waif out of the bowels of the unknown cañon" with the greatest kindness; but he was long in recovering; they declared that they had never seen such a wretched-looking creature: his feet, legs, and body were literally flayed from exposure to the scorching rays of the sun, when drenched with wet. His reason at first seemed almost gone, his eyes were hollow and dreary, and though a great strong fellow of thirty, he stooped like an old man. It was calculated that he had floated above five hundred miles along this hitherto unexplored chasm: thereby solving a curious geographical problem, the great missing link between the Upper and Lower Colorado. It is not likely, at least at present, that any one will be bold enough to repeat the voyage. His story was taken down from his own lips by a Dr. Parry, who had himself been occupied in surveying the district, in order to discover "minerals," and to try to find a level route through the country. It is a curious proof of the close proximity in which these utterly wild districts are found in America, with the latest inventions of the nineteenth century, that the account of Colville in the following chapter mentions that "steamers come four hundred miles up the river from the Pacific," as high as this Mormon town.

Dr. Bell's work contains much curious, new, and interesting information, and well merits reading.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER ON THE LATIN POETS.

In our former paper we brought the catalogue of the Latin poets down to Phædrus. The next poet, Lucan, has a high reputation among Latin authors. He was a native of Corduba (now Cordova) in Spain, and born A.D. 37, and was the son of a Roman knight, the brother of Seneca, who married Caja Acilia, the daughter of Acilius Lucanus, from whom the poet took his name. His education was carried on in Rome, from the age of eight months, and he was instructed in languages by Palæmon, the learned grammarian. Flavius Virginius, the most eloquent rhetorician of his time, and Cornutus, the Stoic sage, were his masters in oratory and philosophy. When but fourteen years of age, he was able to declaim in Greek and Latin. He finished his studies at Athens, whence Seneca sent for him, and had reason to be proud of his nephew.

Seneca was at this time the tutor of Nero, and Lucan apparently made advances in his favour, for he was prematurely instituted questor, and admitted a member of the college of Augurs, on which occasion he composed some verses in honour of his patron. He likewise married a senator's daughter, Polla Argentaria, a lady of much wit and learning, and of great beauty.

Lucan's good fortune did not last long. He was too ambitious for Nero not to become jealous of his merits. The vain emperor, not content with being regarded as the father of his country, affected the characters of player, musician, and poet and would endure no competition in either. But Lucan entered into the lists with him, by contending for the prize in poetry. Nero, at the celebration of the Quinquennalia, recited his Niobe, and Lucan his Orpheus. The latter obtained the prize. Nero showed his resentment by prohibiting Lucan from repeating any of his compositions in public, and daily ridiculing and depreciating his talents.

The tyranny of Nero provoked Piso's conspiracy, and Lucan, stung by ill-treatment,

joined it. He was condemned to die, and his veins were opened in a hot bath by his physician. He expired, repeating some lines from his Pharsalia, being then only twenty-seven years of age.

Besides the poem just mentioned, which he left unfinished, Lucan is said to have written one on the combat of Hector and Achilles, another on Orpheus, another on the fire of Rome, in which he covertly accused Nero as the author of the calamity, and some books of Saturnalia, together with some miscellaneous productions, an imperfect tragedy of Medea, and a poem on the burning of Troy.

The Pharsalia, Lucan's great poem, is not an epic, but an historical narrative in verse. When Lucan commenced it Nero had promised to restore the moderation and clemency of Augustus, and the poet wished to improve the opportunity by setting the character of Cato in a true heroic light. His other characters are Brutus, Julius Cæsar, and Pompey. All are carefully drawn. The sentiments with which the poem abounds are noble and large minded. Many of them have a strange resemblance to those in the Pauline epistles; but both have a common origin in prior tradition, since not a few of them are found in Ovid. Lucan too frequently gave an epigrammatic turn to his finest descriptions, which somewhat impaired their beauty. We need not, however, dwell on this poem, which is well known to the English reader by Rowe's excellent translation.

But not only was history communicated in verse, but science. Thus astronomy was indebted to Manilius, a poet either of the Augustan age or that of Theodosius, who has been much neglected. He publicly professed and taught mathematics. His poem, however, is defective, for his account of the planets is incomplete. He is, too, rather an astrologer than an astronomer; and among philosophers he clearly belongs to the sect of the Stoics.

Statius, whose name has been mentioned more than once in these papers, was a disciple of Virgil, whose natal day he was accustomed to solemnise, and whose tomb he frequently visited. His great work, the Thebaid, is modelled on the Æneid, but is defective in epic properties, and depicts manners thrown too far back into the barbarous ages. He was unlike Virgil, too, in being poor; so that he is mentioned by Juvenal as an evidence of the low state of men of letters, and the small encouragement given to men of talent, who were often reduced to the necessity of writing for their bread. He also tells us that Statius wrote a tragedy, which the player Paris purchased, the poet being reduced to sell it for a subsistence to the histrion who became a minion of the emperor. The poet's circumstances seem to have improved from that period, and in his Thebaid he was said to have been assisted by the most learned men of the time, and by Maximus Junius, a nobleman of great accomplishments. Statius himself was of a good family, and was born at Naples about the beginning of the reign of Claudius—the precise time is uncertain. Having made his fortune in Rome, he returned to his native place and dwelt there until he died. His wife Claudia is supposed to have assisted him in his Thebaid, and was in high repute as a woman of intelligence and virtue. He was occupied twelve years in the composition of the Thebaid, and then commenced the Achilleid, which he left unfinished. His early efforts consisted of occasional poems, which he wrote with great facility, and published in five books, under the title of Silvæ, or Miscellanies. One of these compliments, in hyperbolical terms, the Emperor Domitian, who once invited him, at the instance of Paris, to a splendid banquet. But this gross flattery of the emperors belongs to all the Latin poets, who uniformly treat the Cæsar as a divinity. Having absolute tyrants to deal with, they deemed it prudent rather to be too profuse in compliment than to fall short of what might possibly be expected.

Any survey of Latin poetry which did not include the Satirists would manifestly be incomplete, for the indulgence of the satiric vein was one of its most ancient and characteristic features. This vein seems to have been peculiar to the national idiosyncrasy, for Roman satire borrowed nothing but its measure from the Greeks, unless, as Horace intimates, the free exposures of individual vices in the old Greek comedy may be accepted as examples. Take what Horace says on the point, "in the very words of Creech:"

> Cratin and Eupolis, that lashed the age,
> Those old comedian furies of the stage;
> If they were to describe a vile, unjust,
> And cheating knave, or scourge a lawless lust,
> Or other crimes: regardless of his fame,
> They showed the man, and boldly told his name.
> This is Lucilius' way, he follows those,
> The wit the same, but other numbers chose.

To the Lucilius here mentioned Latin satire was indebted for its regulation and

improvement; to Horace, Persius, and Juvenal for its perfection. Horace has been sufficiently described by Persius, in the following passage, as translated by Dryden:

> He, with a sly insinuating grace,
> Laughed at his friend, and looked him in the face:
> Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found,
> And tickle while he gently probed the wound;
> With seeming innocence the crowd beguiled,
> And made the desperate passes when he smiled.

Persius was born the 4th of December, in the year of Rome, 787, at Volaterræ, a town in Etruria. At the age of twelve he was removed to Rome, and pursued his studies under Palæmon, the grammarian, and Virginius Flaccus, the rhetorician. He learned philosophy of Cornutus. The friend of Pætus Thrasea and of Lucan, Persius is said to have been a man of strict morals, and also of extraordinary modesty. He is famed for having been dutiful to his mother and affectionate to his sister and other relatives. The reading of Lucilius inclined him to satire. He was but a youth when he began to write, and he died in his twenty-ninth year at a country-house in the Appian Way, about eighteen miles from Rome. He left his library to Cornutus. It consisted of more than seven hundred volumes—no mean collection for a young gentleman in those days.

Persius, it seems, wrote seldom, and confided the publication of his verses to his friend Cæsius Bassus. His satires were universally admired; nevertheless, he was not equal either to Horace or Juvenal as a poet, though superior to them in learning. He aimed at a noble, figurative, and poetical style; and the Stoic philosophy gave a grandeur to his verse; but he is wanting in wit, and sometimes in perspicuity. The brevity of his style, in fact, often renders him obscure, though, in some cases, he is so only because of our ignorance of the customs to which he alludes.

Of Juvenal, our information is more copious. This severe and eloquent poet was born at Aquinum, in Campania, about the beginning of the reign of Claudius. His father was a wealthy freedman, and gave him a liberal education, placing him under Fronto, the grammarian, and Quintilian, who is supposed to have commended his pupil's satires, in the remarks made by him on Roman satire in general. He is likewise commended by Martial, his friend, in three epigrams. It is supposed that Juvenal's satires were written late in life. He had gained a fortune at the bar, where he distinguished himself by his eloquence, before he commenced the practice of poetry. Hence it has been observed that he is a declaimer in verse. He was more than forty when he made his first essay, which he recited to his friends. Their approbation encouraged him to a larger venture, in which he severely exposed Paris, the pantomimist, Domitian's chief favourite. The minion complained to his imperial master, who sent the offending poet into banishment, under pretence of giving him the prefecture of a cohort, about to be quartered in Egypt. The poet benefited by his new experience, and wrought up into his fifteenth satire his observations on the superstitions and religious controversies of the people. Juvenal returned to Rome after the death of Domitian. The fourth satire, in which he exposes the debaucheries and luxury of the tyrant's court, was evidently written after that event. Juvenal was at least seventy years of age when he wrote his thirteenth satire, addressed to his friend Calvinus, and was about eighty when he died, in the eleventh year of the reign of Adrian. In Juvenal, satire is said to have arrived at its highest perfection. There are passages in him worthy of the Hebrew prophets. Always vehement, he writes sometimes as if he were inspired. Those in which he denounces polytheism and superstition are magnificent.

The later poets of the Roman empire are florid in their style, and have been condemned by critics on that account as inferior to their predecessors. Of these Valerius Flaccus has left us part of a poem on the Argonautic expedition. An imitator of Virgil, he has not his taste and judgment. In the substance of his work, he follows Apollonius, the Greek poet; in the form and structure of it, he is inferior even to Lucan. As a new English poet has lately treated the same subject in a long narrative poem somewhat successfully, we now turn to Valerius Flaccus with renewed interest, since we can compare him with William Morris, whose Life and Death of Jason will not easily be forgotten.

A poet of about the same degree of merit is Silius Italicus, the place of whose birth is uncertain; the time was during the reign of Tiberius. He had a genius for eloquence, and was one of the best orators at the bar, and by the favour of Vitellius rose to high honours. Under Vespasian he was sent pro-consul into Asia; on his return he purchased Cicero's famous villa at Tusculum, and an estate at Naples, which is said to have been Virgil's. He lived to a great age, but suffered much from an

incurable ulcer, and resorted to voluntary abstinence for putting a premature end to his painful life; an act accounted brave by the Stoic philosophers. His poem gives an account of the second Punic War in sixteen books. Hannibal is his Hector, and Scipio his Achilles. The subject is noble, and it is nobly treated. Notwithstanding that his argument was modern, Silius has admitted supernatural machinery, for which critics have censured him severely. A good translation of his poem is much needed.

Both of these poets were frequently mentioned with praise by Martial, a writer of epigrams—born about A.D. 40, at Aragon in Spain. He left the bar for the Muses, and associated with literary men, Silius Italicus, Stella, and Pliny the younger, all of whom he celebrates in his epistles. He was also patronised by the emperors Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan. He lived at Rome thirty-four years, and then retired to his native country, where he wrote the twelfth book of his poems, and married a second wife, Marcella. He had many faults of composition; but he has apologised for all in the following epigram:

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura,
Quæ legis hic: Aliter non fit, avite, liber.

Another miscellaneous writer of verses was Ausonius, a native of Bordeaux in France, born A.D. 320. He wrote a poem called Parentalia, in which he celebrates his relatives. He was tutor to Gratian, the son of the Emperor Valentinian the elder, and to his brother, afterwards Valentinian the Second. Successively made questor, prefect, and consul, he lived to a happy old age. In all probability he was a Christian. His greatest poem is one on the river Moselle, which he describes with much picturesque power. His smaller miscellanies are too frequently of a trifling nature.

We now come to the last of the Latin poets, Claudian, who was born at Alexandria, in Egypt, A.D. 365. He began writing in Greek verse before commencing in Latin. He was thirty years old when he first visited Rome. Here he acquired the favour of Stilicho, a Vandal, who under Honorius governed the Western empire. But he was ambitious of wearing the title of emperor himself, and this caused his ruin. Claudian was involved in the disgrace of his patron, and was for some time persecuted by Hadrian, the Captain of the Guards, on whom Claudian avenged himself by an epigram. Claudian was, however, highly honoured by the emperors Arcadius and Honorius, who erected a statue to him in the Forum of Trajan, with an inscription, and the following verses in Greek:

Rome and the Cæsars here his statue raise,
Who Virgil's genius joined to Homer's lays.

This honour was probably paid to him in reward for his having written a poem on the consulship of Honorius. He wrote also a poem on the Getic war, and married a lady of quality and fortune. The style of Claudian is florid, and his numbers are flowing and harmonious. His Rape of Proserpine is a brief epic of considerable beauty. His fancy was eminently luxuriant and has been censured by some critics, as resembling that over-abundant foliage of certain trees which is the result of distemper or injury and the accompaniment of bad fruit. But the modern reader will pardon his redundancy for the sake of his spirit and vivacity. Claudian is never dull, and writes more in the vein of poets of later times than of those of the strictest classic ages. His epithalamium on Honorius's marriage is an exquisite work. He is frequently pathetic, but can also satirise with effect. Witness his poems on Eutropius and Rufinus, which are masterpieces in their way. They teem with fine passages. As a court poet, indeed, he has never been excelled for his invention, his eloquence, and his taste.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A Yachting Story.

CHAPTER III. YACHTSMEN ARRIVING.

Dr. Bailey was walking home by himself full of a sort of unusual excitement. The shops in the little new town were lighting up, lazy bands of sailors in the trim, dandy, yachting dress, and with golden names of nymphs and goddesses on their hats, were strolling, lounging through the place, gathering at the Royal Yacht Tavern, and other sailors' houses, or were grouped in crowds in the centre of the street. Lights were twinkling everywhere, and converging to points at the end of long avenues. There was a hum and chatter of voices abroad, and yet with a general atmosphere of calm and rest, such as comes at the close of a day that has been busy and sultry. For this was a quiet June evening, and a June Saturday evening; and it was also all but the eve of the St. Arthur's-on-the-Sea Regatta, which was to commence on the Monday morning. The tiny harbour was already crowded with little black dashes

surmounted with spiders'-web work. The yachts, which had come stealing in during the daytime, had now folded up their white wings for the night. Far off little white splashes could be made out on the purple-grey clouds of the horizon, fast becoming black, which were other yachts posting up, as it were, to reach an hotel, and get to bed comfortably. Down at the jetty's edge were other groups of seafaring men, sitting on benches or turned-over boats; whilst the most eloquent proclaimed the merits of "our craft," and boasted how the Diver could beat the Mary Tanner any day—names which figured in the yachting list as La Diva and the Maritana.

In accordance with the delightful vagabondage of yachting life, the St. Arthur's Regatta, at this time in its infancy, and "good-naturedly encouraged," had drawn many noble strangers, noble creatures, the beauties of yacht creation, elegant symmetrical beings, to contend with each other; but, as with the beauty of the ball-room—no matter how fine the lines of her neck and figure, no matter what the Lapthornian milliner may have done for her, this year's belle is certain to give place to the new one of next year.

Sometimes, indeed, the existing queen will not give way without a petulant and spiteful struggle, disdaining to be vanquished by a mere chit of a thing just out. And once, perhaps, it is positively a pleasure to see an almost veteran stager like the Alarm hold her own for season after season; lead off every ball triumphantly, and draw away all admirers from generations of younger rivals.

Down below could be seen indistinctly the huge Morna, a boat of surprising reputation, and whose vast mainsail it took twenty men to get in. It was thought greedy on her part to come to snatch up the St. Arthur's prizes, and as nine o'clock came that night it was thought they were saved from her. But a little white speck began presently to enlarge and grow larger again, with such speed that the angry yachting men found themselves stamping fretfully, and saying, "that's her," or something like her. In a few minutes she was rolling in among them, her great sail like a vast cloud, which in a few moments more seemed to dissipate like a vapour, sending consternation and disgust among the yachtsmen on shore.

But well in the centre of the little haven reposed a handsome schooner, which lay haughtily, sullenly, and in the place of honour. She inspired respect, and belonged to the peerage of the craft. For from her bows floated the white flag, which translated, means R. Y. S., and over her bulwarks were seen little white dots, the clean and snowy uniform of her crew. She was known to be the Almandine, one hundred and seventy, and belonging to Lord Formanton, though she had not the noble owner on board. His son, however, the Honourable George Conway, was there with a very distinguished nautical party, His Royal Highness the Prince of Saxe-Gröningen, with Baron Bachmann, Lieutenant Bruce, and others. It was from this august craft that Doctor Bailey was returning on this fine June evening. He had gone on board to pay his respects, just as her Majesty's consul goes on board at some foreign port. The German prince, indeed, from his imposing presence and manner, at first took him for some such public officer; but the doctor soon opened his proposals. He came, he said, to give them a cordial welcome to their regatta, and they would try to make everything as agreeable as possible during their stay. Two years ago, Count Lalande, of the Paris club, looked in on them, and was delighted. He (Doctor Bailey) did everything for him. Now to-morrow was Sunday—a dull day. Would they so far honour him by coming to take a bit of lunch with him and Mrs. Bailey at The Beeches? They could walk about the grounds afterwards. Count Lalande had done so. Then, by the way, there was to be an appeal made by his unworthy lips for a meritorious charity—The Disabled Yachtsmen's Fund. In a place like this a little religion was no harm; but, of course, administered with discretion. No one had more experience among seamen than he had, but there was an art in insinuating the Sacred Word among them. He hoped Lord Formanton was in good health.

The Honourable George Conway and the German prince listened to these proposals. The truth was they rather shrank from the dull Sunday, and the pleasant wandering ways of their ship made a sudden introduction and acquaintance of ten minutes' age quite familiar. They accepted the doctor's invitation as a matter of course, and promised to attend both lunch and sermon. The doctor strode home very happy and complacent, planning his lunch, looking at it fixedly, as though it were "laid" before him, up in the welkin. He stamped and creaked into his hall, letting the door slam behind him, then turning

angrily as though some one else had done it. The contrast between his deferentially persuasive manner on board, and his loud, rough words of command in his own hall, was really startling.

"Here, come down—come here, quick!" A pale, fluttering, elderly, little woman appeared before him, old-fashioned and pinched. She knew her inferior caste. "Hark, woman!" he said, "and see to this; and get those sluts below to do their work. They're coming to lunch, prince and all. So, see there's no bungling this time. Now, go along, and don't stand staring at *me!*"

Then this good doctor sat down to his desk to get ready his sermon, which, indeed, was not difficult. He always had a few by him in stock on various models. There was what might be called the Almack's pattern—refined, oily, sweet-scented doctrine, that trickled over the edges of the pulpit, and flowed gently in the direction of the select pews. There was a good common-day pattern of the curate sort, which did well enough for the Sundays, at the dead level of the season, before Lady A. or Lord D. arrived. For these were "gala sermons." Finally, there were the "crowded sermons," when the place was very full, and quantity, if not quality, was present. On this night he took down a sermon preached one lucky Sunday when a royal duke had found himself there, and which "a little touching" could make just the thing for a German prince. Having got through this work he ordered his two women to write all out "legibly," and "see that they did it before going to bed." He went to his own, and slept there, whalelike in look, and making awful and cow-like sounds. He had an implied consciousness that he was sleeping a just man's sleep.

The harbour of St. Arthur's looked very bright on that Sunday morning. The yachts—pretty creatures, like pretty creatures on shore—had all their finery on; gay caps and ribbons, and snowy petticoats. The rival clubs flourished scarlet bunting at each other, as though offering a challenge. Tiny boats were rowing backward and forward; and from the Almandine a barge, manned by six white-shirted rowers, was pulling in state for the stairs—alas! it was seen from the Royal Burgee, for the stairs of the Royal St. Arthur's. His Royal Highness the Prince of Saxe-Gröningen, with the Honourable George Conway, ascended and walked to the church. At the door they were met by the vicar himself, who led them up the aisle, and shut them securely, and with a snap, into the large box of honour at the top. How happy would he have been, could he have thus treated all his friends of condition — above all, that wandering cabinet minister, who had been there for one day, and whom he might have never released till a promise of a bishopric had been extorted. It was crowded indeed: "hundreds had to be turned from the doors," as a gentleman of theatrical tastes said to his friend. All the leading people were present; and on a line with the august strangers were the baronet and his daughter, the heiress. The prince obtained much attention, far more than did the dull curate; and was observed to look round gaily and with curiosity, attending very little to his devotions: a fair sandy youth, perfectly self-possessed. But his companion excited more admiration. Even the devout noted how handsome and "thorough-bred" was the Honourable George Conway, a man of about eight-and-thirty, with rich, smooth black hair, well-cut ivory face, bright but reflective eyes, and a general air of quiet and unobtrusive good sense and calm wisdom. This much may be said, that he was known among his friends as "a rock of good sense," but was a little uncertain as to where he would finally fix that rock for good.

The doctor's heavy tread seemed to make the church quiver, and his gown, &c., clattered and flapped like the mainsail when going about. Indeed, it occurred to one of the Jack Tars that he was "carrying on" with too much canvas; and the pulpit creaked and strained as "that ere heavy gaff" was hoisted up. Then the doctor gave out his text, and made his Royal Highness of Saxe-Gröningen start with his loud round tones. There was nothing passionate in his appeal, and nothing threatening or "bullying like that ranter Buckley." It was a pleasant, kindly invitation to "Give, give"—the doctor pronounced it "gee-iff"—out of all that we could spare. We were *not* called on to abridge a single superfluity; on those in the higher stations pressed many claims and calls which seemed to those below luxuries. No; let us all give what we could spare. Again, the doctor drew an effective nautical picture. "As in that contest, my brethren, which to-morrow will thrill every heart and kindle every eye, the proud skiff goes forth in all her beauty,

drooping before the breeze, every sail set; suddenly comes on a storm—we are taken aback —we fly to the ropes, the hawsers —but it is too late. The squall is down on them—in a second the whole is a po-oor helpless wreck!" All the nautical men remarked confusion in this nautical description, and pointed out the mistake; and the mate of the Almandine was heard to say, as he came out, that "that ere must have been a clumsy crew, mate," while a second, with some vehemence, "that that ere skipper had best stick to his own business, seeing as how he didn't know a rope from a hawser;" while a third, affecting to see an allusion to the Morna, said, "It was unfair for a parson to be prejudicing the race. But she'd beat in spite of all the black gentry that ever rode in a pulpit."

On coming out the doctor received compliments from the distinguished party. At the same moment a tall good-looking man, in a yachting surtout, came up. He had a hard face, and was bald. He seemed as though he had "lived a great deal," and was greeted by the young man.

"Hallo, Dudley, what you coming to church?" he said, good-humouredly—"Prince, let me introduce Colonel Dudley."

The doctor was beside them already, an improvised equerry. The crowd of fashion lingered reluctantly, and the doctor's open carriage was waiting.

"The prince and Mr. Conway are coming up to lunch," said the doctor, in a voice that could be heard beyond the church. "If you will come, Colonel Dudley——"

The other was looking back to the church door, expecting some one to come out; then, without answering, broke away, as it were, and went to join the baronet and his daughter.

The doctor "blew" a little, and got red. "A man of no manners, Mr. Conway," he said. "Lives altogether a vagabond life."

"Oh I see," said Mr. Conway, with interest; "those must be the people he is always talking about."

"*You* see how it is, Mr. Conway," said the doctor. "A true Formanton, sir. Yes, a vulgar longing after the heiress. Will you get in, prince?"

"But, your daughter and family?" said the prince, politely.

"O, pooh!" said the doctor, as if to the servants; "they've got home someway, never fear."

The three gentlemen got in, and the carriage drove away to The Beeches. The doctor talked all the time, and described—for he knew the country as well as a "lecturer" does his panorama. Sometimes Mr. Conway questioned him, and seemed to reflect on what he said.

"Curious," he said, after a pause, "Dudley's turning up here. We last saw him on the Nile."

"Dear, dear!" said the doctor, bursting with enthusiasm. "There are wheels, you see, dozens of 'em within each other. That's his cousin, our heiress, the future baronetess, as my son calls her."

"But he's married," said Conway, gravely: "it seems strange, does it not?"

"My dear sir, there's no being up to men of that sort. He quite hangs about Panton —a cousin, you know. And she, the wife, was such a strange, ill-regulated, dreadful person."

"Here we are!" said the doctor several times, almost at each sweep of the avenue. "Here we are," is always accepted by the person to whom it is addressed with a sort of surprise and gratitude, though he is already in possession of the information. At the hall door, the doctor said "Here we are," for the last time, and got out.

CHAPTER IV. THE LUNCH.

He led his two guests in, and as he did so, a young girl came to meet them. "This is my daughter Jessica," said the doctor, scarcely with the importance that he would have said, "this is our front drawing-room."

It occurred to Mr. Conway, and to the German prince, what a "strange girl this was," what a quickness and spirit in the motion of her eye and head, what a character there was. She seemed to challenge them, inquire what was in their thoughts, to colour as she read those thoughts. She was about one-and-twenty, and was a girl that could make her own way.

"An invasion!" said the prince, in good English; "an invasion, Miss Bailey."

"Not at all," she said. "Papa asked you, and we are so glad."

Smart, thought Conway, or she thinks herself so. A pity. He would give her another chance.

"Sunday is so dull in harbour," he began and paused.

A really smart girl, he thought, could not let this chance go, but must reply, "And Mr. Conway only comes to us to

avoid the dull harbour." But instead, her eyes dropped suddenly, and she said,

"It was very kind of you, indeed." Mr. Conway was a remarkably interesting man, and had a legion of lady admirers.

"O come in and sit down," said the doctor, impatiently. "Go, child, and hurry your mother; these gentlemen are hungry, and don't keep us waiting. Come in here, prince, you shall taste my cognac: finest in the three kingdoms." It will be seen that the Reverend Doctor Bailey was something of an under-bred man. With him it was all, "his," and "my;" a red, swollen pampered "my;" "my house, my furniture, my servants, my women," &c. All these elements were to his service, honour, and glory.

The prince said, perhaps a little maliciously, "Will you not allow us the pleasure of presenting our homage to Mrs. Bailey?"

"Oh to be sure, to be sure," said the doctor; "she will be here presently. These servants of ours, I can tell you, prince——"

"She your servant?" said Mr. Conway. "O, I see now," he added, correcting himself.

"Ah, here is lunch!" said the doctor, as the folding door was thrown open. "For once Mrs. Bailey has not been an hour late." The doctor began to stride. But the prince stopped to offer his arm to Miss Jessica. "You are coming in to lunch, are you not? This is not surely after dinner, when the gentlemen drink alone?"

The girl hesitated.

"God bless me," said her father, "you are always getting up some fuss! Don't let us stand upon the order of our going, prince. Come in."

But the latter, with great ceremoniousness, offered his arm, with a low foreign bend and bow, to the young lady. The doctor began to blow and walked behind, raising his hands impatiently.

The lady of the house stole down after they were seated. And the ceremonious prince had risen and was bowing, and offering his chair. The doctor "blew," and "phewed" again, and remained with his soup-tureen poised. He conveyed the idea that he would have liked to have used it, say on the side of a human head divine, and for quite another purpose than for helping soup.

She scarcely spoke, but Mr. Conway noticed that her daughter determined, as of set purpose, that she should be noticed and have her place.

"I hope we shall see a great deal of you," said the doctor, lubricating his lips with rich gravy. "Here—help the prince. Now you must, you really must come often; you know the way here."

Conway, who was a perfect gentleman, seemed to take a pleasure in bringing forward Mrs. Bailey.

"But what can *you* say to such an arrangement? Two boisterous sailors bursting in, and taking possession of the house! No, indeed, we must think of you."

"What folly!" said the doctor; "don't mind them. What have they to do with it? Come when you like!"

"What have they to do with it?" repeated Conway, with assumed astonishment. "Surely, Doctor Bailey, ladies have to do with all that is worth anything in this world. I am afraid (and you must not think me rude for telling you so) your own unaided attraction would not go far."

This, though said with the air of a joke, was more in earnest than in joke, and the doctor began to blow and phew a good deal, as his habit was when there was something he did not quite understand.

"And we find Dudley here," said Mr. Conway. "I have hardly got over that surprise yet."

"An ill-conditioned man, Mr. Conway, very much so; he is not the sort of thing, you know; and really, when you consider my position, I ought scarcely to tolerate a man situated as he is."

"Oh! you have told us that," said Conway, very coldly. "We are in possession of the scandal. You know Miss Panton, the heiress?" he said, turning abruptly to Jessica. "Every one adores her."

Instantly he saw a bit of dramatic action in her face; two or three shades of opposite feelings seemed to drift across it, much as they had seen cloud shadows gliding across their mainsail.

"Yes, I do know her," she answered steadily; "and I do not adore her; she is much too rich."

"I saw her at the church to-day, and she seemed behind the rail of a cash office."

Jessica was first going to say something, then something else. Then seemed to check herself, and said a third thing eagerly and fervently.

"I do not like her, and I cannot, though I have tried. Perhaps the reason is that she does not like me."

"What folly you talk, child!" said her father, roughly. "I assure you, Mr. Conway, she is charming: all that estate for miles, you can see it from the top window of this house, is hers. Beautiful house, and

all entailed on herself, family jewels, savings. Oh, I assure you she is very charming. Jessica talks without thinking."

There was some scorn in Mr. Conway's face, and Miss Jessica, who was as quickly intelligent as she was quickly sensitive, saw it there. It made her move impatiently in her chair.

"What! an estate for miles, savings, family jewels!" repeated Mr. Conway, quietly, and without any appearance of sarcasm. "She must be beautiful!"

"A really fine woman!" said the doctor, pleased. "Oh, there's no doubt about the money."

"It's wonderful!" continued Mr. Conway, as if ruminating; "and I have a conviction she must be good and pious and charitable, and have every virtue. Am I right?"

"You are, indeed, Mr. Conway—a true man of judgment, I see."

"You are making fun of us, Mr. Conway," said Miss Jessica, in so excited a tone that the German prince, working at his food with vigour, looked up with surprise. "You are trying to draw us out, rustic people—you who have travelled about and seen the world. O! It is great sport—you who have——"

"Jessica!" her father thundered, his fork in the air.

"See, he can't deny it. He has too much truth. No," she added, her eyes questioning him, "you will not!" He was a little confused. "She is beautiful because she has money; she is good for the same reason. Papa was entrapped into saying it."

"Oh, come, come, now, do stop," said the clergyman, very hotly and roughly; "there is always something of this sort. You musn't be getting into this kind of business, putting out our little lunch in this way. It's really too much. I won't have it in my house. Really, you ought to beg Mr. Conway's pardon."

Jessica stood up, and repeated slowly, "Beg Mr. Conway's pardon!" She then gave a scornful look all round, and walked towards the door.

The prince had jumped up to open it. "The ladies leaving us already?" he said, with a foreigner's tact. "These cruel English customs of yours!"

Mr. Conway rose, too, but said nothing.

Doctor Bailey was quite "put out;" his lips inflated and collapsed again. "I don't know *what* you will think of us?" he said; "she is self-willed, you know, and really I must have her taught control and——"

"We must not spoil this good wine with any scolding of Miss Bailey," said the other. "For my part, I admire nature and spirit. Apropos of the heiress, though we own to being curious—every one *is* about the sights and shows, lions and lionesses of a district——"

"Most natural, most natural," obsequiously said the doctor.

"The contrast between her and your daughter I can quite imagine. I know nothing more intolerable than the perpetual challenge of wealth, a sort of concrete arrogance, the buying your way, as it were, buying the pas, too, every moment. I know it would grate on me, and fret me to death."

The doctor did not follow this refining at all. The idea of money "grating" or "fretting" to death! At that moment he formed the conclusion that the Honourable Mr. Conway was "a poor creature full of young ladies' talk." "I don't know about that," he said, "but I wish my son Tom had her"

Then the gentlemen talked of the baronet himself, who had left his card at the yacht, and again came back the curious relation of Colonel Dudley.

"I have known that sort of shepherd's dog attendance," said Conway, "before now. A man is unhappy in his own home, and he finds a soothing feeling in the company of some congenial face. He asks no more, to breathe the same air is enough. He would not care if it went on so for years. I daresay he travels about with them as one of the retinue. It tranquillises him."

"Precisely, but a great drawback to her advancement, you know. He scowls at every man that comes up."

"And if one had a son," said Conway, smiling, "most unpleasant. But one should never mind his scowls."

Doctor Bailey was presently showing his visitors the "grounds" and gardens. "My hothouse," "my greenhouse," "my gardens," his general stately "my," which was really the point of what he was exhibiting. This was for the German prince, who resigned himself with the sad dreamy politeness of his country. Conway went to the drawing-room.

Jessica, in a pale green striped dress, was walking up and down with stately pacing. She seemed to be talking haughtily to some invisible companion; not to her mother, who was in the more congenial "housekeeper's-room," the locality where

she would have asked any one to "Come live with me and be my love."

There are some characters "drifting" about this world, sometimes being "kicked about," which are mere fragments, each with the serried outline of a fracture. By some rare chance, both come together one day, and fit to a nicety in one piece. Had these two, Conway and Jessica, thus joined unexpectedly, and did both know it?

"You were angry with me," he said, deferentially, "and I have come to beg pardon. I did two things which fretted you; I wanted respect to your father, and praised up that rich woman who is as distasteful to me as she is to you."

Jessica smiled and put out her hand. "Indeed I am not angry, and I am not ashamed of myself. My father says I disgrace him everywhere, and that I am pettish."

"You must let me see you, then, under better auspices," said Conway, gravely. "Otherwise I may run the risk of taking away an unfavourable impression."

"Indeed!" said Jessica, scornful again. "And that is your gracious pleasure. Then I tell you candidly, Mr. Conway, I am *not* sorry, and I do not think it good taste to sneer at a gentleman at his own table, and before others. Now!"

Conway coloured, and was angry. He had quite mistaken this young lady.

"You are too severe for me," he said, "and really beat me to the ground."

She made no answer, and swept out just as the doctor and the German entered. The doctor blew and phewed, and muttered "Oh, unbearable! such behaviour!" but the young lady did not return. Before the two gentlemen drove away it was arranged that the doctor and his family should come and see the Almandine, and take the opportunity of there being fireworks on the following nights, when a little supper could be "knocked up."

"Oh, I shall come, certainly," the doctor said, eagerly. "So glad to know you are better. We have all heard of his lordship, your good father, and I will take the liberty of asking you to mention that you have seen *me*, the vicar of St. Arthur's. He will recollect a little correspondence we had two years ago. A finer, nobler character does not exist in this broad England of ours."

Conway seemed to convey surprise at this large statement. "My father is a most excellent man," he said, in his quiet way; "I shall give him your message."

"Do, do, my dear Mr. Conway," the doctor went on, as though he were preaching. "He will know me. I wanted him to take the chair for us down here for The Disabled Yachtsmen. He was busy, I suppose, so we got Lord Rufus Cocker. Good-bye—*good*-bye."

Wine at lunch was like kindling the furnace fires for the doctor, so all the cranks and machinery were working, the steam blowing off ,and all the oils oozing out.

"We shall write formally to the ladies," said Conway "and you can tell them. In the meantime——"

"Oh, she never goes," the doctor said, waving off his wife, "that sort of thing don't suit her. And, as for Jessica—if you wish——"

"Oh, but my good sir," said Conway, decisively, "this must be understood. The rule of the Yacht is to admit no single gentlemen on these gala occasions. I assure you she is inflexible in that."

This seemed like bantering, but there was a blunt and malicious decision about Conway's manner that told the doctor that the Yacht might not be "at home" for him if he came alone.

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER III. A CLOSE RUN.

ON the following day Hugh Lockwood had two surprises. The first was of a very disagreeable nature. The second, though it at first appeared to him to be a very simple matter, was of great importance in its results.

When he reached the office of Digby and West, at Westminster, he found a letter there addressed to himself. The sight of the Danecester postmark, made his pulse beat a thought quicker as he opened it.

It was from Herbert Snowe, and to the following effect:

Mr. Snowe, senior, regretted that he should not be able at present to advance the sum of money Mr. Lockwood had desired to borrow of the bank. The present time was a period of anxiety and uncertainty in the money market. Mr. Snowe did not feel himself justified in entering into any transaction of the kind contemplated, without better security than could be offered by Mr. Lockwood's friends. Mr. Snowe had every confidence in Mr. Lockwood's being able to find the money elsewhere. Meanwhile he begged to assure him of his kindest esteem.

Hugh crushed the letter in his hand, and went straight to his own desk, where he began to write at a fierce rate. After a few minutes he put down his pen, and took up the letter again and read it through with compressed lips; the under projecting over the upper, in a way that gave him a strong resemblance to his mother.

There were a few words at the end of the letter, expressive of Herbert Snowe's personal regret that the matter had not been arranged.

"I think, Lockwood, that if you can wait a while, we may yet be able to do the loan for you," wrote young Snowe. "My father is a cautious man, and I believe the fact to be as he asserts, that the present moment is not one in which prudent men can afford to run any money risks."

"Risks!" exclaimed Hugh, contemptuously. "Risks, to a house like Snowe's! I believe the old man could put his hand in his pocket and pull out the poor little sum I want, and scarcely miss it!"

Then he thought that it was of no use to scold or sulk, and resolved to bear his disappointment manfully. But it *was* a disappointment, and he worked on with an increasing sense of depression.

It often happens that the first shock of misfortune is far from being the hardest part of it. We take up our burden with untired muscles, and find it lighter than our fears had anticipated. But with every mile of our journey, the weight grows more and more oppressive.

Before the time came for him to leave his office, a note was brought to him by a messenger. And this was the second surprise. The note was as follows:

Bedford-square, Wednesday.

MY DEAR HUGH, I have got back from foreign parts, where I have been very busy all the winter. I should be glad to see you, either this afternoon or to-morrow, at my office here, as I have something advantageous to communicate to you. I shall be ready for you at any time between five and six.

Yours always,
S. FROST.

"Something advantageous! It will be

very welcome just now," thought Hugh. But he did not allow himself to be too sanguine; knowing that Mr. Frost's ideas of his advantage were a little at variance with his own. He sent a line back by the messenger to say that he would be with Mr. Frost a few minutes after five. And as soon as he left his office, he made for Bedford-square.

Mr. Frost received him in his private room, with all his accustomed kindness of manner, and bade him be seated in the purple leather chair opposite his own.

"Well, Hugh, and how goes on business? You are still with Digby and West, I suppose?"

"Yes; for the present."

"When I went away, you had some idea of leaving them, and setting up for yourself."

"I have the idea still, sir. But it is a mighty difficult idea to carry out."

"Naturally! And I hope you will do nothing rashly. You know the homely proverb about not throwing away the dirty water before you have got the clean."

"I shouldn't call Digby and West dirty water. They have behaved very handsomely to me. But as to your proverb, if a man were always content to stay as he is, it would be a poor business for the world in general."

"I have not been unmindful of you whilst I have been away, Hugh. I have had your interests in view. And I come back empowered to make you an offer."

"Thank you, with all my heart, for kindly thinking of me."

"Oh that is nothing. I consider myself bound—I am your father's old friend, you know. There is nothing to thank me for. But I hope you will consider my news good news."

"Whatever I think, I shall not be the less obliged to you for your good-will."

Mr. Frost perceived that Hugh was not going to bind himself blindfold, to accept whatever should be offered him: he saw that there was a quiet preparation on the young man's part for making resistance if resistance should be necessary.

"Well, I am commissioned by the Directors of the Parthenope Embellishment Company, to offer you an engagement as assistant architect and surveyor to the works they are employed on, at Naples. And if you will cast your eyes over this letter of the secretary to me, and over these papers, I think you will allow that the offer is not a bad one."

Mr. Frost pushed the letter and papers across the table as he spoke.

Hugh read them attentively. And then raising his eyes to Mr. Frost's face, said, "The offer is a most liberal—I may say an extraordinarily liberal—one, indeed."

"The fact is that nearly all the power would be in your hands. They have a big name on their prospectus to catch the public, of course. But the man with the big name would be in London. And I dare say would practically trouble himself very little about the works."

"But the assistant architect would have to reside at Naples?"

"It is a charming place. One does not get many opportunities of being paid to go and live in such a lovely spot. Upon my word, I should think a year or so's residence at Naples the most tempting part of the business!"

"Not to me, Mr. Frost."

"Well, to be sure, the other advantages *are* substantially greater."

"They are very great, no doubt. But—the fact is, I cannot avail myself of them."

"My dear Hugh! You don't mean to say that you will be so——But I won't be angry with you. And I won't take you at your word. What possible reason can there be against the scheme?"

"I hate to seem so ungracious: ungrateful, I assure you I am not. The truth is there are several reasons against it, which all seem good and sufficient to me."

"Might one ask what they are?"

"It is really not so easy to explain them."

"Excuse me, Hugh, but in general when a man can't explain his reasons, I take it they are not clear to his own mind; or else that he is ashamed of them."

"I am certainly not ashamed of mine," answered Hugh, good-humouredly.

"And you really mean to throw up this prospect without more reflection?"

"I do not believe that further reflection would alter my intentions. And besides, you know, it would not be fair that I should hesitate too long. Since it is so desirable a thing, there will doubtless be plenty of candidates for it."

"I dare say the position will not go a-begging," answered Mr. Frost, stiffly.

"Look here, Mr. Frost. You know that I am not ungrateful for your kind interest in me. But I am not a child, and I *must* be allowed to judge for myself in this matter."

"Oh, certainly!"

"Now you are angry with me. And yet

on my honour I would do almost anything rather than that you should be. You remember that we talked of my prospects, last year. And I told you then, that I was resolved to endeavour to make a little career and home for myself. I am still in the same mind. I believe I am rather a constant fellow by nature—well, obstinate, if you like! I see the word in your face. If I am to be in any one's employ, I will remain with Digby and West. They have treated me well. And they are safe as the Bank. This Parthenope Company offers very magnificently, but it may be all a flash in the pan, you know. These companies sometimes collapse unexpectedly. These are reasons that I *can* explain, you see. There are others that I am not at liberty to speak of, and that I must ask you to take my word for."

"Hugh, if I guess one of these reasons aright, will you tell me?"

"Why, I don't know what to say about that!"

"That means that you won't! But I can tell you that, last year before I left England, I had a conversation with your mother: who foresaw even then, that you were very likely to lose your heart to a fair young lady."

"Did she, sir?" said Hugh. He was inwardly a good deal surprised that his mother should have spoken confidentially to Mr. Frost on a subject which she had never broached to himself at that time.

"Yes: and I will say candidly that I then thought that prospect a bad one."

"That I should lose my heart to a fair young lady? After all, it was rather natural!"

"I thought at the time that the loss of your heart to the special young lady I had in view, would lead to trouble. But it may be that I was wrong. To go back for a moment to the business I sent for you upon: am I to understand that your definite answer to the proposition is 'no'?"

"'No, *thank you!*' at the very least," said Hugh, smiling. Then he added seriously: "If you would prefer that I should take a day or two to consider of the matter——"

"I should certainly think it advisable."

"Then I will do it. I don't wish to seem pig-headed. I will talk over the matter at home, and let you know my final decision in two days. But I must add that you must not expect me to give a different answer from the one I have given already."

"In two days? Good. The Parthenope Embellishment can wait that time. Now tell me how is all at home—your mother?"

"My mother is not very well, I fear. She does not complain, but I believe she has been harassed and tried too much. She frets more than she ought to fret, about troubles. But yet she is wonderfully placid in her manner at most times. Last night, however, she was ruffled and unlike herself."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You know we have had trouble in the house, in the death of poor Lady Tallis?"

"I heard of her death. It was on the fourth of March, was it not?"

"Let me see. I think so. Yes."

"Had she been ill long?"

"Ill, yes: but not long in apparent danger."

"And she died on the evening of the fourth of March."

"Morning! On the *morning* of the fourth."

"Oh, morning was it? Aye, aye. I suppose her niece was with her to the last?"

"By an odd chance, I believe I was the last person who saw Lady Tallis alive."

"Really! Then I suppose her death took place very early—before you went to Westminster?"

"I did not go to Westminster to my office that day. I could not leave my mother and Maud—Miss Desmond—alone. I had no very special work on hand, and had taken a few days' leave of absence."

"I see, I see. Poor Lady Tallis! On Tuesday morning the fourth of March. At about ten or eleven o'clock, I suppose. You said it was in the forenoon, I think?"

Hugh could not but be struck by the coincidence of Mr. Frost's harping on the particulars of Lady Tallis's death, in the same way in which his mother had harped on them last night.

"Why, Mr. Frost," he said, abruptly, "is it a matter of any importance at what hour Lady Tallis died?"

Mr. Frost was in nowise disconcerted by the question, but answered with a complex frown on his knotted forehead, and a shrewd smile on his closed lips. "It may prove to be so, indeed, Hugh. It is astonishing on what small hinges an important matter may sometimes turn."

Hugh could not resist an uneasy feeling, like the first cold touch of suspicion, as he recalled his mother's manner of the previous evening. What was there—what *could* there be—to suspect? He did not know. But the cold touch was there, at his heart.

"Well," he answered, "if it *be* of importance, I believe I can set the matter at rest. She died——"

"Stop, Hugh! Wait a minute. Things of this kind are easily said, but not easily unsaid."

"*Unsaid!* I do not understand you."

"I mean that in a case where accuracy is of vital importance, a person not previously warned of this importance may speak thoughtlessly an *inaccurate* word to which he will stand committed, and which may produce a great deal of mischief."

"But I——"

"So," proceeded Mr. Frost, speaking through Hugh's words, "so I will, if you will allow me, explain to you how very important, to others, it is that you should weigh your words carefully."

Point by point Mr. Frost went over the story he had told to Mrs. Lockwood. Hugh fixed his eyes on him while he spoke, with a candid, undisguised expression of wonder. Mr. Frost did not look at him often, although from time to time he met his eye openly and steadily. But he took a sheet of ruled paper that lay on the table before him, and, as he spoke, occupied his fingers in folding it over and over, with accurate care to make the creases correspond with the blue ruled lines.

When Mr. Frost had made an end of his story, he leaned back in his chair and began twisting his folded paper into a spiral form.

"*Now*," said he, "are you quite sure you know at what hour Lady Tallis died?"

Hugh nodded his head gravely and slowly before he answered, "She died in time to make that marriage a good marriage, if her death were all that was necessary to do so."

The twisted paper in Mr. Frost's hands, was suddenly rent in half throughout its folded thicknesses.

"Indeed? You speak very confidently, but your answer is not categorical. And the evidence may be conflicting. Your mother thought differently on this point."

"My mother! If my mother thought differently, she was mistaken. And by leading questions it may be possible to elicit an answer of whose bearing the answerer is not fully aware."

"Leading questions! You speak as though *I* had some advantage to gain by disproving this marriage! What in Heaven's name, do you suppose it matters to me? I don't quite comprehend you, Hugh."

"And to say truth, Mr. Frost, I do not at all comprehend you."

"I have no taste for mystery, I assure you. Nor for Quixotism. It is, perhaps, not difficult to throw away other people's fortunes with a high-and-mighty flourish. I am a plain, cynical kind of man; and I should think twice before I did so."

No twinge of conscience prevented Mr. Frost's handsome face from being scornful, or weakened the contemptuous force of his shrug, as he said those words.

Hugh was pained and uneasy. His mother, then, had seen Mr. Frost! And she had been guilty of something like deception, in suppressing the fact! This, to Hugh, was an almost intolerable thought. Yet he would not ask any questions on this point, of Mr. Frost. After a pause he said: "I honestly do not know what you mean, or what you would have me do. I can but speak the truth!"

"Oh, of course," answered Mr. Frost, dryly. "The truth by all means; so soon as you are quite sure what *is* the truth. The other party intend to litigate."

"To litigate?"

"They intend to litigate, I *believe* (understand I am not acting for the soi-disante Lady Gale. Lovegrove is Miss Desmond's trustee and quasi-guardian, and there would be a certain indelicacy in one of the firm appearing on the other side); they intend to litigate, *unless* they find beforehand by testimony as to the period of Lady T.'s death, that they haven't a leg to stand on!" Hugh passed his hand over his forehead. Mr. Frost watched him keenly.

"There are circumstances in this case," said Mr. Frost, "which would render the publicity of litigation peculiarly painful. Miss Desmond's position would be most distressing."

Hugh continued to rub his forehead with the air of one trying to resolve a painful problem.

Mr. Frost got up and stood in his favourite posture with his back to the fireplace. He averted his gaze from Hugh, and played with his watch-chain. "My own impression is," he said, "that Lady T. died at a more convenient time for her niece's fortunes than you seem to think. Mrs. Lockwood, when I saw her yesterday—— Perhaps she did not mention having seen me? Ah! Well, it was quite a confidential interview—Mrs. Lockwood was of opinion that if the thing rested on *her* testimony, and that of the servant, it would come right for Miss Desmond."

Hugh got up from his chair and stood opposite to Mr. Frost, looking at him with a very stern face. And his voice was louder than usual as he answered: "But the thing will rest on *my* testimony. And I have already told you to what effect my testimony will be." And he walked out of the office without another word.

Mr. Frost stood without moving for some time after Hugh was gone. Then he clasped his hands over his head wearily. "It *may* be," thought he, "that the marriage on shipboard was begun earlier than I fancied. People are so vague about time. We must make proper inquiries. But, by Jove, it will be a wonderfully close run!"

CHAPTER IV. GOSSIP.

"I DON'T believe a word of it!" said Mrs. Lovegrove.

"My dear!" remonstrated her husband.

"I do not," repeated Mrs. Lovegrove, distinctly. Then she added, "Now I put it to you, Augustus, does this thing stand to reason?"

"It may not stand to reason, and yet it may be true, mamma. When a woman is in the case, things very often do not stand to reason: but they happen all the same," observed Augustus Lovegrove, junior.

There had been for some time past, a tone of bitterness and misanthropy observable in this young gentleman's language and manners. He also frequented matins with inflexible punctuality, and dined off boiled greens and bread, on Wednesdays and Fridays. This severe self-discipline and mortification was attributed by his mother and sisters to a disappointed attachment to Miss Desmond. But no word was ever spoken on the subject in the family when Augustus was present.

"Why, yes;" said Mr. Lovegrove, gravely. "As regards men or women either, many things happen which one can't exactly say stand to reason."

"I have been told," said Mrs. Lovegrove, making her upper lip very long, "that my intellect is too logical for a woman's. If it be so, I cannot help it. But, I repeat, I can *not* believe that that man;" here Mrs. Lovegrove shuddered; "committed such a horrible act of injustice at the very brink of the grave."

"I don't see anything surprising in it. The man had been committing horrible acts of injustice all his life; and there was no reason to expect him to become a changed man at the last moment. Besides, it is not a question of what anybody thinks, or of what seems likely or unlikely. The marriage either can be proved or it can not," said Mr. Lovegrove, folding back his Times newspaper so as to read it more conveniently, and giving it a sharp tap with the back of his hand.

"I would not for the world, that the girls heard this repulsive story mentioned," said Mrs. Lovegrove.

"I don't see how you're to keep it from them," replied her husband. "They happen to be spending the day out, to-day: but that is only once in a way. They will be at home to-morrow, and you can't prevent people chattering."

And, indeed, it was not long before the Miss Lovegroves were informed of the decease of Lady Tallis Gale's husband; and had heard of the person who claimed to be his widow; and of the large fortune depending on the issue; and of a great many details respecting the innermost thoughts and feelings of the parties concerned.

The Lovegroves' servants knew the story. So did the Frosts'. So did the little maid-of-all-work at Mrs. Lockwood's: and she retailed the relishing gossip to the greengrocer's wife, and to the baker, and to the milkman: and like a rolling snow-ball, the tale grew in the telling.

Mrs. Lovegrove, after her declaration of unbelief, sat and pondered on the extraordinary caprice of fortune which was said to have occurred.

She did not believe it. No; she did not believe it! But she should like to hear a few more particulars. It was really a long time since she had called on Mrs. Frost. Heaven forbid that she, Sarah Lovegrove, should be the one to bring dissension between partners! Poor Mrs. Frost's weak vanity was objectionable. But, not for that would she abstain from paying her due civility, so long as such civility were not incompatible with principle. Sarah Lovegrove had ever been considered to possess a masculine intelligence, superior to the petty foibles of her sex.

The upshot of Mrs. Lovegrove's meditations was, that she sent for the fly which was hired out from an adjacent livery stable, and was driven in state to Mr. Frost's residence.

It was a good opportunity. Her daughters were absent; and she would run no risk of contaminating their ears with the details of a kind of story with which, alas! elder persons were *obliged* to be acquainted in their journey through the world!

Mrs. Lovegrove always arrayed herself

with especial care for a visit to Mrs. Frost. Her toilet on this occasion was a matter of more hesitation and mental debate than she would willingly have acknowledged even to herself. At one moment she would resolve to adhere to the strict principles that usually regulated her attire, and that resulted in the general sad-coloured effect of it; at another, she would be tempted to relieve the leaden dulness by a bright bow of ribbon or a flower. She was divided between a desire to vindicate the strength of her intellect by showing herself to be above the frivolities of fashion; and a secret fear of Mrs. Frost's satirical glances, and, possibly, speeches.

Mrs. Lovegrove never confessed to herself that she was afraid of Mrs. Frost, and certainly the latter had no suspicion of the fact; but spoke to Mr. Frost of his partner's wife as "that self-sufficient, wooden-headed woman." Nevertheless Mrs. Lovegrove was by no means self-sufficient enough to be indifferent to the opinion of Mrs. Frost. And she concealed more feminine gentleness and timidity under her hard exterior, than had ever entered into the composition of the beautiful Georgina: which is not, however, saying much.

It was about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon when Mrs. Lovegrove's fly drew up at the door of Mr. Frost's house. Mrs. Lovegrove was ushered into a small, shady drawing-room where she found the hostess talking with a lady whose appearance struck Mrs. Lovegrove with amazement, mingled with disapproval. The visitor wore a brilliant costume made in the most girlish mode; and on the top of a heap of false hair whose excessive quantity displayed a sovereign contempt for probability, was perched a small white hat adorned with peacock's feathers. As the face beneath the hat must have faced at least sixty summers, the contrast between it and its head-gear was startling.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Frost, in a tone that said plainly, Who would have thought of seeing *you!* "How do you do, Mrs. Lovegrove?"

Mrs. Lovegrove suddenly became conscious as she sat down, of the disagreeable fact that her gloves were of a staring yellow colour, which stood out objectionably against the leaden hue of her gown. She had hesitated long before putting on these gloves, but had at last decided on wearing them as being the only spot of brightness about her attire. And now, when she saw Mrs. Frost's fine eyes lazily inspecting them, she became painfully aware that they were obtrusive, that they attracted the eye to every movement of her hands, and that she could not so much as raise her handkerchief to her face without demonstratively exhibiting two yellow glaring patches.

But Mrs. Lovegrove was not one of those whose emotions are quickly translated into the expression of their faces; she seated herself opposite to the mistress of the house with a stern countenance.

"You have got Mr. Frost back again," she said, after the first greetings were over. "How is he?"

"Well, really," rejoined Mrs. Frost, "you ought to know better than I do! You people at Bedford-square have more of his company than I have."

"But he is at home generally in the evenings, my dear, is he not?" asked she of the peacock's feathers.

"Sometimes. But in the evening *I* am often out."

"Out?"

"Yes. I am never sure whether he will be at home or not, and so I do not put off my engagements."

"Well; *I* wouldn't stir if I were in your place. I would give up fifty engagements for the chance of having a long evening with Mr. Frost."

"I am sure Mr. Frost would be immensely obliged to you, Betsy! I'll tell him," said Georgina, with a languid smile.

All this time Mrs. Lovegrove was sitting silent, with her yellow gloves folded in her lap. She felt very uncomfortable. She had thought to find Mrs. Frost alone, and to have drawn from her some word about the business which had so excited her curiosity. But Mrs. Lovegrove was not recklessly indiscreet: she would not have thought of touching on the topic before a stranger, although she would have thought it fair to find out, if she could, all that Mrs. Frost knew about it. And now here was this simpering old woman, in whose presence she could not say a word, and whose dress Mrs. Lovegrove was inclined to consider a disgrace to a Christian country. And, besides, neither Mrs. Frost nor her guest seemed to take any notice of her!

The simpering old woman, however, very unexpectedly turned round just as Mrs. Lovegrove was thinking these thoughts, and said in a brisk, good-humoured manner: "Now I want you to present me to Mrs. Lovegrove, Georgina."

Mrs. Frost somewhat ungraciously complied.

"Miss Boyce—Mrs. Lovegrove."

"I am an old friend of Mrs. Frost's," said Miss Boyce, "and I don't approve of the fashion of not introducing people."

"Everybody is supposed to know everybody else," said Mrs. Frost.

Mrs. Lovegrove quite understood that she, who lived in Bedford-square, was not included in the "everybody." But she merely bowed rather grimly, and said nothing.

"Oh, but that's a very nonsensical supposition, my dear," returned Betsy Boyce, waving her hand up and down contemptuously. "That rule can only apply to a very limited and exclusive circle indeed: and not to your 'everybody,' nor my 'everybody' either!"

Mrs. Lovegrove felt quite grateful to this odd little person; and began to think that her gay petticoat was not quite so short as she had at first supposed.

"Well; and isn't this a queer business about Sir John Tallis?" proceeded Miss Boyce, without the least circumlocution.

Mrs. Lovegrove, being uncertain how much the other woman knew, shook her head mysteriously, and said, "But is it all true that we hear?"

"All true? I should suppose not. Very few things that one hears are *all* true. But I believe there is no doubt that the man is dead—died rather suddenly I was told—and that he has left a tangle of trouble behind him. Unravel it who can!"

"What has he left?" asked Mrs. Frost. She had been leaning back in her chair calculating how many yards of some fine old point lace that she had seen, would suffice to trim her purple velvet gown, and wondering whether Mr. Frost's business in Naples had gone well enough to make him generous with his money.

"My goodness, Georgina! I say he has left misery and worry and vexation, and, perhaps worse, behind him."

"How do you mean?"

"How do I mean! Why only think what a dreadful position that poor dear girl, the nicest, sweetest creature, Maud Desmond will be placed in! They say that that young woman, the vicar's daughter—I'm sorry to say I have a very bad opinion of *her*, and had from the first moment I saw her handsome face—claims to be Sir John's widow. And Maud Desmond was brought up with her as a sister. The vicar is her guardian. Poor Lady Tallis was her aunt. I never heard of such a horrid entanglement."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Frost, "if Miss Desmond cares about the person who went abroad with Sir John Gale, I suppose she will find it more satisfactory that her friend should have been duly married to him."

"But, my goodness, Georgina, you don't appear to understand the case," said Miss Boyce, impetuously.

"No, I dare say I do not," replied Mrs. Frost, with a shrug which said plainly, "and I don't care to understand it."

Miss Boyce chattered volubly, pouring out statements, some of which were true, some founded on fact, and some as airily unreal as the "baseless fabric of a vision." She had heard something of a will left by Sir John Gale; but that part of her information was very vague and confused. Some people had told her that Miss Desmond would inherit a million of money; others declared that the vicar's daughter would have it all; a third story was that Sir John had bequeathed the bulk of his wealth to a newly-discovered relative of his in Naples.

"But how in the world did you hear all this?" asked Mrs. Lovegrove, during a breathless pause in Miss Boyce's talk.

Miss Boyce was rather flattered by the question.

"Oh, my dear soul," she answered, smiling shrewdly, "although I do not know quite 'everybody,' I have a considerable circle of acquaintance nevertheless. And as to hearing, I never wonder at people hearing of things; I'm only puzzled when they *don't* hear of 'em! The world is very small after all. And I declare to you that I often solemnly thank Providence that I have no episode in my life to hide, either for my own sake or any one else's; for I protest on my honour the fable of the ostrich burying his head in the sand, is a trifle to the sort of thing I observe in the world, where, positively, people will tie a bit of a gauze veil over their noses, and fancy that nobody can see through it!"

Mrs. Lovegrove returned to Bedford-square, primed with intelligence which, like a good wife, she was minded dutifully to share with her husband.

But he met her first words with a grave admonition, to say as little as possible on the subject of Sir John Tallis Gale's affairs.

"Frost brings a queer account of the state of the case. There is, it seems, a will. But if the second marriage be proved

valid, the will is, of course, waste paper," said Mr. Lovegrove.

"My dear Augustus, let me understand! Who inherits the property under the will?"

"The last person one would expect to inherit it: Miss Desmond!"

Mrs. Lovegrove's maternal thoughts flew back to her son. *If* Maud should prove to be an heiress, and *if* she could be induced to like Augustus!

She said a word or two on the subject to her husband. But Mr. Lovegrove's feeling on the matter was not quite in harmony with her own.

"Augustus is a capital fellow," said the father, "but I don't believe he has a chance in that quarter."

"Why not? He would be a husband any young woman ought to be proud and thankful to win!"

"I suppose most mothers say the same of their sons, Sarah. But put the case that our Dora were to come into a great fortune, would you think such a young man as Augustus a fitting match for her?"

"That's quite different——"

"Aha! It is, is it?"

"Be so good as not to interrupt me, Mr. Lovegrove. I mean—I mean—that I don't know where to find such another young man as Augustus. I'm sure *any* girl might go down on her knees and thank Heaven for such a husband as Augustus."

"Did you go down on your knees and thank Heaven when I proposed to you, Sally? I don't much believe in the girls doing that sort of thing."

And then Mr. Lovegrove retired behind his newspaper, and no more was said on the subject between the husband and wife.

SERPENTS AT SEA.

Once again, we have lately been called upon to believe that there are such creatures as sea-serpents, despite the assertions of naturalists that a serpent is not adapted to a watery life. Mariners are strongly disposed to resist and resent the dictum of the naturalists. They point to numerous recorded instances; and they consider it unfair that the statements of sharp-eyed captains and seamen should be received with scepticism and ridicule.

Olaus Magnus, who was Archbishop of Upsal three centuries and a half ago, was a famous believer in such things. He spoke of a sea-serpent two hundred feet long by twenty feet thick, black, with a hairy mane one cubit in length, and flaming eyes. The monster "puts up his head on high like a pillar, and catches any men, and devours them." He also treated of a blue and yellow sea-serpent forty cubits long, though hardly as thick as the arm of a child; it "goes forward in the sea like a line." Becoming more precise as to places and dates, the worthy archbishop narrated that in the month of August, 1532, a vast monster was thrown on the coast of Britain, near Tinmouth (which might be either Tynemouth or Teignmouth). The creature was ninety feet long and twenty-five feet thick; it had thirty ribs on each side, mostly twenty-one feet long each; it had three bellies and thirty throats: its head was twenty-one feet long; and it had two fins fifteen feet long each.

As to sea monsters, whether called serpents or not, there has been a plentiful crop of them, believed in, if not verified. Dr. Rimbault has drawn attention to a broadsheet printed in 1704, which purports to be

A most Strange but True
Account
Of a Very
LARGE SEA MONSTER!

found "in a Common Shore in New Fleet-street, in Spittle Fields; where at the Black Swan Alehouse thousands of people went to see it." The broadsheet tells us that, "Herein you may see the dimensions of the same Surprising Creature, with the various conjectures of several able men concerning what may be the omen of this Creature's leaving the sea, and groping so far underground: the Common Shore where it was found running above two miles before it emptied itself at Blackwall." Those of us who are old enough to remember Bartlemy Fair may be able to call to mind many Surprising Creatures and Large Sea Monsters which would have done to pair off with the one exhibited at the Black Swan.

Dampier, when he visited New Holland a hundred and forty years ago, saw, off the coast, what he considered to be water-serpents about four feet long, and as thick as a man's wrist; some yellow, with dark brown spots, some black and yellow mottled. In 1750, according to an account in the Gentleman's Magazine, a fisherman on the Danube, near Linz, plunged into the river to have a bathe. After a dive, his long stay under water alarmed his companions, who proceeded to

fish him up with their nets. They found him with one arm and one leg entangled in the root of an old tree. As they were endeavouring to disengage the body, "they perceived a serpent of a prodigious size fixed to the left breast, which so terrified them that they cried out. Upon this the monster left his prey, and after hissing in a most terrible manner, threw himself into the water." Pèron, in his voyage to New Holland about the close of the last century, soberly talks like a naturalist on the subject of sea-serpents. He says that they "are distinguished from land serpents by their tail, which is flat and oar-shaped, and by their narrower body, which resembles that of an eel, and terminates below almost in an angle: They are of very various and sometimes extremely brilliant hues; some have an uniform colour, such as grey, yellow, green, or bluish; others have rings of blue, white, red, green, black, &c. Some again are marked with large spots, disposed with less or greater regularity; while others are distinguished by very small specks, elegantly distributed over the body." According to his account, these creatures, of whatever kind they may have been, varied from three to ten feet in length. Faber, an Icelandic naturalist, was making a voyage near the entrance of the Baltic in 1829; and the man at the helm gave him an account of a sea-serpent which had been seen about two years before. While fishing near Thunöe he observed the head of a large creature lying quite on the surface of the water, and in close proximity to the boat. The head was like that of a seal, though the animal evidently did not belong to that species. A gull flew towards the monster, and made a pounce upon it, when the huge creature raised its body "at least three fathoms into the air, and made a snap at the bird, which flew away in terror." The animal was described as being "about twice the thickness of a boat's mast," and as having a red throat.

There were two English captains who described the sea-serpent in 1848 under circumstances of tolerably minute detail. Her Majesty's ship Dædalus, in August of that year, when on the passage from the Cape of Good Hope to St. Helena, came near a strange-looking creature which was moving rapidly through the water against a cross sea; with such velocity, indeed, that the water was surging under its chest as it passed along at the estimated rate of ten miles an hour. Captain M'Quhae could not bring the ship into pursuit, in the actual state of the wind: so he and his officers observed the animal through their glasses. The nearest approach it made to the ship was about two hundred yards; at which distance the eye, mouth, nostril, colour, and form, were distinctly visible. Some of the officers at once called it a sea-serpent; others deemed it to be rather of a lizard than serpent character, for its movement was steady and uniform, as if propelled by fins, and not by any undulatory power. The evidence in this case, has always appeared to us, to be very strong, as to the certainty of something remarkable and answering the description, having been indubitably seen. The other occurrence in 1848 we shall notice presently, for a special reason.

In 1855 the American newspapers were busy with an account of a sea-serpent or water-snake fifty-nine feet long, which appeared on a lake near New York. He was harpooned and killed with great difficulty. The head was as large as that of a full-grown calf; at about eight feet from the head the thickness was twelve inches; but at about the middle of the length the thickness swelled to two feet. The body was tapered off to the end, which ended in a broad fin. Double rows of fins were placed alternately along the belly. The eyes were large and staring, with a transparent membrane attached to the lids, protecting the eye without impeding the vision. There were no gills. The mouth could stretch so as to take in an object half a yard in diameter. The sides and back were dusky brown; the belly dirty white. Although sinuous like a snake, there were hard knot-like protuberances along the back. Such was the story, which it is open to us to trust or not.

Eleven years ago, Captain Harrington sent to the Times an extract from a journal kept by him on board the Castilian, during a voyage from Bombay to Liverpool: the original journal was sent to the Board of Trade. The extract relates to an occurrence on the 12th of December, 1857, when the ship was about ten miles from St. Helena; and certainly nothing can be more like an honest belief in the truthfulness of what he is saying, than the following words of Captain Harrington: "While myself and officers were standing on the lee-side of the poop, looking towards the island, we were startled by the sight of a large marine animal, which reared its head out of the water within twenty yards of the ship;

when it suddenly disappeared for about half a minute, and then made its appearance in the same manner again, showing us distinctly its neck and head about ten or twelve feet out of the water. Its head was shaped like a long nun-buoy; and I suppose the diameter to have been seven or eight feet in the largest part, with a kind of scroll or tuft of loose skin encircling it about two feet from the top. The water was discoloured for several hundred feet from its head, so much so that on its first appearance my impression was that the ship was in broken water, produced by some volcanic agency since the last time I passed the island; but the second appearance completely dispelled these fears, and assured us that it was a monster of extraordinary length, which appeared to be moving slowly towards the land. The ship was going too fast to enable us to reach the mast-head in time to form a correct estimate of its extreme length; but from what we saw from the deck we conclude that it must have been over two hundred feet long. The boatswain and several of the crew, who observed it from the topgallant forecastle, state that it was more than double the length of the ship, in which case it must have been five hundred feet. Be that as it may, I am convinced that it belonged to the serpent tribe; it was of a dark colour about the head, and was covered with several white spots. Having a press of canvas on the ship at the time, I was unable to round-to without risk, and therefore was precluded from getting another sight of this leviathan of the deep." Now, this precise description, whatever we may think of it theoretically, was endorsed by the chief and second officers of the ship, William Davies and Edward Wheeler. Admiral W. A. B. Hamilton, in a brief comment on this extract, adverted to the fact that sight only, and that a mere passing sight, is just the kind of testimony "which naturalists may be slow to receive as evidence of any new fact; nevertheless," he adds, "the practised vision of the Castilian's commander should go for something." We decidedly think so. Captain Harrington responded: "I could no more be deceived than (as a seaman) I could mistake a porpoise for a whale. If it had been at a great distance it would have been different; but it was not above twenty yards from the ship."

In the same year (1858), according to the Amsterdam Courant, Captain Bijl, in command of the Hendrik Ido Ambacht, was voyaging in the South Atlantic, when, on the 9th of July, the ship was followed for nine days by a (so-called) sea monster, ninety feet long by twenty-five or thirty broad. The animal struck the ship so forcibly as to make it vibrate, and blew much water. "The captain, fearing lest the animal might disable the rudder, did his utmost to get rid of his fearful antagonist, but without success. After it had received more than a hundred musket balls, a harpoon, and a long iron bar, blood was seen to flow from various wounds, so that at length, from loss of strength, the monster could swim behind our vessel no longer, and we were delivered of it. By its violent blows against the copper sheathing, the animal's skin had been damaged in several places."

The readers of a New Zealand newspaper, in August, 1864, were in breathless haste to know about a sea-serpent which was said to have made its appearance in the sea thereabout. The length was given at an enormous amount; and as the animal moved along with great rapidity, its body appeared many yards above the surface of the water. But the strange thing was, that the animal bore exactly the form and look of a well-rigged vessel. Good: the newspaper had had its joke, for the monster was a smart brigantine called the Sea Serpent. Yet the joke scarcely proves, or disproves, much.

The latest claim to attention in matters of this kind was put forth in a narrative contained in the London newspapers a little before the recent Christmas. On the 23rd of November, 1869, the barque Scottish Pride, was sailing in the Atlantic, when Captain Allen, seated in his cabin, was summoned on deck by the second mate. He found the crew looking over the starboard side of the vessel into the water, very intent upon something. This something proved to be a (so-called) sea-serpent, about twenty-five feet long and of proportionate thickness, with a very large and flat head, two bright scintillating eyes at the outer edges of the head, and a tawny yellow belly. The back was covered with large scales, like those of the crocodile, about three inches in length, which hooked together to form a kind of impenetrable armour. When the creature disappeared by plunging head downward, the body described a circle like a hook, thus exposing a tail that tapered off to a sharp point. There was a baby serpent by its side, only a few feet in length, but similar in shape and colour. Not seeming to like the proximity of the

ship, mother and child speedily disappeared. *Captain Allen called them sea-serpents because he had no other name to give them.* Perhaps it may be not undesirable to bear this circumstance in mind, and to remember that in cases of testimony such as those of Captain M'Quhae and Captain Harrington, it is a *thing*—not a *name*—that is insisted on.

What are we to think of these and similar narratives? It will not do to set down all the narrators as knaves or fools; nor will it do to believe that the men really saw all that they supposed they saw. Some middle course is needed. A conjecture has been hazarded that, in one particular instance, a serpent may have escaped from a ship in which it was being conveyed to some menagerie, and have launched itself into an element unsuited for it; but in which it may have survived a few days. Then it has been supposed that, in many cases, a marine animal of well-known kind, but of specially large size, may have been mistaken for a kind of serpent. The porpoise, the sword-fish, and other sorts may be named, which give a little colour to this supposition. With regard to the porpoise, there is one narrative exceedingly curious, which seems to throw a gleam of light on the nature of some of the *very* long sea-serpents. A few years ago, a gentleman was sailing in his yacht, off the north coast of Scotland. He saw in the sea what looked like a sea-serpent, a succession of undulations of a black substance swimming in the sea, and extending several hundred feet in length. The motion was exactly like the up-and-down contortions of a snake, or eel: certain portions alternately appearing above and sinking beneath the water. But on closer examination, the object resolved itself into a vast number of porpoises following (as is often their custom) closely in the wake of each other, and swimming in a straight line. Their alternate pitching, head and tail, gave so exactly the appearance of the wriggling motion of a large serpent, as easily to suggest a very erroneous estimate of the matter: though here again it is to be borne in mind on the other hand that a shoal of porpoises is a very common fact to all seamen. Another test was obtained by the officers of the Pekin, while on a voyage from Moulmein in 1848. One day they saw a singular-looking object about half a mile from the ship. It appeared to have a head and neck, and a long shaggy mane, which it kept lifting at intervals out of the water. Captain F. Smith, determined to know more about the matter, launched a boat, in which he sent off his first officer and four men. They got close to the head, the monster taking no notice of them, but ducking its head repeatedly, and showing its great length. They secured a line to it, and slowly dragged it towards the ship, where it was hoisted on board. The monster looked very supple, and was completely covered with large barnacles. Presently it was found to be simply *a gigantic seaweed*, twenty feet long by four inches diameter, the root-end of which appeared when in the water like the head of an animal; while the motion produced by the sea caused it to seem alive and active. Here again, naturalists sitting in their studies at ease, and calmly thinking of the blunders on the seas, must not make too much of the seaweed. And why? Because nobody took it for a sea-serpent, or even reported it as such.

A PRAYER IN THE CITY.

LONDON, 1869.

AH, me! the City groaneth at my feet,
And all the crowd, oh God, is faint with woe;
Help have I none nor any message meet.
Teach me that I may know!

Behold the little children everywhere,
But not the little ones of old I knew;
Fledglings they seem, when all the woods are bare,
Flowers, where there falls no dew.

Whose are they? for the parents heed them not,
And men are all too busy as they pass;
Their place is with the shameless and the sot,
Lost in the huddling mass.

The fair green fields, wherein the cowslips come,
The streams whereby the tasselled grasses wave:
These are as lands unknown; the garret home
Must hold them to the grave.

The song of birds, that in sweet seasons mate,
And fill the pleasant May-time with delight;
Shall never reach these little slaves of fate
Wrapped in their smoky night.

Yet have they guests that will not be denied
As warders ever waiting at the door,
Grim Fever, with lank Famine at her side,
These, and a thousand more.

See how the sunshine trembles on its way,
So dark are all these alleys in the shade;
Oh God, to think our palace builders stay,
So near, yet undismayed!

We pile the marble for the rich man's tomb,
We hang the satin at my lady's head;
Why, then, are human lives within the gloom
Less cared for than the dead?

The babbling stream of fashion comes and goes,
And every bubble finds some fool to follow;
But the great tide that heaves to speechless woes,
Rolls on, and voices hollow,

Come from the hearts that should be first to bleed,
"How very sad," they say, "that such things are;
But 'tis the law of God that one man's need
Should light another's star."

Oh, idle prompting of the idle mind!
That dares not pierce the veil that shrouds our lot;
How shall the foolish swimmer hope to find
Pearl, if he diveth not?

From every side the voices call us now,
"Come up and help, for we are well-nigh spent;
The deeps are closing, and we know not how
The succour shall be sent.

"We yet are brothers, though the primal stain
Make labour seem a never-ending ill;
And through the shadows, sorrow more than gain,
Shall keep us brothers still.

"We ask for hearts tho' busied beating yet,
We ask for hands, yet warm, to bring us aid;
These are the gifts that busy souls forget,
These are the debts unpaid."

Surely our riches are not where we think,
And the kind thought is more than all our store,
Give me the children's laugh; the guinea's chink
Is failing more and more.

Therefore, oh God, I tread this City street,
With sadness that is not a foolish grief;
And from thine heavens I hear my message meet
"Take heart—I bring relief."

THE FREE TRAPPER.

When I first visited the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains, I was fortunate enough every now and again to come across some little link which connected me with the past. It was a splendid region into which I had wandered. Everywhere it was patched with noble primeval forests, varied with snowy peaks, and rapid rivers as yet unnamed: a region long interesting to the naturalist, as well as to the mere lover of the stirring life of the fur trader. Was it not in this region where that most veracious of travellers—Captain Lemuel Gulliver, of London—whilom of Laputa and Lilliput, located the wondrous land of Brobdingnag, and where the old Greek Pilot, Juan De Fuca, was sent to fortify the strait which bears his name, in case—vain thought!—the English should pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific? It was in this land that Cook won some of his laurels, and that John Vancouver grew famous. It was the scene of Lewis and Clarke's famous adventures, and is better known to the general reader as the country which Washington Irving invested with a most delightful romantic interest through his Astoria, and The Adventures of Captain Bonneville. To me, the North-west had even a deeper charm, for I visited it at a time, the like of which can never come back. For years I wandered over many of the wildest and least known parts of the country, and was fortunate enough, in the midst of many misfortunes, to be the companion of some of those who have helped to make its history; and to mingle in many of its wildest and most stirring enterprises. In Resolution Cove, in Nootka Sound, where Cook records that he laid his vessel up for repair, I disinterred the bricks of the armourer's forge, vitrified and fresh as if it had been built but yesterday. The lordly Spanish Dons who once held Nootka, had left their traces in cannon balls and milled dollars, occasionally dug up on the site of the old fort; and the Indians still remembered by tradition the story of their surrendering it to Vancouver, and no historian could have told it in quainter words: "The men began to cultivate the ground and erect a fort and stockade, when one day a ship came with papers for the head man, who was observed to cry, and all the white men became sad. The next day they began moving their goods to the vessel." The grandson of old Moquilla, whose name occupies so prominent a place in the records of those stirring times, still ruled Nootka, when with a solitary companion I paid it a visit for the first time, after he had murdered the crew of a trader, six months before. This visit I am likely to remember for some years to come, for it yielded me the dismal satisfaction of hearing a lively discussion on the (to me) rather interesting question, whether it would not be better for State policy to cut off the heads of myself and friend, on the principle that headless men are not apt to tell tales. That the "ayes" were in the minority in Moquilla's council, this record is the proof. Vancouver's name they pronounced quite distinctly, and I still found in Puget Sound a last connecting link between his day and ours, in the person of an old chief. What thoughts must have been running through the mind of that old man as he glanced over the wonderful story of the seventy years which had come and gone, since John Vancouver sailed with his stately ships up Puget Sound, I know not; for the leathern countenances of the Indians, like dead men, tell no tales. The medals that Lewis and Clarke distributed among the Indians at the mouth of the Columbia River, could still be sometimes seen in the Chinook lodges, though that tribe had long disappeared, with all the Columbia and Willamette tribes, from their old homes. Old Astoria voyagers I sometimes came across. The son of that Pierre Dorion, whose escape with his heroic Indian mother, after the murder of his father, is so graphically portrayed by Irving, was my fellow-traveller for weeks together, before I knew how historically interesting he was;

and the grandson of one-eyed Concomoly, chief of the Chinooks, the marriage of whose daughter to the factor of Astor is so amusingly related, trudged side by side with me for many a summer's day. Captain Bonneville was not, to me, as he is to many, a shadowy abstraction, invented by the novelist, on which to hang many a quaint tale of love and war; but was a hearty, genial veteran, no way backward to fight his battles over again, when he got a ready listener.

It was in the palmy days of the fur trade, when beaver was thirty shillings or two pounds per pound, and a good beaver skin would weigh a pound and a quarter, or when Rocky Mountain martens worth three or four guineas apiece piled on either side of it was the price of a trade musket, worth fifteen shillings, that the free trapper flourished. He trapped for no particular company, but was courted by the bourgeois, as the head men of the traders were called, of all, and sold to whom he pleased. In the summer these men would start out in bands, and, as convenient places for their business presented themselves, would drop off in twos and threes, with their squaws and horses, until they came to some great valley, when they would set their traps in the streams, and if sport presented itself, camp there for the whole summer. Their camp usually consisted merely of an Indian leather lodge, or some brush rudely thrown together. If the neighbourhood were infested by Indians they would have to keep concealed during the day, as it was rarely that some high-handed act, or the jealousies of business, did not render a meeting between the trappers and redskins a matter of life and death. For the same reason he would generally visit his beaver traps at night, and, fearful of the echo of his rifle alarming the prowling savage, would subsist on beaver flesh: even though buffalo, elk, deer, or antelope were abundant in the neighbourhood, and the Rocky Mountain goat and sheep skipped on the cliffs around his haunt. Beavers, either smoked or fresh, formed the staple article of food of these mountain men; and to this day a beaver's tail is looked upon as a prime luxury. "He is a devil of a fellow," you will hear old grizzled hunters remark of some acquaintance of theirs: "he can eat two beaver tails!" And I quite agree in the estimate put upon a man who could devour so much of what is about as easily masticated, and not half so digestible, as a mess of whipcord seasoned with train oil and castoreum! If the trapper were ordinarily successful, he would load his horses with the "packs" of beaver skins, and make for the "rendezvous:" generally some trading port, or sometimes some quiet valley where game and grass abounded. Here, the traders would meet the trappers, business would commence, and the winter would be spent in riotous living and debauchery. Duels were common; the general bone of contention being the relative merits and reputation for virtue of the respective squaws. Every trapper had his wife selected from one of the Indian tribes with whom he was on ordinarily decent terms, and to whom he was united in Indian fashion. To be a trapper's bride was looked upon, by an Indian or half-breed damsel, as the height of all good fortune; and a pretty life she led her husband. Nothing in the trader's stores was too fine or too expensive for her; and next to being decked out herself in all sorts of finery, her horse was her object of solicitude. She was always fretting and running away to her tribe, with her infatuated husband in hot pursuit; or sometimes she would, to the scandal and delight of the gossips in the rendezvous, elope with some Indian buck, or more favoured trapper.

Often, these men, even despite the exorbitant charges of the traders and their winter debauches, made large sums; but they never saved. Indeed they thought themselves lucky if they were able to "pull through the winter," and enough remained to them to start out for another summer's campaign. Even that didn't trouble them much; for a good trapper of acknowledged reputation had never any trouble—to such an extent had competition gone, and so large were the traders' profits—in getting credit for all he wanted. Trappers were not in the habit of insuring their lives, otherwise learned actuaries would no doubt have been able to tell us exactly what were the risks of their business; but some western statistician estimated the life of the Rocky Mountain trapper at an average, after he had fairly entered the business, of only three years and a half! His life was continually in danger from Indians, from hunger and thirst, from exposure and mode of life. While floating down some turbulent river in his "dug-out," or travelling through a Rocky Mountain pass in the depth of winter in an endeavour to reach the rendezvous, he carried his life in his hands. He

disappeared from the rendezvous some winter, and little was thought of it. He might have gone to some other trading port. But by-and-by the news oozed round among the squaws, and they told their husbands how such and such a tribe of Indians killed him; and then his horse would be seen, and anon his rifle, and perhaps, years after, his bones, surrounded by his greasy beaded leather hunting-dress, would be found as the trappers were looking for beaver by the banks of some nameless stream. Then some of his companions would vow to avenge his death, and the first Indian of that tribe would suffer for it, if met alone in the woods or other solitary place. The Indian would be avenged in like manner by his friends, and so in this manner the endless vendettas of the West originated, and still go on.

It may be asked, what could tempt men to follow such a business? There was a charm in the thorough freedom and independence of the life, which attracted men to it. Few of these adventurers, I believe, ever seriously intended to follow the calling for life when first they wandered "away West." They probably intended making a little money, and then settling down to a quiet life tilling the soil. But in nine out of ten cases that time never came. Either they never could scrape enough together, or children grew up around them and united them with strong bonds to their savage mode of life. Most of them lived and died trappers. I have known a few of them go back after many years to the settlements, but soon return again to their wild life, disgusted with the dull conventionalities of society; the ways of civilised life and cities looked ridiculous to them, and they were half "pizened with the bread, the bacon, the sarse, and the mush" of a Western farmhouse. Yet a notion seemed to prevail that the trappers were long-lived. So they were, when they had a fair chance. But the Indians cut it rather short. Some of the trappers whom I know, are old men, and it has been my lot to know, among others, such men as the celebrated Kit Carson, Jim Baker, Jim Bridger, and others. Such men were almost universally Americans; and though they were not at all inimical to the female Indian, yet they invariably entertained implacable feud against some particular tribe. They had also their favourite tribe, against whom it was rank sedition to say a single word. "Crows kin be trusted," an old fellow would say round the camp, his mouth filled with tobacco: "Snakes ain't no such 'count; but if ye want to get the meanest pizen-bad lot of Injuns, just trap a fall down to the Washoe country, just!" And immediately afterwards you would hear some other man give exactly an opposite opinion. On closer observation you would generally find that the lauded tribe was the one he had lived longest among, to which his squaw belonged, or which was the easiest to strike a bargain with; for generally speaking, these mountain men are a very unreasonable set when speaking on Indian matters.

Old Jim Baker's opinion on Indians is worth quoting: not only for its inherent truth, but also because it expresses tolerably well, the general opinions entertained by the mountain men regarding their savage associates. Quoth Jim:

"They are the most onsartainest varments in all creation, and I reckon tha'r not mor'n half human; for you never seed a human, arter you'd fed and treated him to the best fixins in your lodge, just turn round and steal all your hosses, or any other thing he could lay his hands on. No, not adzackly. He would feel kinder grateful, and ask you to spread a blanket in his lodge, ef ever you passed that a-way. But the Injun, he don't care shucks for you, and is ready to do you a mischief as soon as he quits your feed. No, Cap, it's not the right way to give um presents to buy peace; but ef I war guv'ner of these yeer U-nited States, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd invite um all to a big feast, and make b'lieve I wanted to have a big talk: and as soon as I got um all together, I'd pitch in and skulp half of um, and then t'other half would be mighty glad to make a peace that would stick. That's the way I'd make a treaty with the red-bellied varments; and sure as you're born, Cap, that's the only way. It ain't no use to talk of honour with them, Cap; they haint got no such thing in um; and they won't show fair fight, any way you can fix it. Don't they kill and skulp a white man, when-ar they get the better on him? The mean varments! They can't onderstand white folks' ways, and they won't learn um; and ef you treat um decently, they think you're afeard. You may depend on't, Cap, the *only* way to treat Injuns is to thrash um well at fust; then the balance will sorter take to you and behave themselves."

Of Jim Baker many a good story is told, but about the last I heard (the very last, I am afraid, I ever shall hear) of him

was from General Marcy. He had then established himself at a trading port or store at the crossing of Green River, where he did a pretty lively trade with the Indians and emigrants. He was prospering until he was opposed by a Frenchman, who of course stirred within Jim the most bitter animosity, until it culminated in a cessation of all social intercourse between them: in fact, the Celt and the Saxon "cut" each other, though I do not suppose there was another white man within a couple of hundred miles. At the time of General Marcy's arrival, this professional hatred had reached such a point that he found Baker standing in his doorway, with a loaded and cocked pistol in each hand, "pretty drunk and intensely excited. I dismounted and asked him the cause of all this disturbance? He replied, 'That thar yaller-bellied toad-eatin' parley-voo over thar, and me, we've been havin' a small chance of a skrimmage to-day, we have, Cap.' I remonstrated with him upon his folly, but he continued: 'The sneakin' polecat! I'll raise his har yet; I'll skulp him, Cap, ef he don't quit these yeare diggins.' It appeared that they had an altercation in the morning, which ended in a challenge: when they ran to their respective cabins, seized their revolvers, and from their doors, only about one hundred yards apart, fired at each other. They then retired into their cabins, took a drink of whisky, reloaded their pistols, and renewed the combat. This peculiar duel had been maintained for several hours when I arrived, but, fortunately for them, the whisky had produced such an effect upon their nerves that their aim was very unsteady, and none of their many shots had taken effect." The general, being an old friend of Jim's, took away his pistols, and administered a severe lecture to him. He acknowledged that when the whisky was in him he had "narry sense."

Perhaps the most celebrated of all the Rocky Mountain trappers, was Kit Carson —to whose exertions Fremont was deeply indebted, when caught in the winter snows, though the old man used to sometimes complain that the "Pathfinder" was rather too stinted in the acknowledgment of his services. Born in Kentucky, he came at an early age to this wild region, and his name was soon known among the records of border warfare and dauntless deeds. His narratives were full of interest, and withal related with great modesty — a characteristic by no means common to all these "mountain cocks." His famous ride of seven hundred miles, from Santa-Fé in New Mexico to Independence in Missouri, carrying despatches regarding the outbreak of the Indian war in the former county, was by no means the most extraordinary of his deeds. The distance was accomplished in seven days from the date of starting. When he arrived at his destination the saddle was found stained with blood, and the rider so exhausted that he had to be lifted off his horse. Notwithstanding the great reputation of the man for deeds of daring, the reader may be at first surprised that Carson was by no means formidable in strength. On the contrary, I remember him as a little man, about five feet four inches in height, stout and rather heavily built, but with a frame alert and active. His hair was light brown, sprinkled with grey, thin and long, and thrown behind his ears. He was very quiet in his manner and spoke in a soft, low voice, such as I have frequently remarked is the case with men who have passed an exciting life. Towards the close of his life, Carson became "Colonel" of irregular cavalry in New Mexico. He had been frequently married to Indian wives, and was married a few years before his death to a New Mexican. His children seemed to share both the spirit of their father's and their mother's race. One of his daughters, whom I remember (since dead), was a remarkably handsome woman. On one occasion, a half-civilised "Texan Mustang" insulted her. Instantly the woman's blood was up, and before the bystanders could interfere, she had "cleaned out" the ruffian so effectually with a bowie-knife, that I question if he ever recovered from his wounds. Kit died last year, aged sixty. His deeds are recorded in many books and boys' tales of adventure, with various exaggerations: though the life of the man required no such embellishments.

One scarcely less famous was old "Pegleg Smith:" so called to distinguish him from the numerous Smiths of the West on account of a wooden leg, which he had worn ever since anybody remembered him. Old Pegleg's day was over before I knew him, and all I remember of him was as a garrulous old fellow in San Francisco, no way backward to "take a drink" when he found any one willing to invite him. His adventures formed the subject matter of a book published some years ago; and if I recollect rightly, an article about him appeared in one of the English magazines,

about the same period. On one occasion old Pegleg came down to a frontier brandy port, and there in a few weeks not only spent all the earnings of the past season, but had also run so far in debt that his fine white horse, which had been his companion for years, was placed in pawn in the trader's stable. It was in vain that Smith begged its release. Pleading proving vain, Pegleg tried to get possession of the stable key, but that attempt also proved futile, until at last all pacific methods failing, he resorted as a last expedient to force. Waiting until the trader was asleep, he hopped to the stable-door, applied his loaded rifle to the keyhole, and in a crack blew the lock off. In another crack the trader, aroused by the noise, was on the ground; but only just in time to see his debtor careering joyously on the back of the white horse over the prairie, waving his cap, and galloping at such a rate as to put pursuit out of the question.

A remarkable man, but one much less known, was Albert Pfeiffer. Like Carson, he was in the irregular Mexican cavalry; indeed, he was lieutenant-colonel of the same regiment. He was a man of a very singular appearance. His red beard grew in patches, the intervening space appearing burnt and discoloured. This was owing to his having been poisoned by some of the Indians' arrow poisons years before. He wore blue goggles to shield his weak eyes: yet, though they were weak, they were bright, clear, and quick. His face was almost ghastly in its signs of suffering, and he walked stiff, with a cane, being scarred with nearly twenty wounds, carrying in his body some Indian souvenirs of bullets, and bearing two frightful marks where an arrow had pierced directly through his body, just below the heart. A native of Friesland, he came to the United States some thirty years ago, and during all that time served as an Indian pacificator, fighter, and trapper: or as a guide to passes in the mountains known only to himself and the Indians. An acquaintance of mine used to relate an anecdote of Pfeiffer. They had started on a tour together, and as they rode along, "the colonel" gave him various directions how to behave in case they were attacked by Indians; finishing by saying, in his slightly broken English: "And now, don't *forget*, if me be wounded, you kill me *at once*, for I will not fall alive into dere infernal hands: dey torture one horribly. And if you be wounded, *I kill you, you see.* Don't fail!"

I write of Albert Pfeiffer as he was four years ago. For all I know to the contrary he is still living: one of the last and bravest of the mountain men.

Another specimen of the mountain man, was an old fellow whom I may call Seth Baillie. Seth was rather an intelligent man, and during our rambles I used to be amused to hear his opinions on men and things, all of which he pronounced with the utmost confidence, though his education (as far as book learning was concerned) was limited, and his range of observation equally so. Still, like all Western folk, he looked upon himself as "particular smart," and a "right smart chance" of an "argifier."

In the rough settlement of the Willamette, in Oregon, I had been asked to stand umpire in the following case. One day an old settler's boy had come home from the backwoods district school, and told his parents that the sun was many millions of miles away from the earth. The father was a school guardian, and was horror struck at what he styled, "sich infidel talk;" so the poor schoolmaster was discharged. "Who was ever thar' to measure it, I'd like to know!" the old farmer remarked to me when telling of the atrocious "infidel talk" of the quondam schoolmaster. Thinking the story would amuse Baillie, I told it him: without, however, venturing an opinion on the merits of the case. Mr. Baillie remarked, "he raythor thought the old 'coon's head was level on that air question." He proceeded to give his reasons for the faith that was in him: "I once heern talk like that afore, down to the settlements. One fall I was down thar' to do tradin', and when settin' in the store thar' I heern a kind uv half schoolmaster talkin' like that. Sez I to him, 'Mister, do you say the 'arth is round?' 'Wal,' sez he, kind o' laughin' like, 'men uv science say so.' 'Men uv science,' sez I, 'be darned. I know a sight better. Did you ever come across the plains?'* 'No,' sez the schoolmaster. 'Then,' sez I, 'you don't know nothin' about it; for I com'd across the plains and see'd so far furnenst me, you couldn't see no furder. Neow, ef the 'arth war round, heow would that have bin? Neow, once afore I heern a darned fool, like you' (sez I to the schoolmaster, and the boys in the store larfed like mad), 'talk like that, and I didn't say much, but went to hum, and put a tatur on a stump

* Prairies on the Eastern side of the Rocky Mountains.

outside my lodge. Neow, in the mornin', that tatur was just whar' I put it. Neow, ef the 'arth had turned round, whar' ud that tatur hev' bin?' But he didn't say nothin', but giv' a kind of laugh. 'No,' sez I, 'ef the 'arth turned reound thar' would be the tallest scatterin' uv the nations you ever did see. No, mister,' sez I, 'the 'arth's as flat as a pancake, and I know it.' And with that he vamoozed."

Baillie had been a good deal employed as guide to emigrants (or, as he called them, "emigranters"), for whom he had a supreme contempt. The only job of that sort he ever looked back upon with pleasure was the piloting of a troop of United States cavalry for service in the Indian war of 1855. He greatly admired the "smartness" of the major in command, and the way he settled a troublesome account. They had lost a waggon here, and sold a horse there. A soldier had sold or bartered his carbine now and then; and, in fact, their accounts were in such a state that to present a report and to account for everything to the quartermaster-general was impossible. At last they came to the Columbia River, and to a place where there was a good deal of dry timber. "Are there any falls about here, Baillie?" the major asked. Oh, yes; the falls of the Columbia were not over a mile. "Well, then," the major thought, "we'll build a raft; the road's pretty bad." On the raft was placed a broken waggon, a three-legged mule, five or six broken carbines, an empty cask, and a few more such valuables. The major wished to guide it along with ropes, and, though Baillie assured him that the current was so strong that this was impracticable, he insisted. At last the men shouted that they could hold on no longer. "Well, then, let go!" was the answer; and over the falls in a few minutes went the raft and its contents. "The major cussed a small chance for show sake," Baillie remarked, "but arter a while he winked, and sed to me, 'I guess that's an A. Q. G.* way o' squarin' accounts!' Everything—and something more, too—that was missing, got scored opposite to it in his book: 'Lost on a raft in the Columbia River!'"

But of all the men Baillie knew, those for whom he had the greatest contempt were the "shootin' gentlemen." Sometimes, when he went down into the settlements, he was asked to act as guide to parties of town sportsmen, his character as a hunter being famous. "They come," Baillie remarked, "in their store clothes, biled rags, and satin waistcoats, with lots of *provision* and whisky (which ain't to be laughed at though), though a hunter takin' pro-vision into the mountings with him is the greatest notion I ever heern on. Afore they camp at night, they load their rifles, in case of bars; next mornin' they fire 'em off, in case they're damp; and that, cap'n, as you know, don't bring the deer within a mile or so of the camp. Going out, they see nothin', and swear there ain't no game areound. They then take a few drinks of old rye, which makes them talky, and then they begin somethin' about the darn 'lection ticket, or to shootin' at marks. 'Bout this time they get hungry, and so back to camp, and afore their supper is over, it's dark. They then load their shootin' irons again—and so the same old game goes on. Darn me ef it don't, cap'n! When it's about time fur them to go to hum, I tell 'em to hold on, and not to fire, and so I go out and shoot 'em a varment of some sort apiece to show when they go back to the settlements as their shootin', they meanwhile pickin' berries and talkin' 'lection. I guess they like that about as well. Then they don't wash their faces for a day, tear their store clothes a bit, and go back to the settlements as big as a dog with a tin tail, and jest about as nat'ral—darn 'em!"

Baillie in his day had endured many hardships He had made meals on many anomalous things from the animal and vegetable worlds, including a pair of old mocassins, sage brush leaves, grass-hoppers, and beaver skins; and had more than once eaten his horse from under him; but he declared that an old carrion crow was the most unpalatable article he ever dined on.* In reference to this (and the phrase he also applied metaphorically to many things in life, which though not unbearable, are yet scarcely to be wished for) he used to say, "I kin eat crow, cap'n, but darn me, ef I hanker arter it!"

The fall of beaver sounded the death knell of the old free trapper. One day a pestilent fellow discovered silk to be a substitute for the napping of "beaver hats," and so beaver was "quoted" at a reduced figure. That 'Change announcement, simple as it was, may be said to have echoed through

* Assistant quartermaster-general.

* In this he agreed with the late Prince Lucian Bonaparte, who remarked on one occasion that in all his ornithological expeditions in America, he had been always able to make a "comfortable meal" on anything he came across, "except a Turkey buzzard and an alligator."

the Rocky Mountain region, and to have destroyed a class of men, who, with all their faults, were a manly and a generous race. Beaver has now fallen to about five shillings per pound, and is hardly worth trapping. The business of trapping has fallen almost entirely into the hands of half-breeds and Indians, who pursue it after their stolid and lazy fashion. A few free trappers like Baillie, still pursue the business, more, however, from old habit than for any real profit they derive from it. Most of them are scattered, or have taken up some of the employments which the spread of the white settlements have brought to their lodge doors. They have become small traders, or store-keepers, farmers on the borders of civilisation, or hangers-on of trading ports living on the memories of the past. The new impetus given to civilisation will soon clear them off entirely, and the place which once knew them will know them no more.

TWO SIDES TO LUGGAGE.

In the paper on the "Physiognomy of Luggage"* are these statements: "It is not too much to say that what takes place in the baggage offices all over the Continent is an organised system of cheating." And "All this is a scandal to foreign 'administrations,' especially on the French lines, where the favourite device is to add about ten francs to the charge for a set of tickets taken together."

Now, the facts, within the knowledge of the present writer, connected with passengers' luggage on French railways, are these:

Luggage, like everything else in France, except diamonds, is weighed by kilos, their multiples, and subdivisions. The French are not at present blessed with troy, avoirdupois, and apothecaries' weights. The word "kilo" is the popular abbreviation of kilogramme, a thousand grammes, the "gramme" being the unit of weight in the Metrical System of Measures and Weights. The kilo is equal to two pounds avoirdupois and a trifle more than a fifth over.

Now, every traveller, besides the personal effects which he takes with him in the railway carriage, has the right to thirty kilos of luggage gratis (a little over sixty-six pounds—just enough to turn the scale), on the payment of the registration fee of ten centimes, or one penny.

* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. iii., p. 39.

There is no difference in the weight of luggage allowed to the different classes. The third-class passenger may take his thirty kilos: the first-class passenger can take no more than thirty without paying an extra charge; and it is this extra charge on excess of luggage which seems to have provoked your contributor's anger. The registration fee of ten centimes is irrespective of distance; it has to be paid at every act of registration, however short the journey, and you pay no more, however long it is, always supposing that you keep within the regulation allowance of sixty-six pounds per traveller.

Moreover, for a party travelling together from the same point of departure to the same destination, one act of registration suffices. Their luggage is considered as a whole, and the aggregate weight divided between them. If one member of the party has less than thirty kilos of luggage, another may exceed that weight to the same amount. If, however, one member of that party intends leaving the train at any intermediate station, *his* luggage must be registered separately, and he cannot receive or give the benefit of any average of weight. But while all keep together, all goes smoothly; at least such is our own experience. I lately was one of a party of four who went from Paris to Avignon—a tolerably long stretch; and the only charge for our luggage, registered together, was the fee of one penny.

Everybody has a perfect right to travel with as much luggage as he pleases; but everybody has not the right to cry "stop thief!" and accuse honest men of swindling, when he is made to pay for excessive luggage. It is not impertinent to say that a moderate amount of luggage adds greatly to the ease and pleasure of travelling. Some extra allowance must be made for ladies; but a great many useful and necessary articles may be taken, and yet not exceed sixty-six pounds.

We went, last summer, to the Pyrenees, viâ Montpellier and Perpignan, two young ladies, a servant, and self. We were travelling for health. The ladies contented themselves with five dresses each in their trunks, besides a proper provision of under-clothing. Servant and self needed less variety of costume; so we easily kept our luggage under the joint allowance of one hundred and twenty kilos, or two hundred and sixty-four pounds; and never at a single station were we charged more than the regular fee of one penny for the whole

during an extensive tour of more than two months. Only, as the rolling stone does sometimes gather moss, we picked up so many odds and ends by the way, and in Paris especially, that we found on starting from that city that our luggage did slightly exceed the prescribed allowance; and for the excess we were charged eighty centimes, including the registration, without its raising in our minds the suspicion that we had thereby been scandalously swindled.

The mode of proceeding with luggage at a French station is this. You first take your party's tickets, of whatever class. If a servant travels second or third class, his ticket counts all the same in the allowance of luggage. By arriving early at the station, you secure an early turn for the registration of your luggage; and by so doing, you can always manage, even in Paris, to escape "confusion," and quietly proceed, when all is arranged, armed with your tickets and register of luggage, to the waiting-room, without fever, perspiration, or palpitation of the heart. Those who make a point of reaching the station at the last minute with cartloads of luggage, ought naturally to expect confusion.

With your tickets you proceed immediately to the baggage-office. The production of the tickets is required not only to calculate the total weight of luggage to which the party is entitled carriage free, but also to prevent packages which ought to be sent by goods' trains from being passed off as passengers' luggage. When your turn comes, your luggage is weighed by means of a steelyard. The weigher shouts to the clerk in the luggage-office, "So many colis or packages, weighing so many kilos." The tickets acquaint the clerk with the number of travellers and their destination. After registration, he hands you a bulletin or coupon, headed with the name of the office, the date of departure, the number of travellers, and the destination. On this are entered, besides the number of registration, the number of colis, their joint weight, and the sum charged. If the joint weight does not exceed thirty kilos per passenger, the sum charged is never more than ten centimes, or one penny. The traveller sees his luggage weighed, he has the statement in black and white in his hands of what it weighs and how much he has paid, and were he cheated, he could have his luggage reweighed at the end of his journey, and produce against the persons who have cheated him evidence in their own handwriting. With the coupon, the tickets are returned to him, mostly stamped on the back "Bagages." He then need take no more thought of his luggage until his journey's end. Even if he has to change trains, he is relieved of all care or trouble with his luggage. At the destination, he has to wait till *all* the luggage is removed from the train into the baggage-room, where, on presenting his bulletin, he is put in possession of his property. When you can travel with no more luggage than the bag or small portmanteau you can thrust under your seat, you avoid having to wait for the general distribution of the registered luggage, which in large towns is often tiresome, and a considerable loss of time.

To prevent any mistake on the part of travellers who can read French, on the back of each bulletin is printed, "Every traveller is allowed thirty kilogrammes of luggage. The luggage will be delivered in exchange for this bulletin, which is available solely for the journey indicated. If, on the arrival of the train, one or more of the colis entered on the said bulletin are missing, the traveller is expected to inform the station-master immediately, to give him a detailed list of their contents; and the station-master, in exchange for the present bulletin, will give him a declaration stating the number and weight of the colis which have failed to be delivered. The company declines all responsibility respecting luggage claimed tardily and at variance with the above conditions. Travellers who wish to leave their luggage at the station, immediately after the arrival of the train should change their bulletin for a receipt stating the number and the weight of the packages left."

As soon as a traveller's luggage exceeds the thirty kilos, new conditions are entered upon. The excess pays, not only according to weight, but in proportion to the distance to be traversed; so that it is easy for a heavily-laden family party, taking a long flight, to incur the ten francs which roused your contributor's indignation, without their being the victims of a fraud. Nevertheless, heavy excesses of weight are charged at a somewhat lower rate than small ones. For instance, an excess of five kilos is charged about sixty-five centimes, for the distance between Boulogne and Paris, while an excess of one hundred kilos pays about ten francs sixty-five centimes. I say "about," cautiously, because the figures are taken at a station a few kilomètres north of Boulogne; but the error, if

any, cannot be much more than a halfpenny. Inside the luggage office, to help the clerk, hangs a sort of ready reckoner, giving the charges for a scale of weights in excess, from five to one hundred kilos, to the different stations along the line. So that here, again, the traveller, if cheated, has a check to his hand.

As to tickets, a reference to the "Indicateur des Chemins de Fer" gives the price of every ticket for every class from every station in France to every other. The traveller can calculate, to a sou, the exact sum he has to pay, push it in at the wicket, and say "There!" Moreover, in most stations, those prices are conspicuously printed in black and white, on tall boards, in large letters and figures that every one can read.

Railways would rather be without luggage, and yet they take a deal of trouble about it; and it must be allowed that the misadventures are few, in proportion to the immense mass daily conveyed. It is the luggage which most effectually puts a drag on the rapidity of railway travelling; not by its weight or its cumbersomeness, but by the time lost in getting it in and out at each station. Consequently, several quick French trains will not take passengers, except for long distances: solely to avoid having to deposit their luggage. Thus, the train No. 3, which leaves Paris for Marseilles at a quarter past seven P.M., will only take in, up to Macon, travellers who go at least as far as Valence. By this means, a grand sweep is made, with no loss of time in the delivery and reception of passengers' packages.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A Yachting Story.

CHAPTER V. A HOLIDAY.

Monday morning. A bright, fresh day with a distant stiff breeze, which every now and again caused a dark purple frown to pass over the sea very far away. The old sailors said this meant nothing, that "afore noon" it would be all right, with a "good sailin' breeze." The harbour seemed to have half the air of a nautical flower show—so many sails were fluttering in a sort of negligée toilette. A few more of these elegant ladies had dropped in during the night, and for the first race it was known that at least ten would start. Of course the shabby, greedy Morna was among them. "Scandalous," many a mariner, his hands deep in his pockets' muttered. Little boats shot about the harbour zigzag, like gad-flies, and the Royal St. Arthur's and the Royal Burgee in full uniform, and stuck over with innumerable flags, affected a sort of harmony for that day only.

A gunboat from one of the great ports was hovering undecidedly outside the harbour; the lieutenant was being pulled ashore; but even that "rubbishing fellow" went straight for the stairs of the Royal St. Arthur's. The terraces of both clubs were covered with gentlemen in short jackets and caps, and using glasses, with quite a quarter-deck air. The start was early: about nine o'clock. From the commodore's yacht came the gun, and the row of racers were "round" in a second, and gliding away out of the harbour. The selfish cutter took her time, and rather "lounged" out. She had on her racing suit, and when she got up her "balloon" sails, seemed to swell like the snowy feathers of a huge swan. There was the local crack boat, known indifferently to the sailors as the Nigh-a-Bee, sometimes as the Knee-Oby, but which, in Hunt's List, was the Niobe, 35; W. C. Jephson, owner. This gentleman could hardly contain his disgust as he looked at the intruder, who was aristocratic R.Y.S., while he was only R. St. A.Y.C. There she was, a smart, coquettish, thoroughbred thing, shooting out of the harbour before all the rest; but, "of course," there was the huge hulking Morna rolling carelessly on behind, and getting up another tremendous sail, though in the most leisurely manner. The rest went on their way in straggling order—here, there, and everywhere, leaning over, awry, stiffly upright, or flying along half arching over, like graceful skaters. The course was one of many miles; in a short time the graceful craft were afar off, no more than a few yellowish specks dotted about, and the spectators on shore had done with them for nearly the whole day.

The Almandine, like a fastidious guardsman, seemed to think the affair "a bore," and disdained to take the trouble of racing at all. She lay in the centre of the harbour, tranquilly, as if reposing on a sort of watery sofa, full of charming languor. Round her circulated innumerable gay pleasure boats, all parasols and bright ribbons. Towards two o'clock, the terraces of the Royal St. Arthur's and of the Royal Burgee became crowded, and the band of the Sixth (Prince Regent's Own), one circle of legs and jackets, with caps at about the sloping angle of a roof,

played "selections" under the direction of Herr Spoffman. They had been brought by special train. The Royal St. Arthur's were giving a déjeuner à la fourchette, in the boat-house, at four o'clock. The commodore and vice-commodore of the Royal Burgee were, almost perforce, invited; and the members of the Royal Burgee, though they hated it, still spoke with pride of the invitation, and told each other at the house "that the commodore and vice ditto were over at St. Arthur's."

As the day wore on, the excitement increased, and the crowds gathered more thickly on the pier. Special trains began to arrive from neighbouring manufacturing towns. On the jetty and pier were the usual "Fair" supernumeraries; fellows shooting for nuts, the roulettes, the carts of spruce and ginger-beer. These familiars take the race-course and the regatta on their circuit indifferently. The Cheap Jacks lectured. But suddenly among the motley group appeared an open carriage, with a very large gentleman in a large hat—a bright girl beside him—who was calling out, in a loud voice, "Don't stop the way, please—stand aside—we are in a hurry!" No wonder Doctor Bailey was eager, for he could actually hear the voice of "that low Buckley" close by, who was in the midst of a ring on a granite stone, asking a large crowd whether "their timbers were secure and well caulked; whether their ropes were taut, and were they ready to mount the ship's side; up the glorious gangway of faith, and step on the quarter-deck of the resurrection?"

Seeing faces turning away from him at the sound of carriage wheels, Mr. Buckley went on. "Is *that* the way to put out on the sea of righteousness, in purple and fine linen, and," with a slight confusion of metaphor, "rolling in one's carriage? Is it by going down to riot, and drink, and eat, and be filled, and make merry, like the swine, that the God-fearing mariner fits himself for his work?" &c.

Thus did the low Buckley make the doctor serve as a text and homily. What did the latter care? There he was, getting down at the door of the Royal St. Arthur's, and, striding in with his daughter on his arm. "Keep back these people, policeman," he said. "There's really no getting into one's own house. Sir Charles—he has come, I suppose? eh, Bowles? Seen the prince about?"

Thus he passed in, pushing his way with many a "Let me pass, please! People should move on, and not crowd in the doors." Miss Jessica's lips were contracted, and to other people she looked as overbearing as her father. Out on the terrace, they came among the gay company, where the Prince Regent's Own were drumming and clattering the eternal Trovatore, with infinite noise.

In a moment Mr. Conway was beside them, and was seized on, swallowed up in the vast greeting of the tremendous doctor, who was himself family, daughter, wife, all, and spoke for all. With a quiet inattention, Mr. Conway put him aside and welcomed Jessica. She was all interest, all excitement. She had been looking out for him eagerly, as he saw. The doctor became of a sudden submerged in business, calling out, looking for some one.

"Where's Colman? Send him here, do! Has Sir Charles come? Here, ma'am, be good enough, do. Don't crowd about the passage; people can't get in or out," &c.

He was now in the boat-house, looking after the déjeuner: now out of the boat-house, looking after the great people, and all the while, not unnaturally, in a very great heat.

"I am so glad to meet you," said Jessica. "What you thought of me I do not know. But there are people who try and 'draw out' my father, as they call it, and I thought——"

"You thought I could be so ill-bred, so ungentlemanly?" said Conway, colouring.

"I did," said she, fearlessly. "I tell the truth always, though you may despise me, and make yourself my enemy for ever."

"Well, you are independent, like myself. I should have made the same answer, I suspect. And I like you the better for telling me this. Look here; who comes by? You will tell me all the notables."

It was the doctor, and a short, spare, wiry, grey gentleman, in a white coat and blue tie, and with a tall young lady on his arm. She was dressed to perfection, and a certain good taste about her made her face handsome. It was Laura the HEIRESS, and though the majority there were above everything mean, yet the presence of so much wealth unconsciously fluttered them all, and numbers of necks and heads were twisted and craned "to get a good view." People even reverently made way and drew back with an awe they were ashamed of, but could not resist. If all of us were saints, money would force this homage. The doctor was their grand chamberlain. "See here, Sir Charles. That's the Alman-

dine, Lord Formanton's, you know, fine vessel. I had the son and his friend, the Prince of Saxe-Gröningen, to lunch with me. Most gentlemanly fellow. Ah! by the way, Sir Charles, here he is. Conway, allow me. Sir Charles Panton—Miss Panton."

Conway, perfect gentleman as he was, could give a rebuke, or be insolent even, with his face. He conveyed by his cold bow that he had not desired this introduction, and conveyed it to all the parties concerned.

"I hope Doctor Bailey," he said, turning to Jessica, "will not ask me to make any more acquaintances. I make it a point to be disagreeable, and a Miss Mammon I *never* can stand."

"I am delighted," said Jessica, enthusiastically. "My father thinks them the greatest people in the world, and is always asking them, or wishing to be asked by them. You saw how she looked at me. She is empress over this part of the country. But I am not under her, and disdain her rule, and would die before I would submit to her. And she knows it."

"How you and I shall agree," said Conway. "It is refreshing to hear such independence. I am independent, too, of all the world, except of a certain good but rather ambitious person, whose name is Formanton."

"Oh, your father?"

"Yes. My poor mother, last and only one of all my friends, left me to him. I am his while he lives, as much as a serf used to be in Russia. But for this I should have married ten, fifteen years ago, and done something. As it is, I have been leading an actor's life, instead of doing something useful. Now I have grown old, and the best part of life is gone. But I have made a promise, and must stick to it. 'Stick to it!' Is not that a refined speech? Even in English, where I used to be rather 'nice.' You see the decay?"

It must have been time for the déjeuner, for Doctor Bailey was bustling people about, and giving loud orders, causing angry faces to be turned round as he stood on dresses and roughly pushed past ladies. He was always hot and angry when he stood on a lady's dress, or dragged it from her waist.

"*Such* things! A man can't walk. I really *must* ask you, ma'am, to stand out of the way. No one can get by."

"Rude bear!" "Savage!" were the whispered rejoinders. There was another lady of rank present, whom the doctor himself had described as "a broken-down honourable," whom he was obliged to "take in," and he gave out orders right and left to others, dragging this partner about, and clutching at young men. "Here, you—get somebody and take 'em in." Then his eye fell on Miss Panton, and he seized Mr. Conway and eagerly "hauled" him to her side. As for his own daughter, what did it matter what became of *her?* Conway, now that fate was inexorable, offered himself for duty with perfect complacency. But he could see the unconcealed dissatisfaction, the open colour, of the lady he was thus obliged to leave. This sort of character, clear as crystal, which disdained to conceal, was really new to him, and quite inviting.

With his new companion he was quite a different person. He became the conventional gentleman of parties and amusements, asked with apparent interest as to her balls and parties, and talked in the usual personal way of his own movements. One thing she saw clearly, he was not in the least impressed by her acknowledged sovereignty.

"I see you know those Baileys," she said, pettishly. "Very pushing people." He had never met so fretted a voice.

"I like *her*," said Mr. Conway, with an affected warmth, "so much. She is charmingly natural, and full of honesty. She is to be pitied with that intrusive father, who should have been chamberlain at a little German court, not an English clergyman."

"I know nothing of them," said she, haughtily; "nothing whatever. Of course we exchange visits, and that sort of thing, but I do not wish to go beyond it."

"So I have heard," said Conway, smiling. "They have told me already that Miss Panton is queen of this country for miles round. They speak with distending eyes, and gaping mouths, of her vast wealth, and gold and jewels. I am sure it must amuse you. But these poor people can't help it, you know."

"And these people I suppose have been telling you all this?"

"These people?" repeated Mr. Conway, wishing "to take her down" a little. "Oh, Dr. Bailey and his daughter, Miss Bailey. I see, I am getting on the thin ice. You know a stranger cannot be, nor is he expected to be, posted up in the little vendettas of a place like this."

The pettish look she gave him, gave him pleasure afterwards to think of. "*I* a vendetta with them! I repeat they are outside our circle. It is barely an acquaintance. You might as well say I have a vendetta with that sailor there."

"No doubt," said he, gravely; "and my life in this place has been only a day or so long. But as a mere fact of general experience your illustration does not hold. In plays, you know, the wicked lord often takes a horrid and unmeaning dislike to his virtuous tenant in a red waistcoat."

All this while two sullen eyes had been bent on them from the opposite side of the room, and he thus heard a voice beside him, "Red waistcoats and virtuous tenants! Do you hear Conway? Let me warn you," he added to her, "he has got all the refinements and metaphysics. I know him; and with these little smart things he makes himself interesting. I know you of old, my dear friend."

"No you do not," said the other, coolly. "That is much too highly coloured an account of our acquaintance. Pardon me if I am wrong, but you know very little about me, Dudley. Now, Miss Panton, come into this place. I am sure you must be tired, and perhaps hungry."

There was a vast clatter of plates, knives and forks, and champagne explosion. The natives of the district were not generally accustomed to such rich and gratuitous entertainments. They flung themselves on the banquet with something like ravenousness. It was hard to hear a neighbour's voice through it all.

CHAPTER VI. "LOVE IN HER EYES SITS PLAYING."

The déjeuner was nearly over, and the toasts were being given; the splendid and courteous commodore, who had done so much so splendidly for his club; our splendid queen; splendid noble prince; our distinguished and splendid guests, even our rival Burgee commodore, who, if not splendid, yet viewed athwart the sparkling bubbles of morning champagne, was decent and worthy, and meant well. The Burgee responded with almost grovelling gratitude, and he should never, till laid in the cold earth, "forget their kindness of that day." Then raging of cannon outside; rather flushed faces stream out to see the yachts dropping in.

Oh, of course the shabby, greedy Morna, monster of snowy white, comes rolling in first, triumphant and contemptuous, the rest a quarter, half an hour, hours behind! Well into the harbour sails the vast yacht, stooping over, her dress ballooning out, the water falling away from before her in ridges of snowy foam. She comes on and on, growing larger every second, until it is thought she will be in on the shore, when bang goes the cannon from the flagship. She has won, and she whisks round contemptuously. The very magnificence of the demeanour of the unpopular craft extorts a cheer.

After that, the evening closes in slowly, dropping its mantle gently over all, making the white grey and the sea leaden, and then dark. Lights begin to sparkle; the distant music sounds like a faint hum. The two club-houses light up like blazing lanterns, and the populace stand in crowds, gazing at the fine company within, who are having their dance. Then, darkness being well set in, it was time to expect the fireworks. The whole surface of the harbour was covered with crawling boats, and resounded with the chatter and laughter of exuberant voices. Lights flitted from end to end of every yacht; and now and again a "blue light" flashed, showing rows of faces illuminated in that strangely pale light.

From the steps of the club-house was putting off the Almandine's barge, and Mr. Conway had helped down Miss Jessica into the after portion. The gossips of the little place had noted how "that cunning girl was laying herself out for that good catch," as they called Mr. Conway. By that light not much could be seen of the beauties, comforts, and luxuries of the Almandine. To the terrestrial visitor nothing seems so complete and tempting as a well-appointed yacht; and the fascination is very much that of a baby house, with its complete kitchens, bedrooms, &c., for a little girl. Harbour visitants do not guess how odious it would seem on, say, the second day after going to sea, when a gale is "on" and the waves high. Doctor Bailey was critical, and spoke as if in mariner's orders all his life. "Exceedingly nice and well appointed, nothing could be in better taste. You are a true Formanton, my dear Mr. Conway."

As the fireworks now began to whiz and roar, the rockets bent, as it were, on blasting the very welkin, while the distant catherine wheels whirled and blazed, and showered cascades of sparks, lighting up thousands of spectral figures lining the pier, Mr. Conway was talking with interest to Miss Jessica. The two were leaning over the rail, and he told her a great deal of his life and story. Such pastime there are plenty of selfish people to delight in, who would be autobiographical, "end on," for days. In fact, our human nature prefers talking of itself to talking of any one else.

This amusement is generally mere vanity and selfishness. But there are autobiographies we like to listen to, because they are natural and unselfish, and extorted, as it were, because we have a sympathy to extend to them.

"After all this egotism," he said at the end, when the fiery letters, "WELCOME TO THE ROYAL ST. ARTHUR'S" were burning out, and after some erratic squibbing and pyrotechnical spluttering, all was darkness and silence, "after all this egotism, what can it be to you whether this be my turn of mind? Whether I be cold or calculating, or when once deceived, never let myself be deceived again? Whether if I suspected anything in, say, a person who was my wife, I would disdain to question, to ask for explanation, but work the thing out for myself, independent of all, as if I were alone in the world? I say, what is this to any one? But there you have my creed, such as it is."

"I understand you now," she said, "perfectly; and may I confess, too, that I can admire such a character."

"And you really do? And you admire this standing alone, as it were, this having one's *own* for everything—opinion, counsel, judgment—no appeal: a blind unswerving confidence in oneself, not as a safe guide by any means, but one more suited to me than any other could be? There is self-sufficiency for you!"

"And, of course, you despise women above all!" she said warmly, though he could not see her cheeks kindling.

"I shall conceal nothing from you," he went on, "that is, if you still care to listen——"

"Care to listen!" and her foot stamped, "I should tell you so if I did not. I like to listen, though I know I shall not like what you tell me. But the vapid fools my father brings to the house, and who talk in their insipid way of women—girls whose one thought is worth *their* whole nature—you *won't* tell me that you think with them?"

"I shall tell you the truth. What the only being in the world that ever loved me left to me as her treasure and jewel box. I am an old man now, as the world goes, thirty years old and odd, and during those years it is inconceivable the picture of female character that has passed before me. Not before me, but before Lord Formanton's son and heir. The history of adulation and abasement that I could give would be incredible. I am ashamed of myself, and of them, when I think of it. Miss Bailey is almost the first I have met who disdains such behaviour, or, perhaps," he added, laughing, "does not think me worth the trouble."

Here broke in the rude voice of the Doctor: "I think we must ask you for the boat, Mr. Conway. This has been all very pleasant. And we shall certainly come by daylight and see your nice vessel."

The Doctor got down into the boat with difficulty and grumbling. "Such an inconvenient sort of arrangement." He felt cold about his great neck, and took his daughter's cloak as a sort of muffler, in which he looked very grotesque.

In her own room Jessica sat long, before going to bed, ruminating softly, and smiling to herself, and finally walking up and down, and talking to herself, with a sort of exultation and forecasting of the future.

"I see it," she said, "I see it coming. He shall love me—nay, does love me! I know it, plainly and truly, as if it were a revelation, that he came into this world for *me;* that I shall fill up for him that blank, desolate corner in his existence which for years has been before his weary eyes. Yes, all this was foreordained. As he told me his story—and, oh! *how* he told it—could I not see my own place, and could have cried out, 'I should have been there!' He begins to see it, too. It is what I have been waiting for, and what *he* has been waiting for! And he *will* ask me, I know, to be his. It is coming, as surely as to-morrow is coming."

In came her maid, and Jessica almost smiled at her own excitement. So that eventful day ended.

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER V. THE NEW BARONET.

VERONICA, LADY GALE, as she styled herself, was established in a respectable, but by no means fashionable, hotel, at the West End of London. She had brought none of the Italian servants with her, and had even dismissed her French maid, and taken in her stead a middle-aged Swiss woman of staid ugliness.

For Prince Cesare de' Barletti lodgings had been found, within a convenient distance of the hotel. At these modest apartments he was known as Signor Barletti merely. And this temporary lopping of his title had been executed at Veronica's express desire, lest the glories which she had anticipated sharing with him by-and-bye, should be tarnished in their passage through regions of comparative poverty and obscurity. She also had enjoined on Cesare to keep himself aloof from such of his compatriots as he might chance to meet in London. This latter injunction, however, he had not kept to the letter.

The truth was that poor Cesare was desperately dull and forlorn. His visits to Veronica were of the most rigidly formal character, and the invariable presence of the Swiss maid during these interviews had caused some sharp words to pass between the cousins.

"At Naples, at least, I could see you and speak to you sometimes without a hideous duenna," complained Cesare.

"At Naples things were different. Have patience. We must risk nothing by imprudence. Louise understands no Italian. You can say what you please before her."

"But I hate the sight of her. Dio mio, how ugly she is!"

Then Veronica would bid him go out and amuse himself. But he declared that London depressed his spirits with a leaden weight; that he could not speak ten words of English, so as to be understood, nor understand half that number when spoken; that he could not wander about the streets all day; that he had no club to resort to; that London was cold, ugly, smoky, noisy, dull, and that there had not even been one fog since his arrival—a spectacle he had all his life longed to see.

At this climax Veronica lost patience.

"In short," she observed, disdainfully, "you are like a spoiled child, and don't know what you want."

"On the contrary, I know but too well. Cara, if I could only be with you, the time would pass quickly enough. But I am more banished from your society now than I was when—*he* was alive."

And in his utter ennui Cesare had scraped acquaintance with certain of his own countrymen, who frequented a foreign café, and smoked many a cigar with men whose appearance would have mortified Veronica to the quick, could she have beheld her cousin in their company. And yet the difference of a coat would have transformed some of them into as good men as he, even including the pedigree of the Barlettis in the list of his advantages. But it was just the coat which Veronica would very well have understood to be of extreme importance.

Mr. Frost had, as he had said to Hugh Lockwood, declined to act as Veronica's legal adviser. But he had, at Cesare's request, given her the name of a respectable

lawyer who would assume the responsibility of looking after her interests. Cesare could not be got to understand Mr. Frost's motives for not conducting the case himself, but Veronica declared that she understood them.

Meanwhile there had been several interviews between Mr. Lane and the respective lawyers of Sir Matthew Gale and Veronica.

Mr. Simpson, Veronica's lawyer, of course, quickly perceived that the new baronet had no interest in establishing the validity of the will. If it were established he inherited nothing beyond the entailed estate; if it were set aside he would receive a certain proportion of the personal property. Sir Matthew's lawyer, Mr. Davis, perceived this also as soon as he was made acquainted with the contents of the will. It had been read at Mr. Lane's office, there being present Sir Matthew, Mr. Frost, the agent—who, it will be remembered, was named executor—and the two lawyers above-mentioned.

Mr. Simpson, a heavy-mannered, pasty-faced man, with two dull black eyes, like currants stuck in dough, conceived the idea of making Sir Matthew acquainted with his client. Their interests were nearly identical, and he felt that it would be a desirable thing for "Lady Gale" to be recognised by the late baronet's successor. He trusted, too, to the effects of the lady's personal influence on the shy, awkward, provincial bachelor.

The meeting was consequently brought about.

"It can do you no harm to call on her, Sir Matthew," said Mr. Davis. "It would not prejudice *your* case to say she was Lady Tallis Gale fifty times over."

"I—I—I wish to do what's right, Davis. It's ticklish work, meddling with wills, you know."

"Meddling! God forbid, my dear Sir Matthew! But this either is a will, or it is not, you see. That is what we have got to prove. If it *is* a will, the dispositions of the testator must be held sacred—sacred. If it is *not* a will, you observe, the testator's intentions are—— In short, it is quite another matter," responded Mr. Davis, winding up a little abruptly.

Sir Matthew called at the hotel at which Veronica was staying. He was accompanied at his own request by Mr. Davis, and, on sending up their cards, they were both ushered into Veronica's presence.

She was dressed in deep mourning, of the richest materials, and most elegant fashion, and looked strikingly lovely.

"I am glad to see you, Sir Matthew," she said, making him a superb courtesy, which so embarrassed him, that in his attempt to return it by as good a bow as he knew how to make, he backed upon Mr. Davis, and nearly hustled him into the fireplace.

"It is naturally gratifying to me to be on good terms with my late husband's family," pursued Veronica, when the two men were seated.

"Thank you, ma'am—I mean my—my lady—that is—— Of course, you know, we must mind what we're about, and do what's right and just, and not make any mistakes, you know. That was always my rule when I was in business."

"An excellent rule!"

"Yes. And as to your late—as to Sir John Gale's family—I don't suppose you ever heard much good of them from *him*, ma'am. My cousin John was an overweening kind of a man. But we come of the same stock, him and me."

"Certainly."

"Yes. We come of the same stock. There's no doubt of that in the world."

Sir Matthew rubbed his knee round and round with his handkerchief, which he had doubled up into a ball for the purpose; and looked at every part of the room save that in which Veronica was seated.

She was in her element. Here was an opportunity to charm, to dazzle, to surprise. This man was vulgar, rather mean, and not over wise. No matter, he could be made to admire her—and he should!

It was already evident that Sir Matthew had not expected to find so elegant and dignified a lady in the person who claimed to be his cousin's widow. The history of her relations with Sir John was known to him, and the ideas conjured up by such a history in the mind of a man like Matthew Gale, were greatly at variance with Veronica's manners and aspect.

"I am sorry that Sir John was not on terms with his very few surviving relatives," she said, with the least possible touch of hauteur. "You see his path in life had been very different from theirs."

"So much the better for *them*, if all tales be true!" exclaimed Sir Matthew. He had now screwed his handkerchief into a rope, and was fettering his leg with it.

Veronica was not embarrassed by having to meet his eyes, for he turned them studiously away from her. Her cheek glowed a little, but she answered quietly, "Family differences are of all others the most diffi-

cult of adjustment. I have never entered into them. But I hope *we* may be friends."

She said the words with such an air of infinite condescension—of almost protecting good nature, that Sir Matthew felt himself obliged to reply, "Oh, thank you, ma'am—I mean my lady!"

Mr. Davis was lost in admiration of this young woman's talents. "Why she might have been a duchess, or anything else she liked!" thought he, marking the impression that her manner was producing on Sir Matthew.

"My feeling on the matter," said Mr. Davis, "is that we should try to avoid litigation."

"Litigation!" echoed Veronica, turning pale. "Oh, yes, yes. Litigation would be terrible!"

The word represented to her imagination brow-beating counsellors, newspaper scurrility, and the publicity of that "fierce light that beats upon" a court of law. She had all along shrunk from the idea of going to law. She had relied on Mr. Frost's dictum, that if her marriage could be proved to be valid, there would be no further question of the will. And she rested all her hopes on this point.

"*I* shan't litigate," said Sir Matthew, quickly. "I don't see what I've got to litigate about. The bit of money that would come to me wouldn't be worth it. For there's lots of second, and third, and may be fourth cousins, for what I know, that'll turn up to divide the property if it is to be divided. And my motto always has been, 'Keep out of the way of the law.' You'll excuse me, Mr. Davis!" And Sir Matthew laughed with a dim sense of having made a joke, and having in some way got the better of his attorney.

"The only person that has anything to go to law about, as far as *I* can see," said Sir Matthew, after a minute's pause, "is the person that inherits the property under the will! This Miss Desmond. I don't know why my cousin John should have gone and left all his money to his wife's niece. He was none so fond of her family nor of her, during his lifetime! And I fancy they looked down on him. I suppose he did it just to spite his own relations."

Veronica was silent.

"Oh, by the way," pursued Sir Matthew, "there's some one else that wouldn't much like the will to be set aside—that's Mr. Lane. He's executor, and a legatee besides to the tune of a couple of thousand pounds."

"Mr. Lane appears to be an honest, upright person," said Veronica. "I have seen him once or twice. And he speaks very reasonably."

Mr. Davis glanced piercingly at Veronica.

"Oh," said he, "your ladyship finds Mr. Lane reasonable?"

At this moment the door was opened, and Cesare walked into the room. He stared a little at the two men, neither of whom he had ever seen before. But Veronica hastily informed him in Italian who the visitors were, and turning to Sir Matthew, presented Cesare to him as "My cousin, Prince Cesare de' Barletti."

Cesare bowed, and said, "Ow-dew-doo?"

Sir Matthew bowed, and said nothing; but he was considerably impressed by Cesare's title.

"Oh, I didn't know," he stammered, "I was not aware—I mean I had never heard that you were—connected with foreigners, ma'am, so to speak."

"My mother," said Veronica, with graceful nonchalance, "was a daughter of the house of Barletti. The principality is in the south of the Neapolitan district."

"Oh, really!" said Sir Matthew.

"Mr. Simpson informed me that he was to have an interview with Miss Desmond's guardian, to-day," said Mr. Davis, addressing Veronica.

"Her—guardian?" said Veronica, breathlessly. The word had sent a shock through her frame. Maud's guardian! Why that was *her* father! "Is he—is he here?" she asked quickly.

"Oh yes. Did you not know? It is a Mr. Lovegrove, of Frost and Lovegrove. A very well-known firm."

"Ah! Oh, yes, I understand."

"Mr. Lovegrove acts for Miss Desmond I understand. Do you know if Mr. Simpson has been at the Admiralty since I saw him? I read the other day that the Furibond was paid off at Portsmouth last week."

"I believe he has," answered Veronica, faintly.

"Then, madam, I make bold to say that unless the other side are determined to litigate at all hazards, you will soon be put out of suspense."

Cesare's ear had caught the faint tones of Veronica's voice, and Cesare's anxious eye had marked her pallor and agitation as the prospect of a speedy verdict on her fate was placed before her. He came immediately to her side. "Thou art not well, dearest," he said, in his own language.

"Yes, quite well. Don't make a scene, Cesare! I will go into my room for a smelling bottle, and come back directly."

"Can I not ring for Louise?"

"No. Stay here."

And Veronica, with a murmured apology to Sir Matthew, glided out of the room.

"Is anything the matter with Lady—with your—with the lady?" asked Sir Matthew.

Cesare, left alone with the two Englishmen, felt himself called upon to make a great conversational effort. He inflated his chest slowly, and answered:

"She—went—for—some—salt."

"Eh?" exclaimed Sir Matthew, staring at him.

"English salt. Sale inglese. Come si dice?"

In his despair Cesare raised his closed fist to his nose, and gave a prolonged sniff.

"Aha!" said Mr. Davis, with a shrewd air. "To be sure; *smelling salts*. Eh? Headache?"

"Yes: eddekke."

"Poor lady! She has been a good deal excited. Her position is a very trying one."

"Very well," said Cesare, a good deal to Sir Matthew's bewilderment. But Cesare merely intended an emphatic affirmative.

Sir Matthew would have liked to strike into the conversation himself, but was withheld by an embarrassing ignorance of the proper form in which to address Barletti. He could not certainly call him "your highness," and while he was deliberating on the propriety of saying sēnior —which was his notion of pronouncing the Italian for "sir"—Veronica returned.

She looked a changed creature. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes extraordinarily lustrous.

"Hope you're better, ma'am," said Sir Matthew.

"Thank you. I have been suffering a little from headache. But it is not severe. I must have patience. My nerves have been greatly shattered."

Her tone was so plaintive, and her face so beautiful, as she said this, that Sir Matthew began to feel a rising indignation against his dead cousin, who could find it in his heart to deceive so charming a creature.

"I—I hope it will come right for you," he said. "I do, upon my soul!"

"I only ask for justice, Sir Matthew. I have undergone great and unmerited suffering. But on that topic my lips are sealed."

Sir Matthew thought this very noble, and looked at Mr. Davis for sympathy. But the attorney was gazing at Veronica, with eyes in whose expression admiration was blended with a kind of watchful curiosity.

By the time the visit was brought to a close the new baronet was completely converted into a partisan of "his cousin's widow," as he now markedly entitled her.

"She's not at all the sort of person I had expected," he said to Mr. Davis, as they walked away together.

"Is she not, Sir Matthew?"

"And that cousin of hers—I suppose he *is* really a prince, eh?"

"I suppose so—an Italian prince."

"Yes, of course. Well, it isn't for the sake of the share of the money that would come to me—I've got the entailed estate, and no thanks to my Cousin John, either! He would have left it away from me if he could. No, it isn't for that; but I do hope her marriage will turn out to be all right."

"It cannot be long before we know, Sir Matthew."

"Well, I do hope it will come right for her. My Cousin John behaved shamefully to her. He did his best to spite his own family into the bargain. And I don't mind saying that I should be glad if it turned out to be a case of the biter bit. Only," he added, after a minute's pause, during which he grew almost frightened at his own incautious tone, "only, of course we mustn't go and be rash, and get ourselves into any trouble. A will's a will, you know."

"Why that is just what remains to be seen, Sir Matthew."

CUBAN PIRATES.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

My name is Aaron Smith. I first went to the West Indies, in 1830, on board the merchant ship Harrington. Subsequent events induced me to resign my situation in that vessel, and devote myself to other pursuits. Two years in that part of the world impairing my health, I became anxious to see my family again, and, being then at Kingston, I entered myself as first mate on board the merchant brig Zephyr, waiting for freight to London.

Towards the latter end of June we had completed our cargo, and taken on board our passengers: consisting of a Captain Cowper, five or six children, and a black nurse. Mr. Lumsden, the master, was

an ignorant, obstinate man, who had been nearly all his life in the coal trade. Soon after leaving Port Royal, we encountered strong north-easterly winds, accompanied by a heavy swell from the eastward. Mr. Lumsden consulted me as to whether he should ply for the windward, or bear up for the leeward passage. Not wishing to incur any responsibility, I replied that the windward passage might protract the voyage, but that the leeward would expose us to the risk of being trapped by pirates. Without much consideration he decided on the latter course. We therefore steered for the Great Caumanos, but, the vessel sailing heavily, and the winds being unusually light, we did not reach those islands till the fourth day. The natives came out to us in canoes, and we purchased a few parrots, some turtle, and a quantity of curious and rich-coloured shells. Thence, we steered for Cape Saint Antonio, the south-west point of the island of Cuba, speaking by the way a schooner from New Brunswick that had for six days been struggling for the windward passage. On the following morning we made the Cape, wind light and weather fine; the breezes, too, freshened and became more favourable. At daylight on the following morning we discovered two sail ahead, standing the same course, and, the day being clear, we took a good and leisurely observation of the sun's altitude.

At two o'clock, while walking on deck in conversation with Captain Cowper, I discovered a schooner standing out towards us from the land. She struck me as so suspicious, that I immediately went up aloft, with a telescope, to con her over more closely. I was convinced she was a pirate. I told Cowper so, and we decided to at once call Mr. Lumsden from below. We were at this moment about six leagues from Cape Roman, which bore south-east by east. The obstinate fool Lumsden refused, however, to alter his course, supposing that, because he bore the English flag, no one would molest him.

In about half an hour we could see that the deck of the schooner was black with men, and that she was beginning to lower her boats. This alarmed Mr. Lumsden, who now ordered the course to be altered two points; but it was too late, the stranger being already within gun-shot. In a short time we were within hail, and a voice in English ordered us fiercely to lower our stern boat and send the captain on board. On our not complying, the pirate fired a volley of musketry. Mr. Lumsden was now paralysed with terror, and gave orders to lay the main yard aback. A boat put off from the pirate, and nine or ten ferocious ruffians armed with muskets, knives, and cutlasses, boarded the Zephyr. They at once took charge of the brig and drove Captain Cowper, Mr. Lumsden, and myself, into their boat with blows from the flat part of their sabres. In his frightened haste Mr. Lumsden left the books, which contained the account of all the money on board, open on the cabin table.

The pirate captain ordered us on deck immediately on our arrival. He was a man of uncouth and savage appearance, tallish and stout, with aquiline nose, high cheek bones, a big coarse mouth, and very large staring eyes. His complexion was sallow, and his hair was black. In appearance he much resembled an Indian. His father, I afterwards heard, was a Spaniard, and his mother a Yucatan squaw. On learning from us that the vessels ahead were French merchantmen, he gave orders for all hands to chase. He asked Mr. Lumsden, in broken English, what our cargo was. He was told that it consisted of sugars, rum, coffee, arrowroot, and dye woods. He then asked Mr. Lumsden what money he had on board? On being told none, he broke into a satanic rage.

"Don't imagine that I am fool, sare," he said. "I know all Europe vessel have specie. If you give up what you have, you shall go on your voyage safe and free. If not, I'll keep the Zephyr, throw her cargo overboard, and if I find one doubloon, Demonio! I will burn her, with every sacred soul on board."

Towards night, the breeze dying away, the captain relinquished the chase, and gave orders to shorten sail and stand towards the Zephyr. After supper, when spirits had been served out to our boat's crew, the captain turned to me, and, to my infinite horror, told me that, as he was in a bad state of health, and none of his sailors understood navigation, he should detain me to help navigate the schooner. I pretended that I was married, and had three children and aged parents anxiously expecting me home. But I appealed to a monster devoid of all feeling, who, when Lumsden begged not to be deprived of my services, savagely replied:

"If I do not keep him, I shall keep you."

Lumsden, with tears in his eyes, privately turned to me and entreated me not to beg off, or he himself would be taken. He had

a large family, and they would then become orphans and destitute. He promised solemnly, the moment he was freed, to go straight to the Havannah, and send a man-of-war in search of the corsair.

"Whatever property you have," he added, "shall be safely delivered to your family; and mine will for ever bless you for your generosity." I foolishly replied that if the lot must eventually fall upon one of us, I would consent to become the victim.

After supper (a bowl of chopped garlic and bread, for which there was a scramble) the pirates fired a musket, as a signal for the Zephyr to back in shore, and then one of our men was ordered to the lead, to give notice the moment he found soundings. The captain then asked, angrily, how many American sailors we had on board, as he meant to kill them, because the Americans had lately destroyed one of his vessels. To the Americans, he said, he should never give quarter; and as all nations were hostile to Spain, he would attack all nations. The pirate and the Zephyr then anchored in four fathoms, and I and the other prisoners were left on board the pirate. That night we could not sleep, for our carpenter took an opportunity of telling us that the Zephyr really had specie on board, and the dread of a cruel death weighed upon us.

At daylight we could perceive the pirates beating the Zephyr's crew with the flats of their cutlasses, and making them haul up a rope cable from the after-hatchway, as if to remove the brig's cargo. When the pirate captain returned, he brandished his cutlass over my head, and told me to go on board the Zephyr and bring back everything necessary for purposes of navigation, as he had resolved to keep me. When I made no reply, he swore, and, with a ferocious air, waving his sword, said, "Mind and obey me, then, or I will take off your skin." On reaching the Zephyr and entering my cabin, I found my chest broken open and two diamond rings gone. The pirates then made us hoist up two seroons of indigo, and as much arrowroot and coffee as they required. They stole all the children's earrings, our foretop-gallant mast and yard, and all the ship's stores, live stock, and water; they then told Mr. Lumsden and Captain Cowper that if they did not produce the concealed money, they would burn the Zephyr and all aboard. The children were sent into the schooner, and those two unfortunate men (Lumsden and Cowper) were taken below and lashed to the pumps, round which combustibles were piled. Lumsden remained obstinate for some time, but at length produced a small roll of doubloons from the round house. Captain Cowper also surrendered nine doubloons which had been entrusted to his care by a poor woman.

The combustibles I have mentioned were lighted, and as the flame approached these poor wretches, their cries were heartrending, and they implored the pirates to turn them adrift to the mercy of the waves, and keep the Zephyr and all that they could find in her. Finding no better compromise could be obtained, the captain ordered water to be brought to quench the flames. After a carouse, he drew his knife, ordered me with him back to his own ship, and threatened, with an oath, to cut my head off if I did not move instantly. I asked to be allowed to send my watch to my mother by Mr. Lumsden. This he granted, saying:

"Your people have a very bad opinion of us, but I will convince you that we are not so bad as we are represented."

The Zephyr was then cast loose: Mr. Lumsden being first told by the pirate captain that if he caught him steering for the Havannah, he would destroy him and his vessel together. I sank into utter despair as the Zephyr receded. My brain began to turn. I was about to throw myself overboard, when the pirates rushed on me, secured me, and placed a guard over me: the captain swearing that, if I made a second attempt, I should be lashed to a gun and left to die of hunger.

At daylight we stood to the south-west, and entered the delightful harbour of Rio Medias. In the afternoon, boats and canoes began to arrive to congratulate the captain on his success, and he received with great pomp two magistrates, a priest, and several ladies and gentlemen; to whom I was shown as an English captive likely to be useful in navigating the vessel. I was asked many questions about England, London, and my religion. Then dancing was proposed. I was selected, against my will, as a partner for Seraphina Riego, one of the magistrates' daughters. I refused to dance, and the lady (she was the most beautiful Spanish girl I ever beheld) told me with tears in her beautiful black eyes, that she sincerely pitied me, and would do what she could to alleviate my sufferings and procure my liberty.

The captain then roughly ordered me out to join the dancers, but Seraphina soon sat down, and we talked about London sights. Her father and the priest being

now busy over their wine, Seraphina went to the captain and entreated that I might be allowed to go on shore, under the pretext that many of the inhabitants had never seen an Englishman; but the captain was inexorable. After the dance and after supper, the captain began to make presents to the guests. To the priest he gave my chest of linen and silks: the priest attributing the recent capture to his incessant prayers to the Virgin. When the visitors had left, the captain being drunk, drew his knife, and ordered me down into the cabin to sleep on the bare floor.

The next day was appointed for the sale of the plunder. Seraphina and her father came aboard early. She shook my hand, and told me that her father was going to try to get me sent on shore. Then I told her that I loved her, but before she could answer, we were interrupted. I had to weigh out the coffee and attend to the steelyards; when that was done, we fired a gun, and two small schooners came out from land and took it on board. The captain then ordered me, before the wearing apparel was put up for sale, to brew a strong mixture of wine, rum, gin, brandy, and porter: this the Spaniards drank greedily and soon finished. As the guests got drunk, they bid enormous sums for the most trifling articles.

I seized an opportunity of giving Seraphina a glowing description of everything in England, and I told her that if she would help me to escape, and would accompany me thither, I would devote my life to her, and marry her on our arrival. She was startled, but by-and-bye relented, and replied, that should she consent to elope with me, a thousand obstacles must first be surmounted. The lower orders of Cubans were avaricious, and treacherous, and not to be trusted; and yet without one for a guide in those immense forests certain destruction would await her and me, from wild beasts or starvation. After some further doubts and fears, she promised, if practicable, to escape with me to the Havannah and thence to England.

Just then a desperate fight with knives took place between two drunken seamen. Both fought with great skill and caution until one fell with a severe stab in the left breast. I was instantly called in as surgeon. It was in vain for me to protest. Mr. Lumsden had told them I had saved the life of a sailmaker who had fallen down the hold. The moment our visitors were gone, the captain went below and questioned the least injured man as to the cause of their quarrel. The man at last reluctantly owned that there had been a conspiracy formed by the chief mate (then in Havannah), to murder the captain and the whole crew, when drunk or asleep, and to take possession of the ship and plunder. The fight had begun because he had refused to join the conspirators, and had threatened to reveal the plot. The captain's eyes flashed fire at this. Rushing on deck, he told the crew, who, shouting and cursing, rushed below, and, without a question, chopped off legs and arms of the stabbed man with a hatchet, and threw his body overboard, cutting to pieces all his clothes and everything belonging to him.

Next morning a sail was discovered, and I was ordered aloft with my spy glass. "If you deceive me," said the captain, "I will cut off your head. I have already killed several of your countrymen, and take care you do not add yourself to the number." I reported the vessel a merchantman. We gave chase, but she instantly stood to the north, suspecting us. We ordered out the sweeps, and though the wind lulled, made great way. By nightfall the merchantman was hull down. The captain said he would carry on the chase till two in the morning, and if she were not then visible, he would steer east. At daybreak when I came on deck I found every one at a loss to know where we were. The whole crew had been drunk all night. There had been no light in the binnacle, and no log kept, and no one knew what sail had been set, or what the ship had been doing. The captain threatened me with instant death, if I did not give him at once the bearing of our harbour of yesterday. Fortunately I was able about nine o'clock to take a good lunar observation, and, at noon obtaining the true latitude by a good observation of the sun's altitude, I found to my great astonishment that we were about twenty leagues to the N.N.W. of Cape Buonavista, two hundred miles to the westward of where we thought we were. We saw land that afternoon as I predicted we should. I should very likely have been stabbed if we had not.

As we lay in harbour next morning, we saw a boat full of the chief mate's mutineers coming towards us. The captain, declaring he would kill them all, ordered thirty loaded muskets to be brought on deck. Two hundred yards off, the men ceased rowing, and held up a white handkerchief, and on our showing another, they ad-

vanced. The moment they were within range, the captain gave the word, "Fire." Five of the rowers fell dead, and the sixth leaped over, and was picked up by our boat. The captain threatened the bleeding wretch with a cruel and lingering death if he did not confess the whole plot, and ordered him to be exposed naked to the blaze of the sun of a tropical July.

In vain I pleaded for the poor wretch, who persisted in his plea of innocence. They lashed him in the stern of a boat, in which were five armed men and myself, and then rowed him for three hours through a narrow creek formed by a desert reef and the island of Cuba. "The mosquitoes and sand flies will soon make him speak," the captain said, as we pulled off to the mangrove swamp, where insects swarmed in millions. The miserable man was in a moment swollen and wounded from head to foot. His voice began to fail him. Then I entreated them to row to the other side of the island and unloose him. The moment they did so, and he felt the fresh sea breeze, he fainted. On our return on board, the pirates mocked his cries, and the captain asked if he had confessed? I told him the man was dying. "Then he shall have some more, before he dies," replied the monster. Six men then fired on him, and, finding the miserable creature still alive, they fastened a pig of iron to his neck and threw him into the sea. An hour afterwards, the guitars were tinkling, and the songs were passing round as if nothing had happened.

Next morning, just as I had bent a new gaff topsail, we sighted a brig, and gave chase. She heaved to, and displayed the English ensign. We fired a gun and hoisted Spanish colours. The captain, fearing she was a man-of-war, did not care to go nearer, but said he would send a boat, with me as captain, to board her. I protesting and refusing, he ordered the crew to blindfold me and take me forward. A volley of musketry was then fired, and the captain came up and asked if I were not desperately wounded? I saw he had only intended to frighten me so far. I was then lashed to the main-mast and my eyes were unbandaged. The captain then cut up a quantity of cartridges, and strewed the powder on the deck all around me, giving orders to the cook to light a match and send it aft. On my persisting in my refusal, he set fire to the powder. The explosion took away my senses for a moment. When I recovered I was in the most horrible torture, and my clothes were blazing. I could not tear them off with my bound hands. I begged them, for God's sake, to despatch me at once; but they only laughed, and the captain tauntingly asked me if I would obey him now? The excruciating agony forced me to yield. I fainted before they could release me. When I recovered I found myself stretched, in frenzy and delirium, on a mattress in the cabin. Too weak to reach a weapon, I implored the steward to hand me his knife that I might kill myself. He reported this to the captain, who came down in a fury. "You want to kill yourself, young man, I understand, but I do not mean you to die yet." He then ordered me to be strictly watched and my wounds to be dressed. I took advantage of the medicine chest's being brought near me to swallow one hundred and thirty drops of laudanum, hoping never to wake again in this world. The cook, who felt compassion for me, brought me some arrowroot and wine, and told me to my surprise we were at anchor, the captain being convinced that the brig was a man-of-war, and that I had tried to decoy him near her. The good fellow then cautioned me to appear cheerful and satisfied. When he left, and sleep began to overpower me, I commended my soul to God, believing I should never wake again. I slept all night, and they had great difficulty in rousing me next day. The captain was furious at this, and threatened me with a second torturing by gunpowder if I dared try again to kill myself. He then made me get up, and attend to the sick.

The next day a coasting schooner brought word that the Zephyr had arrived at the Havannah.

"See," cried the captain to me, "what dependence can be placed on your countrymen. They are as treacherous as the Americans. The old rascal has broken a solemn promise. And he says I plundered him of fifteen hundred pounds in specie, and I didn't get half that. But mark me! If he remains a few days longer at the Havannah he shall never live to see England. I have three or four men already on the watch to assassinate him. They were new to the trade or would have done it before, but I will now send a sure man, and he shall have ten doubloons for the job. If Lumsden is so fortunate as to escape, and I ever catch him again, I will tie him to a tree in the forest and leave him to starve."

The assassin being got ready was rowed

on shore, and told to get a horse at once and push straight for the Havannah. He left with loud promises of performing his task faithfully.

That evening, as the crew were drinking, playing the guitar, singing and carousing, we heard the dash of oars. The pirates instantly flew to quarters, and dragged me on deck to hail the boat in English. The boat brought word that some of the chief mate's party had arrived ashore, and, vowing vengeance for the fate of their comrades, had pursued our assassin to the house of Riego, the magistrate, whither he had gone to procure a pass for his journey. Nine men of our crew volunteered to pursue the traitors, and at once sallied forth. At midnight they returned. They had surprised four of the chief mate's gang, playing at cards, and drinking under a tree. They had shot two men and taken two prisoners, two more (scouts) had escaped after killing one of our party and wounding another. Our men had unfortunately wounded the magistrate (Seraphina's father), by firing their blunderbusses through the doors and windows. They wanted me to be sent on shore instantly, to attend to the wounded. I was rowed on shore, and then carried on a bed fastened to a horse's back. The first person I saw on my arrival was Seraphina, who cried, "For God's sake take me, for they have just killed my father."

I found her father with one bullet in his shoulder and another in his arm. I dressed his wounds, and those of the pirates. When alone, Seraphina told me she could not fly with me while her father's life was still in danger, but that she remained unchanged, and only waited a fitting opportunity. On our way back the pirates seized another of the chief mate's men who swam out to our boat. Having tortured him, they placed him blindfold on a tree projecting over the sea and shot him. Their other prisoners they had previously fastened to trees and fired at; one monster lamenting that he had lost a bet of a doubloon because he had not killed his man at the first shot.

The next day we captured a Dutch merchantman laden with gin, butter, cheese, and canvas. On my way to shore to visit Seraphina's father, a boat, rowed by six men, came pulling towards us. It was the chief mate and some of his partisans. By my advice (for I knew if my comrades were killed I should share their fate), my men poured in a fire of blunderbusses, and then leaped upon the enemy with their cutlasses. Three mutineers fell by our first fire, and three were sabred. We only lost one man. When we reached the magistrate's house I found him out of danger, and, to my great joy, Seraphina informed me that she had just engaged a guide for a hundred dollars, and that we should start in eight or ten days. The next time I went on shore, Seraphina—her eyes beaming with love and hope—threw herself into my arms; the guide was ready; the day and the hour could now be fixed. I clasped her to my heart and wept with joy and gratitude. Blushing, she disengaged herself, and entreated me to repress all emotions that might betray us. We then fixed on the next evening for our flight. The evening came, and I obtained leave to go on shore. To my horror I found my reception at Riego's cold and formal. The mother looked at me with anger and distrust, Seraphina stood behind her pale, her cheeks bathed in tears. She made me a signal to be silent. When I passed into the sick man's room he broke forth:

"Well, sir, I have detected your base and nefarious plans. Your very guide informed me of all."

I denied everything, and drew out my lancet, treating him as if delirious. Seraphina burst into tears, accused the guide of having insulted her in the forest, and said that this was his revenge for her having threatened him. I found from Seraphina that the guide, having obtained fifty dollars in advance, had basely betrayed her, but she hoped soon to get a reliable man, and bade me still trust in her sincerity and discretion. Alas! I never saw her more. The next day the assassin sent to destroy Mr. Lumsden returned, his intended victim had luckily sailed before the Spanish rascal had arrived. That same day the pirates murdered the French cook of the Dutch prize, who had become mad, and had been held down among the ballast. He at first defended himself with a hatchet, but they stabbed him in a dozen places and threw him overboard while still breathing. The next day we captured an English brig. Being left on board the prize, I resolved that night, with the aid of two prisoners, to attempt, under cover of darkness, to kill the pirate pilot and his Spanish companion, the only two pirates on board, and to take the vessel to New Orleans; but our captain was too cunning; he sent for me at dusk, and the prisoners were ordered down into the hold. The next day the captain was attacked with a dangerous fever, and in his great alarm pro-

mised me my liberty if I cured him. I now resolved to make a great effort to escape. I confined the captain to his cabin, and gave him an opiate in some arrowroot. That afternoon, which was wet and stormy, two fishermen came on board to barter their fish for spirits. A carouse ensued, and they and the whole crew were soon drunk and asleep. At midnight the storm had driven every one below. Not a star was to be seen; the scud was flying thick and heavy. With a palpitating heart I seized a bag of instruments, in which I had put some biscuit, and crept softly up the companion ladder. Then I stole to the stern of the vessel, gently dropped the bag into the fisherman's canoe, and, letting myself down, cut the painter, and let the canoe drift with the current, in order not to rouse the wretches by any splash of paddle. Once out of hearing, I trimmed the canoe and set sail, steering her in the direction of the Havannah. In the morning I found myself forty miles from the floating hell that had so long been my prison. The wind providentially blew all day from the south-west. All that day and the following night I was alone in the frail canoe, and never sighted a vessel. At six o'clock of the second morning I entered the Havannah, and seeing an old friend pacing the deck of a schooner, I ran my canoe alongside. He was a Captain Williams, whom I had known some years before in America. He welcomed me, gave me refreshments, promised to get me a berth as a mate, and, seeing me weak and exhausted, begged me to lie down and rest. Unluckily for me, when I woke from my deep sleep in the forenoon, finding the captain gone on shore, I followed him. In the first street one of the pirate's men met me, and ran and brought a guard, who arrested me. I was instantly thrown into prison with four or five hundred thieves and murderers, and kept there five weeks before my second examination. After some weeks more I was delivered up to the English, and sent to England, to be tried at the next Admiralty Sessions. At my trial I was particularly charged with assisting in the capture of the ships Victoria and Industry on the high seas. I pleaded compulsion and the horrid cruelties inflicted on me by that monster the pirate captain. Twenty respectable witnesses deposed to my humanity and character, and Captain Hayes, my old commander, and Mr. John Smith, his brother, an officer in the Royal Navy, spoke up for me like men. I was, thank God, eventually acquitted; but that mean hound, old Lumsden, for whom I had suffered so much, never showed even a common feeling of gratitude for having saved his own carcase; and but for good friends, I should have been gibbeted like a hunted-down murderer.

TWO ORIGINAL COLONISTS.

At the beginning of the present century an Englishman named Buckley, who entered the army towards the close of the last century, conspired with six others to attempt the life of the Duke of Kent at Gibraltar; he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to transportation for life. He arrived at Port Philip in or about 1803, forming one of a detachment of prisoners intended to form a convict establishment at that place. He was employed as a stonemason (his former trade) in erecting a building for the reception of government stores. The settlement was eventually abandoned, and the convicts were transferred to another part of Australia. Shortly before this abandonment, Buckley made his escape with two other men, named Marmon and Pye. The three ran together for a time; but Pye left his companions before they reached the river at the northern extremity of the bay, being exhausted with hunger and other privations. Marmon remained with Buckley till they had wandered nearly round the bay, and then left him with the intention of returning to the establishment; but neither Pye nor Marmon was ever afterwards heard of. Buckley, thus alone, continued his wanderings along the beach, and completed the circuit of the bay. He afterwards proceeded a considerable distance westward, along the coast; but, becoming weary of his lonely and precarious existence, he determined on returning. When he had retraced his steps round a portion of the bay, he fell in with a party of natives, whom he contrived to conciliate, and with whom he took up his abode. Buckley afterwards expressed a belief that the period which elapsed between his escaping from the convict establishment, to his falling in with the natives, was about twelve months; but he had no very accurate record of the lapse of time.

Here, then, was an Englishman entirely severed from all associations with civilised life, and thrown among savages. How did he fare? The natives received him with great kindness, and he soon attached himself to the chief, whom he accom-

panied in all his wanderings. From the time of his abandonment by Marmon and Pye, until his final return to the establishment (a period of thirty-two years) he did not see a white man. For the first few years, his time and mind were fully occupied in procuring food and guarding against treachery from the natives; but he soon acquired a practical knowledge of their language, adopted their habits, and became one of their community. One of the chiefs gave him a wife; but discovering that she was betrothed to one of her own tribe, Buckley relinquished her. This, however, did not prevent the natives from putting her to death; for it was one of their usages that when a woman had been promised as a wife (which generally happened as soon as she was born), it was considered a binding engagement, the breach of which was visited with summary vengeance. Very little is now known of the aborigines of Australia in their native or untutored state. It is the more interesting to notice the experience of Buckley on this matter, during about one-third of a century.

Buckley found the natives rude and barbarous; often addicted to cannibalism; but well disposed towards the white man. He was unable to introduce among them any essential improvements, feeling that his safety chiefly depended on his conformity to their usages and customs. Their cannibalism was chiefly shown in time of war, when prisoners were killed, roasted, and eaten. Such was the miserable and precarious mode in which they procured their food, that they destroyed their new-born children if born before the former child had attained the age of three or four years: dreading the burden and anxiety of having to support two young children at once. As in all rude communities, the women were completely subservient to the men, acting merely as slaves, and receiving little in return but austerity and violence. Many of their regulations in regard to marriage were singular. A man might have as many wives as he could support; on his death a custom prevailed analogous to the old Mosaic law—his widows became the property of his eldest surviving brother or next of kin. They had a curious custom of prohibiting a man from looking at the mother of the girl given to him in marriage; this was adhered to with the utmost strictness; the greatest concern being evinced if, through any accident, the mother were seen. Buckley could not find that they had any clear notion of a deity, or any form of worship whatever; yet they entertained an idea that after death they would again exist, but *in the form of white men.* They showed the customary dexterity of such people in the use of the spear, the dart, the arrow, &c., and their senses of sight, hearing, and smell, were very acute. Their habitations were of the most rude and simple construction, being made of the branches of trees arranged with tolerable compactness at an angle of about forty-five degrees; in shape they formed the segment of a circle, the size being proportionate to the number of persons composing the family.

These were the people among whom this Englishman passed so long a period of his life. Buckley never travelled further than a hundred and fifty miles from the spot where he first encountered the natives, during the whole term of thirty-two years; though he never lost the anxious wish to return to civilised society. The circumstances which gave him the desired opportunity were these. Two natives, residing at the English encampment at Port Philip in 1835, stole an axe; having been assured by others that the theft would be severely punished, they absconded. They accidentally fell in with Buckley, to whom they communicated the fact of white men being in the neighbourhood. They announced their intention of procuring other natives to go back with them and spear the white men. Buckley instantly formed a two-fold plan; to save the white men, and to return to civilised life. He succeeded in inducing the runaways to guide him to the encampment whence they had escaped. They did so. The Englishmen at the camp were amazed to see the two runaways accompanied by a man who seemed half Englishman, half savage; he was of lofty stature (six feet two inches), was enveloped in a kangaroo skin rug, was armed with spear, shield, and club, and wore hair and beard of more than thirty years' growth. He seated himself among the natives of the encampment, apparently taking no notice of the white men. They, however, quickly detected his European features. He could not in the least express himself in English; but, after the lapse of ten or twelve days, the remembrance of old familiar words and phrases came back to him sufficiently for the purposes of conversation. The native family with whom Buckley had so long resided, and who had become greatly attached to him, bitterly lamented

his leaving them. He remained at the settlement, and expressed a wish to be employed as a medium of communication between the English and the natives. When his case was made known to the representatives of the government, as well as the service which he had rendered to the encampment, a pardon was forwarded to him. It was a time of strong emotion for the poor fellow; and nothing could exceed the joy he evinced at feeling himself a free man, received again within the pale of civilised society. What became of Buckley afterwards, was probably not considered of sufficient importance to be placed upon record.

Let us now notice another original colonist, who certainly did *not* become semi-savage, but lived to be a well-to-do old gentleman in the colony whose birth he witnessed.

John Pascoe Fawkner, born in London in 1792, went to Australia at the early age of eleven. A few women and children were allowed to accompany the troops who guarded the convicts sent out in 1803, to found a new penal settlement on the shores of the recently discovered Port Philip; and the boy Fawkner went out with his mother. Buckley was possibly one of the very convicts who went out in the same ship (the Calcutta, fifty-six guns) with this youngster. Captain Collins, who was to govern the new settlement, pitched his tents on a strip of sandy beach in the bay; but fresh water was so scarce, and the country around seemed so barren, that he abandoned the place after a few months: government officers, soldiers, and convicts, all taking their departure to Van Diemen's Land (now called Tasmania), where they formed the settlement which has since expanded into Hobart Town, or Hobarton, the capital of a distinct colony. Young Fawkner got employment as a shepherd, and three years afterwards joined his father in farming. An energetic and restless character was developed in him, which lasted throughout life; but he committed one mistake which happily he did not repeat. At the age of twenty-two he mixed himself up in a plot for the escape of convict prisoners; and he found it necessary to beat a hasty retreat to Sydney, where he remained three or four years, as a sawyer. The year 1818 found him married, and settled at the new town of Launceston in Van Diemen's Land. Besides being a trader, he acted as agent or pleader in some of the subordinate law and criminal courts, at a time when regular barristers and attorneys were rather scarce. He turned publican in 1826. Three years afterwards, he started the first newspaper published in the town: a weekly journal called the Launceston Advertiser. Governor Arthur was at that time always at open war with the free colonists, whom he regarded as being almost as bad as the convicts. Fawkner threw himself heart and soul into the struggle against him; and the newspaper continued to be influential and well-conducted for many years.

Pascoe Fawkner entered upon a new scene in 1835. Port Philip began to be talked about in a more favourable tone than thirty-two years previously. He resolved to try his fortune in that new region. Having sold all his acquired property, he bought the schooner Enterprise, and stored her with live stock, farming implements, and seeds, common coarse food and clothing, blankets, tomahawks, knives, and handkerchiefs suitable to the aborigines. A very large and varied assortment of fruit-trees were also shipped, together with the materials for a house. He had five partners, respectively named Hay, Mars, Evans, Jackson, and Lancey. Two months before Mr. Batman had landed near the spot now occupied by the busy town of Geelong, had advanced to the river Yarra, had got the aborigines to sign some deeds making over an enormous tract of country, and had built some rough huts as the commencement of a settlement.

On the 10th of October, 1835, Mr. Fawkner set foot on the mainland of Australia. It was the anniversary of the day when he had landed there in 1803. He and his party first explored the eastern shore of Port Philip bay; but deeming it ineligible, they pushed on to the river Yarra, where they landed their goods, pitched their tents, and ploughed and sowed small plots of land. But the Batman party did not relish this; they warned off the Fawkner party. The latter were found to have selected the most favourable spot; and the two parties came almost to open war, in the very spot where the great city of Melbourne now stands. The Batmanites were too strong for the Fawknerites, in virtue of government support they received; and Mr. Fawkner, frustrated in various ways, nevertheless made a living by keeping a store, lending out horses to exploring parties, and practising as a bush-lawyer. When land became sufficiently valuable to be offered for sale, he became a buyer. One of his plots was at the corner of the present Flinders and King-streets,

and another at the corner of Collins and Market-streets—now among the busiest spots in Melbourne. He built a brick hotel (the first brick house in the settlement), in the last-named locality, and supplied his guests with a good library as well as a good stock of English newspapers, then a rare luxury in the infant colony. He next set up a little newspaper. It was no easy matter to print it; but he bought a small parcel of refuse type at Launceston, and engaged a youth who had had a few months' practice as a compositor. In 1839, he replaced the Advertiser (the venturesome little paper was so called) by the more majestic Port Philip Patriot.

For thirty years longer did this remarkable and energetic man help to advance, not only his own interests, but those of the city of Melbourne, and the colony of Victoria (which the Port Philip district was empowered to become.) He bought eight hundred acres at a spot which he named Pascoe Vale; then he converted the Patriot into a daily paper; then he established a large sheep station; then he grew grapes and became a wine-maker; then he established a land-society, which has proved a great success; then he bravely took part in the movement which prevented the continuance of transportation to the Australian colonies; then he became a member of the legislative council; then he was instrumental in developing the gold industry. Since that time, in the upper chamber (the House of Lords of the colony), "the absence of the president himself would not have seemed more strange than that of the velvet skull-cap and the old-fashioned blue cloak in which Mr. Fawkner was wont to sit."

It was natural and fitting that the colonists regarded as a public ceremonial the funeral of Pascoe Fawkner on the 8th of September last.

PARAPHRASES FROM "GALLUS."

The verses paraphrased below, though generally to be found in collections of the "Poems attributed to Gallus," are also printed among the fragments of the Satyrion. The first of these little poems must undoubtedly have suggested Ben Jonson's song in the Silent Woman, beginning:

"Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast," &c.,

Ben Jonson's own paraphrases prove that he read Petronius.

SEMPER MUNDITIAS, SEMPER, BASSILESSA, DECORES.

Dress, at all hours arranged with studious care
O Bassilessa, and adornment nice,
Locks, at all hours, of never-wandering hair
Sleek'd by solicitous comb to curls precise,
Delight not me: but unconstrain'd attire.
And she whose beauty doth itself neglect.
Free are her floating locks: nor need she have
Colours or odours, who, herself, is deckt
In natural loveliness—a living flower!
Ever to feign, in order to be loved,
Is never to confide in love. The power
Of beauty, best in simplest garb is proved.

EPITAPH ON DYONISIA.

Here doth Dyonisia lie.
She, whose little wanton foot
Tripping (ah! too carelessly!)
Toucht this tomb, and fell into 't.

Trip no more shall she, nor fall.
And her trippings were so few!
Summers only eight in all
Had the sweet child wander'd through.

But, already, life's few suns
Love's strong seed had ripen'd warm.
All her ways were winning ones:
All her cunning was to charm.

And the fancy, in the flower,
While the flesh was in the bud
Childhood's dawning sex did dower
With warm gusts of womanhood.

O what joys by hope begun,
O what kisses kist by thought,
What love-deeds by fancy done,
Death to deedless dust hath wrought!

Had the Fates been kind as thou,
Who, till now, was never cold,
Once Love's aptest scholar, now
Thou hadst been his teacher bold:

But, if buried seeds upthrow
Fruits and flowers; if flower and fruit
By their nature fitly show
What the seeds are, whence they shoot,

Dyonisia, o'er this tomb,
Where thy buried beauties be,
From their dust shall spring and bloom
Loves and graces like to thee.

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

Four hundred and twenty years ago, there suddenly appeared on the stage of public events in England, a remarkable man, with a great name, a great cause, a great purpose, and a great following. His real name was said to be John Cade. His assumed name was John Mortimer. He claimed to be a scion of the royal House of Plantagenet, and first cousin to Richard, Duke of York—he of the White Rose—whose quarrel with the Red Rose kept England in a turmoil of civil war for more than a quarter of a century. This personage, a great reformer in his day, popularly known as the Captain of Kent, and "John Amend-All," has received but sorry treatment at the hands of history, while at the hands of poetry, as represented by Shakespeare, or whoever was the real author of the three historical plays of Henry the Sixth, of which Shakespeare was the reviser and adapter, he has received very great injustice. Had he been left to history alone,

no more harm would have been done to his memory than such as is usually inflicted upon those who are guilty of the political crime of unsuccess; but poetry, unluckily for "the Captain's" fame, has warped history aside, and presented us with a caricature instead of a true picture. Let us endeavour by the light of discoveries recently made, to show Cade as he was, and not as Shakespeare has depicted him.

The earnest political reformers, or *rebels* as it was the fashion to call them, who arose in the early days of English history to do battle against oppression, never received fair treatment at the hands of historians. Having no printing-press, by means of which to detail and discuss their grievances, and no means of organising public opinion to operate upon the minds of men in power, there were no means open to them for the remedy of intolerable abuses but the rough and unsatisfactory arbitrament of physical force. If they succeeded, which they did sometimes, it was well. If they failed, and were so unhappy as not to die on the battle-field, they suffered the rebel's doom, and left their name and fame to posterity, which did not always care to remember them.

Among the most notable of these English "rebels" who would be called reformers if they lived in our day, was John Cade. In the Second part of the play of King Henry the Sixth, he is represented as an illiterate and brutal ruffian, sprung from the very dregs of the populace, with the manners of an American "rowdy," or of that equally detestable product of our own modern civilisation, the English "rough." Shakespeare invariably speaks of him under the familiar and contemptuous epithet of "Jack," and though he adheres with more or less exactitude to the truth of history as regards the leading facts of his career, he wholly misrepresents his character and objects; and is about as unfair as a dramatist of our day would be, if he introduced George Washington to the stage in the character of a clown, or of a Sheffield trades unionist.

In the year 1450, when Cade made his appearance as a reformer of abuses, very great discontent prevailed among the Commons. This, however, was by no means an abnormal state of affairs. At no time after the Conquest until the age of James the Second, were the Commons particularly well affected to the Norman kings or satisfied with the state of England, and many vigorous but unsuccessful leaders of revolt had from time to time appeared. The discontent in England at this time was remarkably bitter. It was partly occasioned by the inglorious issues of the war in France, and the cession of the Duchies of Anjou and Maine, once appanages of the crown of England; partly by the misgovernment of the king at home—the consequence of his own weakness of character—his subjection to his stronger minded and imperious queen, and the sway that he allowed unworthy favourites to exercise over him; partly by the pretensions of the House of York to the throne; and partly if not chiefly by the constant illegal and extortionate demands which were made upon that very sore place in the estimation of all true Englishmen, then as now, the pocket of the people. The Duke of Suffolk, the queen's favourite, who had long exercised a malign influence, had been banished and slain, to the great displeasure of the king, and of Queen Margaret; and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the protector of England during the king's long minority, had been treacherously murdered, to Henry's exceeding shame and sorrow. The sturdy Commons of Kent were louder in their dissatisfaction than the Commons in other parts of England; though the discontent elsewhere was by no means of a gentle character. The anger of the Kentish men was particularly excited by a report, that the whole county was to be laid waste, and turned into a deer forest, in punishment for the murder of the Duke of Suffolk, with which the men of Kent had nothing to do. The Duke of York with an eye to his own interest, took advantage of the growing ill-will of the Commons, and fostered and fomented it by every means in his power. He found an instrument ready to his hands in John Cade, a gentleman of Ashford, in Kent, supposed by some to be a near relative of his own, and a true scion of the House of Mortimer. However that may be, Cade had served under the duke in the Irish expedition of 1449, with great renown and bravery. "About this time," says honest John Stow in his Annales of England, "began a new rebellion in Ireland, but Richard Duke of York being sent thither to appease the same so assuaged the furie of the wild and savage people there, that he won such favour among them, as could never be separated from him and his lineage." Cade's gallant behaviour on the battle field, and his striking personal resemblance to the Mortimers, marked him out to the ambitious Duke of York, as a person who might be safely trusted with his cause among the

Kentish Commons; and Cade, assuming the name of Mortimer, lent himself heartily to the project. The fires of discontent smouldered all over England, and in Kent needed but a strong breath, to blow them into a blaze. Such a breath was found in the person and the pretensions of Cade.

On Whit-Sunday, the 24th of May, all measures for an outbreak having been previously taken by the adherents of the Duke of York and the personal friends of Cade, the Commons of Kent in large numbers flocked to Ashford, where Cade resided, well armed, and ready to serve under his banner. Day by day their numbers increased, and by the Saturday following he found himself at the head of a host so numerous as to encourage him in marching upon London. On Sunday, the 31st of May, he encamped upon Blackheath, his army amounting, in the computation of the time, which was, probably, much exaggerated, to one hundred thousand men. He took the title of Captain of Kent, and aspired to talk with the king, as potentate with potentate.

The city of London sympathised with his cause. The rising spread from Kent to Essex, Sussex, and Surrey; and in a short time, Cade had force at his command sufficient, if judiciously handled, to revolutionise the kingdom, and seat the Duke of York upon the throne. His first proceedings were eminently cautious, prudent, and statesmanlike. His great error was that he did not boldly march into London when the time was ripe and the Londoners favourable, but established his head-quarters in Southwark. His misfortunes were that he was unable to control his followers, and prevent them from pillaging the merchants; and that he was not supported in proper time by the Duke of York. For a month he lay encamped on Blackheath, to the great consternation of the king and his court, and levied contributions on the country round, granting free passes to all who were well affected to his cause, promising future payment for all goods and provisions supplied for the use of his army, forbidding pillage and robbery under the penalty of death, which he more than once inflicted upon a disobedient follower, and acting in all respects as if he were a legally-appointed general, waging a legitimate war. Towards the king's person he expressed the utmost devotion, and declared that his sole purpose in taking arms was the removal of evil counsellors from the royal presence, and the peaceable redress of the grievances of the people. His Complaint of the Commons of Kent and Cause of the great Assembly on Blackheath, as textually set forth in Stow's Annals, are ranged under seventeen distinct heads. This document asserted that the Commons of Kent were not guilty of the murder of the Duke of Suffolk, and protested against the threat of converting the county into a "wilde foreste," in punishment thereof. It furthermore alleged that the king wasted the revenues of the crown upon his favourites, and laid taxes upon the people to supply the deficiency thus created; that the lords of the blood royal (i.e. of the house of York) were put out of the royal presence, and mean persons of lower nature exalted and made of his privy council; that the people of the realm were not paid for the stuff and purveyance taken for the use of the king's household; and that the king's retainers and favourites made a practice of accusing innocent persons of treason and other crimes, in order to gain possession of their confiscated estates. One chief cause of the disaffection was the harsh and unjust collection of a tax called the "fifteen penny," amounting to the fifteenth of every person's annual income. Another was the illegal interference of the court in the free election of knights of the shire; and another the gross venality and corruption of the officials in every department of the state. This "Complaint," whether drawn up by Cade himself or inspired by him, was highly creditable to his ability. It was accompanied by another paper, entitled The Requests of the Captain of the Great Assembly in Kent. This document consisted of five terse and significant paragraphs. The first set forth the Captain's loyalty to his sovereign lord the king, and all his true lords, spiritual and temporal, and his design that he should reign like a "king royal" and a true christian king anointed; the second expressed the captain's desire that the king should avoid all the false progenie and affinity of the Duke of Suffolk, and take to his person the true lords of the realm, notably the high and mighty prince the Duke of York; the third, his desire that immediate punishment should be inflicted upon the murderers of the excellent Duke of Gloucester (Duke Humphrey); fourth, an accusation of treason against, and demand of punishment on all who were concerned in the loss or alienation of Anjou and Maine, and the other possessions of the English crown in France. The fifth—a comprehensive article—denounced the extortion daily used

among the common people: and complained of "that *greene waxe*, which is freely used to the perpetual destruction of the king's true Commons of Kent." It is this mention of *greene waxe*, with which exchequer writs, so loudly complained of by Cade, appear to have been sealed, that excited the mirth of the dramatist, when he makes Cade say, "Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment, and that parchment scribbled o'er should undo a man? Some say the bee stings, but I say it is the bees' *wax*, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never more my own man since."

This paragraph further complained of several kinds of extortion to which the Commons were subjected, and specially named "four extortioners and false traitors," who were to be punished as an example to similar evil-doers, one of whom named Crowmer, Sheriff of Kent, afterwards fell into Cade's hands, and was decapitated without shrift.

King Henry, urged on by Queen Margaret and by the people in her interest, whose heads would have been in very considerable danger had Cade been triumphant, resolved, after misgivings, which, to a man of his easy, amiable nature, were probably both sore and long-protracted, to take the field against Cade. He could muster, however, no more than fifteen thousand men against Cade's one hundred thousand. Cade, who did not wish to fight the king, for whose "sacred" person he expressed much devotion, retired unexpectedly from Blackheath to Sevenoaks. Henry did not follow; but dispatched a force under Sir Humphrey Stafford, to do battle with the formidable rebel. Sir Humphrey and his brother were killed, and their force routed with great loss. Cade, highly elated, returned to Blackheath; and the poor king, losing courage, retreated to the very heart of England—to Kenilworth Castle—leaving to others the task, either of fighting or parleying with the redoubtable leader of the Commons. The king, as Hall's Chronicle reports, was not quite certain of the fidelity of his own troops. "The king's army," says the historian, "being at Blackheath, and hearing of his discomfiture (that of Sir Humphrey Stafford), began to grudge and murmur among themselves; some wishing the Duke of York at home to aid his cousin (the Captain of Kent); some desiring the overthrow of the king and his counsel, others openly crying out on the queen and her accomplices." The circumstances were evidently serious, and Cade was well nigh master of the situation. To allay the popular excitement, the king was advised to commit several of the persons against whom the tide of indignation ran strongest to the Tower; notably, the Lord Say, and his son-in-law, Crowmer, the Sheriff of Kent; both of whom were held in particular disesteem by the Commons of Kent. This concession, however, was not sufficient to satisfy either Cade or the Commons, and Cade marched back from the scene of his little victory at Sevenoaks, to his old quarters at Blackheath, to confer with his friends in the city of London. On the part of the king, or rather of the queen, two powerful nobles were deputed to wait upon him in his camp, and ascertain on what conditions he would lay down his arms, and disband his followers. Cade was equal to the encounter of argument, and though described by Shakespeare as a coarse and illiterate bully, he was found to be a person of a very different stamp by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham, the two great peers who sought a conference with him. Hall describes Cade as "a young man of a goodly stature and a pregnant wit." The lords "found him," he adds, "sober in communication, wise in disputing, arrogant in heart, stiff in opinion, and by no means possible to be persuaded to dissolve his army, except the king in person would come to him, and consent to all things which he would require."

Cade was now at the very zenith of his fortunes, and had the Duke of York, then absent in Ireland, hastened over to his support, it is likely that the White Rose would have taken the place of the Red, and that Henry the Sixth would have had to moralise sooner than he did, upon the miseries that encompassed anointed kings. But the Duke of York did not make his appearance, and Cade was left to himself to fight the battle of the Commons, rather than the battle of a claimant to the crown. But as it happens in all times, there are men whose heads are turned with the full flow and tide of prosperity, and Cade was of the number. He struggled bravely against adversity, but good fortune was too much for him. He made a triumphal entry from Southwark into the city over the bridge, which was then the sole means of ingress for an army, and passing London Stone in Watling-street, struck it with his sword in the pride of his heart, as if to take possession, exclaiming, "Now is Mortimer Lord of this City!" And he *was* lord of it: and could he have held his followers in order,

might have made himself dictator of the kingdom. But he could not control the passions of the Kentish men who thirsted for the blood of Lord Say, the high treasurer, and of his son-in-law Crowmer, the sheriff. The king, on taking his departure, had not left the city entirely at the mercy of the insurgents; but had left a valiant commander, one Matthew Gough, whom Stow quaintly calls "a manly and warly man," in command of the Tower when he and his court effected their ignominious retreat to Kenilworth, with strict orders to watch the movements of the citizens, and prevent them from lending effective assistance to Cade. All but the very wealthiest of the inhabitants were on the side of the rebellion, and even some of these wavered in their allegiance to their weak sovereign and his corrupt surroundings. On the 3rd of July, Cade for the second time entered the city from Southwark, amid the acclamations of the people, and proceeding to the Guildhall, where the Lord Mayor sat for the administration of justice, ordered, rather than requested, that functionary, to send for Lord Say to the Tower, and have him arraigned forthwith for malfeasences in his office, and for oppression of the people. Lord Say took objection to the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, and demanded to be tried by his peers; but Cade's followers, whether with or without the order or concurrence of the Captain does not very clearly appear, laid violent hands on the unhappy nobleman, led him out to the conduit in Cheapside, struck off his head and placed it upon a pole, and afterwards drew his naked body through the streets from Cheapside to Cade's head-quarters in Southwark. A similar fate befell Crowmer, the unpopular Sheriff of Kent, and the ferocious multitude, bearing his head upon a pole, presented its dead lips to the dead lips of Lord Say, as if the two were kissing, to the great delight of the rabble, and to the disgust of the respectable citizens. That evening Cade dined with Philip Malpas, an alderman and wealthy draper, well affected to his cause; but unluckily some of his unruly followers, setting at nought Cade's edict against pillage, despoiled the rich merchant's house, and carried off his plate and other valuables. This and a similar robbery committed on the following day at the house of another wealthy citizen, named Gherstis, proved to be the turning points of Cade's fortunes. The leading citizens, though alarmed at the turbulence of the mob in the murder of Lord Say and the Sheriff of Kent, might have forgiven murder, but could not forgive pillage, and it was resolved by the Lord Mayor and aldermen, counselled by the "manly and warly" soldier at the Tower, that when Cade next left the city for Southwark, his departure should, if possible, be final, and that his re-entry over the bridge should be opposed by the whole available force both of the Tower and of the city. Had Cade, in the first flush of victory, established himself in the heart of London, as he might easily have done, this difficulty would have been avoided. Matthew Gough seems to have been well aware of the strategic mistake the Kentish leader had thus committed, and undertook to defend the bridge the next time that Cade and his followers attempted to cross it. He had not to wait long for his opportunity. At nine o'clock in the evening of Sunday the 5th of July, having in the morning caused one of his followers to be beheaded for pillage, with a view no doubt of conciliating the wealthy Londoners, and proving to them that he individually had no part in the pillage of rich aldermen, Cade, at the head of his company, attempted to enter the city. Stow thus tells what ensued:

"On the fifth of July, the Captaine being in Southwarke caused a man to be beheaded there, and that day entred not the Citie. When night was come, the Mayor and the Citizens with Mathew Gough, kept the passage of the bridge against the Kentishmen which made great force to reenter the Citie. Then the Captaine seeing this bickering, went to harness, and assembled his people, and set so fiercely upon the Citizens, he drave them back from the stoupes in Southwarke, or bridge foote, unto the drawbridge in defending whereof many a man was drowned and slaine. Among the which was John Sutton, Alderman, Mathew Gough, a squire of Wales, and Roger Hoisand, Citizen. This skirmish continued all night till nine of the clocke on the morrow, so that sometime the Citizens had the better, and sometimes the other, but ever they kept them on the bridge so that the Citizens never passed much the bulwarke at the bridge foote, nor the Kentishmen no farther than the drawbridge. Thus continuing the cruel fight, to the destruction of much people on both sides, lastly, after the Kentishmen were put to the worst, a truce was agreed upon for certaine houres."

The disaffection of the citizens of London, and its hourly, if not momentary increase, becoming known to the Archbishop

of Canterbury, who was at the same time also Lord High Chancellor of England, that eminent functionary, having full powers from the king, took advantage of the opportunity to proclaim a pardon to Cade and all his followers, if they would lay down their arms and disperse. The offer acted magically upon Cade's force, disheartened alike by the defection of the Londoners, the non-arrival of the Duke of York, and their own repulse on London Bridge, and they began to desert. Cade, however, was not wholly disheartened, but consented to meet the Lord Chancellor at the Church of St. Margaret's, Southwark, and discuss the matter amicably. The Lord Chancellor insisted upon absolute and unqualified submission: Cade, on his part, insisted that all the seventeen articles of the complaint of the Commons as set forth by him, should be accepted and acted upon by the king. The Lord Chancellor having fought out the matter as long as he could, and finding Cade not to be won over by flattering speeches and fine promises, agreed to the terms imposed. The fact was notified to Cade's army, who, forthwith, imagining the ends of the insurrection to have been achieved, began in large numbers to take their departure to their homes. Cade, however, mistrusted the Chancellor's powers, and prevailed upon a certain portion of his followers to remain under arms, until the king and parliament, assembled at Westminster for the purpose, should solemnly ratify the agreement. But Cade was not sufficiently supported. The defection, the lukewarmness, or the open hostility of the Londoners, perhaps a combination of all these, had so disheartening an effect upon the "Commons," that Cade's once mighty hosts melted almost entirely away, and he found himself within less than two days at the head of a poor remnant, numbering less than a thousand men. Not wholly beaten, having still a hope left of the Kentish people, Cade made his way to Rochester, with the intention of making a new appeal to the oppressed Commons. But it was "too late." His followers had not their leader's courage or honesty of purpose, and fell to fighting about the miserable military chest they had carried away with them. In five days Cade was wholly deserted, and fled for his life. A proclamation was forthwith issued, offering a reward of a thousand marks, for his head, dead or alive, on the ground that he had scorned the king's pardon, and persisted in waging war against the royal authority after terms of surrender and compromise had been agreed upon. Proclamations for the arrest of offenders, whether in civil or criminal cases, are proverbially unfavourable in their descriptions of the personal appearance and antecedents of the persons whom it is sought to capture. In Cade's case there was no exception to this ancient, and it may be added, this modern, rule. He was described as an Irishman, which he was not; as one who had in Surrey, while in the service of Sir Thomas Dacres, feloniously slain a woman with child, and of having fled to France to escape the consequences of this act, and while there of taking up arms on "the French part" against the English. The proclamation produced speedy effect. The once popular idol was deserted on every hand: none were so poor as to do him reverence, none so charitable as to give him a crust of bread, or a glass of water in his need; and, like Masaniello and Rienzi, he found that the same voices which could cheer and shout in the days of his prosperity, could curse him as lustily in the hour of his calamity. The proclamation was issued on the 10th of July, and on the 15th he was discovered in the garden of one Alexander Iden or Eden, in Heathfield, in Sussex, and slain after a desperate defence. His head was taken to London, affixed upon the bridge, and his quarters distributed among the various towns and districts, where the disaffection, of which he was the leader, was supposed to be the most widely spread. One quarter was sent to Blackheath; a second to Norwich, where the bishop (Walter Harpe) was supposed to favour the cause of the Duke of York; a third to Salisbury; and the fourth to Gloucester, where the Abbot of St. Peter's had influence over the people, and was known, or suspected, to be a Yorkist.

Thus lived and died John Cade, the victim of the violence which he provoked; but in his career no more worthy of blame than many more illustrious personages who shared his opinions, and brought them to more successful issue. The Duke of York, as readers of English history will remember, though he did not aid his faithful Cade, as he ought to have done, at the right moment, lived for years afterwards to keep England in a state of agitation and civil war by his pretensions. He did not himself mount the uneasy throne to which he aspired, but left his pretensions to his son Edward, who made them good by his strong right arm, and wore the regal crown, which, in those days, was but too often a crown of agony both to those who inherited and to those who conquered it.

The last mention of Cade in history appears in Stow, under date of January, 1451, seven months after the collapse of the great rebellion of the Commons. The discontent, even then, appears to have smouldered—for the merciful King Henry, who loved not to take life, was induced by the advice of the queen and her evil councillors, whom it was the object of Cade and the Duke of York to remove from his presence, to take a journey into Kent, for the purpose of striking terror.

"The 18th of January, the king with certain lordes, and his justices rode towards Kent, and there indicted and arraigned many, whereof to the number of twenty-six were put to death, eight at Canterbury, and the residue in other townes of Kent and Surrey. And the king returning out of Kent on the 23rd of Februarie, the men of that countrey, naked to their shirtes, in great numbers, met him on the Blackheath; and there on their knees asked mercy, and had their pardon. Then the king rode royally through the citie of London, and was of the citizens joyfully received; and the same day against the king's coming to the citie, nine heads of the Kentishmen that had been put to death were set on London Bridge; and the *captaine's head*, that stood there before was set in the middest of them."

But as long as the Duke of York lived, all the efforts of the king's councillors—whether they were conciliatory or the reverse—were of little avail for the tranquillisation of the Commons; and seven years after the death of Cade a proclamation was issued for the apprehension of one Robert Poynings, uncle of the Countess of Northumberland, who had acted as Cade's carver and sword-bearer, and who during the whole of this time had been actively engaged in stirring up the Commons of Kent to new rebellion, though with but slight success.

It has hitherto been considered, on the authority of Shakespeare and the early historians, not only that Cade was a vulgar "rowdy," and a man of no education or acquirements; but that his followers were a mere mob and rabble of the very lowest order. It appears, however, from the Patent Roll of the twenty-eighth year of Henry the Sixth, which has recently been examined, and formed the subject of an interesting paper, which was read by Mr. William Durrant Cooper, at a meeting of the Archæological Society of Kent, at Ashford in that county, the scene of Cade's earliest exploits, that this is a mistake. Among those who were pardoned for their participation in Cade's rebellion after the interview with the Lord Chancellor at St. Margaret's Church, are the names of several of the richest and most influential people of the county. There were knights, abbots, esquires, gentlemen, and yeomen: besides handicraftsmen of all sorts: "Cade's army was not a disorganised mob," says Mr. Cooper, "nor a chance gathering. In several Hundreds the constables duly, and as if legally, summoned the men; and many parishes, particularly Marden, Penshurst, Hawkhurst, Northfleet, Boughton, Smarden and Pluckley, furnished as many men as could be found in our own day, fit for arms." Among the mayors, bailiffs, and constables pardoned for having summoned the people to join Cade's standard, first at Ashford, and then at Blackheath, after his victory at Sevenoaks, were the mayors of Canterbury, Chatham, Maidstone, Rochester, Sandwich, and Queensborough; the bailiff of Folkestone, and the constables of eight-and-twenty hundreds and villages which are duly set forth in the roll. Among the gentlemen pardoned were several who had been, and several who afterwards became, sheriffs of Kent. Many families who to this day hold their heads high in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, will find the names of their ancestors in this document, if they choose to look for them; while in the list will be found many names once common that have now wholly disappeared, to crop up perhaps in unexpected places in America.

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the dying Cade, after his fatal combat with Iden in the garden, the words:

> Tell Kent, from me, she hath lost her best man;

and it does not appear from an impartial review of his whole story, and the light thrown upon it by documentary evidence, that the boast was at all unfounded.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A Yachting Story.

CHAPTER VII. HISTORY OF MR. CONWAY.

Lord Formanton, the father of the owner of the schooner yacht Almandine, was a nobleman of great wealth, a busy lord, with a fine park and estate—a noble seat, Formanton, on which there was an elderly archdeacon. The rental was large, and that curious, incomprehensible heir, whom mammas could not make out, had been asked to this house and that, importuned to this castle and that; if he had made

a point of it he might have had files of young ladies of good birth and condition drawn up for his inspection; a lane of rank and beauty down which he might walk and choose. But nothing could be made of the creature, though with unwearied perseverance they tried him with everything. He gave them credit for cleverness, owning that with a surprising instinct they *had* divined some of his tastes. Nothing could be made of him. He went about in an undecided fashion, half dissatisfied, half seeking for that philosopher's stone of the ideal soul above all the dross and imperfection of this world, which, if really found, would, by the fatal blight of familiarity and restlessness, in a short time be found unsatisfactory.

In every circle is to be found this being, who indeed, as it were, drives "a good trade" in the business, the good-looking "misunderstood one," who meets now and again one that can understand him a little, who is always in the end turning out a deception. Thus he has to pass on to another. In his early stages such a young man was Mr. Conway, but he gradually worked himself free of such affectation, though it took a long, long time. When urged to go into politics, the same nicety and hesitation pursued him. No party was up to his ideal: "the representation of a vast number of fellow-creatures seemed an *awful trust*, from which a man might shrink." At least he must try and fit himself for the solemn duty; and so the time, and worse, the opportunity, passed by. Thus with the many advantageous alliances that were proposed to him. That, too, was an awful trust, alas! not to be laid down, as could be the parliamentary one. But what distinguished him from others, and saved him from the category of "fop," "ridiculous stuck-up fellow," was, that all this was conscientious and genuine. It would have worn off like bad plating but for a calamity that really was to colour his whole life.

The present Lord Formanton was twice married, as will be seen by turning to the great Golden Book. His first wife, Mr. Conway's mother, was one of the most charming of women: sweet and amiable, charitable and good, as it were savouring the whole household with a delicate fragrance of simplicity, which is known and but to be described as "goodness." She was very young when married, and when Mr. George Conway was a youth, really looked like his sister. Her husband, a good-natured, rather foolish little peer, always fussy, but credulous, was busy with a hundred little trifles in the day, which, through the magnifier of a dull simplicity which never left his eye a moment, were enlarged to vast proportions.

They made a very happy trio. There was a softness and sweetness about her which was her special charm. The young worldling, her son, became natural, soft, gentle, and loving, when with her. Being with her, he thought education, teaching, and reading were all in her gentle face. She cared as much for him.

Conway had a friend a good deal older than himself, for whom he had a sort of romantic admiration, and with whom he interchanged a good deal of his epicureanism and scepticism, and whom he would force his friends to admire rapturously. "I know no type of chivalry like Rochester," he would say; "he is the noblest, most unselfish fellow in the world: gentle as a woman, brave as a lion. *He* was the first who *really said*, 'Go, poor fly,' which that snivelling Sterne only imagined his Toby saying." This Rochester was a tall, slightly stooped man, a little grizzled, with a soft voice and eye. His gentle mother, Mr. Conway insisted, should appreciate and admire this hero, and she would have obliged him in a far more difficult thing than that. But why dwell on that marvel of stupid blindness, when all the town was looking on and smiling, and shaking its head? It duly prophesied, and saw its prophecy fulfilled. Lord Formanton and his son had gone away for a short voyage in a yacht which the most chivalrous of men had insisted upon lending; and Rochester had been conjured and implored, as he was a chivalrous man, to look after the dear mother whom they were to leave behind for a week only. The type of chivalry wrung his friend's hand, and with a certain reluctance, as though he were making a sacrifice, promised solemnly to do what was asked. Then came the nine days' wonder, the inquiries, the mystery, the telegraphing, and the "I saw it all along." When husband and son came rushing home, they found their house empty, their hearth desolate. The death of the erring wife soon followed.

In Mr. George Conway this blow caused a surprising change. He could not at first believe it. It was more likely that words had failed of their meaning, and men gone mad. Nature, life, religion, must have turned upside-down, if such a terrible be-

lying of fair promise, and innocence, was allowed. When the truth at last came home to him, it quite changed him, and he had done with chivalry for ever. Further, though he scorned revenge, he secretly longed for an opportunity when he could strike some blow, take some step which should commit him, as it were, and show himself at least how he despised his former chivalry. In his manner and behaviour there was little changed: he affected to be all politeness and graciousness, but he was in a wary ambuscade, ready to welcome the first opportunity. That done, he felt that his soul would be more at rest. It was in this temper that he found himself at St. Arthur's, and in the humour also, that if he found any girl likely to fancy him he would enjoy tempting her to give him her heart, and would then depart with as little mark on his own as his yacht would leave on the waters behind her.

The peer was crushed and overwhelmed. Friends said, "he was utterly broken." He moped, took no interest in life, was out of gear, and then, to the surprise of no one, married again. His son made no protest, knowing that his father was "weak," as it is called, and scarcely responsible, as another would be. He saw, too, that his father "wanted some one to take care of him." But this new wife proved to be a lady of almost frantic extravagance. The castle was refitted and refurnished. She was lavish in balls and entertainments, jewels and dresses; and the Formanton estate, already heavily encumbered, soon began to creak and groan, as it were, like the great dinner-table at one of their banquets, under mortgages and even bills of sale. According to the vulgar phrase, the Formantons were "going it," almost galloping it indeed.

Conway soon learned a great deal about the two young heroines of St. Arthur's. He heard their whole history, from the school upwards, but in the shape of two different stories. On one side he heard: she saved her life at that place, watching her, following her, like a dog, worshipping her, "doing" every lesson for her. The heiress, when she got money, threw her slave over in the shabbiest, meanest way. There was a good deal of jealousy, too, at the bottom; for Miss Jessica always came in Miss Panton's way, and was most admired. From the aristocrats of the place he heard: That parson's daughter was a forward, self-sufficient girl, always pushing herself to the front, preaching radical stuff about the poor being as good as the rich. When her friend got rich, she determined to take possession of her, to stick to her like a burr; which plan the good sense of Miss Panton saw through, and with very proper spirit resented. The parson's daughter had never forgotten this rebuff, and ever since had been trying to revenge herself.

He knew perfectly how to translate this stuff. The true version of the Panton party should be something of this sort: "Spoiled child, growing into a spoiled woman, with quick passions and humours. Much pride, which made her fancy she detected a wish to make the most of small obligations, the feeling of being inferior in sense and intellect, though so much superior in wealth." For the ugly portrait of Jessica he substituted the following: "A high-spirited girl, cast upon a desert island. That vile windbag of a father, everybody about her, below her in wit and acuteness: full of trust and affection, and having foolishly thought she had found some pearl of price in a very ordinary nature, had set her whole heart on embellishing and beautifying the same. Bitter disappointment at the fall, and shattering, of what was only a plaster image—a protest against the unfair and haughty advantage so inferior a mind could take of her." Mr. Conway was quite satisfied with this analysis, which he flattered himself was superior to the rude judgment of "the rustics." So interesting indeed did he find the process of observation, that though there was a general flutter among the yachts now that the racing was over, he thought he would remain "a day or two" longer—that india-rubber period which, in the hands of the purposeless, can stretch from hours to months

CHAPTER VIII. THE RIVALS.

Panton Castle was exceedingly valuable to the neighbourhood, either as a show place for the rustics and tourists, or for the gossips as something to talk about. The house, pictures, gardens, &c., were nothing remarkable; and the tourists, generally, ought to have come away with a sense of disappointment. Yet, when a number are led about in a herd, and bidden to admire this and that, it is surprising how every one is more or less impressed. The housekeeper, Mrs. Silvertop, had a contemptuous severity of manner to the sight-seers, conveying that she was con-

strained by duty and orders from authority to let them have a glimpse of all these fine things. She had invented well-sounding names, not known to the family, for the various parts of the house; and Sir Charles himself was one day infinitely amused at overhearing that he had a "grand corridor" with a "State Dining 'All," a "Grand Steckess," with other magnificent titles. The visitors always took the most extraordinary interest in objects of family use, and seemed to regard a "bit of work" carelessly left on a table, with something of a fetish-like awe and mystery. The showwoman, without the least conscious knowledge of human nature, stimulated public interest by perpetually saying, "Please don't touch the family's things." "Be so good as not to take up henything."

Devoid of these foolish pretensions, it was a handsome house, and a handsome place. The demesne was really noble, and stretched away, a vast level of rich land, with heavy old trees spread thickly over it, and nodding drowsily in the breeze. At the end of the lawn they grew into a fringe, behind which could be seen the river Pann, a broad and strong stream, which did useful hard labour, further down, in its working clothes, as it were, and became rough, and even savage; but passing by here was quite an elegant and well-bred stream, fit for a gentleman's residence. A hair's breath, the turn of a card, a feather's weight, are all hackneyed illustrations of the power of some slight incident to disturb the course of events in human life; and the peculiar situation of this river Pann, in relation to Panton Castle, and the method of crossing it, was to have a mysterious effect on two families.

As just described, it was a noble river, full and brimming over, with a strong current, and high banks. To pull across it would require a stout pair of yeoman's arms. The land on both sides of the river belonged to the Pantons; but by a sort of indulgence a light and elegant iron bridge had been thrown across the river, and the rustics were allowed to cross to the opposite bank, which was laid out in a sort of pleasure ground, with rockeries and shrubberies and winding walks. It was all Sir Charles's land; and the Jack Cades of the district were always imputing to him designs of enclosure, and of robbing the people of their rights—if *he could*.

The walks were indeed charming, cut half way up the bank, and through the rich plantation that ran along it, and were affected by many, not so much for recreation as in the hope of glimpses of what "the family" were doing. In old times, before the new bridge was built, that broad river barrier cut them off utterly, opposed itself sternly; and they had to walk a full quarter of a mile down to the old bridge, where again they were checked by the great gateway of Panton Castle, its towers and archway—handsome and ivy grown; a strong wall sweeping straight down to the very bank, going down thence into the very water and pitilessly cutting off all approach.

When the little girls of the town were told the conventional stories of Beautiful Princesses living in palaces of gold and diamonds, their thoughts flew away to Panton Castle, where the enormously wealthy heiress was reigning: or to the glittering carriage with the bright plunging steeds, in which she reclined, as if on a sofa. The station-master had stories of the countless chests and packages of all sizes and weights which were coming down every day from London; each supposed to contain some shape of "whim," and not cared for when it arrived. Her rooms, Mrs. Silvertop reported, were filled with treasures—"wardrobes" of silks, and satins, and laces; and her dresses a "strewin' the very floor."

Yet for all this luxury her life was only less dull than that of the poorest of the girls about her. The air of the place was not too rude for her tender chest; it was a sort of sheltered Torquay, and her residence there became almost enforced. She found no pleasure in the common excitements. Balls and plays she was forbidden; she did not care at all for work or for music, and for reading only a little. She and her father sat together nearly every evening in the great drawing-room alone, with their costly furniture. The only resource was the recurring dinner party, the dull legitimate comedy with the same actors over and over again. There was a curious languor of intellect about her, and yet her eyes were full of light and quickness, roved to the right and to the left, there was a blush, quick to her cheeks, an animation in her voice. She did not want for hasty passions, and when excitement came, could be more excited than her fellows. Yet there was an irregular charm about her, an almost Indian fitfulness.

Dudley, often the object of her humour,

protested against, yet grown indispensable, had just come in. He always went out like a chiffonnier, with a basket on his back to collect news. "A pic-nic of two hundred over the grounds this morning, the gardener says." "And not a leaf touched," said her father, coming in after Dudley.

"Very kind of them," cried his daughter.

"I fear, dearest, we must keep up Laura Bridge after all. These honest people are establishing fresh claims on us every day. And I hear they are going to present you with a silver bowl, or something in the shape of a bridge. I just got a hint of it."

This quite turned her thoughts. She was full of eagerness and curiosity, and clapped her hands with delight.

"Dear, goodie papa, do find out for me. I want to see it quick. I am dying to know."

"I'll make it out to-day for you," said Dudley.

"Do you know, I fear, dear, it would look ungracious to pull the bridge down after so generous an intention. You would not like to be unpopular, dear?"

"No, no; if they are such nice people, poor creatures, why should we keep them out? I don't like to see them all scattered about on nice gardens, and pouring over *my* bridge like ants; but——"

"Good child, you have quite delighted me! It was making me wretched. You know, as landowners, we must be considerate to the lower class, even at inconvenience to ourselves. Tell me, dear. I am sending up to town, would you like the decorator down? As you don't like your new boudoir, we shall have the man here again. By the way, dear, we are having this dinner party. Bailey and daughter——"

"Yes: *she* said she'd come. I'm so glad."

"That little sparring excites you," said Dudley. "By the way, Conway told me he was coming up here."

"As gentlemanly a man as ever I met. We must ask him to dinner. So well informed, and clever, and good-looking too. There, chick, I wish you'd throw the handkerchief at him. I know his father well: good blood—fine old family, though extravagant."

"I think him a coxcomb, and would not walk on the same side of the street with him."

"There's not much chance of him. He's in the æsthetic country; and those Baileys have seized on him body and soul. He is always up there, and selfish 'Old Bailey' has half sunk a dozen boats going out to drink sherry on board the yacht. That scheming Miss Jessica has the whole sum set down in figures in an account-book, and she will regularly 'tot it up' until he is caught."

"Jessica win *him!* Lord Formanton's son! It is a folly, and impossible," said the heiress, excitedly.

"I am sure it is," said Dudley. "Yet she is very deep and clever, and if she once sets her mind on a thing, I declare it is quite on the cards. He made some speech to me about her being so dramatic; and I know the yacht has not had orders for sailing. She is not the first parson's daughter that has drawn a peer out of the river."

Miss Panton listened with kindling eyes. "She! she! How dare you even think of such a thing? We will not have it—she shall be exposed. She thinks that will put her on a level with *me*. I tell you, papa, and Dudley, it must not be, and you must see and prevent it!"

She looked over angrily at Dudley; she was now walking up and down the room in a high state of excitement, her lips working as if speaking, her eyes darting from one side to the other. Her father soothed her. Dudley, looking out of the window, said slowly:

"Well! here, now, is Conway himself."

CHAPTER IX. A VISIT.

Conway had ridden out, and was now entering, calm, composed, and handsome. The young heiress looked up, and advanced to meet him with a sudden eagerness of welcome. Dudley smiled as he saw this change. Conway had on his best man-of-the-world suit, let off his various conversational fireworks, determining, as his habit was, to make a good effect, and leave behind him a delightful impression of regret. The eyes of the heiress were fastened on him all the time.

He had been tempted out there by the piquant accounts he had been hearing of the vendetta between the two girls. He half purposely began to speak of the clergyman and his family. "His daughter is a very remarkable person, with such a thoughtful and original mind. She should be in a larger field."

The heiress moved impatiently.

"Yes, Jessica talks like a book, or sometimes like a man, they say."

"You are old friends, I am told," said Conway, "so you can appreciate her better."

"There were thirty girls at the school," the heiress said, impatiently, "when I was there. *They* are not all old friends, I presume. I have never seen them since. Yet the people here always insist on making us bosom friends, that cannot be parted a moment. I am really getting tired of it."

Conway laughed. "May I speak the truth? Well, I heard something quite the reverse, almost as I sailed into harbour, that there were two young ladies here, each at the head of a party, captains of opposing armies, whose little contests gave the only animation to the place."

"The poor low gossips here talk of anything, and invent anything: we all despise them, and papa would not stay here but for my health. As for Jessica, or Miss Bailey, I know little or nothing about her. She is truly of the same class."

"Clergymen and their families are usually allowed a sort of brevet rank," said Conway, smiling. "Or if there is any defect in the father, there is great indulgence to the daughter."

The spoiled rich girl looked at him uneasily. "Oh, she has quite brought *you* round to her party. That is always her way, artfully trying to make friends with every one. I never was taught those little devices. Or I suppose, the art is born with you."

This seemed like a complaint, and the tone of her voice troubled Conway. "Perhaps," he said, "the game is not worth the candle, and perhaps Miss Panton *has* the art all this time, though not conscious of it. She has been kind enough to give me a chance already, and I came out to say how happy I should be to avail myself of it."

The emotions of the heiress were as fitful as they were vehement. She smiled, laughed, at this compliment, an insipid and third-hand one out of Conway's stock, and said abruptly: "I am so glad. Yes, we shall be great friends, I am not strong-minded in the least" (there was no need, Conway thought, for her to make that declaration) "but I should be sorry to do so. Dudley says there is something repulsive in being strong-minded and able to talk."

As Conway looked out at the hothouses and choice beds of flowers, he wondered at seeing groups of rustics scattered about, who appeared to be looking at the flowers with much the same title that he had. At last he said:

"Oh, see! these are the people Miss Bailey spoke of."

"*She* spoke of! And what did she speak?"

"Well, I forget exactly, except that they had some right to smell the flowers God gave us, and enjoy your grounds. Sir Charles is wonderfully indulgent."

"It is all on sufferance, I can assure you. But papa is laughed at for admitting them."

"Miss Jessica would not laugh at him, I assure you. She shows a most just concession to popular rights, and thinks it no compliment: it should be universal over the country."

"Does she—does she? So do all who are without land. We are absurdly indulgent. The place swarms on show days with this canaille. It is intolerable." And she stamped her foot impatiently.

"Still you have a great advantage here," said Conway, "in this barrier of a river—and such a noble river! Nature, true aristocrat, meant it no doubt to keep off the canaille."

Lunch was then announced, and the guest presently departed much interested in this strange, wayward girl.

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BOOK IV.

CHAPTER VI. THE TURNING OF THE SCALE.

MR. SIMPSON, Mr. Lane, and Mr. Lovegrove were assembled in the office of the last-named gentleman. They had been talking together for more than an hour, and, to judge from their countenances, the conversation had not been altogether pleasant. Mr. Simpson, indeed, preserved a pasty placidity of face. But Mr. Lovegrove looked angry, and Mr. Lane sulky.

"It is a most extraordinary thing," said Mr. Lovegrove, "that you should have been so lukewarm in the matter, Mr. Lane."

"I don't know what you mean by 'lukewarm.' If I was to consult my own pocket it wouldn't take long to see which side would be best for me," retorted the agent. "But I am not the man to do that. Two thousand pounds is of as much consequence to me as to most people. But I go according to law and justice."

"I can't tell how much you may know about justice," said Mr. Lovegrove, "but I take the liberty of supposing that your knowledge of law is not extensive."

"Well, well," said Mr. Simpson, moving his jaw slowly as he spoke, somewhat in the manner of a cow chewing the cud, "it don't take a very profound knowledge of the law to understand the case before us. I suppose you are satisfied that the ceremony of marriage on board the Furibond did take place."

Mr. Lovegrove passed his hands irritably through his hair without answering.

"And if everything hadn't been conducted in an honourable way, why should the will ever have turned up at all?" said Mr. Lane. "It wouldn't have been so difficult to say nothing about it."

Mr. Simpson felt this to be injudicious, and hastened to say, "Oh, my dear sir, with the parties concerned in this business such a proceeding would have been entirely out of the question."

"Mr. Lane doesn't seem to think so," observed Mr. Lovegrove, dryly.

"No, no, no," proceeded Mr. Simpson; "it is mere waste of time to consider such a hypothesis. Out of the question, entirely out of the question. The will being there, my client's first proceeding was to show it to a respectable and well-known lawyer—your own partner, Mr. Lovegrove—and to entrust it to him for safe keeping."

"I don't know what could be fairer or more honourable," put in Mr. Lane.

"It was a matter of course that the proceedings of the lady in question should be fair and honourable."

"Mr. Lane doesn't seem to think so," said Mr. Lovegrove again.

Mr. Simpson interposed to prevent a retort from the agent. "Permit me," said he. "The lady in question was treated in the most heartless and treacherous manner. But my present business is not to insist upon that part of her story. The question is, was the first Lady Tallis living or dead at the time of the second marriage?"

"Sir John supposed her to be alive. That much is clear," said Mr. Lovegrove. "He never intended to make Miss Levincourt his wife."

"Possibly. But I need not remind you, Mr. Lovegrove, that persons cannot play fast and loose with the marriage ceremony to gratify their own convenience or evil passions."

Mr. Lane opined, under his breath, that

it would be a pretty sort of game if they could.

"I have laid before you," continued Mr. Simpson, looking as though he were engaged on the mastication of a very tough mouthful indeed, "the proofs of the performance of the marriage ceremony between the late Sir John Gale and Miss Levincourt. You are not at present prepared to bring forward any testimony as to the hour at which Lady Tallis Gale expired?"

"Mr. Frost is of opinion," said Mr. Lovegrove, "that Mrs. Lockwood's testimony, and that of the servant girl, will go to prove——"

Mr. Lovegrove paused in his speech as the door of his office was opened, and one of his clerks appeared.

"I said that you were particularly engaged, sir," said the young man, "but the gentleman would take no denial. He said that——"

"What do you mean by admitting any one at this moment? Who is it?"

"Mr. Hugh Lockwood, sir," answered the clerk, making good his retreat as Hugh pushed past him and entered the room.

There was a momentary silence and pause of expectation.

"Mr. Lockwood," said Mr. Lovegrove, gravely, "I am sorry that you have chosen this moment for insisting on seeing me. If my clerk did not succeed in making you understand that I am particularly engaged, I must tell you so myself in plain terms."

"I ask pardon of you, and of these gentleman," said Hugh, "but I think you will excuse me when you know that the business on which I come is precisely the business you are engaged in discussing."

Hugh's manner was very resolute and quiet. He looked like a man who has recently subdued some strong emotion to his will. Mr. Lane stared at him undisguisedly. Mr. Simpson observed him in his ruminating manner. Mr. Lovegrove made answer: "May I inquire how you know what *is* the business we are engaged in discussing?"

"If I mistake not, you are discussing the legality of the second marriage of the late Sir John Tallis Gale."

"Quite so," said Mr. Simpson. "Have you any information to give us on the subject?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Lockwood," said Mr. Lovegrove, hastily, "allow me to say one word. This gentleman is acting on behalf of the lady who calls herself Lady Tallis Gale. This gentleman is the appointed executor of the will of the late baronet. I am only sorry that I cannot add that I am fully empowered to act for Miss Desmond in this matter as I should desire to do. From the peculiar and painful circumstances of the case I have not been able to urge Miss Desmond's guardian—who is co-trustee with me under her mother's will—to come forward and look after her interests. But as far as my legal knowledge and services can avail her, they are entirely at her disposal. Now, believing you to be the young lady's friend, I strongly advise you to refrain from volunteering any statement on this subject at the present moment. Observe, I have no idea of what nature your statement may be. But I assure you that you had better leave the matter in my hands."

"Mr. Lovegrove, you speak in a manner which commands my sincerest respect, and will certainly make Miss Desmond very grateful. But I come here at Miss Desmond's urgent request."

"Indeed, sir?" said Mr. Simpson, who had listened attentively. "Are you a relative of the young lady's?"

Before Hugh could speak, Mr. Lane answered in a hoarse whisper, "He's the son of the person in whose house Lady T. died."

Mr. Simpson's ruminating jaw moved slowly, but he said nothing.

"I will answer for myself, if you please, Mr. Lane," said Hugh, to whom the agent was slightly known. Then, turning to Mr. Simpson, he continued: "No, I am not a relative of Miss Maud Desmond, but she is my promised wife. Our engagement was sanctioned by Lady Tallis, and by—Miss Desmond's guardian."

Mr. Lovegrove made a little suppressed sound with closed lips, and raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Oh," said Mr. Simpson, slowly, "oh, indeed! And you have, you say, some information to give respecting the hour at which Lady Tallis died?"

"I have the only information to give which can be of value: for I was the last person who saw the poor lady alive."

The three men looked at each other, without speaking. Mr. Simpson made his face as nearly blank of expression as possible. But there was a gleam of expectation in Mr. Lovegrove's eyes as he turned them again on Hugh.

"It happened in this way," proceeded Hugh. "I will tell you the circumstances as plainly and shortly as I can. On the night preceding the day she died——"

"That is to say, on the night of the third of March?" said Mr. Simpson.

"Yes, on the night of the third of March, Lady Tallis had been very ill, and had suffered from difficulty of breathing. It had been found necessary for some one to sit up with her. That had happened once or twice before. But on this occasion she seemed so ill that neither my mother nor Miss Desmond went to bed at all. In the morning, quite early, Lady Tallis fell asleep. And then my mother sent Miss Desmond to rest. She—my mother—went down into the kitchen to prepare some beef tea, for which the sick woman had asked. The little servant maid was busy about her household tasks. I had made up my mind not to go to business that morning, and as it was desirable that some one should be within call of Lady Tallis, I took a book and sat in the drawing-room, which opened by a folding door from her bedroom."

"This was at what hour?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"I cannot say with accuracy. But certainly between seven and eight o'clock. During the first part of the time that I sat there, my mother came up-stairs with the beef tea, and found Lady Tallis still sleeping. She seemed so peaceful and tranquil that I persuaded my mother, who was much worn out, to take some rest on the sofa in our little parlour down-stairs, saying that I would remain at my post. Well, I sat there a long time—or what seemed a long time. The house was very quiet: and at that period of the day our street is not noisy. There was scarcely a sound to be heard. All at once, as I sat alone in the silence, a strange feeling came over me that I must go into the next room and look at the sleeper. I could not tell why then, and I cannot tell why now, but the impulse was irresistible. I got up softly, and went to the bedside. And then in an instant I saw that there was death. I had never seen a dead person before, but there was no mistaking that solemn look.

"No mistaking!" echoed Mr. Lovegrove. "How can you know that? Your impression, the mere result of your looking at her, may have been erroneous. She may have been still asleep."

"She was in that sleep that awaits us all, and from which there is no awaking. I stood and contemplated her face for a minute or so. The eyes were shut, the forehead placid; she had not even moved on her pillow. Although I was perfectly convinced that she was dead, I took a little hand-mirror from the toilet-table, and held it to her lips. There was not a breath."

"Still," said Mr. Lovegrove, catching a glance that was exchanged between Mr. Lane and Mr. Simpson, "*still*, you do not know at what hour this took place. Your guessing is of no use!"

"Wait. It is true I do not know exactly the moment at which Lady Tallis ceased to live; but I know what will suffice, as you will see. I knew that the first thing to be done was to get some one to render the last services to the dead. There was a woman living near at hand, who had occasionally come in to help to nurse our poor friend, and I knew that she would be able to do what was needed. I resolved to go myself, and fetch her without disturbing my mother or Maud. I went out of the front door quietly, sought for, and found the woman I spoke of, and brought her back to our house before any one there knew that I had left it. And as I turned into our street to come home, the church clocks were striking half-past nine."

"That," said Mr. Simpson, rising from his chair, "is conclusive. I have evidence to prove beyond a doubt that the ceremony on board the ship was not commenced before a quarter to ten at the earliest."

There was a dead pause.

Mr. Simpson deliberately gathered together his papers. Mr. Lane took up his hat. Mr. Lovegrove remained in his chair with his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

"I presume," said Mr. Simpson, "that you perceive how unassailably strong Mr. Lockwood's testimony makes Lady Gale's case? My client is, I assure you, greatly averse to litigation, very greatly averse to it. But if Mr. Lockwood is prepared—as no doubt he is—to repeat upon oath every detail he has just given us, I should advise Lady Gale, and the next of kin, to resist to the uttermost all attempt to carry out the provisions of Sir John's last will and testament. I wish you a good morning, gentlemen."

"Good morning, Mr. Simpson. I beg to state that if Miss Desmond were my client and I were empowered to act for her, I should be very far, indeed, from considering the cause lost. I am not aware what course Miss Desmond will be advised to take, but I would take the liberty to warn you not to be sure of victory even now. And good morning to you, Mr. Lane," added Lovegrove, with a considerable change from the temperate and courteous

tone in which he had addressed the other attorney. "I might condole with you on the prospect of losing your legacy if I were of Mr. Simpson's opinion on this matter. Though upon my word I never saw a gentleman let two thousand pounds slide through his fingers with greater equanimity, or make less effort to keep them!"

When Messieurs Simpson and Lane had departed, Mr. Lovegrove got up and began pacing about the office. Suddenly he stopped opposite to Hugh, and addressed him.

"Do you mean to say, that Miss Desmond urged you to come and say what you have said to that woman's attorney?"

"She did, most earnestly."

"And you, well knowing what interests were at stake, were fool enough to do it!"

"Mr. Lovegrove, what I said was the truth. It might as well be told first as last."

"No, it might not! And who knows whether it ever need have been told at all? I should have taken a very different tone with this self-styled Lady Gale. I believe if she had been thoroughly frightened and bullied she would not have dared to talk of going to law!"

"But if she had dared——"

"Well, I would have fought her."

"That is just what Maud desired to avoid."

"Desired to avoid? Desired to—— Miss Desmond desired to avoid running any risk of inheriting a fine fortune duly and legitimately bequeathed to her?"

"You know what her life has been. You know that Mr. Levincourt and his daughter have been like a father and a sister to her from her babyhood. And as to Sir John Gale's money, she says she felt as though it would bring a curse with it."

"Trash! No money brings a curse that is honestly come by."

"This would not have been honestly come by. I believe that Veronica Levincourt can prove herself to have been duly married to Sir John Gale. And it would be inexpressibly painful and shocking to Maud and to others to force her to prove it in a court of law."

"Well, Mr. Lockwood," said Lovegrove, after a minute or two's pause, "it is clearly no concern of mine. But I am interested in Miss Desmond for auld lang syne. I knew her mother. And she is a very sweet, and I thoroughly believe, a very good young lady. Frost will be sorry too—— However, I suppose we cannot interfere."

"Mr. Frost will not be surprised: for I mentioned something of this to him before."

"You did?"

"Yes. Well now, Mr. Lovegrove, I must thank you very heartily for the sincerity and kindness with which you espoused Miss Desmond's cause. She will be very grateful. She goes away with her guardian the day after to-morrow. And it is her great effort to keep all this painful business from him for the present. He knows nothing of it as yet. He has lived quite secluded in my mother's house since he came up to attend Lady Tallis's funeral."

"Mr. Levincourt does not know—— ?"

"Not a word. When they are in the country she will tell him as much as is needful."

"I wish Mrs. Desmond had appointed me guardian to her daughter, instead of—— but it can't be helped. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good! The new Lady Gale will just walk over the course, I suppose. She is clever: or somebody is clever for her. Mr. Lane has been marvellously converted to the side of what he calls 'law and justice.'"

"I presume he was convinced that he could not fight for the will against the evidence they brought."

"*I* presume that Sir Matthew Gale and this lady have been able to convince him that it would be quite as much for his interest to let his two thousand pounds go quietly as to struggle for them. He does not seem to have had any strong desire to carry out his late patron's wishes."

"I do not believe that desire was possible in the breast of any human being employed by Sir John Tallis Gale!"

"Well, for a man who had his own way, as far as I can learn, all his life, it must be admitted that his power broke down altogether at the last in a very strange—I should be inclined to say marvellous—manner."

"And when a man's 'way' is such as his was, I don't know that there is much cause to feel surprise at his plans proving barren and futile."

CHAPTER VII. SUCCESS.

CESARE had understood partially, how desirable a thing it was for Veronica to be acknowledged by Sir Matthew Gale. But in his ennui and ill-humour he was inclined to be captious and jealous.

"You could receive those men without

having Louise in the room?" he said reproachfully after the baronet and Mr. Davis were gone.

"Certainly, I could!"

"I suppose if that old blockhead of a Sir Gale were to come alone, you would receive him in the same way?"

"Most likely. What then? Don't be absurd, Cesare."

"Ebbene, I think it very unjust, unkind, cruel, that I should be the only person debarred from your society in the way I am!"

"Debarred from my society? Dio mio! It seems to me, Cesare, that you are here all day long."

"Oh, I trouble you? I importune you? You have no heart. You do not love me."

Then came a quarrel, not the first by many, which ended, as all its predecessors had ended, by Cesare's making humble apologies and protestations of devotion.

"Ah, Veronica mia," he sighed, "I wish sometimes that there had never been any question of this money! You would have married me and we should have been together all this time. We would have gone down to the country house beyond Salerno. How happy it would have been! I hate this England of yours! I have scarcely had a happy moment since I came here."

"Cesare, that sounds all very fine, but how much does it mean? If you and I had married and stayed in Italy, we should have been dining off dry bread and melon-rinds by this time. And how charming for me to be going about in a coarse petticoat and jacket, with a copper pin stuck in my hair, and no shoes or stockings! Neapolitan peasants are very picturesque at the Opera: but I fancy the real life of the real people would not quite suit you. It would not suit *me* at all events."

"My wife would not have had to live as you say," remonstrated Cesare.

"Oh andiamo, cugino mio! I know pretty well what sort of style 'your wife' would have had to live in. And the fact is we should have been much worse off than the peasants, because we should have had to appear something different from what we were. Shabby gentility——Ouf! it makes me shudder! And as to your not liking England, you know nothing of it yet. If we were rich, Cesare, you would see how the world would be cap in hand to us!"

"I don't think I want the world to be cap in hand to me. I only want you to love me," answered Cesare, pathetically.

Then Veronica gave him her hand and sent him away, alleging that she was tired. In truth she was tired in spirit. She was getting very weary of Cesare's complaints and importunities. She had felt herself to be in the position of guiding spirit since their arrival in London. In Naples, where she had, whilst domineering over him, depended on him for support in many things, she had liked him better. For her own nature was too entirely undisciplined not to be irked by the task of leading another. She hated the trouble of thinking, arranging, and deciding. And there were in her some glimmerings of nobler things, which made her scorn herself at times, and consequently scorn Cesare for his submissive idolatry of her.

As she had once told Maud, she saw the better and chose the worse. If Cesare would but assume a more manly tone—if he would even be rough and self-asserting—she fancied she should be less discontented. He complained and grumbled indeed, but it was in the tone of a child who vents its temper, well knowing all the while that it must finally submit. Once, in a moment of irritation, she dropped some word of the kind to Cesare. And his amazed and sorrowful reception of the word nearly drove her wild.

"I don't understand you, Veronica," he had said, reproachfully. "It seems to me that you are very ungrateful. No woman was ever loved more truly than I love you. Do you *wish* for unkindness and tyranny? Who can comprehend a woman?"

Poor Veronica did not comprehend herself. She could not tell him that his complaisance for her whims, his devotion to her wishes, alienated her from him. She could not tell him that his humouring of her haughty temper degraded her in her own esteem. And yet she wished to love Cesare. She was fully minded to become Principessa de' Barletti, and the prospect of that union without affection afforded a glimpse of something so terrible that she shut her mind's eyes before it, shuddering.

But she would be true to Cesare. And she *would* love him. Poor Cesare; he was kind and gentle, and she was really fond of him. And by-and-bye—so she told herself—she would be able to influence and change him in many things. But meanwhile that which she yearned for, and thought of at every solitary moment of her waking time, was to see Maud.

She had been much moved when at Naples Mr. Frost had made known to her

the contents of Sir John Gale's will. For a moment the thought had flashed across her mind that she would give up her own claim, and allow the will to be put in force in Maud's favour. If she made no sign the will would be proved and executed in due course. It was a wildly Quixotic idea, she told herself in her calmer moments, but it recurred to her again and again. Yet it may be truly said that never for one moment did the idea amount to an intention. The result to herself of carrying it out would be ignominy, obscurity, poverty. Poverty! — No; that was beyond her strength. Maud, she knew, could be happy without pomp and wealth: happier without them than their possession could ever make her (Veronica). Yet she did not deceive herself with the pretence that this knowledge influenced her conduct.

"I am no canting hypocrite," she said to herself.

It is a negative merit not seldom assumed by those who find it desirable to feed their egotism at all costs. And the implied assumption is, "You, who do not act in accordance with what you *must* feel—for do not *I* feel it?—are canting hypocrites."

But despite everything, there was in Veronica's heart a craving, hungry desire to see Maud. Maud's had ever been the one influence that had awakened whatsoever impulses of good lay dormant in the vicar's daughter. Even when she had chafed against that influence it had been dear to her. And Maud alone, of all the beings she had ever known, she had loved unselfishly, and from her heart. She shrank from the idea of seeing her father as yet. She would like to go to him victorious, assured, bearing a new and illustrious title, whose blaze should efface whatever dimness now overshadowed her name. She knew, without reflecting much about it, that by her father much might be forgiven to the Princess de' Barletti which could never have been pardoned to Veronica Levincourt. But with Maud it was different. She thought of Maud day and night, and devised schemes for getting to see her, which schemes, however, never took shape in action.

Late in the afternoon of the day on which Sir Matthew Gale had visited her, Mr. Simpson arrived at her hotel. He had come in all haste to be the first to communicate to her the news of Hugh Lockwood's statement. And he was followed within a very few minutes by Mr. Lane, who was bound on the same errand.

"Then," said Veronica, rising in an excited manner, after having heard what they had to tell her, "the cause is won!"

"I believe that I may safely congratulate you, Lady Gale," said Mr. Simpson. "You will assuredly meet with no opposition from Sir John's family."

"And did Mr. Lockwood give this decisive testimony voluntarily?"

"Oh, yes, my lady," said Mr. Lane. "That, I must say, he did. Mr. Lovegrove showed plainly enough which way *his* feelings jumped in the matter. If it had depended on him, we should have had plenty of trouble."

"Mr. Lovegrove was doing what I should have done in his place," said Mr. Simpson, gravely. "He was endeavouring to protect Miss Desmond's interests."

"Well, he might have done that without being so bumptious. If it hadn't been for not wishing to make trouble for my lady and Sir Matthew, I would have given him a good setting down!"

"Ahem! I have a great respect for Mr. Lovegrove," said Mr. Simpson, in the same slow, imperturbable manner.

During this talk, Veronica was standing at the window, with her back to the two men, and her hands pressed on her temples. She was thinking of the strange chance that had made Hugh Lockwood the arbiter of her fate.

There are no limits to the vagaries and self-delusions of indulged vanity, none to its gluttonous appetite. There is nothing on earth it will not clutch at to feed upon.

Veronica well remembered the evident admiration she had excited in Hugh when they had met at Lowater. And without putting it even mentally into words, she had an idea that his coming forward unasked to give witness in her favour, was in some way due to the resistless influence of her beauty. What would he think when he learned that she was to be Princess Barletti? The question gave rise to some not unpleasing speculations. Mr. Lane's next words, however, rudely disturbed them.

"Young Lockwood certainly did behave very straightforward. I wonder that Mr. Lovegrove didn't bully *him!* For if I lost two thousand pounds by the business, young Lockwood lost more, seeing that he is engaged to the young lady."

Veronica turned round to listen.

"I must be going now, Lady Gale," said Mr. Simpson. "I merely wanted to give

you the news. There is a great deal to be done yet. I must try to see Mr. Davis without delay."

"One moment, if you please, Mr. Simpson. Did you say that Mr. Lockwood was —was——"

"Engaged," put in Mr. Lane. "Yes, my lady; he is engaged to marry Miss Desmond—so he said, at least. I believe him to be a most respectable young man," added the agent, with a patronising air.

Considerably to Mr. Lane's surprise, Veronica, after having given her hand to Mr. Simpson as he took his leave, dismissed him (Lane) with a haughty bow. And Mr. Lane observed to the lawyer before they parted company at the hotel door, that "my lady" was beginning to give herself great airs already.

Left alone in the gathering dusk, Veronica began to pace up and down the room, in a restless manner that had recently become habitual with her. She had gained what she had striven for. She was Lady Gale. And although the whole of Sir John's vast fortune would not be hers, she would still be a rich woman—rich even in rich England. She would be reinstated in the world, and take a far higher rank than that of a mere baronet's lady. All that she had longed for and dreamt of since her childhood seemed to be within her grasp.

Of ten persons who should have seen her, knowing her story, nine would certainly have concluded that it was on this important revolution of Fortune's wheel she was meditating, as she passed regularly up and down the room, the heavy folds of her long black dress making a monotonous dull rustling sound on the carpet. But it was not so. How often it happens that the outer and the inner life are thus distinct and different! That which we strive for, is often not that which really most occupies our hearts. There was as yet no flavour of Dead-Sea fruit in Fortune's gifts to Veronica. She believed still, as she had believed at fifteen, that to be rich, fashionable, envied, and flattered, would suffice to make her happy. But in these very first moments of her triumph, her thoughts and feelings were busy with Maud and Hugh!

All at once she ceased her pacing to and fro, and seating herself at a little table covered with writing materials, she dashed off a hurried note. She wrote without pause, almost as though she feared she might repent what she was doing, if she stayed to reflect on it. Having written and sealed the note, which consisted only of a few lines, she gave orders that a messenger should be despatched with it forthwith.

"Where is it to go, my lady?" asked the waiter.

The tidings of Veronica's golden fortunes must, one would have thought, have hovered in the air, or emanated from herself in some subtle manner, for the man, always civil, was now obsequious.

"It must be taken to Mr. Lovegrove, the solicitor in Bedford-square. He is easily to be found. There is my card. Give my compliments, and say that I shall be exceedingly obliged if Mr. Lovegrove will do me the favour to add the number of the house to the address on this note. Then let the messenger take the note to Gower-street without delay. He had best drive. Let him take a cab and go quickly."

The reader may as well see the contents of the note:

I thank you for what you have done for me to-day. But my thanks are, doubtless, of small value in your eyes.

But I have a request—an entreaty to make to you. Let me see Maud. I shall be quite alone all this evening and to-morrow. Others may think me triumphant, but tell Maud—oh pray tell Maud—that I long and yearn to see her and to hear her voice.

I only learned to-day that you are to be her husband.

VERONICA GALE.

I trust to you to speak of this to *no one* but Maud.

To Hugh Lockwood, Esq.

A ROYAL DEVOTEE.

LOUISA, daughter of Louis the Fifteenth, of France, and of Mary, Princess of Poland, was born at Versailles, 1737. While yet in the cradle, she was carried to the Abbey of Fontevrault, and entrusted to the care of Madame de Soulanges, a nun, afterwards Abbess of Royal Dieu. An accident in childhood gave the princess an early tendency to monastic life, which the nuns who surrounded her took good care to do their best to develop; for a princess with her allowance was a prize. The accident was this. The child one morning, fretting at not being called, and clambering over the balustrade of her bed, fell violently on the floor. A drunken village doctor who was summoned, bled the princess; but taking no care to ascertain if the spine were

injured, the child grew up crooked. A long and dangerous illness followed. The nuns made a vow that if the young princess recovered, she should, in honour of the Virgin to whom they had offered up their prayers, be clothed in white for a whole year. The child recovered, the vow was kept, and the future nun was thenceforward told to regard herself as under the Virgin's special protection.

According to the Abbé her biographer, the princess grew up generous, amiable, charitable, sagacious, discreet, prudent, and, above all, deeply devoted to religious exercises. She gradually corrected a habit of sarcasm, for which the superior had chidden her, and she punished herself for any accidental indulgence in the fault. One day a waiting maid, who had only one eye, reproached her for something she had not done. The princess answered: "If you could make use of both your eyes, you would not see me doing things which I don't do." "Madame," replied the servant, "one eye is sufficient to enable me to see clearly that you are very proud." The princess instantly softened, and said: "You are right; pride made me speak so; forgive me, and I must also ask pardon of God."

Her fits of anger, too, were often sudden and violent. Offended with a workwoman, she said to her, haughtily: "Am I not the daughter of your king?" "And I, madame," replied the woman, calmly: "am I not the daughter of your God?" The princess replied: "You are right, and I was in the wrong. I beg your pardon." At ten years old, the young devotee had to be reproved for spending too much time in writing out her confessions.

It is hardly surprising that the princess, in her fourteenth year, returned to court utterly indisposed to resume the duties of her high station. She astonished the maids of honour by devoting all her allowance to charity, and by always losing at cards from want of due attention to what she was doing. Her one great amusement was hunting. One day, following the king, her father, through the forest at Compiègne, her horse reared up and threw her almost under the feet of the horses of her sister's carriage, which was following at full gallop. Hailing this as a second miraculous preservation, the princess re-mounted her horse, in spite of her gentleman usher, and spurred and subdued him. The future nun, soon wearied of court etiquette, went to the theatre only from complaisance, and generally fell asleep there from sheer indifference. She also complained that late hours heated her blood.

Secretly the young devotee's inclinations for the convent matured. She obtained the Rule of Saint Theresa, and kept it locked in a little silver box. Denying herself all delicate dishes, she still affected to be very particular about her eating, to conceal her mortifications. She passed hours together in the severest winters without fire, and privately obtained a woollen shift from the prioress of Compiègne, which she wore under her court dress, to accustom herself to the austerity of a religious order. She deliberately pained herself in trifles, with all the zeal of a Hindoo Fakir. Detesting the smell of tallow, and dreading that the smoke of a common candle would make her faint, she caused a charwoman of the palace to buy her tallow candles, which she lighted at night when her attendants had left her. Every day she addressed a prayer to Saint Theresa, beseeching her to open to the royal suppliant a cloistered path to heaven. At last, the Archbishop of Paris, yielding to her entreaties, consented to inform the king that the princess had been called to a religious life. The king, who, with all his faults, was very fond of his children, received the news with great emotion, holding his head between his hands, and exclaiming, "How cruel, how cruel!" But still he said he would not oppose God's wish, and in a fortnight he gave his consent, with many tears: saying that if his daughter must become a nun, he preferred to see her a Theresan rather than the abbess or sister of any mitigated or lax order. The princess first resolved to enter the retreat at Grenelle; but she thought that the guns, fired every time the king entered Paris, would distract her mind. She at last fixed on the very poor and regular community of Saint Denis, having ascertained that her father would have no repugnance to visit her in a place so near the graves of the kings of France. The convent of Saint Denis was at this time in great distress; the baker having refused to provide any more bread, and the wood merchant having threatened to claim the revenues, and suppress the house. To avert these evils, the nuns were engaged in nine days' prayers to the Virgin, when the news of the princess's determination reached them. The superior of Saint Denis, the Abbé Bertin, reasoned much with the royal devotee, begging her to enter the less austere order of the Benedictines, or to help to educate children with the daughters of Saint Francis of Sales. The

only favour the royal nun requested at Saint Denis, was, that as she had been accustomed to the easy stairs of palaces, she might have rope balustrades put to the convent stairs, for fear she should sometimes become giddy and fall.

When the princess crossed the convent threshold, she said she felt as if she had already set foot in heaven. The nuns shed tears at her affability and humility, and she cast herself at their feet. Her servants were astonished when she suddenly dismissed them at the gate, and that evening her sisters received the first intimation of the step she had taken, and fainted at the news.

In compliment to the superior the devotee took his name, and henceforward became Sister Theresa of Saint Austin. She now entered on all the humiliating and irksome duties of a postulant. She read and served in the refectory; she was the earliest at all common exercises; it was her duty to be the first to open and shut the choir door; she lighted the nuns at night to the dormitories. She had, moreover, to scrape and rub the floors, clean the candlesticks, and wash the dishes. In a rose-coloured silk bedgown, she scrubbed a dirty kettle, till she became black as a kitchen drudge, and gave the convent her dirty gown as a relic, to show that a princess had fulfilled the meanest offices of the Carmelites. The zealous postulant suffered much from the frequent fasts required by the order, but would accept no indulgence. The princesses, her sisters, who came to see her at supper, were horrified to see Louisa eating stewed potatoes and cold milk, with alacrity and appetite. The king too came, and was likewise shocked at her simple meals and hard bed. The postulant suffered most from leaving off her high-heeled shoes and taking to flat slippers. She also found the absence of her watch, a special deprivation. She refused to let an artist take her portrait, and she shed tears because toadying nuns *would* select the best vegetables for her and dress them in a better manner than usual. At first the princess could not kneel long together, without intense pain; but nine days' prayers to Saint Louis of Gonzaga of course relieved her of this infirmity.

Convent life grew more and more delightful to the devotee. "At Versailles," she used to say, "I had a sumptuous bed, but I slept ill. Exquisite dainties were set on my table, but I had no appetite. Here, I have almost scruples at the pleasure I feel in eating beans and carrots; and on my straw bed I sleep miraculously well. At five o'clock in the afternoon at Versailles I used to be summoned to the card-room. Here, I go to mental prayer. At nine o'clock the bell calls me to service; at Versailles it was the hour for the comedy. Then, I used to waste hours on my toilet; here, I am not two minutes in dressing. My bed is three boards and a straw mattress; I have no dress but serge and woollen; I have every day seven hours' choir." And yet the invalid princess soon ceased to spit blood, which she had been in the habit of doing, and grew fat and ruddy. On the day of her arrival at the convent the princess gave the prioress five hundred pounds. Her pension was one thousand pounds a year, and the king endowed the convent with revenues sufficient for forty nuns.

The princess took the full vows, and received the black veil from the Countess of Provence in 1771. She told those who came to see her, that the nuns were angels, and that she owed all her happiness to them. Soon after her public profession, the princess was chosen mistress of the novices, in right (of course again) of her character for prudence, wisdom, mildness, and sound judgment. She often secretly executed the tasks of the other novices. When discovered, she would throw herself at the nuns' feet, kiss their hands, and pray them to allow her to complete her task. One day she found a novice weeping in one of the little garden oratories, and saying: "Always sweeping, always rubbing the floors! I shall never be able to hold out." The princess soothed her, and helped her to finish her service: exclaiming, "Yes; always mortifying ourselves; but you and I will hold out, and till death." If a novice dreaded the moment when her hair was to be cut off, the princess would do it with her own hands—which must have been a great comfort to the novice. She underwent penance for those who were proud. She threw away a lock of her mother's hair because, as she said, with the spirit of a true devotee, it showed an attachment too human for a Theresan. To her great mortification, two years after profession the princess was elected prioress of St. Denis for three years. She grew more vigilant, unselfish, and zealous. She nursed the sick and dressed wounds. She attended the dying, and gave the last kiss of charity to the dead. Though prioress, she continued to sweep the stairs and wash the dishes; and if a lay sister

did not wake to call the nuns to matins (at two A.M.) the prioress herself would perform the service.

The royal devotee was, at least in one point, superior to many devotees before and since. She was very cheerful, and on the days of recreation allowed to the Carmelites, always directed the amusements: especially a lottery, in which the prizes were prayers to recite, minutes for meditation, and other works of supererogation. She especially forbade the Abbé Bertin, the father superior, to call her in his letters "madame," or to conclude with "respectful humble servant." She exerted herself much, to obtain the beatification of Mother Ann of Jesus: a Theresan, who founded the Carmelite Order in France.

Even in the convent, Madame Louisa was beset by a thousand solicitations. Deserters wrote to her to obtain pardon, poor men of talent wrote to her for money. Disgraced courtiers wrote to her to recover them their forfeited rank.

The miserable voluptuary, her father, usually visited the convent once a month, but he forbade any kind of ceremonial at his reception, and never brought any of his attendants inside the doors. Mass, vespers, or benediction in progress, he attended in the outer choir, and, when the host was elevated, wept and prostrated himself on the pavement. A small apartment was set apart for his use where he dined, and the nuns came in to see, with trembling admiration, their worthy monarch, the lover of the Pompadour. Often during Lent he brought the finest of fish as a treat for the convent. During the king's last illness, the Princess Louisa sent him a crucifix which she had received from the pope, and which secured indulgences even to persons in articulo mortis. "By this act," said the king, "I truly know my daughter; pray return her my thanks!" and he died holding it in his hands.

His nephew, Louis the Sixteenth, had a great regard for the princess. The queen, too, often visited the convent, and brought her ill-starred children with her. The ever-watchful nuns observed that, one day one of the children being restricted in her food, picked up every crumb with the greatest care. This is the practice of the Theresans, and the nuns exclaimed: "This shows a disposition for the convent." Marie Antoinette replied courteously, but probably with entire insincerity: "If God one day gives her that vocation, I shall not hinder her from coming to partake of your happiness." The Empress Maria-Theresa, who had also a great esteem and affection for the royal devotee, sent Louisa her portrait in the Theresan costume. She never spoke of the heroism of the princess's sacrifice without admiration. Louis the Fifteenth, having always promised to rebuild the church of his daughter's nunnery, Louis the Sixteenth fulfilled the sacred engagement. Among the ornaments of the new church were six silver candlesticks and a cross, presented by the pope. The princess, also at a great expense, obtained for the convent the bodies of several saints. She particularly insisted during the rebuilding that the men should not work on Sundays. The princess spent much time in opposing the new philosophy of those days, and in trying to check the license of the press. She particularly resisted the reduction of Lent fasts, complaining that in Paris fourteen holy-days had been retrenched without the police enforcing the stricter observance of other festivals: the shops in Paris being opened even on the day of the Epiphany.

In 1791 the pope consented to canonise the Carmelite sister Mother Mary of the Incarnation, and to proclaim her the worker of two miracles. The canonisation of Mother Ann of Jesus, however, though sought for by Catherine de Medici, and now by the empress, was deferred: though several authentic miracles wrought by Mother Ann were acknowledged by the cautious pontiff. To all suffering nuns the princess held out a hand. When the Carmelites of Brabant and Austrian Flanders were turned out of their convents, the royal devotee obtained leave from Louis the Sixteenth to give them home and shelter. All she asked in return was to have the bodies of two Carmelite saints—Mother Ann of Jesus, and Mother Ann of Saint Bartholomew. Many of these Flemish nuns had to pass through their native villages on their way to France, but none of them visited their fathers or mothers; and such absurd abnegation was considered a proof of super-holiness. Two hundred and ninety of these nuns, whose daily pride was to tread under foot all natural affection, arrived in France, with a whole community of the order of Saint Clare from Ghent. They prostrated themselves in tears at the feet of their benefactress, and begged her acceptance of the only treasure they possessed—a bone of Saint Colette, their foundress. But the princess refused to deprive them of this osteological blessing.

Day by day the princess grew more and more weary of the amusements and occupations of the outer world. She closed the parloir whenever she could, and declined all visits that could be declined. Nevertheless, the Emperor Joseph the Second, the Archduke, Prince Henry of Prussia, and Gustavus of Sweden, all visited her simple cell, to wonder at her straw bed, wooden spoon, and the earthen pitcher. To such visitors the devotee would boast of her health and happiness. "Every time," she said, "that my sisters enter their carriage to return to Versailles, I bless Divine Providence for not being obliged to follow them. In this convent years pass like days. They say that there are souls who go straight to Paradise without passing through Purgatory. I despair ever to be of that number, for I am too happy a Carmelite. Even the dust of our convent becomes holy."

As old age crept nearer, the devotee loaded herself with greater austerities. She would not confess illness, for fear the indulgences shown her should countenance a relaxation among the novices. When unable to assist at the choir, she lay on the threshold of the door. She refused all titles of honour, and rebuked a preacher who apostrophised her in his sermon, and who called the Carmelites "ladies." In the seventeen years of her monastic life the princess wore, in all, only three gowns. Her shifts were of serge, her stockings of cloth, her slippers of packthread. She wore patched veils. Her cell was narrow and poor, containing only the celebrated straw bed, a straw chair, a wooden crucifix, a table, and three paper pictures. The convent was damp and draughty. She forbade all ornaments in any part of the monastery. So frugal was she, that she never allowed the purveyor to spend more than seven shillings a day for fish for sixty nuns. So careless was she about her food, that it became a saying among the novices, if the cook had been more than usually careless: "Why, Mother Theresa of Saint Austin herself could not eat it!" For seven years she went on eating eggs, cooked in a particular manner repugnant to her without mentioning her antipathy. She one day, without complaining, partook of a decayed artichoke, which had been served at table by mistake. At another meal she ate an egg which had broken and fallen into a wash-tub. Still, even to the last, some of the old refined tastes clung to the devotee. She sometimes cried like a child at her chapped and frost-bitten hands. Heat, too, she much dreaded, but nevertheless she almost lived in the infirmary. It being discovered that the hair robe she wore made her skin bleed, she said, "I wish to expiate, as a Theresan, the folly I showed formerly in wearing the livery and bracelets of hell."

The nun is always trying to check the divinely-implanted emotions of the heart: knowing so much better than the divine Author of our being, what the human heart should be. When the king died, and the Carmelites had to recite the office for the dead, every one but the princess (then prioress) burst into tears; but she continued singing the Psalms in all the pride of fanaticism. She delighted in nothing so much as in decorating altars, taking care of the sacred vestments, or sweeping and cleaning the oratories. When Pope Clement the Fourteenth suppressed the Jesuits, she mourned in silence.

The night before any great church festival she generally passed at the foot of the altar. She went to confession twice a week. She had a great belief in holy water, which she said, "acquires by the exorcisms of the church a great virtue against the Powers of Darkness." At night she always kept her crucifix in her bed: to speak to (so she said) till she fell asleep. She was now considered the special glory of the Theresan order, and the protectress of the nuns all over France. At court on her five-and-twentieth birthday, the Bishop of Langres had predicted she would die at fifty; she had always believed in this prediction, and it proved true.

In 1787, some democratic changes affecting the church are supposed to have brought on her last illness. She refused to have an altar erected in the infirmary where her bed was, because that was a court custom when any of the royal family were ill.

"You propose to me a very ill-becoming distinction. Living or dying, I will be a simple Carmelite."

Day after day, she examined her letters, burning some and arranging others. She wrote farewell letters to her sisters, and to the king. On her death-bed she was meek and gentle, repeatedly asking pardon of her attendants for giving them so much trouble. She still refused to see her physician save at the outer gate of the monastery. She begged one of the sisters, who waited on her, to inform her when she was approaching her end. She then received the viaticum, called the nuns around her, urged a special nun to correct certain faults, and reproved those about her bed

for sobbing and groaning. Immediately after receiving the viaticum the ruling spirit of the prioress came over her, and she said to one of the attendant nuns: "Sister, your veil does not hang low enough." She declined further remedies, saying, "I wish they would let me die quickly, but if they will have it so, I must not refuse to obey or to suffer." She then left all her property, two wooden crucifixes, to her two nurses, on condition that the next prioress permitted the bequest. The last words of this poor mistaken woman were:

"It is now the time. Come, let us arise, and make haste to go to heaven."

We have given this brief sketch in an impartial spirit, impressed, however, throughout, by the deep conviction that if such a woman did good in a community of sixty self-tormenting sisters, how much more good she would have done by her shining example, warning and advice, in the corrupt court of Louis the Fifteenth, her miserable father.

THE WIZARD'S CASTLE.

A LEAF FROM ARIOSTO (ORLANDO FURIOSO), CANTO IV.

They struggle through forest of fir and pine
Till they reach a peak, like that Appenine,
On the toilsome road to Camaldoli,
Where below on either hand spreads a sea;
So here they look down on France and Spain,
Ere they seek through a pass, a level plain;
Where in the valley some huge rocks spring,
Crowned with steel walls, ring after ring.

"Lo, there the enchanter's den," with eyes
Half closed with malice, the black dwarf cries:
"See where it laughs at the pride of kings;
None can reach it unless they've wings."
Square and smooth, without path or stair,
The castle is fit for an eagle's lair;
And then they know it is time to rend
The magic ring from the wizard's friend.

So they bind him fast and they snatch the ring,
Heeding not tears nor struggling,
And under the cliff fair Bradamant,
Who neither release nor aid will grant,
Seizes a proud and echoing horn,
And blows a challenge of rage and scorn.
Before the echo had died away
The enchanter came, but with no array

Of helm, of hauberk, or sword, or spear,
Nothing to strike foes' hearts with fear;
Only a shield to his left arm clung,
With a crimson veil it was all o'erhung;
And in his right hand they all could see
An open volume of sorcery.
For when he read it there came a light,
As of a sword upraised to smite.

And it seemed as if arrows were flashing past,
Or a thunderbolt from the cloud was cast,
Such was the power of his magic lore.
And the steed that the evil wizard bore
Was an hippogryph—wings, beak, and crest,
Like the Griffin, his sire—a mare the rest;
Such on Riphæan hills are found
Beyond the frozen ocean's bound.

The wizard had trained the wingëd thing
To whirl, and gallop, and dart, and spring;
Half like a swallow, and half like a horse,
He could swoop and canter, and wheel and course.
Strike as she will, that maiden proud,
Cleaves but the air, and wounds the cloud;
She strikes and pierces them o'er and o'er,
But still the blow is foiled once more.

Then she descends from her horse at length,
Of the wizard's arts to try the strength.
As a cruel cat with a mouse will play,
Rejoicing to see the victim stray:
Till, tired or angry of such a prize,
She snaps, and the quivering creature dies.
So the wizard, weary of such a foe,
Prepares his final and deadly blow.

The maiden, as he unveils the shield,
Drops, as if dead on the battle-field,
Wishing to lure from his steed and spell
The wizard, whom she has beguiled so well.
He veils the fatal shield, and now
It hangs once more on his saddle bow;
And nearer with closer and closer wheels
The wizard upon his victim steals.

For he alights and seeks the place
Where she, extended upon her face,
Waits for his footsteps with watchful care,
As wolf in the ambush of his lair.
A chain he held to bind his prey,
Thinking her vanquished as there she lay;
She rose and hurled him to the earth,
His mighty spells are of little worth.

She raised her hand, but in mid space
Stays it; for lo! a wrinkled face
And scant grey hair; six score and ten,
The years he'd wandered amongst men.
"Kill me, for love of God!" he cries;
But she, with wrathful flashing eyes,
Answers, "Now, seek not death from me,
It shall come quickly, presently.
No one who craves it, need wait long,
A soul resolved to die is strong."

"But first thy prison opening,
To us thy wretched captives bring."
The wizard bound with his own chain
The damsel leads across the plain
To where the rock-steps subtly round,
Up to the castle gateway wound,
Then he, from the stately threshold sill,
Removed a square stone carved with skill.

And from beneath the stone upturned
Removed some pots of fire that burned;
That moment vanished wall and tower,
Such was the wizard's subtle power.
And he, now freed from bond and chain,
Passed into fire or air again;
And lo! the prisoned knights released,
Found all their grief and anguish ceased.

GETTING BETTER.

Among the most valuable of modern charitable institutions may be classed Convalescent Homes, which take up the sick where the hospital leaves them, and complete the cure which the hospital began. And of all the Convalescent Homes about London (and they are many) perhaps the most important are those which Mrs. Gladstone has established at Clapton and Woodford, and of which we will give the history so far as we are able.

In the cholera year of 'sixty-six, Mrs. Gladstone, who was then, as she had been for many years, a constant visitor at the London Hospital, was much troubled at the fate of the cholera orphans. When the parents died, no one knew what to do with the children. The sanitary commission people had destroyed every article of clothing they possessed; and it was a hard thing to send to the workhouse those whose parents had been of a rank above paupers. On the first of August, Mrs. Gladstone and some of the medical men connected with the London Hospital held a consultation as to what was to be done; and on the second, she chose out of the convalescent wards as many children as the House of Charity in Soho could receive: making this a depôt until a permanent Home could be arranged. To show the extreme destitution of these poor little ones, it may be stated that they were taken to the House of Charity wrapped up in blankets because they had no clothes.

As the children were weakly, the doctors recommended a spell of sea air before their final establishment in a permanent orphanage; so, as soon as they were all clothed, they were sent down to Brighton, and another batch was chosen for the Charity House. This second lot being more than the House could receive, Mrs. Gladstone took two into her own Home. In course of time, but after much delay, the Clapton Home, in Brook-road, was got ready; but there had been great difficulties to overcome. No people would let their houses for the purpose; and one landlord, indeed, backed out of his agreement after the house was really taken, when he heard of cholera orphans and convalescents. So Mrs. Gladstone was forced to buy the Brook-road houses. On the twenty-seventh of August, the cook went down with a teakettle and some borrowed chairs; next day the furniture arrived—twenty-five beds and other goods—a gift made by a certain furnishing warehouse; nine dozen of port wine, three dozen of brandy, and a donation of twenty-five pounds, from a certain wine-merchant; and other donations of all kinds, including clothes, also sent in. Two days only after the cook and the teakettle had gone down came in the first two children, "Tommy and Tiny." On the next day the first batch of cholera convalescent adults arrived; and so on.

The Home being thus started, applications poured in from all parts—twelve hundred of them. Every case was investigated, the Home not being meant to supplement the workhouse and relieve the poor-rates, but, as was said before, to keep from the workhouse those whose original condition had been above pauperism. From the twelve hundred applicants one hundred and ninety-five were selected as the most eligible—Tommy and Tiny leading the way. (This little Tommy, let us add parenthetically, is an immense favourite. He is to be a drummer in the Guards, he says, and he always adds, "to take care of the Queen." He has a sweet pure voice, and one day, when in disgrace and kept in bed for a punishment, he startled a visitor to the Home by suddenly sitting bolt upright after his dinner of bread-and-water, putting his little hands together, and chanting a grace.)

As Mrs. Gladstone could not take all her twelve hundred applicants, Mrs. Tait chose some of the girls for her Fulham Orphanage, while Mrs. Gladstone filled one of her two Clapton houses with convalescents, and the other with orphans. But, as the cholera diminished, so did the number of convalescents, and by Christmas time of the same year there were no convalescents, and the Home was an orphanage. But seeing the need of a general convalescent Home, she established one at Snaresbrook—for men only in the beginning of things; transplanted her cholera orphans to her own orphanage at Hawarden, which she has maintained for many years; and turned her Clapton houses into Convalescent Homes for women and children. After the purchase of Woodford Hall, an immense place capable of being divided into two portions, the Clapton houses were closed, and all the patients and furniture sent off to Woodford; but in November of last year they were opened again for six months, for relapsing fever convalescents.

To show what can be done by will and energy, we will give the dates of this reopening. On the seventeenth of November a note from Mrs. Gladstone appeared in the Times; on the eighteenth, the cook went down to scrub and prepare the two empty houses; on the twentieth, arrived the furniture and the "staff"—a lady who, like all Mrs. Gladstone's superintendents and staff, has undertaken the work for love; on the twenty-second, the Home was ready; on the twenty-third, arrived the first batch of relapsing fever convalescents. Between the eighteenth and the twenty-second, water and gas had been laid on, because of

thieves who had stripped the house of all its lead, &c. The first answer to her letter in the Times which Mrs. Gladstone received, was an autograph letter from the King of the Belgians with a donation of fifty pounds; but the Home was really begun in faith, without a penny being actually subscribed.

It was opened for thirty beds, and even in the short time it has been at work it has done an immense amount of good. Good food, good nursing, and pure air, work wonders with those the root of whose malady has been want and impure conditions of living. One woman went out in a week; two little children, who were carried in on Saturday night unable to walk through weakness, were playing about on Thursday when we went down, as bright and lively as if nothing had been the matter with them. The whole family to which these children belong, save one out at work, had been down in the fever; father, a consumptive shoemaker, mother, and six children. The fever had been brought into the family through one of the children playing in an infected house. One of the children is in Victoria Park Hospital, four are at Clapton, and the fifth will come there when the boils, with which he is at present afflicted, are a little healed. This family is fearfully poor, but has struggled hard to keep respectable and off the parish. They have always contrived, they say, with a flush of honest pride, to have one meal a day; and if they have had no food in the morning, they have worked for it and earned it, by night. None of the children can read or write; they all "help father" so soon as their little hands can sew or punch; and they are made practical, poor little souls! rather than literate. One patient, a law stationer, was quite a smart-looking young man, though absolutely penniless and friendless. When he first came in, he was the only male patient, and as all the men are in one house by themselves, and the women in the other by themselves, he was moped and low-spirited. So they sent for a companion for him, and got a painter, crippled with gouty rheumatism, with small cannon-balls on his finger joints which he rapped as unconcernedly as if they had been made of iron; a douce fatherly man, who had been nine times in St. George's Hospital, and who took his troubles with almost Mohammedan resignation. Patients, however, are received from their own homes as well as from hospitals; and admission is absolutely free, both to the sender and the patient.

The Homes are touching in their simplicity and home-like character. Everything is done in the quietest and most unostentatious manner; one servant does all the cooking and general work of both houses: the convalescents helping, so far as to make their own beds, wash up the plates, &c. The cook and the lady are the sole working staff. We stayed late enough for evening prayers, and went with the rest. It was Christmas-eve, and the patients had adorned the walls with wreaths of holly and floral emblems. An officer had given the lights, and the lady herself read the prayers and led the hymn as in any private family. We shall not easily forget the effect of that quiet family prayer; with these poor people, men, women, and children, who had just been rescued from death and landed for a little while in comfort and purity; with the clear voice of the lady reading, and the picture she made as she stood by her small desk in her soft grey dress; with the solemn hush and reverence of the little congregation. It was a truly Christian Christmas-eve.

If the two small houses at Clapton show the beauty of family simplicity, Woodford Hall has the value of a more important sphere; though here, also, the spirit of family life is sought after, and the patients are taught to regard the place as a home, and to secure friends in the management who will look after them in time of need. The Hall was originally the property of a local magnate, and is quite an institutional place: with an air of old-fashioned magnificence pervading it throughout, and with plenty of room both in chambers and corridors. It has quite a wilderness of offices below, including the place where was once a plunging bath. At first the neighbourhood got up some opposition to the establishment of a Convalescent Home in it, though it had been expressly stated all along that no fevers or infectious cases were to be admitted. People living near, apparently thought that broken arms and legs, and general debility from want, rheumatism and the like, were catching: even those whose position in the religious world (so called) might have taught them better, joined in the senseless cry. But Mrs. Gladstone and her convalescents went on their way quietly and firmly; and by degrees the opposition has been lived down, the neighbours have got over their repugnance, and the Home has thriven, and its work has prospered.

What must strike every one who has seen these Homes, is the wonderful power of self-sacrifice they have called out in those who have interested themselves in them. Women, young, well-born,

with the world at their feet so far as gaiety and admiration go, give up all that others count pleasure, for the sake of doing good among the poor and sick; men, officers of high rank, young and rich—the not typical "guardsmen" of certain novelists—devote days of each week and hours of each day to the good of the institution. Mrs. Gladstone herself finds time, in all her press of business and the hurry of a London life, to go frequently among the poor convalescents and see personally that things are right with them. Nothing can be kinder, sweeter, or more tender, than her manner to them: unless it be the manner of the hard-headed men of the world—doctors, men of business, officers who have served in the Crimea and seen many a hard day's fight and gone through many a rough campaign—who form the backbone of her visiting committee. And the very profession of these last, with the subtle sense of discipline it brings, prevents all weakness and sentimentality, all fluidity and want of body and firmness. The organisation of these Homes is marvellously free from weakness, and yet the one pervading spirit is that of tenderness and love.

When we were ushered into the women's sitting-room, we found Mrs. Gladstone there, sitting in the midst of them and reading aloud—a pleasure which all the poor appreciate highly, as they appreciate music and singing. The evening before, she was playing Bonny Dundee on the piano, which is at some little distance from the men's room; when they caught the air and took it up, and sang the words to it as she played.

Among the most interesting details of the establishment are the letters which the convalescents or their friends write to Mrs. Gladstone or to the Lady Superintendent, when they get home. Some, however, go and tender their thanks in person at the London Hospital, where the Woodford Convalescent Home Committee assembles every Monday to meet the London Hospital Committee, and hear what new cases they have to propose. The majority write, poorly or pleasantly, according to their ability—the children's little scrawls being chiefly sweet and childish effusions of love and gratitude and happy memories. One of the best letters among the whole list open to us was from a husband, a cabinet-maker, who wrote to thank the lady for her care of his wife; a manly, sensible letter, with a true, honest-hearted ring in it. And one was an exceedingly graphic description from a Scripture reader, of how she had taken a gipsy girl and an idiot boy—half mad as well as idiotic—to London on a terrible foggy Wednesday in November; how they were lost in the fog, and how the idiot boy persisted that he knew the way, and led them on and on, "only ten minutes further," "ten minutes further," till they had tramped for miles, to the little untamed gipsy girl's bewilderment, and the Scripture reader's dismay. At last, however, the poor idiot's instinct justified itself, and they struck on his home as he had promised they should.

Some of the cases are very interesting, and some quite dramatic. One woman was ill of "fright." She had seen a neighbour drop dead at her feet, and was consequently very ill for a time. One man was brought in who had left the hospital too soon, to see his wife, who was dying. He got out of bed to see her die, and the shock was too much for him in his enfeebled state. So he was brought to the quiet comfort of the Woodford Home, and in time recovered. A paper-hanger, aged thirty-one, with a wife and child, came in from St. Thomas's Hospital, where he had been five weeks, laid up with a broken leg: got from a ruffian who kicked him because he tried to defend a woman whom the brute was ill-treating. One was a young soldier twenty-eight years of age, who was bitten on the face by a snake in the jungle in India. His guide lost his way, so he and his comrades had to sleep in the jungle. When he woke he found his face was bleeding. He has undergone seven operations already, and has to undergo at least one more, and is mutilated and disfigured for life. One woman was partially paralysed, and had no serviceable backbone. Supported by irons, she would double completely up, and spring in and out wildly, like a broken watch-spring.

Some governesses have even found their way here, and here have become convalescent. As I went through the room many were lying on the couches and chairs asleep with that deep, sweet sleep of convalescence which nothing disturbs; more were sitting by the fire in the queer blank way of uneducated people; a few nice boys were turning over picture books; they all looked happy and contented, and as if on the way to mend, if not already mended. In the women's place a little child, "Johnny," gives life and character to the room, and is invaluable to the invalids. He and the cat do almost as much good as the beef and fresh air. Some cases are painfully suggestive of the pinching poverty which has brought all this ill health about; but many of the

men are convalescents from accidents—two-thirds of the London Hospital cases being bodily accidents. A few are convalescent from what may be called accidental illnesses; but the larger proportion of women have "rheumatism," "general debility," and "scrofula" written against their names in the case-book. Their characters are to be found honestly enough stated in the same record. "Good lad, but rather inclined to encroach," is the verdict against one; "a bad, ungrateful woman," gibbets another who had been tenderly nursed and nourished in her "weakness from poverty;" some are "exceedingly well conducted;" some are "good children;" one man was discharged for drunkenness; one woman was discharged for theft; and so on. But these are exceptions: the rule is good behaviour, and a lively gratitude for the benefits bestowed.

The Homes are free; by Homes we mean Woodford Hall and the two houses at Clapton. On this point we will extract Mrs. Gladstone's words from her report of the Woodford Home:

1. Its benefits are extended to convalescents from hospitals or from their own homes free of cost.
2. It is open to persons of all religious denominations.
3. There is no system of privileged tickets, and therefore no canvassing and no avoidable delay.
4. Admission is determined solely by the merits of the case; AND ANY ONE, whether subscriber or not, may recommend to the committee.
5. The Home is near town, and the journey inexpensive, so that there may be free intercourse between the inmates and their families.

The cases not eligible are "children under six years of age; persons recovering from small-pox, typhus, scarlet-fever, or any other infectious or contagious malady; persons with open sores, or labouring under any form of disease requiring active treatment; and persons subject to fits, of unsound mind, or otherwise helpless;" and "particular attention is now directed," states the report further on, "to the circumstance that the Home is meant exclusively for those who, having been ill, are tardily recovering, and require for complete restoration to health, only change of air, good food, rest, and kindly treatment."

The normal term of admission is for a fortnight; but those who require it are readmitted, and the term is prolonged for one or two weeks.

There is no question as to the immense amount of good done by these Homes. Cripples come in, lying in invalid chairs, or dragging themselves painfully on crutches; and, after a few weeks' sojourn at the Home, go out shouldering their supports. Many and many a valuable life has been saved by the good food and attention to be had at Woodford Hall. At the time of our visit, fifty-four were in the house, and the numbers which had passed through since its establishment, were one thousand and seventy-six men, and three hundred and forty-one women and children. By reason of the love and devotion animating every one connected with these institutions, the working expenses are reduced to a minimum; and among the uncatalogued heroes and heroines of our day may be classed those men and women of birth, wealth, social position, and capacity for worldly pleasures, who, abandoning what others hold dear, devote themselves to charity and good works, and make the well-being of their poorer neighbours of more account than the enjoyments of personal life, or the gratification of social pride. And may God bless them all, and prosper their work!

NOTE TO "ODD RUNS AND WALKS."

IN the article, ODD RUNS AND WALKS, which we published in No. 55 of the present series,* a notice is given of two or three races ridden by Mrs. Thornton, at York, in 1804 and 1805. The account originally appeared in the local newspapers of the day, then in the Annual Register (vols. xlvi., xlvii., and xlviii.), and then in various books and periodicals. We have received a communication from a member of the family, by which it appears that, though the races were really run, they were concocted, under equivocal and disreputable circumstances, for the purpose of cheating Colonel Thornton; and that the sporting equestrienne was one among several women who, in turns, assumed a title to which none of them had a legal claim—that of "Mrs. Thornton." The real and only wife of the Colonel, married to him in 1807, was a lady of wholly different habits and character.

A COUNCIL STRONGER THAN THREE POPES.

THE General Council now assembled at Rome appears to have been called mainly for the purpose of reversing the decision of the Council of Constance, that although a pope is great, a council of the church is greater. From that time until now, it has been held that no pope is so absolute in authority as to be above control by the

* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. iii., p. 53.

whole voice of his church. Of the battle now raised we say nothing. But let us help towards the understanding of it; let us tell how the like battle was fought very many years ago. It is a story which involves no question of theology, but is simply the record of a lively argument within the church itself. And as is the case in most battles of opinion, there were good men on both sides, who belonged to the large catholic church of folks who love God and their neighbour. Also there were, as usual, on both sides, folks who loved only themselves and traded in religion.

Seventy years of the popes at Avignon, begun in thirteen hundred and nine, were followed by a schism in the church. The years at Avignon and the succeeding schism, had been quickening the stir of independent thought against a pope's claim to absolute and irresponsible authority. The removal to Avignon had been provoked by the absolutism of Boniface the Eighth. He had written to Philip the Fair of France: "We will you to know that you are subject to us, in things spiritual and things temporal." Philip had answered, "Be it known to your supreme fatuity that in things temporal we are subject to no one." In his bull, "Unam Sanctam," Boniface had set forth obedience to the pope as necessary to salvation. He had afterwards put Philip under ban. Perhaps his energy was tainted with the madness which became declared in his last days. It awakened reasoning as to the pope's position in the church, and created a division of church politics into French and Italian. Then began seventy years of a French papacy, which had a court more scandalous than that of Rome, and set up claims to absolute dominion as loud as those of Boniface, though mainly urged, in servitude to France, against the German emperor.

The intellect of France, then represented by the University of Paris, laboured to restore peace to the church. In his Defender of Peace, Manilius of Padua, who had been rector of the Paris University, argued that it was heresy in the pope to claim against the German emperor a power to absolve men from obedience to the laws of God. He condemned as devilish, a pope's absolution of subjects from oaths of allegiance to their sovereign. After long experience of a double papacy, many in Europe were ready to say: If two popes, why not twelve? And the most earnest supporters of the principle which had based safety of the church upon the maintenance of one supreme visible head, saw no way to peace but by submitting rival claims of irresponsible authority to the judgment of a General Council of men who were individually less than popes. The University of Paris urged that both popes should resign, or else submit their claims to arbitration; that, if they would do neither of these things, a General Council should be called; and that the pope who rejected all the three paths towards peace should be declared a heretic. Within the University this doctrine was expressed by one party with moderation, by another with the uncompromising purpose of subjecting papal absolutism to control of councils, and producing other of the changes sought by more advanced reformers. The University of Toulouse represented those who maintained faith in the pope's supreme authority, and resisted changes in the church law of a former time.

In fourteen hundred and six, the death of the Italian Innocent the Seventh gave the cardinals at Rome a hope of restored unity for the Western Church. A quiet old man of eighty was made pope for Italy as Gregory the Twelfth. His appointment was provisional. He was to hold the office until he could arrange with Benedict a simultaneous abdication. Gregory was at first true to this understanding. Some months after his election he refused to give benefices, saying that he was not made pope for that, but only to end the schism. But his friends and kinsmen, who flocked round him clamouring for loaves and fishes, caused him to halt. He became rich in occasions and excuses for inaction. Benedict, on the other side, though equally determined to do nothing, professed great readiness to meet Gregory and fulfil the desires of good churchmen. Europe was little edified to see the dance accordingly set up by the two aged popes, who poussetted to each other about France and Italy, but took care never to come near enough to join hands. One professed fear of hostile ships, and would not approach the coast; the other professed fear of ambuscades, and would not venture far inland. By this trifling, each lost friends. The Italian pope had Italy and the cardinals against him. The French pope was opposed by the French king and the University of Paris. Forsaken by the Church of France, Benedict went to his native Aragon, and then joined Gregory in the convocation of a General Council. This was to meet at Pisa in the

year fourteen 'nine, for the establishment of unity and good religious order in the church. Upon the opening of the Council of Pisa, Jean Charlier, better known as Gerson, Chancellor of the Church and University of Paris, addressed to it his essay on the Unity of the Church. Gerson spoke for a large part of the best intellect of Europe, active in labour towards church reform. He maintained that as the schism of the church came of corrupt life in its head and members, reformation must come of humility and prayer. Gerson and the University of Paris held the whole church to be bound by what they regarded as essentials of theology, but were so tolerant of variation on points of less moment that they hoped by admitting a diversity of ceremonial, to reunite the Eastern with the Western Church. Such reformers opposed the pope's doctrine that he only could call a council. Their argument was, that any prince or Christian might move the church to assemble in the name of Him who said where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. Such a council, they said, could give to the church a new head, universally acknowledged, and could ordain those reforms of discipline which might put new life into its members. In doing that which was most meet for a particular occasion, pope or council, they said, must look always to the spirit rather than to the letter of the law; must act according to eternal principles of justice. The two popes were not represented at a council, which they would not recognise, since it was called by authority not papal. They were deposed and the Archbishop of Milan, elected sole pope, became Alexander the Fifth. He and the cardinals were pledged to employ themselves upon the reformation of the church, and, for consideration of the means, a General Council was appointed to meet three years later. The work of the Council of Pisa, from which guidance into peace and unity had been expected, was confined to the election of a third pope: who increased not only the confusion, but also the scandal in the church. For, he owed his rise to a cardinal ex-pirate, Balthazar Cossa, the most infamous man of his order, whose influence came of vast wealth ill-gotten, whose ambition was unscrupulous, and whom it suited at that time to place a creature of his own upon the vacant throne of Christendom. A year afterwards, when Alexander the Fifth died, it was widely believed that the Cardinal Balthazar Cossa had given his friend one more step of promotion, and sent him to heaven as soon as he was himself disposed to fill his place in this world. The belief shows what was thought of this man, who, in fourteen 'ten, as John the Twenty-third, inherited the pledge to labour for a reformation of life in the church.

Driven from Rome by Ladislaus, of Naples, Pope John found an ally against him in the new emperor, Sigismund. This German ally he then sought to please by conceding what could not in any case have been much longer deferred: the meeting of a true reformatory council. Little as he wished that such a council should be held within the bounds of the emperor's power, he yet had to consent to its meeting in the free German city of Constance. Pope John, therefore, and Emperor Sigismund, summoned the Council of Constance to meet there, in November, fourteen 'fourteen. As neither of the other popes would recognise John, the number of infallible heads contradicting one another was now three. The new council declared itself to be simply a continuation of the Council of Pisa, and provided for the influence of independent thought in its deliberations. It had not sat four months, before it received accusations of deep crime against Pope John: who, with the perils of an inquiry hanging over him, then played with forms of abdication until, in the disguise of a groom, he fled from Constance. The council then affirmed the principles maintained by Chancellor Gerson, and declared the pope to be subject to a church assembly. John of Antioch and others argued, in vain, that the pope's authority was absolute, unaffected by his personal character, and irresponsible, except to God: even though he should send multitudes to hell. Pope John was caught, tried, and deposed, for his acts as pope, with threat of further trial for his private crimes. Pope Gregory was humoured into abdication. Benedict, though obstinate, was deserted by his followers, and remained pope only in his own esteem. A reform committee was considering how to amend church discipline. While it sat, open traffic in the goods of the church was the daily business of many, and the great gathering of clergy caused the streets of Constance to be crowded with loose women. The Germans, who were most instant for reformation of church discipline, urged that the first consideration of the council should be to amend the lives of the clergy. The next business should be to elect a pope, when

they had cleaned the chair he was to sit upon. But the majority thought otherwise. It was determined to seek a pope through whom, afterwards, the desired good things might be added to the church. So it was, that in fourteen 'seventeen, Cardinal Otto, of Colonna, became Pope Marten the Fifth. Then it became the pope's business to see to the reformation of the church, and there was mightily soon an end of lively hope upon that subject. Even the schism in the papacy did not come to an end for another thirty years.

But the Council of Constance came to an end in the beginning of the year fourteen 'eighteen, having "by no means answered the general expectation of the world." John Huss, whom it burnt, was so far from being a theological reformer, that he took to the council a certificate of orthodoxy from the Inquisitor-General of his district. His revolt was mainly for the national rights of his church in Bohemia.

In the year after the council closed, the soldier, John de Troeznow, called Ziska, or the one-eyed, who, after the burning of Huss, deeply resented what he called "the bloody affront suffered by Bohemians at Constance," placed himself at the head of an armed people against the aggressions of Rome on the liberty of the Bohemian Church. King Wenzel died, and his brother, the Emperor Sigismund, who acted with the pope, and had dishonoured his pledge of safe conduct by which Huss had been decoyed to Constance, claimed succession in Bohemia. This threatened the Bohemians with forfeiture alike of civil and religious liberty. Ziska then raised national war against both pope and emperor. He became master of Prague, was victorious over Sigismund on Mount Wittkow, rudely maintained the liberties of his church, sword in hand, and, when an arrow from the wall of Rubi pierced his one sound eye, and left him wholly blind, talked still of joining battle. "I have yet," he said, "my blood to shed. Let me be gone." He still battled, suffering defeat only once, until Sigismund submitted to the claim of the Bohemians for liberty of worship, and gave them Ziska for their governor. Ziska died of plague, while, in fourteen 'twenty-four, this treaty was in progress; and the war continued for eleven years after his death. The Bohemians buried their hero in the church at Czaslow, and wrote this inscription over his grave: "Here lies John Ziska, who, having defended his country against the encroachments of papal tyranny, rests in this hallowed place in despite of the pope."

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A Yachting Story.

CHAPTER X. THE BRIDGE.

The fashionable Mr. Conway was much interested in this little first act which was working itself out so pleasantly. "Give me a bit of character," he would say. "It is not to be bought by rank or wealth—it is the salt of life; it is idle to look for it in real plays." Yet here, in this provincial nook, he had lighted on a combination that promised to be of absorbing interest. Letters came to him of the usual pattern; invitations from mammas; short notes, like telegrams, from men, as "Dear Con., bring your boat round this way. We will put you up for a week;" programmes of new races; but he determined to linger on and study these two fresh "bits of nature." Even the place itself was amusing, its ways and commotions entertained him; he liked asking questions. He saw how the eyes of the parishioners rested on those two girl-figures, watching them with eagerness. He picked up the whole history of the great bazaar question, where the heiress wished to have the entire direction according to her whim, and decreed that only genteel persons, of the rank of ladies, should hold tables, a proposal firmly and excitedly opposed by the clergyman's daughter. *She* would not have the holy cause of charity disfigured by such distinctions; it must be thrown open to all the good shopkeepers, to the race of Higgins's or Smiths, whose honest contributions did not deserve such a slight. But what was she against the heiress, who, thus opposed, became, like a passionate, froward child, that would cry all night if its toy were refused? At the price of a magnificent contribution, the obsequious committee yielded to her. It was wonderful with what scorn and anger Jessica stigmatised this unholy defacing of the cause of benevolence. But no one was more scandalised or "put out" than her father. This girl would be the death of him. The transaction was welcome to the people of the place, who did not range themselves on different sides, but were almost all against the parson's daughter, including even those whose cause she had taken up. In the shops, everywhere, Conway heard little stray sketches of those two important persons whose images filled

up the minds of the town. A very few said, How generous, how charitable, how disinterested and gallant was the parson's daughter, and how she stood up to battle against unmeaning whims and humours. Mr. Conway read off the true solution—all women are rivals to each other.

But he had just arrived on the eve of another little battle — the battle of the bridge.

Before the building of the light bridge already mentioned, the people of the district, on Sunday and holiday evenings, often clustered at the edge of the bank opposite to the Castle Gardens, gazing curiously at the gay and charming beds of flowers, the pretty walks, the rare shrubs, which a skilful Scotch gardener, hired at a vast price by the horticultural Sir Charles, had taken pains to make the pride and show of the district. Here were rare plants which had come from afar, here "a labyrinth" so complicated and tangled as to be the wonder and delight of the few children, who had been allowed to lose their way in it. Sir Charles, good-natured always, seeing the rows of excluded spectators, had often wished to give them greater enjoyment, and unrestricted admission to his grounds. Having been poor himself, he would say, he knew how welcome were these cheap benefits. Once, when his daughter was in a pettish fit of impatience, at having to go round to the great gate, when she was in a hurry to get home, he said artfully that a new bridge across would be a great convenience. She caught at the idea with enthusiasm, and became almost restless until she had made her father get plans from an eminent architect. It was begun at once, and was pushed forward to gratify another fancy of hers that it should be completed and opened by her birthday. Then it was christened Laura Bridge.

It seemed to be unlucky from the beginning. A scaffolding gave way during its construction, and a workman's son was drowned in sight of the drawing-room windows. By a strange and fitful change, quite characteristic of her nature, she seemed, when her whim was gratified, to become indifferent, scarcely ever to use it, and at last to dislike it. Her father felt he never could understand her.

It was a pretty object, springing across airily, and seeming to be made of thin wire. It was a model of lightness combined with strength, taking the shape of an airy bow with towers, transparent as bird-cages, at each end. In gilt letters over each entrance was the name "Laura Bridge," a christening done in honour of the daughter of the house. "Laura Bridge, Laura Bridge," read Conway, aloud and contemptuously, "even this is twisted into homage to the vanity of wealth. This spoiled creature thinks the whole world is for her. I should like to have the schooling of her."

The good-natured baronet had even built the natives a little pavilion where they could have their pleasure parties and junketings. Visitors to the castle, as they looked from the windows and strolled through the gardens, saw these honest folks, the sailors and their lasses, the shopkeepers and others, scattered about on the grass, enjoying themselves after their fashion with the usual rustic gambolling. This sight made Miss Panton more fretful on each occasion. She disliked the idea of community, or sharing, which it suggested. And she often impatiently asked her father to forbid them to come, or take away the bridge altogether. The guest heard many a discussion at the breakfast or dinner table, which he himself had innocently started by his question, "Who are all those people in the grounds?"

"There, papa," Miss Laura would exclaim. "There is the result of your bridge. You should build them houses. They begin to think that our lands belong to them. Do get rid of this bridge, and let us have our place to ourselves like other people." Another unjust speech caused deep indignation. "That they were not going to collect all the beggars of the country in their garden." And by the curious process by which events make themselves known even without the agency of persons, it became reported that Miss Panton intended to abolish the bridge, and to shut herself up in her own fortress, excluding the canaille for ever. Then it was that Jessica's deep and burning protest was heard all over the place. There was true oppression, depriving the poor and the labouring of their innocent recreation! Such behaviour was cruel, scandalous, barbarous. Talk of the feudal times, of the serfs indeed. But she did not believe it still, she could not.

This spoken in the open places, at the market cross, as it were, flew to the heiress's ears, and at once determined her, that the bridge *should* go down. The low, mean, pitiful herd should not disgrace *their* grounds any more. It was a matter of favour, as they should find. She was not going to be put down by them, or *by any one*."

Her father looked at her with wonder.

"*They* put you down, the poor rustics;

why, what can that mean? Oh, I see." And he smiled, for he had often been amused at this wayward enmity, and had deplored the inconsistency and want of sense it led to.

A favourite stroll with Conway was that pleasant walk out of the town, up to the river. He began at last to regard that bridge as the temporary link between the two women's natures, as something with a more mysterious significance in it than was involved in its elegant iron foliage and arabesques; and in his own mind he gave it another name, the name which this little narrative bears.

One evening he had wandered to Laura Bridge, and found Miss Panton moodily regarding it and the few natives passing across it. She began to speak at once, with excitement.

"Surely, no one ever heard of such a thing—a gentleman's place to be swarming over with the low mobs of a town. It should have been put down long ago, as I tell my father."

"The fashion now is," said Conway, "to encourage the poor people's parks, and that sort of thing; keeps them from troubling us in other ways. But is it all settled?"

"Yes; I have got papa to agree at last, and next week the men are to take it down."

"Have you thought seriously," he said, "of the dissatisfaction anything like stopping up a right of way, a watercourse, a pump even, is sure to cause? There will be plenty to set them on and work them up."

"I know that," she said, excitedly. "Who do you think is the leader—I don't mean in the streets, after the radical way, but that leads the gossips in the drawing-rooms and lodging-houses of St. Arthur's?"

"Well, I might guess."

"Yes, Mr. Conway, a particular friend of mine, and who wishes to be one of yours, too."

"Does she?" said he, smiling. "I must seem ungrateful."

"You will seem what is only right, then," she went on, warmly. "Of course, we know her, and she comes to dine to-morrow. We carry on *that* farce, but it is owing to our two fathers. Now tell me, Mr. Conway, what you see in her, as they call it; for you like her, I am told."

"I," said Conway, wishing to add some more scenes to the drama. "I only look on at a distance from the deck of my yacht, as it were. But she seems to have a strange and curious nature, out of the common, but capable of generous acts."

She stamped her foot. "The bridge *shall* go down, into the water, even if there should be a riot in the place. You don't know her—you *can't*."

"Of course not," said he, smiling.

"She hates me, and do you know why? Because I am rich, richer than she is, or ever will be. It began at school, when we were made rich. She tried to crawl and fawn on me, but it sickened me, and I wouldn't have it, and then she turned against me, and has been so ever since—of course, in a polite way."

Conway wondered at the discrepancy of the two versions, but he knew enough of the world to see that both could be sincere and genuine.

"But we shall meet to-morrow at dinner like ladies. You shall see at least *she* will carry that farce out. I don't profess to be an actress. She can come to eat with us."

"I think," said he, coldly, "you will find there is some reason for this. She is compelled by her father."

"You are quite turning her champion," said she, looking at him excitedly.

"I believe she is sincere and true in whatever she takes up. But of course I am quite outside the politics, as we may call them, of this little place. But now, Miss Panton, it seems hard, does it not, for these poor rustics——?"

"Oh yes! you are quite on her side!"

"Such a pretty bridge, too—an ornament to your place and to the district."

"I don't care," she said, "every bit of it shall be pulled to pieces next week. I shall look on at the operation, and I shall invite my friends to come. My dear old schoolfellow, I shall take care to have her. I am told she swears by you all about the town, says, I suppose, that you are the type of chivalry. Of course, in a place like this, where the walls have ears and tongues, it is *very* probable that these praises will come to your ears. But," she added, with a curious, questioning look, "what *do* you think of her? You must know us all by this time, pretty well. She, of course, being a parson's daughter, had great opportunities of picking up from the curates that pedantic sort of thing that makes a show. Of course you think me wretchedly ignorant?"

"I attempt to pronounce on you!" he said. "But Miss Jessica champions me! That should prejudice me."

A worried fretful look came into the heiress's face. "Yes," she repeated mechanically, "we are going to pull down the bridge. Within a week, the man tells us, there will not be a vestige of it."

As he followed her light figure, that seemed to float across the bridge named

after her, a very different feeling rose in his mind to what she imagined was there. She was sure she had left some deep and romantic image of herself, and was not discomfited to think that she had shown a certain jealousy, as of a rival. This nice epicure in such matters was, alas! pondering over the agreeable discovery made to him. He was delighted to think that he had conquered the parson's daughter, that nature so proud and independent, and that would not bend to any one. He was intensely flattered by this conquest. And for the first time it occurred to him suddenly, what if he, once for all, cast anchor there, laid up his little metaphorical vessel, and settled down, as it is called, in a new life, with a new mind beside his! Was he not weary of wandering? Was not here something that he might search the fashionable world over and over, and never find—something that would add a power and lustre to his rank, and great fortune, such as could not be drawn from the files of poor-souled colourless creatures of his own order, who had been submitted to his choice. Lord Blank, now so powerful in the Upper House, had made just such an alliance; so had the Marquis of Blank. Thus strengthened, had those eminent peers forced their way to the lead. Wealth he did not want. It seemed to him a noble scheme, and he would wait and watch, and see how it would be worked out.

CHAPTER XI. A STATE DINNER AT THE CASTLE.

Within a day or two, the scouts of the little town, walking as if by accident past the gate of the castle, saw the dining procession sweeping up the avenue. Some, by special favour of Mrs. Silvertop, were more advantageously posted. The various figures were identified. Doctor Bailey, sitting up in his open carriage, his daughter beside him. (Mrs. Bailey of course was not there, the doctor having disposed of the matter thus: "Pooh! what an exhibition *you'd* make of yourself up there! No. Stay at home!") The fascinating Conway, with his fine reflective dark eyes, excited a just admiration; while, lastly, in a poor sort of fly, came the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Mason. "Only my curate and his wife," said the rector, contemptuously.

The handsome drawing-room of the castle ran along the ground floor, while a file of long tall windows, seven or eight in number, were all lit up, making a sort of vast lantern. Mr. Conway was deeply interested to see the two girls greeting each other with the common forms of social politeness, the courtesies of fencers before attack. Only a nice observer, such as he was, would have noticed a change in their manner to each other, brought about of late by some new cause. Miss Panton's hostility had always been more a pettish peevish dislike, conveying the idea of some one that was crossed in a whim. Jessica's seemed a calm contempt, supported by a basis of duty. But this new element had the effect of an almost chemical change in these bodies. Both became intensified: one taking the shape of a jealous and bitter anger, the other that of scorn as bitter, with a sense of an immense superiority. And on this evening this change seemed to have suddenly taken place, and the new combination, by the infusion of the Conway charm, was to work itself into a strong development.

Conway was in spirits, for strange plans were floating in his head. He could not shut out the image of the parson's daughter. He had an instinct that the night might prove momentous for his fate. Just before he started, he met Dudley in his usual moody humour. This seemed to have grown on him lately, and Conway never liking this "ill-conditioned" manner of men, who were always certain to bring more trouble than pleasure with them, had determined to keep him at a distance.

"You are going out to this place," said Dudley. "You go very often there?"

"Yes; they are very hospitable, and most kind to a stranger."

"No doubt. But I'll tell you what surprises me, Conway. That you, who are what is called an æsthetic man, should endure a place where there are no æsthetics. We all know you have too high a soul for vulgar money."

"I am proud of your good opinion," said the other, laughing.

"Now that man Bailey's daughter is exactly in your line. They all say she is madly in love with you too. In fact, you are rather compromising her."

"My dear Dudley, you and I are not the people to discuss such subjects. I would not dare to speak to you on such matters."

"Oh, it's merely a friendly caution, that's all. Everything is known and gossiped over in this place, even to the pairs of gloves you buy, or the linen you send to the wash. You would not like to be set down as a fortune hunter, Conway, as the ill-natured do. We'll all be watching you to-night. Don't look so wicked at me."

On that he walked away, leaving Conway half indignant, half amused. "I understand this poor moody hypochondriac's meaning,"

he thought. "Very, very clumsily done, Master Dudley."

The dinner was on the usual grand Pantonian scale, many powdered heads nodding over the guests, Mrs. Silvertop later giving details to select friends, not without contempt for those who could show interest in such things, but which was overpowered by a pride and complacency in her office. She had before officiated at some great nobleman's house, and when the name of any famous peer was mentioned, it was always with a "many's the time I've 'anded *him* a cup of tea at Highbury 'Ouse," an attention probable enough, but based more on conjecture than on recollection.

The Panton plate was all out, the columns and pediments with which the table was covered making it seem like a fashionable graveyard, rather over-crowded with silver monuments, new and not ancestral; while the dining-table, fringed with its two rows of happy feasting men and women, had the usual festive and magnificent effects produced by gold and silver, soft lights and flowers. The pleasant chatter of voices rose above the clink of silver and steel upon china. Doctor Bailey's was heard loudest and noisiest of all.

"Quite proper, Sir Charles. Of course you have the right. Monstrous! What a man gives he can take away."

All looked at Jessica.

"Surely not, papa, if it be only what you *ought* to give. I know what you are speaking of—the people's bridge."

"Oh, that is only some of those childish refinements you are so fond of—I can't go into them. Sir Charles can't do what he pleases with his own bridge, as he can with his own horse: sell, lend, give, or take away. Absurd!" It became a regular little discussion for the table.

"I declare," said Sir Charles, good-humouredly, "I would sooner have an election on my hands. The two young ladies battle the thing out like candidates, and I must say both have a great deal to say worth listening to. Miss Bailey really champions the people's rights with great spirit."

Jessica, colouring, spoke out. "Some think this a trifle, whilst I take it up with an enthusiasm that may seem foolish. I know what concerns the lower classes—canaille they are called—their amusements, sorrows, seems Quixotic in these times. Besides," she added, smiling, "who introduced my clients here at this inappropriate place? It was not I who did so."

"But you take up the cause of these low people in everything," said the heiress, excitedly. "Your sympathy is with them in all their ways and manners. Why should you not be on their side in this?"

Jessica, naturally of a retiring disposition, became like so many of her sex when the crisis demanded, bold, and brave, and aggressive. "Then it is an open question? Now we can deal with it as quite public. Well, I am on the side of the poor and their cheap pleasures."

"That we should give them money and charities is all of course for each conscience, as the doctor will tell us at church next Sunday," said Sir Charles. "I declare, Doctor Bailey, the next time we have 'exhausted funds' of any sort, we shall pass you over."

"Yes," said the heiress, pertly, "Miss Bailey would give us a sermon. And I can see Mr. Conway thinks so too. He is much amused, I see."

Conway was listening with some entertainment to this little skirmish.

"Ah, yes, let us hear Conway," said her father; "he is a judge of these things, and I will be guided by his authority."

"Surely," said Jessica, scornfully, "there is no need of authority or of judicial decision in such a matter. These little poor privileges of walking on grass, and looking at and smelling flowers, of breathing fresh air and sitting on a bank and looking at the bright river winding by—surely none of us would take credit for making such presents as these. We need appeal to no one to tell us *that!*"

Conway's arbitration being thus disparaged, though indirectly, it was necessary he should say something. This, he did with ever so little of a wounded tone.

"But still these common blessings involve somehow the rights of property. Perhaps we might share our houses also as well as our grounds. Shelter in the drawing-room would cost nothing! The smooth green carpet, the looking at oneself in the mirrors, is a cheap blessing also."

"Ah! That's the way to put it, as Mr. Conway does," the doctor said obstreperously. "Jessica, child, leave political economy and that sort of thing alone. It's not in keeping, you know—I say, not at all. What have you to do with the poor and that sort of thing?"

Her answer was a look at Conway, one of surprise and full of scorn. "When we have gone up-stairs, and Mr. Conway is discussing this with the gentlemen, that will not be his argument, I know. Or if he were in the House of Commons he would not urge such sophistical reasoning."

"Then you must explain why he does it here," said Sir Charles, laughing.

"She means it as a compliment to *us*, papa," said the heiress, with a certain spite which the presence of her guests did not restrain.

A rough and impatient voice broke in. "This is too good. After all, how does this concern any one but the real owners? I tell you what I would do, Sir Charles. Fix a day, invite all these wretched bumpkins who dare to presume on your indulgence, and in their presence set men to work to pull the whole thing to pieces. When the last rod was flung into the river, I would turn round and say, 'There, get away, you ragamuffins—let me catch one of you trespassing and I'll set the dogs at you.' Forsooth, a young lady can't have her flowers without having all the roughs going to steal them too."

"Hallo! Dudley, this *is* strong language."

"That is the only strength about it," said Jessica, with a quivering lip. "Such doctrines make the real barrier between rich and poor."

"Oh, we know Dudley is a violent partisan of Laura's, and it distorts his views."

"Ah, that explains it," said Conway, contemptuously; "*but* in presence of one who reads the common heart, like Miss Bailey, what can one do? I hold no opinions at all. I give them up. You must not let them touch the bridge, Sir Charles; rather build them a dozen new ones."

Again, the look Jessica gave him, translated, seemed to say, "How poor, how unworthy of *you*."

For the rest of that "state" meal, he found himself looking over at her with a strange attraction, and even trouble. A surprising girl, he thought. The pleasant dinner, with all its courses, rolled on like a stately procession. Then the ladies rose, suffering that polite writ of ejectment which our civilisation exacts. The gentlemen going through a well-acted farce of resignation at the stern edict they themselves enforce, resumed their drinking, that "circulation of the blood" discovered by some benefactor, we know not who.

In that council the great bridge question came up in a different shape. "You know," said the host, confidentially, "one *is* awkwardly placed with the people; but still it is my girl's whim. She has taken it into her head. But otherwise I really go with your daughter, doctor. I'd have given anything if she had opened out on *you*, Conway; for when she takes a thing up with spirit, you would find it hard to hold your own against her. She astonishes me sometimes."

The doctor did not seem to enjoy these compliments. "Oh, she talks too much. I tell her she had better leave these things to the men. It's quite absurd. You have a perfect right to keep your grounds to yourself. A pretty state of things if every one was to be overrun by the scum of the town."

There was present a bluff, good-natured doctor named Hobson, clever in his profession, who was half friend of the family, half a sort of watchful medical guardian over the health of the young heiress. He was always "running down" once or twice in the week to pay them a visit, and the fiction was carried out that it was to see his old friend Sir Charles. Looking at Dr. Bailey with some distrust, he said: "Scum, Dr. Bailey?—the honest mechanics we see in the grounds behaving like ladies and gentlemen?"

"Relatively, sir, of course," said the doctor, blowing hard. "My meaning is very intelligible. And you see my friend Conway quite agrees with me." This was a favourite shape of the doctor's logic.

"Pardon me," said Conway, impatiently. "We were not discussing the matter seriously. I must own that I was only trying to provoke Miss Jessica into an argument that we might admire her cleverness and spirit. It is absurd making the thing too serious."

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER VIII. CONFESSION.

HUGH did not communicate to his mother the fact of his interview with Mr. Frost until after his visit to Mr. Lovegrove's office, and he informed her of both circumstances at the same time. He could not refrain from saying a word about her having kept Mr. Frost's visit to Gower-street a secret from him.

"I was so surprised, mother," he said. "It seemed so unlike you. But I suppose he persuaded you in some way that it would be right not to mention his having come to our house."

"Was I bound to speak of it, Hugh—before Maud, too, and Mr. Levincourt?"

"No; of course not *bound*. But it would have seemed more natural if you had mentioned it quietly to me."

Mrs. Lockwood was silent.

"Look here, mother dear," said Hugh, after a short silence, "I am not good at hiding what I feel. I was a little hurt and vexed when Mr. Frost told me that you and he had privately discussed my feeling for Maud long before you had ever said a word to me on that subject. Now the truth is out!"

"He—Mr. Frost—told you that, Hugh?"

"Well, he did not say it verbatim et literatim as I have said it; but he certainly gave me to understand that such was the case."

"I meant for the best, Hugh."

"Meant for the best! Dearest mother, you don't suppose I doubt that? But don't let that man come between you and me, mother dear."

"I thought you liked Mr. Frost, Hugh?"

"So I did. He was my father's friend. I have known him all my life. But lately there has been something about him that revolts—no, that is too strong a word—there has been something about him that seems to put me on my guard. I hate to have to be on my guard!"

"It is a very good attitude to face the world with."

"Ah, mother, you know we might have some discussion on that soon. But, at all events, it is not the posture I like—or, indeed, that I am able—to assume towards my friends. With mistrust affection vanishes."

Mrs. Lockwood winced and turned her pale face from her son.

"But, mother," he proceeded, "I have another piece of news to add—a disagreeable piece of news; but you must try not to take it too much to heart."

Then he told her of the disappointing letter he had received from Herbert Snowe. This, however, did not seem to grieve her so much as he had expected. In truth she could not help faintly hoping that it might give her anxieties a reprieve, by putting off yet awhile Hugh's endeavour to make a start for himself. But he did not leave her long in this delusion.

"I must try to borrow the money elsewhere," said he. "The opportunity of buying that connexion is too good a one to be lost without an effort."

"Did he not say something—did not Mr. Frost make you an offer of a desirable position elsewhere?" asked Mrs. Lockwood, hesitatingly.

"Oh, I suppose he mentioned *that* to you also during his mysterious visit? Well,

mother, I am not mysterious, and I was about to tell you that he did make me an offer on the part of this new company in which he is interested. But——"

"But you refused it!"

Hugh explained to his mother that in order not to appear obstinate and ungracious, he had taken two days to consider of the proposition. But he added that his mind was already made up on the subject.

"The truth is," he said, "that I mistrust the whole business. There are rumours afloat about the Company which would make a prudent man think twice before he had anything to do with it."

"But you would be a paid employé. You would run no risk."

"I should risk losing my time and getting neither cash nor credit."

"Is it really thought so ill of, this undertaking?"

"In our office it is spoken of as a very unsafe concern. My own opinion is this: if things had gone well in the English money market the Parthenope Embellishment *might* have turned up trumps. But it is all hazard—unprincipled gambling on a great scale, and with other folks' money! One or two more failures of great houses such as we have had lately would involve the company in ruin. But you need not look so anxious, dear little mother. Our unambitious little craft is out of such deep waters, and will keep out of them."

"Do you suppose, Hugh," asked Mrs. Lockwood in her usual deliberate calm tones, but with cheeks even paler than usual, "have you any reason for supposing that Mr. Frost has ventured money in this company?"

"*His own money* you mean?—for of course he has ventured other people's if he puffs the thing to every one as he did to me!—well, I cannot say. People are beginning to say that he is not so solid a man as was supposed. I hear—Heaven knows how these things get about—that he has a very extravagant wife, and that he has been rash in speculating;—mother, what is the matter?"

Hugh suddenly checked his speech to ask this question; for Mrs. Lockwood had dropped her head on her hands, and the tears were running down her face.

"Mother! Darling mother, do speak to me! For God's sake tell me what is the matter? Is it *my* fault? Have I done or said anything to vex you?"

She shook her head silently; but the tears gathered and fell more quickly and copiously at every moment.

"Hugh," she faltered out at last, "I tried to do right."

"Tried to do right! You *have* done right—always right. You are the best woman in the world."

"Don't, Hugh! Don't talk so! It goes to my heart to hear you when I know how your tone would change if I were to tell you——"

"To tell me what?" asked Hugh, almost breathless with surprise and apprehension.

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh, you would not love me if I were to confess some great fault to you. You are like the rest of the men; your love is so mingled with pride!"

"Some great fault!" echoed Hugh.

"There! There it is, the stern look on your face like your father!"

The poor woman bowed her face yet lower, and hid it in her hands, while her delicate frame shook with sobs. For a few minutes, which seemed an interminable time to her, Hugh stood silent, and looking, as she had said, very stern. He was struggling with himself, and undergoing a painful ordeal which was not expressed in the set lines of his strong young face. At length he went to his mother, knelt beside her chair, and took her hand.

"Mother," he said, "nothing can blot out all the years of love and care and tenderness you have given to me. I cannot believe that you have been guilty of any great fault. Your sensitive conscience exaggerates its importance no doubt. But," here he made a little pause and went on with an effort, "but *whatever* it may be, if you will confide in me, I shall never cease to love you. You are my own dear mother! Nothing can alter that."

"Oh, my boy!" she cried, and threw her arms round his neck as he knelt beside her.

Then in a moment the weary secret of years came out. She told him all the truth, from the miserable story of her youth to the time of her marriage, and the subsequent persecution from which Mr. Frost had relieved her, and the price she had had to pay for that relief. As she spoke, holding her son in her arms and resting her head on his shoulder, she wondered at herself for having endured the torments of bearing her solitary burden all these years, and at the apprehension she had felt at the thought of the confession which now seemed so easy, sweet, and natural.

Hugh heard her without speaking, only now and then pressing the hand he held in his to give her courage when she faltered.

"Oh, mother, how you have suffered in your life!" That was his first thought when she ceased to speak. His next thought he was fain to utter, although it sounded like a reproach.

"If you had but trusted my father! He loved you so truly."

"Ah, Hugh, if I had! But it was so terrible to me to risk losing his love. And he often said—as you have been used to say after him—that he could never reinstate in his heart any one who had once been guilty of deliberate deception. You cannot know, you strong upright natures, how the weak are bent and warped. You cannot—or so I feared—make allowance for temptation, or give credit for all the hard struggle and combat that ends sometimes in defeat at last."

Hugh could not quite easily get over the revelation his mother had made. He had struggled with himself to be gentle with her. He would not add to her pain by look or gesture, if he could help it. But he knew that all was not as it had been between them. He knew that he could never again feel the absolute proud trust in his mother which had been a joy to him for so many years. Tenderness, gratitude, and pity remained. But the past was past, and irrevocable. The pain of this knowledge acted as a spur to his resentment against Mr. Frost.

"You have the paper acknowledging this man's debt to my father?" said Hugh. "It will not be difficult to make him disgorge. *He* to patronise me, and help me, and offer me this and that, when an act of common honesty would have put me in a position to help myself years ago!"

"Hugh, the dreadful idea that you hinted at, just now, has been in my mind for some time past, although I dared not dwell on it. I mean the fear that he may not be *able* to make immediate restitution of the money due to you."

"Restitution or exposure: I shall give him the choice, though I feel that even so I am in some degree compounding with knavery."

Mrs. Lockwood clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"He always found some excuse for putting me off all these years," she said.

"He shall not put me off, I promise him."

"Oh, my boy, if through my cowardice you should lose all that your poor father worked so hard to bequeath to you!"

"We will hope better, mother dear. This man must have enough to pay me what he owes. It is a great deal to us, but not much to a rich man. He has been in a fine position for years, and the name of the firm stands high."

"And about—about the will, and Maud's inheritance?" stammered Mrs. Lockwood.

The calm security of her manner had given place to a timid hesitation in addressing Hugh, that was almost pathetic.

"Do not let us speak of that, dear mother," said Hugh, "or my choler will rise beyond my power to control it. That man is a consummate scoundrel. He was—I am sure of it now, I suspected it then—trying to sound me as to the probability of my being induced to bear false witness."

"Oh, Hugh!"

"He thought it might be highly convenient for him, and might ease his pocket and his cares (not his conscience; *that* he is not troubled with) if I—— It won't bear thinking of."

"May you not be mistaken? And may there not be some excuse——?"

"Excuse!" echoed Hugh.

His mother shrank back silently at the fierce tone of his voice. He walked to the door, and had almost passed out of the room, when she called him: but in so low and hesitating a tone that he stood uncertain whether she had spoken or not.

"Did you call me, mother?" he said.

"You never left me before without a word or a kiss, Hugh, since you were a toddling child."

He came back at once, and took her in his arms, and kissed her forehead fondly. But after he was gone, she sat and cried bitterly. A strange kind of repentance grew up in her mind; a repentance not so much for the evil done, as for the tardy confession of it. Yet it had seemed, so long as the confession was yet unspoken, and even while she was speaking it, as if it must take a load from her heart.

"If I had held my tongue," she thought, "my son would have loved me, and trusted me still. Now I am afraid to see him again, lest I should find some change in him, my boy whom I love better than my life! What signified the money? I might have let it go. He knew nothing of it, and he would not have grieved for it. What phantom of duty was it, that haunted and harried me into doing this thing?"

She forgot, in the present pain of her

mortified love and pride, all the miserable hours that secrecy had cost her. Her soul was tossed to and fro by many revulsions of feeling before her meditations were ended. The untoward teachings of her youth were bearing bitter fruit. She did not lack courage. She could endure, and had endured much, with fortitude and energy. But the greatness of Renunciation was not hers. She had balanced her sufferings against her faults, all her life long. She had been prone to demand strict justice for herself, and to think that she meted it out rigidly to others. There had been a secret sustaining consolation amid the heart-breaking troubles of her younger days, in the conviction that they were undeserved. Pride has always a balm for the sting of injustice. But for the stroke of merited calamity, humility alone brings healing.

Zillah thought that she had paid her price of suffering. She had faced the pain of confessing to her son that she had sinned. And yet the peace which that pain was meant to purchase, did not descend upon her heart. She had not learned even yet, that no human sacrifice can bribe the past to hide its face and be silent. We must learn to look upon the irrevocable without rancour: thus, and thus only, does its stern sphinx-face reveal to us a sweetness and a wisdom of its own.

CHAPTER IX. CONFIDENCE

It was past six o'clock on that same spring evening when Veronica's note was delivered at Gower-street. Hugh had just quitted his mother, after the interview recorded in the preceding chapter, and was crossing the little entrance hall when the messenger arrived.

"Are you Mr. Hugh Lockwood, sir?" asked the man. "I was told to give the letter into his own hands."

Hugh assured the messenger that he was right; and began to read the note as he stood there, with some anxiety. When he had glanced quickly through the note, he turned to the messenger.

"Are you to wait for an answer?" he said.

"No, sir; I had no instructions about that."

"Very good. I will send or bring the reply. Tell Lady Gale that her note has been safely received."

When the man was gone, Hugh ran up to his own room to read the letter again, and to consider its contents. What should he do? That he must tell Maud of it was clear to him. He did not think he should be justified in withholding it from her. But how should he advise here to act? He cogitated for some time without coming to any conclusion; and at last went in search of her, determined to let himself be greatly guided by her manner of receiving that which he had to impart.

He found Maud in the little drawing-room that had been so long occupied by Lady Tallis. She was selecting and packing some music to take away with her; for she was to accompany her guardian to Shipley in two days. Mrs. Sheardown had invited her to stay at Lowater House for a while. But Maud had declared that she could not leave Mr. Levincourt for the first week or so of his return home. Afterwards she had promised to divide her time as nearly as might be between Lowater and the vicarage.

"What are you doing there, my own? You look as pale as a spirit in the twilight," said Hugh, entering the room.

"I am doing what spirits have no occasion for—packing up," she answered. "Luggage is, however, a condition of civilised mortality, against which it is vain to rebel."

"It is a condition of mortality which you of the gentler sex accept with great fortitude, I have always heard. Perhaps there may be something of the martyr-spirit, in the perseverance with which one sees women drag about piles of portmanteaus and bandboxes!"

He answered lightly and cheerfully, as she had spoken. But his heart sank at the prospect of so speedily parting with her.

"See, dear Hugh," said Maud, pointing to a packet of unbound music she had put aside, "these are to be left in your charge. The rest—Beethoven's sonatas, Haydn's, Hummel's, and a few of the songs I shall take with me. I have packed up the sonatas of Kozeluch that I used to play with Mr. Plew—poor Mr. Plew!"

She smiled, but a tear was in her eye, and her voice shook a little. Presently she went on. "I have chosen all the old things that uncle Charles is fond of. He said the other day that he never had any music now. Music was always one of his great pleasures."

"I have not heard you play or sing for some time, Maud."

"Not since—not since dear Aunt Hilda died. I have not cared to make music for my own sake. But I shall be thankful if I can cheer uncle Charles by it."

Hugh drew near her, and looked down

proudly on the golden-haired head bending over the music. "And must I lose you, my own love?" he said sadly.

"Lose me, Hugh! No; that you must not. Don't be too sorry, you poor boy. Remember how I shall be loving you, all the time—yes, all the time, every hour that we are parted."

She put up her hands on his shoulders, and laid her shining head against his breast with fond simplicity.

"Ah, my own, best darling! Always unselfish, always encouraging, always brave. What troubles can hurt me that leave me your love? My heart has no room for anything but gratitude when I think of you, Maud."

"Are there troubles, Hugh?" she asked, quickly, holding him away from her, and looking up into his face. "If you really think me brave, you will let me know the troubles. It is my right, you know."

"There are no troubles—no real troubles. But I will tell you everything, and take counsel of my wise little wife. First, I must tell you that I carried out our plan this day. Don't start, darling. I went to Mr. Lovegrove's office, where I found Mr. Simpson, the lawyer employed by—by the other side, and Lane, the agent. I told them what I had to say as briefly as possible, just as you bade me."

"Oh, I am so grateful to you, Hugh. And the result? Tell me in a word."

"I have no doubt Veronica's claim will be established. Indeed, I believe that it may be said to be so already."

"Thank God!"

"I will give you the details of my interview later, if you care to hear them. But, now, I have something else to say to you. Sit down by me here on the couch. I have just had a note—— You tremble! Your little hands are cold! Maud, my darling, there is nothing to fear!"

"No, dear Hugh. I do not fear. I fear nothing as long as you hold my hand in yours. But I—I——"

"You have been agitated and excited too much lately. I know it, dearest. I hate to distress you. But I am sure it would not be right to conceal this thing from you."

"Thank you, Hugh."

"I got this note not half an hour ago. Can you see to read it by this light?"

She took the small perfumed note to the window, and read it through eagerly. Whilst she was reading Hugh kept silence, and watched her with tender anxiety. In a minute she turned her face towards him and held out her hand.

"When may I go? You will take me, Hugh? Let us lose no time."

"You wish to go, then?"

"Wish to go! Oh, yes, yes, Hugh. Dear Hugh, you will not oppose it?"

"I will not oppose it, Maud, if you tell me, after a little reflection, that you seriously wish to go."

"I think I ought to see her."

"She does not deserve it of you."

"Dear Hugh, she has done wrong. She deceived her father, and was cruelly deceived in her turn. I know there is nothing so abominable to you as insincerity."

Hugh thought of his own many speeches to that effect, and then of his mother's recent revelation; and so thinking, he winced a little and turned away his head.

"You are accustomed to expect moral strength and rectitude from having the example of your mother always before your eyes. But ought we to set our faces against the weak who wish to return to the right?"

"I know not what proof of such a wish has been given by—Lady Gale."

"Dearest Hugh, if she were all heartless and selfish she would not long to see me in the hour of her triumph."

"She says no word of her father."

Maud's face fell a little, and she bent her head thoughtfully.

"Does that show much heart?" continued Hugh.

"Perhaps—I think—I do believe that she is more afraid of him than she is of me. And that would not be unnatural, Hugh. Listen, dear. I do not defend, nor even excuse, Veronica. But if, now—having seen to what misery, for herself and others, ambition, and vanity, and worldliness have led—she is wavering at a turning-point in her life where a kind hand, a loving word, may have power to strengthen her in better things, ought I not to give them to her if I can?"

"If," said Hugh, slowly, "you can do so without repugnance, without doing violence to your own feelings, perhaps——"

"I can! I can indeed, Hugh! Ah, you who have been blessed with a good and wise mother, cannot guess how much of what is faulty in Veronica is due to early indulgence. Poor Aunt Stella was kind, but she could neither guide nor rule such a nature as Veronica's. And then, Hugh—don't give me credit for more than I deserve—I do long to see her. She was my

sister for so many years. And I loved her—I have always loved her. Let me go!"

They debated when and how this was to be.

"I hate the idea of your going to see her unknown to Mr. Levincourt," said Hugh. "I believe he will be justly hurt and angered when he hears of it. If you have any influence with her, you must try to induce her to make some advances to her father. It is her barest duty. And—listen, my dearest," as he spoke he drew her fondly to his side as though to encourage her against the gravity of his words, and the serious resolution in his face. "Listen to me, Maud. You must make this lady understand that your path in life and hers will henceforward be widely different. It must be so. Were we to plan the contrary, circumstances would still be too strong for us. She will be rich. We, my Maudie, shall be only just not very poor. She will live in gay cities; we in an obscure provincial nook. The social atmosphere that will in all probability surround Lady Gale, would not suit my lily. And our climate would be too bleak for her."

"I will do what you tell me, Hugh. When may I go? To-night?"

"She says in her note that she will be at home all to-morrow."

"Yes; but she also says 'this evening.' And besides, to-morrow will be my last day with you!"

"Thanks, darling. Well, Maud, if you are prepared—if you are strong enough—we will go to-night."

Hugh went downstairs, and informed his mother that he and Maud were going out for awhile, but would return to supper.

It was not unusual for them to take an evening walk together, after the business of the day was over for Hugh.

"Are you going to the park, Hugh?" asked Mrs. Lockwood.

"No, mother."

At another time she would have questioned him further. But now there was a sore feeling at her heart which made her refrain. Was he growing less kind, less confiding already? Were these the first fruits of her miserable weakness in confessing what she might still have hidden? She was too proud, or too prudent—perhaps at the bottom of her heart too just—to show any temper or suspicion. She merely bade him see that Maud was well wrapped up, as the evenings were still chilly.

And then when the street door had closed upon them, she sat and watched their progress down the long dreary street from behind the concealment of the wire blind in her little parlour, with a yearning sense of unhappiness.

Arrived at the bottom of the street, Hugh called a cab. "You must drive to the place, my pet," he said, putting Maud into the vehicle. "It is a long way; and you must not be tired or harassed when you reach the hotel."

"Oh, where is it, Hugh? How odd that I never thought of asking! But I put my hand into yours and come with you, much as a little child follows its nurse. Sometimes I feel—you won't laugh, Hugh?"

"I shall not laugh, Maudie. I am in no laughing mood. I may smile, perhaps. But smiles and tears are sometimes near akin, you know."

"Well, then, I feel very often when I am with you, as I have never felt with any one except my mother. I can remember the perfect security, the sense of repose and trust I had in her presence. I was so sure of her love. It came down like the dew from heaven. I needed to make no effort, to say no word. I was a tiny child when I lost her, but I have never forgotten that feeling. And since, since I have loved you, Hugh, it seems to me as though it had come back to me in all its peace and sweetness."

"My own treasure!"

They sat silent with their hands locked in each other's until they had nearly reached the place they were bound for. Then Hugh said: "We are nearly at our destination, Maud. I shall leave you after I have seen you safely in the hotel. It is now half-past seven. At nine o'clock I will come back for you. You will be ready?"

"Yes, Hugh."

"God bless you, my dearest. I shall be glad when this interview is over. My precious white lily, these sudden gusts and storms shake you too much!"

"Oh," she answered, smiling into his face, though with a trembling lip, "there are lilies of a tougher fibre than you think for! And they are elastic, the poor slight things. It is the strong stiff stubborn tree that gets broken."

"Am I stiff and stubborn, Maudie?"

"No; you are strong and good, and I am so grateful to you!"

He inquired in the hall of the hotel for Lady Gale, and found that directions had

been given to admit Maud whenever she might present herself.

"Miss Desmond?" said the porter. "Lady Gale begs you will go up-stairs. This way, if you please."

The man directed a waiter to conduct Miss Desmond to Lady Gale's apartment. Hugh gave her a hurried pressure of the hand, whispered, "At nine, Maud," and stood watching her until her slight figure had disappeared, passing lightly and noiselessly up the thickly-carpeted stairs.

PARIS IN 1830.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

As early as 1827 sagacious observers (including several English travellers) had seen symptoms of the approaching downfall of Charles the Tenth. In March, 1814, just as Louis the Eighteenth was setting his gouty feet on the beach at Calais, with a firm belief that Heaven was smiling graciously on his pursy incompetence, Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles the Tenth) entered Vesoul, and once more treading on French earth, exclaimed: "At length I see my natal country again—*that country which my ancestors governed in mildness.* I will never quit it more." It remained from that time the firm belief of his shallow Chinese mind, that the Bourbons had never as yet governed with sufficient severity.

Sir A. B. Faulkner, an English gentleman, who visited Paris in 1827, wrote some observations on the times, which were literally prophecies. "Nothing but mischief can ensue," said this keen and thoughtful outside observer, "from M. Peyronnet's projects for trammelling the press. The insane abettors of this bill appear to have forgotten that they live in the nineteenth, not the sixteenth, century. The benefit of all history is thrown away upon them. It is thrown away upon them also, that England has experimentally proved that the liberty of the press is the best bulwark of our religion and our constitution, and the best means of enlightening men to appreciate the value of both. The fact is lost upon them, moreover, that there is no possible mode for governors getting at an acquaintance with the true interest of the governed, but through the free publication of opinion. If the minister cannot manage to carry his project by any other means, fair or foul, he has advised the king to create sixty new peers. Better (or I am far astray in my French politics), better, Charles the Tenth, you had never left your quiet pension in Holyrood House!"

In August, 1829, the king dismissed M. Martignac's administration, because it would not go all lengths against the people, and appointed a crew of Jesuits and ultra-royalists, under the so-called guidance of his natural son, the rash and weak-minded Prince de Polignac.

In March, 1830, the king, in answer to a request from the Deputies to dismiss Polignac and the Jesuit ministers, haughtily dissolved the Chambers. The king was mad with the madness that the gods send upon men whom they have determined to destroy. On Sunday, July 25th, 1830, the king signed at St. Cloud three memorable ordinances, which were worthy of our Charles the First himself, and breathed the true spirit of absolute power. Number one abolished the freedom of the press. The second (each of these was a blow clenching the coffin-lid of monarchism) dissolved the chamber newly elected, and convoked for the third of August. The third abrogated the chief rights of the elective franchise. The ministers' report was signed by Polignac, Chantelauze, D'Haussez, Peyronnet, Montbel, Guernon Ranville, and Capelle. This mischievous and imbecile report denounced the press as exciting confusion in upright minds, and endeavouring to subjugate the sovereignty; and reviled it for pursuing religion and *its priests* with its poisoned darts. It accused the journals of ceaseless sedition, blasphemy, scandal, and licentiousness, and of exciting fermentation and fatal dissensions which might by degrees throw France back into barbarism. The public safety was endangered; strong and prompt repression was needed; and the last only argument was—cannon.

The perusal of Monday (26th July) morning's Moniteur, announcing these desperate and tyrannical ordinances, struck Paris like a stroke of lightning. Timid men ran off instantly, to see their brokers before the Rentes went down, or the frightened Bank stopped its discounts. Resistance was instantly threatened, and men's hands closed on invisible weapons. The Bourse was crowded to excess; on every face there was either stupefaction or alarm. Even Rothschild lost, by the headlong and sudden fall of the funds. Only one man looked rosy and jovial; he was the notorious jobber, Ardrard, who having been entrusted with the secret of the coup-d'état, made thousands by the fall.

The stormy petrels soon began to show.

M. Charles Dunyer, in a letter to the National, declared that government having violated its oaths, the duty of obedience had ceased, and that he for one would not pay taxes until the arbitrary ordinances were repealed. The National also issued a protest signed by the editors of the Globe, Courrier des Electeurs, Courrier, Tribune des Départements, Constitutionnel, Temps, Courrier Français, Révolution, Journal du Commerce, Figaro, Journal de Paris, and Sylphe, declaring they would all continue to publish without leave or licence from government. But next day some of the more timid constitutional journals applying for licences, were refused, and ceased to exist, while others appeared with blackened and defaced columns.

Thirty-two deputies met, on the Monday, at the house of M. Lafitte, the banker; and many of the constitutional peers met at the Duke de Choiseul's. At both meetings resistance was proposed. The king, refusing to receive the peers' protest, forty couriers were instantly sent to the towns and villages within one hundred miles of Paris, to urge the co-operation of the inhabitants with the inhabitants of the metropolis. In the mean time the king and the Jesuits were not idle. Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, was entrusted with the command of Paris; general officers were sent to Grenelle and Angers; and troops were ordered in from all the barracks fifty miles round. The guards in the city were doubled, and towards the evening bodies of the gendarmerie were stationed about the Bourse and on the Boulevards. The Bank refusing to discount bills, many of the great manufacturers, who felt this to be a proof of want of confidence in the government, at once discharged their workmen, who instantly thronged the streets. Most of the journals on their way to the provinces, containing the obnoxious ordinances, were stopped at the central post-office; and M. Mangin, the detested prefect of police, issued an ordinance on the Monday evening, forbidding the circulation of anonymous writings, and threatening instant prosecution of all proprietors of reading-rooms and cafés who bought or circulated journals printed contrary to Polignac's ordinance. The police, acting on this tyrannical decree, instantly closed almost every café and reading-room, and nearly all the theatres. The Parisian, deprived of his petit journal and his comédie, at one fell swoop, was now ready for any desperate act. Government spies infested every street. The passport offices were crowded by alarmed foreigners; revolutionary songs were forbidden to be sung in the Champs Elysées by the agents of the police. Yet the storm gathered fast. Shops and public buildings were shut earlier than usual. Young men of the tradesmen class paraded the streets with sword-sticks, shouting, "Vive la charte!" Towards night, better dressed men joined them armed with sword-sticks and pistols. Crowds of artisans with bludgeons, rushed along vociferating "Vive la Liberté!" under the windows of the Treasury, at Polignac's hotel, at the Palais Royal, and outside the hotel of Montbel, the Minister of Finance, in the Rue de Rivoli. Charles the Tenth came privately to Paris from a shooting party of several days' duration at St. Cloud, and slept at the Duchess de Berri's. The leaders of the coming revolution spent the night in grave deliberation.

On the Tuesday (July 27) M. Mangin issued an ordinance, describing certain vague outrages committed in Paris by a seditious mob, and ordering citizens to avoid the wretches, to remain in their dwellings "with prudence and good sense," and at night to place lights in their windows. This day the Constitutionnel (seventeen thousand subscribers) was suppressed by the police, and a sentry was placed at the office door, to prevent the distribution of the already printed copies. At mid-day the guards were under arms in the Champs Elysées: while angry men, mounted on chairs, or leaning from windows, read inflammatory papers to the people. Every manufactory was closed, and before one all the shops shut, while troops of gendarmes patrolled at full gallop to disperse the gathering and feverish mob. Troops came pouring in with fixed bayonets. The king was at the Tuileries. In the Place Carousel there were several thousand soldiers, with the lancers of the Royal Guard, and a great many cannon. At the Place Vendôme a strong guard of infantry was placed to protect the column with its badges of royalty from being defaced. The surrounding crowds menaced the troops, and shouted, "Vive la charte!"—"Down with the absolute king!" About four o'clock the gendarmes charged the people in the Palais Royal, drove them out pell-mell with the flats of their sabres, and closed the gates. The storm had begun to break. About five o'clock six or seven young men with sticks tried to stop and disarm a mounted gendarme, who

was carrying a despatch. A platoon of infantry fired a volley, in order to rescue him, the people then dispersed, and let the scared orderly return to his post, but a gendarme was killed by the people. About seven o'clock bands of discharged workmen flocked into Paris from the banlieue, and gave a fresh physical impulse to the rising.

Armourers' shops were instantly broken open and stripped. The Rue St. Honoré was unpaved as far as the Rue de l'Echelle, and two large waggons were overturned in the narrowest part of the street. Some squadrons of lancers charged and dispersed the mob of the Rue St. Honoré, while battalions of the Royal Guard fired up the Rue de l'Echelle and at the church of St. Roche. It being announced in such theatres as were open that the military were firing on the people, the audiences instantly rushed out to join their brethren. The ropes of the street lanterns were cut, and the lanterns were trodden under foot. Some of the people having fallen, a party of artisans bore one of their dead companions through the Rue Vivienne crying "Vengeance! vengeance!" especially as they passed a Swiss post in the Rue Colbert. The blood-stained body was exhibited, stripped, and surrounded by candles, in the Place de la Bourse; the mob shouting savagely the whole time "To arms, to arms!" Several respectable tradesmen now began to appear in the uniform of the disbanded National Guard. They were protected from the prowling gendarmerie, and received with shouts of rapturous welcome. Some of the king's troops left their barracks and joined the revolutionists. At half-past seven in the evening, several young men rushed through the Palais Royal distributing profusely, gratis, copies of Le Temps, Le National, and Figaro. Those who got the copies instantly read them to silent and intent groups. Before this, soldiers had broken into the National office, in the Rue St. Marc, had carried the editor to prison, seized the types, and blockaded the street. The office of the Temps, in the Rue Richelieu, was also broken open. At ten o'clock a guard-house of the gendarmes at the Place de la Bourse was attacked, the guard was expelled, and the place was set on fire.

In the course of the evening, Polignac returned to his hotel, strongly guarded by soldiers, and gave a grand dinner to his odious colleagues, under the protection of a battalion and ten pieces of artillery. Despatches were sent to hurry up more troops to the capital, but several of the departments were already in arms. The Deputies had met and resolved on instantly reorganising the National Guard, and on resistance to the death. A stern manifesto, signed by "the preparatory re-union of free Frenchmen," had also appeared in several journals, declaring Charles the Tenth out of law, and therefore dethroned: the six ministers being pronounced attainted traitors.

On Wednesday, the volcano indeed burst. The shops from early morning were shut and the windows were barred. The tocsin sounded continuously and people flocked in from every faubourg eager for fight. Handbills and revolutionary placards were in every hand, and on every wall. A busy organisation had gone on during the night; more arms were seized and distributed, and small parties of the military were stopped, disarmed, and imprisoned. Vehicles were forbidden in the streets. The cries were:

"Down with the Jesuits! Down with the Bourbons! Death to the Ministers!"

The poorer insurgents who could not obtain swords, muskets, or pistols, tied knives or any cutting instruments, to long poles. Barricades began to rise as if by enchantment. Tri-coloured flags waved in the streets, and nearly every one wore tri-coloured cockades or breast-knots. Still the fool Polignac, girdled with cannon, said to his Jesuits: "Our plan is settled; the rest must be left to the gendarmerie; all this is nothing; in two hours everything will be quiet."

Quiet, indeed! Death is quiet. The telegraphs, including that on the church of the Petits Pères, were dismounted. The people had now defaced almost every defaceable emblem of royalty and burnt many of the movable escutcheons of Charles the Tenth in the Place Publique. A red flag already waved over the Porte St. Denis. On this day, also, a protest appeared, signed by nearly all the Deputies, refusing to consider the dissolution of the Chamber legal. Amid the incessant fire of musketry (for random fighting had now become universal), the following eminent Deputies, General Gerard, Count Lobau, Lafitte, Cassinac, Perrier and Manguin, went to the Duke de Ragusa, and begged him to withdraw his soldiers.

"The honour of a soldier is obedience," the marshal replied: like a Frenchman who thought himself speaking historically.

"And civil honour," replied M. Lafitte, "does not consist in massacring citizens."

The Deputies demanded the revocation of the illegal ordinances. The marshal re-

ferred these terms to Polignac, who at once declared that such conditions rendered any conference useless.

"We have, then, civil war," said M. Lafitte. The marshal bowed, and the Deputies retired.

War now began in earnest. The drums of the National Guard beat "to arms." The tocsin clanged incessantly, and roused the people to madness. At about two o'clock, a cannon on the bridge near the Marché aux Fleurs raked the quay with grape-shot; the people then advanced with fury, and several of the guards fell, and others were led off wounded.

A studious, abstracted-looking person, quietly walking along the quay, with folded arms, was struck dead by a bullet from the opposite side of the Seine. At the corner of an adjoining street, an old man lay, with his back leaning against a wall, apparently asleep in the midst of the incessant rattle of musketry; but he was dead, and the blood was bubbling up from a shot-hole in his lungs. There was tremendous fighting at the Halles, in the Rue St. Denis, where the Royal Guard, strongly posted, were besieged. The people threw up barricades at every outlet, and from behind these impromptu ramparts, from the corners of the abutting streets, and from every adjacent window, blazed furiously and unceasingly at the troops. There was severe fighting, too, in the Rue St. Honoré, opposite the Palais Royal: while at the Place de Grève, the Swiss guards were repulsed with great loss. At the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin, on the quays, all along the boulevards, and at the Place Vendôme, the slaughter was prodigious. In the Rue Montmartre, Marmont himself headed the attack. Collecting his troops in the Place des Victoires, the Marshal charged down the Rues de Mail des Fossés, Croix des Petits Champs, and the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. He then scoured the Rue Montmartre as far as the Rue Joquelet, where the people stood at bay, and every house was turned into a fortress. Black flags waved from several edifices. In the Place de Grève, thousands of people fired at the Swiss. There was firing even from the windows of the Louvre. The soldiers in the Rue Marché St. Honoré shot down many innocent and unarmed people. The Place Louis the Sixteenth was crowded with troops of all arms, from Versailles. A strong park of artillery was placed in position along the garden front of the Tuileries: the cavalry, dismounted, standing by their horses' heads. A party of Polytechnique students mounted guard, and protected the General Post-office, in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau. In the Place Vendôme, General Gerard and two regiments of the line joined the people: who, shouting, "Brave General Gerard, we will never forsake you!" and charging the troops, routed them on the first onslaught, and took possession of their ammunition. At the Porte St. Martin, the women and children unpaved the streets, and carried up the stones to the roofs of their houses, in order to drop them on the military. In the Rue St. Denis, the people captured (to their extravagant delight) two pieces of cannon. The Swiss were everywhere cut to pieces.

At the Hôtel de Ville, the attack was especially furious and determined. Lads from the Polytechnique fought with the foremost, and brought powder for the people. After losing about seven hundred men, the insurgents at last poured into the building, and fought, foot to foot and hand to hand, with the Swiss until they won every room; but more lancers, Royal Guards, gendarmes, and artillery, arriving, the people were defeated, and the Hôtel de Ville was again taken by the Royalists. General Layafette now placed himself at the head of thirty thousand National Guards, who had collected, and advanced with six pieces of cannon. Eight hundred Royal Guards and Swiss, driven from the Hôtel de Ville by the ceaseless fire from every window in the Place, retreated along the quay, sullenly keeping up a deadly file and platoon fire as they retrograded, until, joined by fresh Swiss and guards, one hundred cuirassiers and four pieces of flying artillery, they again advanced to recover the Hôtel de Ville. The cannon loaded with canister produced a terrible carnage. The dead men lay in heaps. The patriots fell back for a time down the Rues de Matroit and du Mouton, and the Royalists were a second time masters of the blood-stained Hôtel de Ville; but the people shouting "Vive la Liberté," "Vive la Charte," broke again, like a thunder-storm, upon the building. Driven back by the furious and repeated charges of the cuirassiers, the insurgents would perhaps have been routed for a time, but for one act of devoted and patriotic courage. A brave lad waving a tri-coloured flag near the suspension bridge, at the Place de Grève, suddenly shouted: "If we must cross this bridge, I will set the example. If I die, remember my name is Arcole!"

He then advanced under a hot fire, and placed a ladder against the façade of a pillar on the Grève side. The lad's courage reanimated the citizens, and they returned at once to the charge; but, at the first volley of the Swiss, the poor boy rolled off the ladder, dead, into the Seine. Forgetting everything at that sight, the people, screaming with rage, rushed forward, drove back the troops, and turned their own cannon upon them. Several hundred horse and guards were slain. The people had already lost twelve hundred, killed or wounded.

In every street where soldiers were likely to come, the old men and children hammered the paving-stones into missiles, and prepared bottles and flower-pots to throw down upon the gendarmes. The gates and doors were always thrown open, to shelter the people when the cavalry charged. The tradesmen's daughters cast and distributed bullets, or attended the wounded. The Bourse was turned into a prison for captured soldiers, and many small parties of Swiss disarmed by the crowds who compelled them to throw them their muskets, were then good-naturedly marched off to the Bourse: a long loaf being thrust under the arm of each prisoner. The Polytechnique lads directed all the evolutions, and drilled the people during the lulls in the fighting. When the bridges were raked by the cannon the people retreated to the colonnades, and enfiladed the regiments as they crowded over the captured bridges. By this time the houses at the corner of the Quai Pelletier and the Place de Grève were riddled, chipped, and starred with bullets, and the corners and fronts were destroyed. At the end of the Rue St. Denis, the people made a bonfire of the window-shutters of the printer of a court paper. Whenever a middle-aged bourgeois appeared in the old blue uniform with the red facings, the stained belt, and rusty firelock, of the old National Guard, he was loudly cheered.

When the fifth regiment stationed on the boulevard was ordered to "make ready," they obeyed the order; but, on the cry "present," they turned their muskets on the colonel, coolly waiting for the word "fire." The colonel instantly broke his sword across his knee, tore off his epaulettes, and retired. The delighted people threw themselves into the arms of the soldiers, and embraced them, shouting, "Vive la Ligne!" When the cavalry of the Guard charged for the first time, an officer at the head of a squadron, with tears in his eyes, cried to the people:

"In the name of Heaven, and for the love of God, go back to your houses!"

The gardes du corps, when ordered to fire at the mob, from the windows of their hotel on the Quai d'Orsai, evidently aimed above the heads of the people; for no one was wounded. In the streets, the soldiers of the line stood gloomy and complaining. The officers looked pensive and uneasy, and at every louder volley shrugged their shoulders and cast up their eyes. The Swiss posted themselves at the corners of the streets, out of reach of the bullets; and, advancing by turns, fired down the road at every one they saw. The people fired from every loop of vantage. Many of the cuirassiers were dreadfully burnt by aquafortis and vitriol, thrown on them by the women from the upper windows. The lancers of the Guard, who had been peculiarly ferocious, were specially obnoxious to the people.

Several women fought in the mob and displayed great courage. As for the boys, they were to the front as usual. One boy, quietly waited with folded arms for a fierce officer of the lancers who rode at him; and the moment the officer came up, the boy shot him dead. Another lad, at the approach of some gendarmes, dived under the foremost horse, and, coming up to the surface again, turned and shot the rider. A third boy (a mere child) crept under the horses of a troop of cavalry until he found room to rise between two dragoons; he then emerged with a pistol in each hand, stretched out his arms, and brought to the ground his right and left enemy. A Blouse, in a snug corner at a barricade in the Rue Richelieu, discharged his rifle eighteen times at a close column of Swiss. Eighteen times he killed his man, and then retired, apparently for want of cartridges. Among French insurgents, there is, of course, always a large percentage of retired soldiers.

M. Staffel, a bootmaker, in the Passage du Teumon, with others, disarmed and saved ten men of the Royal Guard, who would have been massacred. M. Gorgot, an old grenadier, an ancient director of military, in the street St. Germaine l'Auxerrois, seeing a young man of the faubourgs awkward with his musket, begged the use of it for a moment, and, keeping behind a corner of the Café Secrétaire, fired on a column of Swiss that were debouching upon the Place de Châtelet. A Swiss fell. The whole column fired in return at Gorgot,

but with no result. He fired again, and another Swiss fell. About sixty armed citizens then discharged their pieces, and the Swiss column, panic-struck, wheeled round and retired in disorder, leaving the place strewn with dead. At the Rue Planche-Mibray, a brave Blouse, noticing that the steady fire of a single cannon was causing a cruel carnage, cried out "Who will come with me and take that piece? I will only have men who are unarmed." He rushed forward, followed by eight or ten men; but a bullet struck him when he had nearly reached the gun. He was taken to a temporary hospital at the house of a commissary of police. When the ball was extracted, he cried to his comrades:

"Cowards, you abandoned me just when the cannon would have been ours. Follow me, and repair your disgrace!"

He went out again, faced the fire, and in five minutes the gun was in the hands of the people. Twelve hours afterwards, he expired, within a few paces of the spot where he had fought.

The whole of that night the people toiled at throwing up fresh barricades; the walls were built breast high, were four or five feet thick, and they were generally about fifty paces apart. Hundreds of the finest trees in the boulevards were cut down for these barricades; hackney and stage coaches filled up the gaps; and even the great iron gates of the Palais de Justice were taken down and thrown on the heaps. The cafés were shut and barred, and every lamp was extinguished. There was, everywhere, a terrible sense of stern preparation for the morrow.

CHANT OF STORM WINDS.

Come, brothers, come; haste o'er the sea
Lashing its waves to foam;
An army of bodiless spirits are we,
Ever through space we roam;
Ever, ever, pausing never,
Sweeping onward, ever, ever!

Up go the waves, up to the skies,
Clouds scud over the moon,
Down, down sink the billows, and up again rise,
With wild and angry tune;
Restless ever, pausing never,
Madly surging, ever, ever!

Mark as we rush, huge vessels reel
Quiv'ring like paper boats,
The stout ship may shudder from capstan to keel,
Care we if she sinks or floats!
Ever, ever, pausing never,
Fateful brothers we are ever!

The helmsman feels our blinding hair,
Drifting across his face,
But he sees not the talons that rive and tear
In our destructive chase;
Pressing onwards, pausing never,
Felt though viewless, ever, ever!

We snap the cordage, rend the mast,
Flapping to shreds each sail,
Till the mariner sobs to the sobbing blast
From a wreck before the gale;
Fiercely flying, pausing never,
Swooping landwards, onwards ever!

Earth hears the rushing of our wings,
And trembles as we pass;
For we crush the pride of material things
As men's feet crush the grass;
Restless ever, pausing never,
Storm Winds, weird and mighty ever!

Titanic trees we rend in twain,
Whirl roofs like flakes of snow,
Swirl mortals like motes in our mad hurricane,
And castles like cards o'erthrow;
Ever, ever, pausing never,
Potent spirits, dreaded ever!

Sin shudders at our voices wild,
As we rush howling past;
Men stalwart and burly whom guilt hath defiled
Crouch 'neath the searching blast;
Piercing ever, pausing never,
Slumb'ring conscience rousing ever!

Lost spirits, agonised with pain,
To our earth-bound brothers,
Shrieking this summons to join our wild train
"Ye are ours and we Another's."
Ever, ever, pausing never,
Calling souls to us for ever!

Storm spirits, working wreck and woe,
With devastating breath,
Our ban may bring blessing *we* never may know,
Though hand in hand with death;
Ever, 'spite our fierce endeavour,
To His will subdued for ever!

On, brothers, on; with wings unfurled;
Dreaded, not understood;
We are driving pestilence out of the world,
Working not ill but good;
Ever, 'spite our fierce endeavour,
God's own ministers for ever!

THE CHILD THAT WENT WITH THE FAIRIES.

Eastward of the old city of Limerick, about ten Irish miles, under the range of mountains known as the Slieveelim hills, famous as having afforded Sarsfield a shelter among their rocks and hollows, when he crossed them in his gallant descent upon the cannon and ammunition of King William, on its way to the beleaguering army, there runs a very old and narrow road. It connects the Limerick road to Tipperary with the old road from Limerick to Dublin, and runs by bog and pasture, hill and hollow, straw-thatched village, and roofless castle, not far from twenty miles.

Skirting the heathy mountains of which I have spoken, at one part it becomes singularly lonely. For more than three Irish miles it traverses a deserted country. A wide, black bog, level as a lake, skirted with copse, spreads at the left, as you journey northward, and the long and irregular line of mountain rises at the right,

clothed in heath, broken with lines of grey rock that resemble the bold and irregular outlines of fortifications, and riven with many a gully, expanding here and there into rocky and wooded glens, which open as they approach the road.

A scanty pasturage, on which browsed a few scattered sheep or kine, skirts this solitary road for some miles, and under shelter of a hillock, and of two or three great ash-trees, stood, not many years ago, the little thatched cabin of a widow named Mary Ryan.

Poor was this widow in a land of poverty. The thatch had acquired the grey tint and sunken outlines, that show how the alternations of rain and sun have told upon that perishable shelter.

But whatever other dangers threatened, there was one well provided against by the care of other times. Round the cabin stood half a dozen mountain ashes, as the rowans, inimical to witches, are there called. On the worn planks of the door were nailed two horse-shoes, and over the lintel and spreading along the thatch, grew, luxuriant, patches of that ancient cure for many maladies, and prophylactic against the machinations of the evil one, the house-leek. Descending into the doorway, in the chiar' oscuro of the interior, when your eye grew sufficiently accustomed to that dim light, you might discover, hanging at the head of the widow's wooden-roofed bed, her beads and a phial of holy water.

Here certainly were defences and bulwarks against the intrusion of that unearthly and evil power, of whose vicinity this solitary family were constantly reminded by the outline of Lisnavoura, that lonely hill-haunt of the "Good people," as the fairies are called euphemistically, whose strangely dome-like summit rose not half a mile away, looking like an outwork of the long line of mountain that sweeps by it.

It was at the fall of the leaf, and an autumnal sunset threw the lengthening shadow of haunted Lisnavoura, close in front of the solitary little cabin, over the undulating slopes and sides of Slieveelim. The birds were singing among the branches in the thinning leaves of the melancholy ash-trees that grow at the roadside in front of the door. The widow's three younger children were playing on the road, and their voices mingled with the evening song of the birds. Their elder sister, Nell, was "within in the house," as their phrase is, seeing after the boiling of the potatoes for supper.

Their mother had gone down to the bog, to carry up a hamper of turf on her back. It is, or was at least, a charitable custom—and if not disused, long may it continue—for the wealthier people when cutting their turf and stacking it in the bog, to make a smaller stack for the behoof of the poor, who were welcome to take from it so long as it lasted, and thus the potato pot was kept boiling, and the hearth warm that would have been cold enough but for that good-natured bounty, through wintry months.

Moll Ryan trudged up the steep "bohereen" whose banks were overgrown with thorn and brambles, and stooping under her burden, re-entered her door, where her dark-haired daughter Nell met her with a welcome, and relieved her of the hamper.

Moll Ryan looked round with a sigh of relief, and drying her forehead, uttered the Munster ejaculation:

"Eiah, wisha! It's tired I am with it, God bless it. And where's the crathurs, Nell?"

"Playin' out on the road, mother; didn't ye see them and you comin' up?"

"No; there was no one before me on the road," she said, uneasily; "not a soul, Nell; and why didn't ye keep an eye on them?"

"Well, they're in the haggard, playin' there, or round by the back o' the house. Will I call them in?"

"Do so, good girl, in the name o' God. The hens is comin' home, see, and the sun was just down over Knockdoulah, an' I comin' up."

So out ran tall, dark-haired Nell, and standing on the road, looked up and down it; but not a sign of her two little brothers, Con and Bill, or her little sister, Peg, could she see. She called them; but no answer came from the little haggard, fenced with straggling bushes. She listened, but the sound of their voices was missing. Over the stile, and behind the house she ran—but there all was silent and deserted.

She looked down toward the bog, as far as she could see; but they did not appear. Again she listened—but in vain. At first she had felt angry, but now a different feeling overcame her, and she grew pale. With an undefined boding she looked toward the heathy boss of Lisnavoura, now darkening into the deepest purple against the flaming sky of sunset.

Again she listened with a sinking heart, and heard nothing but the farewell twitter and whistle of the birds in the bushes

around. How many stories had she listened to by the winter hearth, of children stolen by the fairies, at nightfall, in lonely places! With this fear she knew her mother was haunted.

No one in the country round gathered her little flock about her so early as this frightened widow, and no door "in the seven parishes" was barred so early.

Sufficiently fearful, as all young people in that part of the world are of such dreaded and subtle agents, Nell was even more than usually afraid of them, for her terrors were infected and redoubled by her mother's. She was looking towards Lisnavoura in a trance of fear, and crossed herself again and again, and whispered prayer after prayer. She was interrupted by her mother's voice on the road calling her loudly. She answered, and ran round to the front of the cabin, where she found her standing.

"And where in the world's the craythurs—did ye see sight o' them anywhere?" cried Mrs. Ryan, as the girl came over the stile.

"Arrah! mother, 'tis only what they're run down the road a bit. We'll see them this minute, coming back. It's like goats they are, climbin' here and runnin' there; an' if I had them here, in my hand, maybe I wouldn't give them a hiding all round."

"May the Lord forgive you, Nell! the childhers gone. They're took, and not a soul near us, and father Tom three miles away! And what'll I do, or who's to help us this night? Oh, wirristhru, wirristhru! The craythurs is gone!"

"Whisht, mother, be aisy: don't ye see them comin' up."

And then she shouted in menacing accents, waving her arm, and beckoning the children, who were seen approaching on the road, which some little way off made a slight dip, which had concealed them. They were approaching from the westward, and from the direction of the dreaded hill of Lisnavoura.

But there were only two of the children, and one of them, the little girl, was crying. Their mother and sister hurried forward to meet them, more alarmed than ever.

"Where is Billy—where is he?" cried the mother, nearly breathless, so soon as she was within hearing.

"He's gone—they took him away; but they said he'll come back again," answered little Con, with the dark brown hair.

"He's gone away with the grand ladies," blubbered the little girl.

"What ladies — where? Oh, Leum, asthora! My darlin', are you gone away at last? Where is he? Who took him? What ladies are you talkin' about? What way did he go?" she cried in distraction.

"I couldn't see where he went, mother; 'twas like as if he was going to Lisnavoura."

With a wild exclamation the distracted woman ran on towards the hill alone, clapping her hands, and crying aloud the name of her lost child.

Scared and horrified, Nell, not daring to follow, gazed after her, and burst into tears; and the other children raised high their lamentations in shrilly rivalry.

Twilight was deepening. It was long past the time when they were usually barred securely within their habitation. Nell led the younger children into the cabin, and made them sit down by the turf fire, while she stood in the open door, watching in great fear for the return of her mother.

After a long while they did see their mother return. She came in and sat down by the fire, and cried as if her heart would break.

"Will I bar the doore, mother?" asked Nell.

"Ay, do—didn't I lose enough, this night, without lavin' the doore open, for more o' yez to go; but first take an' sprinkle a dust o' the holy waters over ye, acuishla, and bring it here till I throw a taste iv it over myself and the craythurs; an' I wondher, Nell, you'd forget to do the like yourself, lettin' the craythurs out so near nightfall. Come here and sit on my knees, asthora, come to me, mavourneen, and hould me fast, in the name o' God, and I'll hould you fast that none can take yez from me, and tell me all about it, and what it was—the Lord between us and harm—an' how it happened, and who was in it."

And the door being barred, the two children, sometimes speaking together, often interrupting one another, often interrupted by their mother, managed to tell this strange story, which I had better relate connectedly and in my own language.

The Widow Ryan's three children were playing, as I have said, upon the narrow old road in front of her door. Little Bill or Leum, about five years old, with golden hair and large blue eyes, was a very pretty boy, with all the clear tints of healthy childhood, and that gaze of earnest simplicity which belongs not to town children of the same age. His little sister Peg, about

a year elder, and his brother Con, a little more than a year elder than she, made up the little group.

Under the great old ash-trees, whose last leaves were falling at their feet, in the light of an October sunset, they were playing with the hilarity and eagerness of rustic children, clamouring together, and their faces were turned toward the west and the storied hill of Lisnavoura.

Suddenly a startling voice with a screech called to them from behind, ordering them to get out of the way, and turning, they saw a sight, such as they never beheld before. It was a carriage drawn by four horses that were pawing and snorting, in impatience, as if just pulled up. The children were almost under their feet, and scrambled to the side of the road next their own door.

This carriage and all its appointments were old-fashioned and gorgeous, and presented to the children, who had never seen anything finer than a turf-car, and once, an old chaise that passed that way from Killaloe, a spectacle perfectly dazzling.

Here was antique splendour. The harness and trappings were scarlet, and blazing with gold. The horses were huge, and snow white, with great manes, that as they tossed and shook them in the air, seemed to stream and float sometimes longer and sometimes shorter, like so much smoke—their tails were long, and tied up in bows of broad scarlet and gold ribbon. The coach itself was glowing with colours, gilded and emblazoned. There were footmen behind in gay liveries, and three-cocked hats, like the coachman's; but he had a great wig, like a judge's, and their hair was frizzed out and powdered, and a long thick "pigtail," with a bow to it, hung down the back of each.

All these servants were diminutive, and ludicrously out of proportion with the enormous horses of the equipage, and had sharp, sallow features, and small, restless, fiery eyes, and faces of cunning and malice that chilled the children. The little coachman was scowling and showing his white fangs under his cocked-hat, and his little blazing beads of eyes were quivering with fury in their sockets as he whirled his whip round and round over their heads, till the lash of it looked like a streak of fire in the evening sun, and sounded like the cry of a legion of "fillapoueeks" in the air.

"Stop the princess on the highway!" cried the coachman, in a piercing treble.

"Stop the princess on the highway!" piped each footman in turn, scowling over his shoulder down on the children, and grinding his keen teeth.

The children were so frightened they could only gape and turn white in their panic. But a very sweet voice from the open window of the carriage reassured them, and arrested the attack of the lackeys. A beautiful and "very grand-looking" lady was smiling from it on them, and they all felt pleased in the strange light of that smile.

"The boy with the golden hair, I think," said the lady, bending her large and wonderfully clear eyes on little Leum.

The upper sides of the carriage were chiefly of glass, so that the children could see another woman inside, whom they did not like so well.

This was a black woman, with a wonderfully long neck, hung round with many strings of large variously-coloured beads, and on her head was a sort of turban of silk, striped with all the colours of the rainbow, and fixed in it was a golden star.

This black woman had a face as thin almost as a death's-head, with high cheek-bones, and great goggle eyes, the whites of which, as well as her wide range of teeth, showed in brilliant contrast with her skin, as she looked over the beautiful lady's shoulder, and whispered something in her ear.

"Yes; the boy with the golden hair, I think," repeated the lady.

And her voice sounded sweet as a silver bell in the children's ears, and her smile beguiled them like the light of an enchanted lamp, as she leaned from the window, with a look of ineffable fondness on the golden-haired boy, with the large blue eyes; insomuch that little Billy, looking up, smiled in return with a wondering fondness, and when she stooped down, and stretched her jewelled arms towards him, he stretched his little hands up, and how they touched the other children did not know; but, saying, "Come and give me a kiss, my darling," she raised him, and he seemed to ascend in her small fingers as lightly as a feather, and she held him in her lap and covered him with kisses.

Nothing daunted, the other children would have been only too happy to change places with their favoured little brother. There was only one thing that was unpleasant, and a little frightened them, and that was the black woman, who stood and stretched forward, in the carriage as before.

She gathered a rich silk and gold handkerchief that was in her fingers up to her lips, and seemed to thrust ever so much of it, fold after fold, into her capacious mouth, as they thought to smother her laughter, with which she seemed convulsed, for she was shaking and quivering, as it seemed, with suppressed merriment; but her eyes, which remained uncovered, looked angrier than they had ever seen eyes look before.

But the lady was so beautiful they looked on her instead, and she continued to caress and kiss the little boy on her knee; and smiling at the other children she held up a large russet apple in her fingers, and the carriage began to move slowly on, and with a nod inviting them to take the fruit, she dropped it on the road from the window; it rolled some way beside the wheels, they following, and then she dropped another, and then another, and so on. And the same thing happened to all; for just as either of the children who ran beside had caught the rolling apple, somehow it slipt into a hole or ran into a ditch, and looking up they saw the lady drop another from the window, and so the chase was taken up and continued till they got, hardly knowing how far they had gone, to the old cross-road that leads to Owney. It seemed that there the horses' hoofs and carriage wheels rolled up a wonderful dust, which being caught in one of those eddies that whirl the dust up into a column, on the calmest day, enveloped the children for a moment, and passed whirling on towards Lisnavoura, the carriage, as they fancied, driving in the centre of it; but suddenly it subsided, the straws and leaves floated to the ground, the dust dissipated itself, but the white horses and the lackeys, the gilded carriage, the lady and their little golden haired brother were gone.

At the same moment suddenly the upper rim of the clear setting sun disappeared behind the hill of Knockdoula, and it was twilight. Each child felt the transition like a shock—and the sight of the rounded summit of Lisnavoura, now closely overhanging them, struck them with a new fear.

They screamed their brother's name after him, but their cries were lost in the vacant air. At the same time they thought they heard a hollow voice say, close to them, "Go home."

Looking round and seeing no one, they were scared, and hand in hand—the little girl crying wildly, and the boy white as ashes, from fear—they trotted homeward, at their best speed, to tell, as we have seen, their strange story.

Molly Ryan never more saw her darling. But something of the lost little boy was seen by his former playmates.

Sometimes when their mother was away earning a trifle at hay-making, and Nelly washing the potatoes for their dinner, or "beatling" clothes in the little stream that flows in the hollow close by, they saw the pretty face of little Billy peeping in archly at the door, and smiling silently at them, and as they ran to embrace him, with cries of delight, he drew back, still smiling archly, and when they got out into the open day, he was gone, and they could see no trace of him anywhere.

This happened often, with slight variations in the circumstances of the visit. Sometimes he would peep for a longer time, sometimes for a shorter time, sometimes his little hand would come in, and, with bended finger, beckon them to follow; but always he was smiling with the same arch look and wary silence—and always he was gone when they reached the door. Gradually these visits grew less and less frequent, and in about eight months they ceased altogether, and little Billy, irretrievably lost, took rank in their memories with the dead.

One wintry morning, nearly a year and a half after his disappearance, their mother having set out for Limerick soon after cock-crow, to sell some fowl at the market, the little girl, lying by the side of her elder sister, who was fast asleep, just at the grey of the morning heard the latch lifted softly, and saw little Billy enter and close the door gently after him. There was light enough to see that he was barefoot and ragged, and looked pale and famished. He went straight to the fire, and cowered over the turf embers, and rubbed his hands slowly, and seemed to shiver as he gathered the smouldering turf together.

The little girl clutched her sister in terror and whispered,

"Waken, Nelly, waken; here's Billy come back!"

Nelly slept soundly on, but the little boy, whose hands were extended close over the coals, turned and looked toward the bed, it seemed to her, in fear, and she saw the glare of the embers reflected on his thin cheek as he turned toward her. He rose and went, on tiptoe, quickly to the door, in silence, and let himself out as softly as he had come in.

After that, the little boy was never seen more by any one of his kindred.

"Fairy doctors," as the dealers in the preternatural, who in such cases were called in, are termed, did all that in them lay—but in vain. Father Tom came down, and tried what holier rites could do, but equally without result. So little Billy was dead to mother, brother, and sisters; but no grave received him. Others whom affection cherished, lay in holy ground, in the old church-yard of Abington, with head-stone to mark the spot over which the survivor might kneel and say a kind prayer for the peace of the departed soul. But there was no landmark to show where little Billy was hidden from their loving eyes, unless it was in the old hill of Lisnavoura, that cast its long shadow at sunset before the cabin-door; or that, white and filmy in the moonlight, in later years, would occupy his brother's gaze as he returned from fair or market, and draw from him a sigh and a prayer for the little brother he had lost so long ago, and was never to see again.

THE GLENGILLODRAM PLOUGHING MATCH.

THERE are only two public events in the course of the year that stir the community of the glen in its length and breadth. One is the Cattle Show,* the other is the Ploughing Match. Glengillodram is famous for cattle, and is equally famous for peerless ploughmen.

The ploughing match occurs in the late autumn, when ways are dank and daylight is brief. As the homely placard on the kirk-yard gate informs us, "the ploughs must be on the ground by eight A.M.," at which hour, the December dawn in our northern latitude has done little more than make the landscape dimly visible. "The ground" one finds to be a large field of even grass land marked off into narrow sections by a number of small wooden pins, with a straight furrow drawn along at either end, leaving a narrow margin outside.

Forty ploughs are to compete; and here, to be sure, they are—forty pairs of plump spirited farm horses, groomed in the highest style of art, some with gaudy ribbons worked into their tails and manes, and all with plough harness polished as if the most expert of shoeblacks had done his best upon it.

Once, on a spring day journey by the London and North-Western Railway, I set myself to reckon up from the carriage window the diversities that might occur, as we passed on, in the style of team used to do the ploughing going on at that busy season. In the course of the journey from London to Warrington, the varieties that presented themselves were amusing. Here, were two horses abreast in the traces, with one leader in front; there, were two leaders in front, and one behind, and then three abreast. Next, three in single file, four in single file, and at last five in single file. Generally, too, it was the wooden plough; and invariably there was one man to manage the plough, and another, or a lad, to drive the team. With the Scottish ploughman it is altogether different. The plough is uniformly drawn by a single pair of horses walking abreast, and the ploughman both guides his plough and drives his team without any assistant. And it must needs be said that his ploughing wears a far more workmanlike look than the zigzag uneven furrows cut by his English brother of the old school: who yet adheres to the numerous team and the antiquated wooden plough.

But the Glengillodram field is now in motion. The forty ploughs have all started, or are starting. They plough in sections, or ridges, of about a furlong in length. At the outset, every ploughman has to cut his "feirin" furrow in the line of the small wooden pins. With what a serious air each competitor bends himself to his task, and how quietly and steadily the well-in-hand teams pull forward! The ploughman has no guide but his eye, closely fixed on the line of pins before him; yet when the other end of the field has been reached by the man we watch, we see that he has drawn a furrow which, if not in the mathematical sense a straight line, is yet so remarkably straight that the eye can detect neither bend nor wrinkle in its whole length. And to be successful in the competition, he must cut every one of the thirty or forty furrows he has to plough equally straight. Nor is that the only requisite. Equality in depth of furrow is one condition of success; equality in width, is another; and not less indispensable are evenness in "packing" the furrows against each other, and neatness in turning out the last narrow strip when the ridge has been pared down, furrow by furrow, till only a mere thread of green runs from end to end of the field.

As the ploughing goes on, the spectators

* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. iii., p. 36.

accumulate. They are not allowed to wander over the field, but they traverse its margin, and closely inspect the progress of the work. Here are the crack ploughmen of the parish: men who knock under to nobody: save in this way, that this year you may beat me, but next year I shall hope to beat you; here are less experienced aspirants, who look forward to a good time coming, when they also shall wear the blue ribbon of their order; here, too, are men of humbler ambition, who yet hope to win a place of some sort among the dozen of prizemen; and a sprinkling as well of rollicking blades who have never been troubled about the high honours of the day, and some of whom are swinging on with the determination to let it be seen that they can plough, if not as well, at least as quickly, as any of their contemporaries.

We find attention strongly centred upon two competitors, whom we quickly come to know as Sandy Macnab and Rory Meerison (if the reader be skilled in comparative philology he will be able to translate the last of the two names into Roderick Morison). They are the champion ploughmen of the parish. After a hard struggle, Rory gained his position as champion, and for several years wore his laurels almost undisturbed, but of late the honours of this veteran have been repeatedly put in jeopardy by his younger rival. And now, as the grizzled, weather-beaten man of fifty steps warily on, with firm hold of his plough-handles, while the pair of sleek handsome bays in front are obedient to his softest whisper, we hear the exclamation: "Eh, mon, but he's makin' bonny wark!" But so, too, is Sandy Macnab. And by-and-bye the remark becomes frequent that if Sandy "dinna spoil himsel' wi' his mids, he is maist sure to get it." The "mids," or finishing furrow, is critical. Rory evidently sees it, gets nervous toward the close of his task, and—poor man!—to his chagrin comes in as second prizeman; for the judges who are let loose on the land as soon as the ploughs are off, point at certain small patches of green surface which he has not turned perfectly down, and award the first prize to Sandy Macnab. "Ah, but Rory was a gran' ploughman, though his han's growin' no sae steady noo," says my sympathising neighbour to his friend; and his friend re-echoes the statement with a long narration of Rory's bygone exploits.

The ploughing match proper is now finished, and the subordinate competition —for which only part of the teams present enter—to decide who has the "best-groomed horses and the best-kept harness," comes next. This competition awakens but a limited amount of interest, compared with the other, inasmuch as it is felt that success in it depends only in part on the ploughman's skill and attention, and in part on the quality of the horses and harness due to the taste or means of the ploughman's master. And so, while the teams depart by this and the other route homeward, the newly-ploughed field continues to be the subject of minute critical inspection. The gathering of onlookers appears to be mainly from the class of ploughmen, or "day labourers," rather than the class of farmers, though there are a few of the latter, just as one or two farmers' sons have entered the lists as competing ploughmen. Generally the spectators are of the order who have had, or expect yet to have, personal experience in walking at the plough-tail. They are of all ages, too: from mere lads to old men bent double by hard toil with spade and pickaxe: and all keenly discuss the doings of the ploughmen with the confidence of those who know what they are talking about. I note particularly one firmly-knit young fellow, with keen grey eyes, rather sprucely dressed in a tweed suit, with shiny leather leggings. He is evidently not a ploughman, and yet he is volubly, and even somewhat dictatorially, pronouncing upon the ploughing to a group of rustics, some of whom endeavour to combat certain of his opinions with not much apparent success. Who can he be? And the query is promptly met. "Oh, it's Tammy Grant." "But who is Tammy Grant?" "Weel," quoth my intelligent and never-failing friend, through whose agency I am here, "he is just the son o' a labourin' man o' the glen. He was a ploughman here himsel' three year ago, an', for his years, a lad o' extraordinar' promise. But he was aye fond o' books, an' drew aside wi' nane mair than the dominie. So ye wouldna' hin'er Tammy to gi'e up the plough stilts, an', aifter a brush up at the parish skule, gae aff to the college to study for the ministry." And I found it even so. Tammy Grant, who was entered of his second year as a student at Aberdeen University, was home for the Christmas vacation, and spending a day with evident zest among his old associates at their wonted employment.

It is not to be supposed that the ploughing match can pass by, without affording some opportunity for social enjoyment.

The dinner on this occasion is a mere private affair. The farmer who has got his field ploughed, will, it is understood, bear the cost of dinner for the judges and such of his neighbours as he chooses to invite: as well as the cost of a light luncheon, consisting of "bread an' cheese, an' a dram," to the ploughmen; but the crowning entertainment is the Ploughman's Ball in the evening.

For the ball, tickets are not required, nor are special invitations necessary. Indeed, the stranger, of decent social standing, who should pass the night in the glen and not attend the ball, would be reckoned no better than an unfriendly churl. And thus, when the business of my lawful calling has led me there, why should not I, too, partake of the pleasures going! For years on years, I understand, the ball has taken place at the elder's farm, and for the good reason that the elder has a large granary, extremely well adapted for the purpose, which he cheerfully clears out and garnishes for the occasion, while he makes it an invariable rule—unless the laird happen to be there—to open the dance in person, with the most mature matron present.

Nine o'clock has come, and a dozen candles in tin sconces light up the spacious granary, around the side-walls of which are ranged "the youth and beauty of the district," as the local newspapers will inform their readers in due season. Among some scores of sturdy lads, I recognise sundry of the competing ploughmen, not omitting the veteran Rory Meerison, who appears to have plucked up his spirits wonderfully. (I understand Rory claims reflected credit as the prime instructor of the man who has this day beaten him.) And he has been at double pains, despite the result of the contest, in combing out his grey whiskers and setting his very high, and very stiff, shirt collar. But, indeed, the gentlemen are all in their "Sunday best," and each has his buxom partner by his side, set off in the nearest practicable approach to her ideal of ball-room style. A sprinkling of the men wear the kilt and plaid, and we number among these the hero of the day, Sandy Macnab, and Tammy Grant, the embryo parson, who affords us indisputable evidence that he is a sound disciple of the school of muscular Christians. A very few of the women affect the tartan too; but the greater part seem to have studied less the material of their dresses than how to achieve a sufficiently violent contrast in colours.

At the end of the granary, on a raised seat, are a couple of fiddlers, and near by them a solemn-looking kilted piper. Screech-screech-screech! The fiddles are in tune, and the floor is filled with waiting dancers. The gentlemen range themselves by their partners, on tiptoe, to begin: when the leading fiddler pushes his fourth finger far up his first string, and brings down his bow with a long-drawn squeak. This is "kissing time;" and, after an attempt more or less successful on the part of each male dancer to kiss his partner's cheek, at it they go! The fiddlers dash into a stirring "Strathspey," and the dancers dance with a will. Reels, "foursome reels," and "eightsome reels," are the staple dances. To face your partner, and dance your "steps" at will, keeping time to the music, and to describe the figure 8 on the floor when a change of position is required, is all the skill needed to make a passable appearance, although the more elaborate style of not a few on the floor would seem to speak of the assiduous professional services of the rustic dancing-master. And now, the musicians change their strain, and give us "quick time," and the dancers become doubly energetic, and the scene becomes doubly animated: the gentlemen taking the change of time as the signal to snap their thumbs rapidly above their heads, and utter a wild "hooch!" Five minutes have passed in this exercise, and the fiddlers pause; some of the gentlemen lead their partners back to their seats, but the greater part of them, and some of the ladies, have a second set-to after exactly the same fashion. And thus the dance goes on. While some are speedily danced out of breath, the energy and vivacity of the younger ploughmen seem only to increase as they urge on the hard-worked fiddlers, and caper through the "eightsome" figure with louder "hooch-hooch's!" than before.

By twelve o'clock all moderate dancers own to some fatigue, and the excellent elder who moves about, now here, now there, as a highly efficient master of the ceremonies, enters his emphatic protest against the efforts of a few of the more boisterous lads to pull reluctant or tired-out people on the floor.

"Come, blaw up, Alister," cries the elder, "an' lat's hae the reel o' Thuilachan. Tammy, get them to the flure."

Forthwith Tammy Grant, dressed, as has been said, in kilt and plaid of the tartan of his clan, picks out three other young fellows wearing "the garb of old Gaul," and one of whom is Sandy Macnab.

Alister the piper, who for the last hour or two has been looking the indignation he feels at the delay that has occurred in calling the native instrument into use, blows up his "chanter" with an air of grave superiority; his "drone" grunts, and grunts again, and at the first wild note that rends the air, the four dancers bow to the ladies of the company, and are off, with the picturesque "Highland fling," into the reel of Thuilachan, which they keep up for the next eight or ten minutes with amazing vigour and skill, while the granary rings from floor to roof with the "skirl" of Alister's bagpipes. The dance ends amid loud acclamations, and there is a general desire to have it repeated. Human limbs and human lungs have a limit to their power, however, and cannot keep it up at this rate. Yet as the four best dancers have just left the floor, there is some difficulty in getting others to succeed them; and after a brief pause they dance the reel again in a more moderate style by way of encore. Then, to gratify the company (and not less to gratify the piper, who is jealous of his reputation as a skilled musician), Tammy Grant consents to dance the Ghillie Callum, over a pair of crossed walking sticks, in place of the traditional crossed swords.

While Ghillie Callum is going on, the elder has disappeared. His duties are multifarious. The time for refreshments has now come; and none but the elder can rightly concoct the toddy. The elder believes in wooden implements for the purpose. Ah! if you but saw the neat little ladles, fashioned of wild cherry tree, with ebon handles, which the worthy man has for private use when his friends are met round his hospitable board! The present is a public, and, so to speak, wholesale, occasion. Therefore there must be a large vessel for mixing, and the elder insists on the use of the wooden bushel measure. Into the bushel he shovels a heap of sugar; and then a "grey beard" jar of the "real Glengillodram mountain dew" is emptied in. Then, water, at boiling point, from the huge copper over the glowing peat fire on the kitchen hearth. And the elder bends him over the steaming bushel, stirs the toddy with a zeal and knowledge all his own, and has it fully tested and proved by the aid of two or three trusted cronies: a second grey beard being hard at hand to supply what may be lacking to give it the desiderated "grip."

Tin pitchers, delft mugs, and crystal jugs, are indifferently called into use for conveying the elder's mixture to the ball-room, where a band of active stewards are speedily at work, handing about supplies of crisp oat cakes and cheese, along with the toddy, which is freely served out to all. Yet let it not be supposed that we drink of it to drunkenness. In the keen air of this upland region, toddy is justly reckoned a kindly liquor, which by itself it never wilfully breaks a man's character for sobriety; we drink of it on that clear understanding.

The hour of refreshment past, dancing is resumed with renewed vigour. By-and-bye some of the more staid heads in the company find opportunities for slipping home to bed; but the flower of the youth and beauty, who deem the Ploughing Match Ball an entertainment peculiarly their own, keep the fiddlers going till three or four o'clock in the morning, when the ball breaks up, and the gentlemen gallantly see their lady partners home. And if the intensity of their enjoyment be not sufficiently marked by the lateness of the hour to which it is protracted, it ought to be by the fact that almost every one of those who have danced on until then will have to commence another day of hard manual labour, within a couple of hours after leaving the ball-room.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A Yachting Story.

CHAPTER XII. IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

The gentlemen now came up, advancing on the ladies in the usual disorderly open skirmishing, as it were, creeping from bush to bush and chair to chair.

Mr. Conway went over to Jessica. "You set me down finely at dinner, and before all the public, too. Was it not cruel, heartless?"

A look of pain came into her face. "You always appear to like taking this bantering tone with me. It seems a little unkind. It is certainly contemptuous. You either dislike, or despise me."

There was something, he thought, strangely attractive in this girl — something he had not met before, and was new to him, "man of the world" as he was. He became natural and genuine at once. "One has to put on a speech and manner for company like a dress suit. Shall I own it? You saw what were my real thoughts. They were with you in all you said; and I cannot tell you how I admire your spirit. I am, indeed, with you; and if you impose, as penance, that I should make public retractation——"

Her face lit up, and filled with a sort of glowing enthusiasm. She had half put

out her hand; then drew it back, blushing. This bit of nature gave that experienced judge, the Hon. George Conway, more delight than anything of human nature he had met in the whole course of his travels. "I knew you would be on the side of what was generous—the side of honour and charity. I know of course what would be said of my taking up this little cause, that it is from jealousy of Miss Panton. You may think so; but I trust not." This she said wistfully. He answered eagerly:

"I believe no such thing. I seem to have known Miss Jessica Bailey for years, and have seen enough of her to admire nearly everything she does."

Jessica's cheek flushed with pleasure. "What, you say this to me—not as a compliment, a formula?"

"I scorn such things, or keep them for such as are worth nothing. I tell you this frankly, Miss Bailey; I have met none like you, and never dreamed of meeting any like you. You have changed a view I held about women. Indeed, I almost blush to think why I came here. You would think very low of me were I to tell you. I thought of 'amusing myself,' as it is called, of enjoying a 'flirtation,' to use that odious word. There was something in you that attracted me at first, but you will never forgive me after this unless——"

Forgive! There seemed to be nothing unforgiving in those eyes of delight and enjoyment. "Only tell me that you think higher and more worthily of me, now that you know me better. It would delight me to hear that from you."

"I could not tell you here what I think," said Conway, in a low voice. This was one of those moments when even the most trained and watchful "man of the world" is thrown off his guard. He hardly knew what he was going to say, when a voice sounded beside them and made both almost start.

She spoke pettishly and bitterly. "I suppose attacking me. You must not mind *her*, Mr. Conway. Every one in this place knows what she thinks of me. She is the radical of this place. But you sided with me to-day, and I knew you would." And she looked triumphantly at Jessica.

The latter smiled, and turned to Conway with a curious look that seemed to say, "Now is the time to give a proof of repentance." He felt he must get on his sackcloth, even to save his credit.

"I behaved deceitfully," he said. "It was only a sham fight. I wished to hear how Miss Bailey would argue her case."

"Oh, you side with her, then. You throw *me* over?"

He laughed. "Really this is such a strange atmosphere of St. Arthur's, I can't understand it. The visitor finds himself called on to choose his side. Two charming young ladies head each a different party, and not about dresses or politics, but about an iron bridge."

"Only about principle, the principle that divides rich and poor, strong and weak, and which is being fought out all over the world. William Tell would not bow to a cap on a pole. Yet the cap, pole, and bow together stood for subjection or freedom."

"Jessica is wonderful at history and Mangnall's Questions. She got the prizes at school," said the young hostess spitefully.

"I never like to think of my school days," said Jessica, looking at her steadily. "But you will mind Mr. Conway more than me, and he will tell you that this is an inconsiderate and an imprudent step, possibly a cruel one."

"Yes," said Conway, gravely, "I *was* a little hasty. I would let the poor souls bring their sandwiches and beer a little longer. It is very inconvenient to become unpopular."

"Then I'll never speak to you again," the heiress said; "and before a week is over, papa's workmen will have taken it away. She—Jessica—Miss Bailey, has been telling her philosophy to you. But wait until you hear my story."

Then she turned and walked away abruptly. Jessica looked after her with triumph. "That was noble on your part," she said, "and indeed I appreciate it! Other men would not have had the courage. I admire you. Now we are friends indeed! There are creatures in this place who abase themselves before wealth, and meanly put the foot that walks upon vast landed estates, upon their heads. There's a fine flourish," she added, laughing.

He was more and more attracted by her curious character. He drew closer to her. "I disdain praise which is not deserved. What would you say if *I* was as bad as the local character you have so graphically described? What would you say if I was one of those who had come here to lift that foot upon my head? What would you say to a man who came here like some careless speculator, too lazy to be eager, but willing, if something turned up, to pick it up? Some would call it 'fortune-hunter.'"

"Never," said Jessica, warmly. "As

well convince me that a crimson curtain is yellow! No; but I will tell you something out of my wisdom. You find some attraction in that rich girl besides her riches."

Conway started: "Miss Jessica Bailey is not turning fortune-teller. Here is my unworthy palm."

"I know that light way of putting serious things aside is thought fashionable; yet, I would be a fortune-teller so far, and say she cannot understand you. She has lived all for herself."

"I seem to have known you long; I know not why. It seems to me as though I had been seeking some one, and I know not how, but in this room I *seem to have found* at last what I seek. It may be but a tone of mind—a humour. You will let me ask you, consult you. You will answer me?"

Now the colour flushed into her face, now it ebbed away. Then it came again. All this was the garden of a new and exquisite Paradise thrown open to her. Now she looked around, then at him quickly, smiling, and scarcely knowing what she did. "Oh, you mean this," she murmured. "Oh, unjust I was! How unkind of me, and how good of you."

"But that answer to my question," he said, reflectively. "Ah, I wonder what that will be?"

Eagerly she answered: "Ah, you cannot doubt it."

There was no shyness, no restraint. The delight and enthusiasm of her hitherto restrained nature broke through all barriers.

"Yes," he went on, "I may at last find at St. Arthur's what I have so long sought. You know what that is; and, yet, how can I tell? Who knows what issue there may be to all this? And I may have to raise the anchor and sail away sullenly and listlessly as I came. I have met so many checks, so many chills."

"It shall not come from me—no, never!" she said, almost aloud, then stopped in the utmost confusion.

The company were rising to go away. Doctor Bailey came up to "drag away" his daughter, and in a very ill humour indeed. With the rumour of Lord Formanton coming, it was necessary that he should, as it were, "prime" Mr. Conway, prepare the ground, &c.; and here was the witless girl, interfering with her childish talk, "taking up" the time and wasting a golden opportunity. "Come away, come away, child; don't keep me all night," was the rude challenge that wakened up the pair.

As the guests dropped slowly away, the two girls said "good night." There was a mingled air of nervous distrust, uncertainty, and dislike in Miss Panton's look, as it were, putting the question, "What have you done or arranged this night?" a question that was answered by the other's air of elation and perfect happiness.

When all had departed, there were left the hostess and her cousin Dudley, she lying back on the sofa, with a worn and dissatisfied look. Her spaniel—for such he was — approached her deferentially. "You are worried," he said, "about something. Tell me what you wish done."

"Nothing that you can do. You saw that low girl's air of triumph as she went off, all because she took possession of Conway, *my* admirer—she and her scheming father."

"He is not worthy a thought," he said, in a low voice. "A mere roving Philanderer."

"Who?" she said, starting up: "Conway? What can you know of him? Oh, you know well that is false."

"He is not worthy of a single thought of yours, at all events."

"Why?"

"Because he has let himself be regularly taken in, as they call it. That parson's daughter, so simple as she affects to be——"

"Tell me what you mean," she said, now standing up, "and don't excite me."

"There is nothing to be excited about, indeed," he said, hurriedly. "More to laugh at. Who would care what became of a man that would choose in that way!"

"And he *has*. What, that girl entrap him, too, and in this house! Oh, insolent! How intolerable, and *how cruel*. But one can laugh at it, as you say."

"It is true. I heard it myself; and he only waits to see his father. But he would not hear of such a thing."

"It was hatred and malignancy," went on the young girl, walking up and down. "She came to this house on purpose. It was to insult *me*. I, that could buy and sell her a thousand times. But wait—wait a little, Dudley. She has not stolen her booty yet."

"No," said Dudley, excitedly. "I can manage *him* for you at any moment."

"That is you all over," she said, scornfully. "You think everything is to be done by violence, blows, and thrashings. Oh, but to deal with her. How am I to hinder her? With all my money, too, and estates,

a wretched parson's girl can do as she pleases, and scoff at me."

"Well, only wait," repeated Dudley—"wait a little, then we shall see."

CHAPTER XIII. FOOD FOR THE GOSSIPS.

He left her sitting there, looking into the fire, beating her hands impatiently. "Only wait." How easily that speech is made. Yet, it is the lever that moves everything — the earth itself. Time, in short, says, "I will help you. Give me your arm." But we turn impatient from that hobbling old dotard: with our hearts in a whirl, boiling and yeasting, we must rush on, or sink down and die—at least, we think so. Waiting has the air of indifference—indifference suggests power and other store of resources—which air piques the bystander and makes *him* impatient.

As they were getting their hats and coats in the hall, a hoarse voice said to Conway: "I want to go back with you, Conway—something to say to you."

"With all my heart," said the other; "I'll give you a seat." Conway had his own "trap," and drove himself. Dudley, who had made the offer, sat beside him and did not speak for some time. Between the two men there had been some coolness, more instinctive than grounded on any real offence; for Conway was "bored" with his glowering looks and his growling manners, and general discontent.

"Look here, Conway," he said, at last; "I was watching you to-night, and I've made up my mind to speak plainly to you."

"But I have made up my mind not to listen to plain speaking. It is always disagreeable."

"Oh, you are ready and free enough with a speech any day, I admit that. But I tell you what, I see your double game, and one at least you sha'n't play, and I won't have it."

"This is really plain speaking. Well!"

"I won't, I can't, have it. Don't I see, don't we all see, how you are hanging between those two girls? You are so tickled because you think you have made an impression on both; you can't make up your mind to come forward and say what you mean, or leave this place like an honest man."

"This is a very strange way of speaking to me, Dudley," said Conway, haughtily. "What should my affairs be to you, whether I ought to go or stay? I should be the last person in the world to think of directing your movements."

"No man has done that yet. But see here. You know I *am* rough, but what I say roughly is only what other men mean, but can say more smoothly. Leave that girl, do. It is an unfair advantage. She has been brought up here, in these backwoods, like a child, like a girl in the fairy tales; and if she have her whim, even for a time, it must be gratified; you know that, as well as I do, and it is not fair to take advantage of it."

"We had better stop this," said Conway, "our acquaintance is slight——"

"But not mine with her. I am as much to her as her brother, or her father. I tell you again it is not fair, it's shabby. They all know here what your design is, and what you and your people would be glad to carry out. *I* know it, and hear more things at a distance than you suspect. I say it is shabby, as I saw you doing to-night, playing off those two girls against each other, so as to get both profit and amusement out of the business.

Conway almost drew up his horse, and stopped his trap. "This is a very strange tone, Mr. Dudley," he said, "and I must beg you will not trouble me with any advice or concern in my affairs. I do not allow it even from members of my own family."

"I am glad you take this tone, because now I can speak plainly as to what I will not allow—as to her. Oh, don't think that I don't know a great deal of these dandy tricks, carrying on with that Bailey's daughter, affecting to be on her side, and her superior wisdom—I suppose laughing at that poor girl's little fancies—and then passing over to *her*. Her fortune would come in very usefully to repair the walls of Formanton. Wait, you must listen. Here is the town, so you may as well. I don't want to be offensive, but to speak out plainly, and I warn you in time, I will *not* have her sacrificed, and I tell you, in time, you shall not do it."

"I suppose being in a man's carriage is like being under one's roof, and there is a certain duty of hospitality involved. Still I am very glad you have taken up this tone, as it will clear the ground considerably. I may speak as plainly as you have done to me."

"Precisely what I should like."

"Well, then, I must tell you that the very fact of your giving such warnings, orders, or whatever you may call them, would be enough, actually enough, to make me continue as I was, persevere in exactly the same course. As a man of the world you surely must see this."

"You refuse, then? Take care!"

"Give me some reason, then! What is

your office of protector to this young lady? Why should you interfere where she and her father do not? You surely give me credit for more sense than to suppose I could pay any attention to such threats? Explain it to me."

"I can explain nothing, except that she is too innocent and holy a creature to be made either a mere player in a game, whether another woman is to be the winner, or to be flung away, a sacrifice on the altar of a mercenary marriage. Yes, Conway, out of the world as I am, I have friends who are well informed, who let me know the rumours and the stories."

"Rumours—stories! This is intolerable! Mr. Dudley, I request you will not interfere with me any more. That answer is final. I have noticed your manner all through—your looks and interference, both to-night and on other occasions. I have spoken reasonably with you, and asked for some justification. You decline to give it. Well, then, I decline to take any notice of your demand."

They were now down by the club-house door, all lit up, and Conway pulled up sharply. "I suppose you will get down here," he said; "and I think it will be for the best that we should not come back to this subject. I give and take always. I shall not venture to interfere with you, but you must not with me."

The door of the club was open, and two or three gentlemen were standing in the blaze of light smoking. Conway jumped down, and walked round by the side of the club to the little pier where the boats landed. Dudley had got down more quickly, and standing at the top of the steps barred the way.

"This will not do, Conway. You must not go to-night before you promise me. Or, better still, go on board now, weigh anchor, sail away, and help your family in some other fashion."

Conway laughed loudly. "I am not mad yet," he said. "This amuses me."

"How dare you laugh at me!" said the other, furiously, and advancing on him: "What do you mean? Don't think you shall insult me, though you can girls. What if I don't let you pass this night?"

Conway began to think he was mad, but his behaviour was logical enough.

"This all passes the limits of forbearance. I have my men below at the boat, and in one second I shall call them. I warn you, change your behaviour—for the last time. Stand out of my way, please. Here, Benson, get this gentleman to leave the way clear."

A large hand griped Dudley's arm and thrust him back from the steps. In an instant he had shaken himself clear.

"You dare set your fellows on me! Take that!" And in a second he was flinging himself on Conway. But the latter was prepared. Always active, he sprang back, and catching Dudley by the collar, deliberately flung him back. The stones were slippery, there was no railing, and the unlucky Dudley went over into the shallow water.

The club gentlemen came running up at the splash, windows were thrown open—the boat was only a yard off, and he was had out in a twinkling.

"My God!" cried Doctor Bailey, always judicious, "keep them apart, or there will be bloodshed. Fetch him out, bring a rope some one—the man will be drowned!"

All this while "the man" was out of the water, standing up, shaking himself, and trying to clear the spray from his eyes.

"Where is he?" he said, rather wildly: "let me see him!" But Benson, the mate, had him by the arm.

"That won't do, master."

"I did not mean that," said Conway, in a loud voice. "And I wish all who have seen the matter to understand that it was quite an accident." With that he walked down the steps into his boat, and was pulled away to his yacht.

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER X. THE MEETING.

WHEN Maud, following her conductor, reached the door of the sitting-room, she stopped the servant by a quick gesture from opening it and announcing her.

"I am expected," she said, almost in a whisper. "I will go in by myself."

She entered a large, dimly-lighted room. The furniture, always sombre, had once been also rich, but was now merely dingy. A fire burnt in a low, wide grate at one end of it. On the tall, old-fashioned mantelpiece stood a couple of branch candlesticks, holding lighted wax tapers. From their position, these illumined only the upper part of the room; the rest was more or less in deep shadow. There was a large arm-chair drawn to one side of the fireplace. Its back was toward the principal door of the room. But one entering from the staircase could see the long draperies of the occupant of the chair, against which a white drooping hand was strongly relieved.

Maud stood still for a second. Not for longer than a second; for, almost immediately, she closed the door behind her; and the noise, though slight, attracted the attention of the solitary person who sat there. Maud had but an instant in which to observe her melancholy drooping attitude, when the lady turned her head, peering into the dimness of the distant part of the room, and suddenly rose and leaned with both hands on the back of her chair.

"Veronica!"

Veronica drew in her breath with a great gasp, almost like a sob, and held out her arms. In an instant Maud held her in a close embrace, kissing her and crying over her with a gush of unrestrained tears.

But Veronica stood as silent as a statue, straining the other tightly in her arms, tearless, and with ice-cold hands and lips, until all at once she pressed Maud down into the chair, and sank on to the floor at her feet in her old familiar posture, burying her face on Maud's knees.

Presently Maud spoke. "Dear Veronica, will you not get up and sit beside me? I want to see you."

Veronica raised her head.

"And I want to see *you*, Maudie. It all seems unreal. I can't believe that I am hearing your voice."

She slowly rose up from the floor, and stood bending a little over Maud, and holding her hands. Both girls were in deep mourning. Maud wore a plain merino gown, trimmed with a little crape. Veronica's rich rustling silk robe swept the ground, and was elaborately adorned with all the art of a Parisian dressmaker. Jet gleamed mysteriously here and there upon it, and its deep crape trimming was of a very different texture and quality from that which Maud wore.

Veronica fixed her eyes on Maud's face. The latter was rather pale, and her eyes bore traces of the tears they had just shed. But she was still the same Maud whom Veronica had known and loved. Her bright hair shone like a golden-tinged cloud at sunset above her black garments. There was the broad clear brow, the mobile mouth, the earnest blue eyes, unchanged in the character of their expression.

On her side, what did Maud see?

A face undeniably, strikingly, beautiful;

but with its chief beauties all exaggerated, as it were, in some undefinable way. Veronica's figure was a little fuller than it had been. And the tendency to heaviness about her cheeks and jaw had slightly developed itself. Her thick eye-lashes were intensely—it seemed almost unnaturally—black. The semicircle of her jetty brows was defined with the hard precision of a geometrical line. Her glossy hair was pulled down in waves as accurate as those that edge a scollop-shell, so as to leave visible scarce a finger's breadth of forehead—an arrangement which at once lowered, and made ignobly sensual, the whole type and character of her face. Her cheeks and lips were tinged with a vivid red. Her once supple waist was compressed into a painfully small girdle. In a word, Artifice had laid its debasing hand on her every natural grace and beauty.

A "thing of beauty" painted, pinched, padded, yielded up to the low devices of coquetry, becomes not a "joy," but a toy, for ever. And then, with the contemptible and grotesque, what tragedy is mingled, when we see a living human soul prisoned behind the doll's mask, and fluttering its maimed pinions against the base enamelled falsehood. Such a soul looked out of Veronica's lustrous eyes into Maud's as they remained gazing at each other, hand in hand.

"I would ask you to forgive me, Maud," said Veronica, "but that I think you are happy."

"To forgive you, Veronica?"

"To forgive my depriving you of your fortune," said Veronica, quickly. "That is what I mean. But you never coveted wealth."

Veronica had, unconsciously to herself, acquired the habit of assuming with complacent security, that whosoever refrained from grasping at an object, or repining at its loss, must be indifferent to it, and exempt from any combat with desire: like those savages who, modern travellers tell us, are incapable of conceiving any check to tyranny, save the limit of power to tyrannise.

"Don't speak of that dreadful money!" cried Maud, impulsively. "I hate to think of it."

Veronica dropped Maud's hands, drew back, and seated herself on a low prie-dieu. There was an air of self-assertion in her nonchalant attitude, and she toyed carelessly with a magnificent diamond ring that glittered on her finger.

"Dear Veronica," said Maud, clasping her hands together as they lay on her lap, "it does indeed seem, as you say, like a dream. All that weary, weary time—Oh, my poor Veronica, if you could know how we missed you and mourned for you!"

Maud did not realise as yet how far apart they two were. Veronica's life during her absence from England was unknown to Maud. She imaged it confusedly to herself, as a time of disappointment, remorse, and sorrow. The two girls had always been very different even in childhood. But the courses of their lives had been parallel, so to speak; and as time brought to each character its natural development, they did not seem for a while to grow more widely sundered. But from the day of Veronica's flight—and doubtless for many a day previous, only that the divergence up to that point was too slight and subtle to be observed—the two lives had branched apart, and tended ever further from each other, to the end. Veronica was more sensible of this than Maud. She felt instinctively that the downward-tending path she had been pursuing was not clearly conceivable to Maud. Nor in truth had the latter any idea of the degrading flatteries, the base suspicions, the humiliating hypocrisies, the petty ambitions, the paltry pleasures, and corroding cares, ennobled by no spark of unselfish love, which had made up the existence of the vicar's daughter.

The one had been journeying through a home-like country, which never in its dreariest parts quite lost the wide prospect of the sky, or the breath of pure air; although the former might drop chill rain, and the latter might blow roughly, at times. The other had plunged into a tropical jungle: beautiful on its borders with gay birds and flowers; but within, dark, stifling, and deadly.

Veronica was conscious of a shade of disappointment on once more beholding Maud. She was disappointed in herself. She had been moved and startled by the first sight of Maud; but no tears had welled up from her heart into her eyes. No deep emotion had been stirred. She felt, with a sort of unacknowledged dread, that she had grown harder than of old. She had yearned for the luxury of genuine feeling, and recalled the sweetness of impulsive affectionate moments when she had forgotten, by Maud's side, to be vain and selfish. But now the springs of pure tenderness seemed to be dry. She was uneasy until she could assert her grandeur, her success, her

triumph. She wished to love Maud, and to be loved by her; but she also wished that Maud should be brought to see and to acknowledge how brilliant was her fortune, how great a lady the Princess de' Barletti would be, and how far above pity or contempt she had raised herself.

She had written, perhaps too humbly, to Hugh Lockwood, dashing off the note without stopping to weigh her words. If so, she must let them all see that she was no penitent to be pardoned and wept over, but a woman who had gained what she aimed at, and who understood its value.

She turned the flashing diamond round and round on her finger, as she answered slowly, "You *mourned* for me? Yet you did not answer my letter! Your mourning cost you little trouble."

"Not answer your letter! Indeed, Veronica, I did. And on my own responsibility, and at the risk of offending—— at some risk. Did you never get my answer?"

The blood rushed into Veronica's face as she listened, and a suspicion of the truth crossed her mind: namely, that Maud's letter had been suppressed by Sir John Gale. But she merely said, "Never. I never heard from any one at home, although I wrote several times. If you did write," she paused and changed her phrase after a quick glance at Maud's face: "since you did write, your letter must have gone astray in some way."

"Oh, Veronica, how cruel you must have thought me! And yet—you could not, surely, think me so? You did not doubt my affection for you?"

"Oh, I alternately doubted and believed all sorts of things. Well; it is over now."

"Dear Veronica, I have been told—Hugh told me of his interview with those gentlemen to-day. And we are both unfeignedly relieved and thankful to know that—that—that your claim will be established."

"Although you lose by it! There was no doubt of the illegality of the will. Any court would have given the case in my favour. But I am not the less sensible," added Veronica, after an instant's hesitation, "of your generous forbearance. To have gone to law would have been very terrible—for every one."

"It should never have been done with my consent. Veronica, you have not asked—you have said nothing about—Uncle Charles. Did you fear to ask? He is well, thank God."

"I had heard that my father was alive and well from Mr. Frost. I hope he is also a little less obdurate against his only child than he was."

Maud was shocked by the hardness of the tone in which this was said. Veronica's manner altogether was unexpectedly chilling after the warmth of her first embrace, and the tenour of the note she had written.

"He has been very unhappy, Veronica."

"I regret it: although *my* unhappiness seems to have been indifferent to him."

"As you begged in your note that no word should be said of it to any one, we did not even tell Uncle Charles that——"

"Tell him? Is he here, in London?"

"Yes, dear. Did you not know it? Ah, I am glad you did not know it! That explains. If you had known he was here, you would have asked to see him, would you not?"

Maud's eyes were full of tears as she spoke, and she took Veronica's hand in both hers caressingly.

"Papa is here! You have been with him quite lately—to-day?"

"Yes. I left him at Gower-street. You will not be angry, dear, when I tell you that, as you had made no sign, we had resolved—Hugh and I—to say nothing to your father about all the trouble, now past and over, until he should be at home again in Shipley. I am going back with him. And then, when we were quietly together in the old house, I should have told him."

"Then papa does not know that I—that Sir John Gale is dead?"

"No; he has lived quite secluded from the chance of hearing it."

"What brought him to town?"

Maud cast her eyes down, and her voice sank as she answered: "He came for Aunt Hilda's funeral."

There was a painful silence. Even Veronica's egotism was dumb before all the considerations connected with those words. Presently Maud said, "But now you will try to see your father before we go away, will you not, dear Veronica?"

Veronica was agitated. She rose from her chair, and walked quickly about the room. Then she returned to Maud's side, and, bending over her, kissed her forehead.

"Maudie, Maudie, do you think he has any love left in his heart for me?"

"Yes, dear Veronica; I am sure he loves you. Do not let that doubt stand between you."

"No; but I had intended something different. I meant, of course, to see papa. I meant to try to see him later, after I——. I believe it will be best that I should not see him yet."

"Will that be quite right, Veronica?"

"I must act according to my own judgment, and the judgment of those who have a right to advise me."

Maud looked at her in sorrowful surprise. Veronica's tone had changed again to one of haughty coldness. And who were they who had "a right to advise" her?

"I think," said Maud, gently, "that any one would advise you to relieve your father's mind as soon as possible. Think what he has suffered!"

"I will write to papa when he gets to Shipley," returned Veronica, after a pause. "And I believe that will be best on the sole ground of consideration for him. I do, indeed, Maudie. But now tell me about yourself."

"There is little to tell. My great good news you know already."

"Great good news? No.—Oh, stay. You mean your engagement?"

"What else should I mean?" answered Maud, while a bright blush came into her pale cheek, and her eyes shone, as she looked at Veronica, with bashful candour.

"Is it really such good news? He is a man of no family, and——"

"Veronica! Do you speak seriously? He comes of honest people, I am glad to say. But if he did not, he is *he*. And that is enough for me."

"You never cared about your own ancestry. But, then, Mr. Lockwood is quite poor."

"Not poorer than I am," said Maud. The next instant she feared that the words might be taken as a complaint or a reproach to Veronica, and she added, quickly, "I never expected riches. I always knew that I should be poor. I had no right to look for wealth, and, as you said yourself, I do not covet it."

"No; not wealth, perhaps. But look here, Maudie; I shall come and put myself at your feet as I used to do. I can talk to you better so. It will seem like old times, won't it?"

But the gulf that divided the old times from the new, was forcibly brought to Maud's mind by the fact that Lady Gale cautiously fastened the door that led into her bedroom, where her maid was sitting, lest the woman should enter the drawing-room and surprise her mistress in that undignified posture. Further, Maud observed, that Veronica, by sitting on a low stool at her feet, was not compelled to meet her eyes, as she had done when they had conversed together before.

Veronica's rich draperies flowed over the dingy carpet as she placed herself on the footstool, with her head resting against Maud's knees. Maud timidly touched the glossy coils of hair that lay on her lap. And her pale, pure face shone above them like a white star at twilight.

"Now, Maudie," began Veronica, in a low voice, that had something constrained in its sound: "I don't want to speak of the past year. You got my letter—thanks to little Plew, poor little fellow—although I did not get your answer. You know the contents of that letter. They expressed my genuine feeling at the time. Beyond having left Shipley without papa's knowledge, I consider that I have nothing to reproach myself with."

Maud gave a little sigh, but said nothing.

The sigh, or the silence, or both, annoyed Veronica; for she proceeded, with some irritation of manner: "And I do not intend to be reproached by others. Evil and trouble came truly, but they were none of my making. I was the victim and the sufferer. I was entitled to sympathy, if ever woman was. But throughout I kept one object in view, and I have achieved it. I shall be replaced in my proper position in the world—in a position far loftier, indeed, than any one could have prophesied for me."

All this was inexpressibly painful to Maud. Instead of the trembling gratitude for deliverance from obloquy; instead of the ingenuous confession of her own faults, and the acknowledgment of undeserved good fortune, which she had expected to find in Veronica, there was a hard and hostile tone of mind that must be for ever, and by the nature of it, barren of good things. Maud was very young; she had her share of the rashness in judgment that belongs to youth. But, besides that, she had a quality by no means so commonly found in the young—a single-minded candour and simplicity of soul, which led her to accept words at their standard dictionary value. She made allowance for no depreciation of currency, but credited the bank whence such notes were issued, with an amount of metal exactly equivalent to that expressed by the symbol.

That Veronica, in speaking as she did, was fighting against conscience, and striving to drown the voice of self-reproach, never occurred to Maud Desmond. She was grieved and disappointed. She dared not trust herself to speak; and it was the strength of her constant, clinging

affection that made Veronica's speech so painful.

Veronica continued: "You must not think that I mean to be unmindful of you, Maud, in my prosperity. I know that in a measure I may be said to have deprived you of a fortune, although, had it not been to injure and cut me to the quick, that fortune would never have been bequeathed to you."

"Veronica! I implore you not to speak of that odious money! I had no claim to it in justice, no desire for it. For Heaven's sake let us be silent on that score!"

"No," returned Veronica, raising herself a little on her elbow as she spoke, and looking up at the other girl, with cheeks that revealed a deeper flush beneath the false colour that tinged them: "no, Maud, I cannot consent to be silent. I have made up my mind that you shall have a handsome dowry. It should have been a really splendid one, if all the money had come to me. As it is, I dare say Mr. Lockwood will be——"

Maud put her trembling hand on Veronica's lips. "Oh, pray, pray," she said, "do not speak of it! Dear Veronica, it is impossible! It can never be!"

Veronica removed her arm from Maud's knee, a dark frown knitted her brows for an instant, but almost immediately she said lightly, as she rose from the floor: "Oh, Maudie, Maudie, what a tragedy face! Don't be childish, Maudie. I say it must be. I shall not speak to you on the subject. Mr. Lockwood will doubtless be more reasonable."

"Do not dream of it! You do not know him."

"I am not in love with him," retorted Veronica, smiling disdainfully; "but that is quite another thing!"

However, she suddenly resolved to say no more on the subject to Maud. She had another scheme in her head. She could not quite forget Hugh's old admiration for herself, and she meant to seek an interview with him. She would do no wrong to Maud, even if Hugh were to put aside for a few moments the perfectness of his allegiance. But—she would like to assert her personal influence. She wished him to bend his stiff-necked pride before the power of her beauty and the charm of her manner. And in so wishing, she declared to herself that her main object was to be generous to Maud, and to give her a marriage portion.

"Maudie, let my maid take your hat and cloak. This room is warm. We must have some tea together," she said, going towards the door of her bedchamber as she spoke.

"No, Veronica, I cannot stay. And pray don't call any one. I could take off my hat and cloak myself, if need were."

"You cannot stay? Oh, Maud!"

"Hugh will come for me at nine o'clock. And I promised to be ready."

"He is a bit of a tyrant, then, your Hugh?"

Maud shook her head and smiled faintly.

"Do you love him very much, white owl?"

The old jesting epithet, coming thus unawares from her lips, touched a chord in Veronica's heart, which had hitherto remained dumb. She burst into tears, and running to Maud, put her arms around her, and sobbed upon her neck. Maud was thankful to see those tears; but for some time neither of the girls said a word. Then Maud began to speak of Hugh: to say how good he was, how true, honest, and noble-minded, and how dearly she loved him. And then—still holding Veronica's head against her breast—she spoke of the vicar, of the folks at Shipley, and gave what news she could of all that had passed in her old home since she left it. She tried, with every innocent wile she could think of, to lead Veronica's thoughts back to the days of her childhood and girlhood, that seemed now so far, so very far away.

"I shall never see the old place again, Maudie. Never, never! But, dear white owl, I have something to tell you. I—I—how shall I begin? I found a relation in Naples: a cousin by my mother's side."

"Was she good to you? Did you like her, dear?"

"It isn't my fault, it is the fault of your stupid English language, if I was unable to convey to you at once that my relative is—is cugino, not cugina. Don't look so amazed!"

"I didn't mean to look amazed, dear Veronica."

"Well, this cousin—Cesare his name is—is a Principe de' Barletti. Barletti, you know, was mamma's name. And he is a good fellow, and very fond of me, and—I mean to marry him by-and-bye."

"To marry him?"

"Yes."

"And—and he is good, you say? and you really love him?"

"Oh, yes; I—I love him of course. And he is *devoted* to me. We do not speak

of our engagement as yet; because—you do not need to be told why. But I shall assuredly be Princess de' Barletti, Maud."

Maud's mind was in such a chaos of astonishment that she could hardly speak. It all seemed incredible. But she clung to the only hopeful point she could discern, and repeated once more, "He is good, and you do really love him, Veronica?"

"I tell you there is nothing in the world he would not do for me," said Veronica, a little sharply.

Her soft mood was wearing away. Maud did not show herself sufficiently delighted: by no means sufficiently impressed. Astonished she was, truly. But not quite in the right manner.

"And—and is he in Naples now, your cousin?"

"In Naples!" still more sharply. "Certainly not. He is here."

"Oh! I did not know it. I had not heard of it, Veronica."

"I had no other male relative to whom I could look for due protection and support," said Veronica, with some bitterness.

At this moment a servant appeared, saying that Miss Desmond was waited for.

"I must go, dear. Indeed I must," said Maud, springing up. "And I have not said half that I wanted to say to you. I will write. Tell me where I can write to you."

Veronica dismissed the servant who was lingering near the door, and bade him say that Miss Desmond would come immediately. Then she kissed and embraced Maud, and told her that a letter sent to the care of Mr. Simpson would always find her.

"God bless you, Maudie! Thank you for coming. How you hasten! Ah, this Hugh *is* a tyrant! Cannot he be kept waiting for a moment?"

"Good-bye, dear Veronica. Think of what I have said about Uncle Charles! If you would but try to see him before we go. God bless you. Good-bye!"

Maud drew down her veil to hide her tearful eyes as she went swiftly down the staircase. Veronica stole out after her, and looking over the banisters into the lighted hall, saw Hugh Lockwood standing there: saw Maud run up to him: saw the face of protecting fondness he turned upon the girlish figure at his side: saw the quiet trustful gesture with which she laid her hand upon his arm, and they went away together. And then Veronica Lady Gale turned back into her own room, and throwing herself on her knees beside the chair that Maud had sat in, and burying her hot face in its cushions, yielded herself up to a tearless paroxysm of rage, and yearning, and regret. And the staid Louise was much surprised next day to find her mistress's delicate cambric handkerchief all torn and jagged—just, she declared, as though some creature had bitten it.

PARIS IN 1830.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

In the desperate onslaughts of Wednesday many of the people lost their lives by their own impetuosity. Those who were behind, furiously drove on pell-mell, trampling down, and crushing to death, those who had fallen, either from stumbling, or from shot, bayonet, or lance. This was especially the case near the great Greek façade of the Madeleine. When the storm of fighting had passed, there remained on that spot a ghastly mound of one hundred and fifty bodies of men who had lost their foothold, and been literally trodden to death. It was hot July weather, and within two hours these began to decompose. During the night they were removed and buried.

On Wednesday evening Lady Stuart de Rothesay left Paris, and the English began to depart in crowds: many of them, as the bureaus were closed, and no passports were issued, without passports. At the barriers the people stopped them, made them cry "Vive la Charte!" and tore the fleur-de-lis from the jackets of their postillions. Charles the Tenth had issued orders that no mails should pass the barricades to disseminate news of the insurrection in the provinces; but a regiment that had gone over to the people, took charge of the London mail, and gave it a safe escort. The military were depressed and inactive, but the barricade-building went on faster than ever. That night the Prefect of Police left Paris: almost mad with rage and fear.

On Thursday, at daybreak, the tocsin clanged again, and the people gathered faster and faster. The military massed close round the great piles of the Louvre and the Tuileries. The Swiss and Guards were chiefly sheltered in the houses in and round the Rue St. Honoré. The National Guards gathered on the boulevards and in the Place de Grève. Nearly every lad in the Polytechnique School had now joined the people, and dispersed themselves to lead the various attacks. In the Rue Richelieu, and all round the Rue St. Honoré, the two

parties, Royalists and insurgents, stood face to face. The Tuileries Gardens were closed. In the Place du Carrousel were three squadrons of the detested Lancers, a battalion of the Third Regiment of the Garde, and a battery of six pieces. The Tuileries and Louvre were occupied by Swiss regiments: a few of the men were quietly eating their breakfasts, but all were ready to seize their piled arms and fall in. In an hour the people had gathered in tremendous force, and, the whirlwind breaking on the Hôtel de Ville, it was attacked, carried, and henceforward became the base of the whole movement. The depôts of artillery in the Rue du Bac (St. Thomas d'Aquin) were also stormed, and the cannon were carried off to important points: where they were worked by the Polytechnique youths with astonishing coolness, precision, and effect.

While Force and armed Right were thus battling to the death, Reason and Justice held calm debate. The greater part of the deputies in Paris had assembled at M. Laffite's, and proclaimed General de Lafayette commandant-general of the National Guard. The old patriot at once accepted the command, and invited the mayor and municipal committees of every arrondissement to send officers to the Hôtel de Ville to receive his orders. Lieutenant-General Count Gerard was at the same time appointed commandant-general of the regular forces of France. The municipal commission was also appointed as a provisional government. The members were Audry de Puiraveau, Count Gerard, Jacques Laffitte, Count de Lobau Mauguin, Odier, Casimir Perrier, and De Schoner.

General Dubourg at the same time took voluntary command at the Hôtel de Ville until General Lafayette should be installed in his new functions. Dubourg was then sent to guide matters at the Bourse. The Provisional Government made the following appointments: Guizot, Public Instruction; Gerard, Minister of War; Sebastiani, Foreign Affairs; Duke de Broglie, Interior; Vice-Admiral Mignet, Marine; Baron Louis, Finance; Dupin, senior, the Seals; Bavoux, Prefect of Police; Chardel, Post Office; De Laborde, Prefect of the Seine.

Lafayette also re-organised the National Guard, and ordered the colonels or chiefs of battalions to present themselves at the Hôtel de Ville. Two regiments of the garrison now came over to the people. The Bourse was turned into a state prison and hospital. The place in front was chosen as a depôt of arms and a rallying point for the people.

A large body of citizens, headed by National Guards, marched to attack the Swiss and Royal Guards, posted in the Rue de Richelieu and Rue St. Honoré. The people marched on for some time surprised and almost alarmed at not seeing a single soldier. The earth seemed to have swallowed them up. Suddenly, as the citizens passed the Théâtre Français, the windows of the houses opposite the theatre and behind the detachment, flew open, and a deadly fire was discharged by three or four Swiss stationed at each window. The dead fell in heaps in front of the theatre. The citizens, receding behind the pillars of the theatre, opened a dropping Indian fire on their ambuscaded assailants. At the end of about an hour, the soldiers capitulated, and forty of them were instantly marched off to the depôt at the Bourse, while those who had families were allowed to go and dine with them on parole.

There was still tremendous fighting on the Quai Pelletier, whence the surges of people were driven back towards the Place de Grève and the Hôtel de Ville. A small party of elderly National Guards, with a courage only equalled by the Polytechnique boys, opened a steady fire on masses of the Garde Royale (horse and foot), the regiments of the line looking on gravely, like neutrals. The royal troops next attacked the Polytechnique lads, in order to carry off the cannon; but the students called out:

"They don't know their trade. We shall defeat them."

The military had made a blunder. Attacking in front instead of making harassing diversion on their enemies' flanks, they were defeated with terrible carnage. In the mean time the people of the Faubourgs St. Antoine and Marceau were fighting with pikes, and even with ruder weapons; thousands of women and unarmed people looking on and encouraging the insurgents.

The people, being fired on from the windows of the archbishop's palace, attacked it, and, finding stands of arms and powder in the state apartments, destroyed some of the furniture, and either threw the rest into the Seine or sent it to the Hôtel Dieu for the accommodation of the wounded. Half the plate went into the river; the rest was sent to be taken care of in the Hôtel de Ville. No pillage was allowed. Two or three men detected pilfering were shot on the spot.

The typhoon soon burst upon the Louvre.

It was getting nearer and nearer to the king and his Jesuits. The Swiss had been posted since daybreak; three behind every double column on the first floor. At every window and behind every parapet stood watchful soldiers. Barricades soon rose round the great building, especially at the end of the Rue des Poulies: a narrow short street leading from the Rue St. Honoré; on this barricade the Swiss maintained a galling and incessant fire for several hours. Some citizens kept up a fire from an adjacent window in return; but it was inefficient, and the blouses fell fast.

The attack on the Louvre was a simultaneous one at three points: on the side of the grand front, opposite the Pont des Arts, and at the entrance of the Place du Carrousel, by the river side. In the heat of the assault two daring and catlike blouses, following two National Guards, climbed the barrier, and, springing forward, gained the iron railings enclosing the front of the Louvre, then throwing themselves down under covert of a dwarf wall, about two feet and a half high, they began to open fire upon the troops, shouting, "Vive la Nation!" Many friends of the climbers joined them, and so pushed forward the attack. A young man incited by their example, climbed the gate and forced it open, followed by about two hundred of his companions, in spite of heavy and concentrated volleys of musketry. The main body, not to be outdone, soon followed, and before this angry inundation the Swiss fled headlong into the Tuileries, and in a few minutes the tricolour waved from the windows. The Swiss who laid down their arms were marched off quietly to join their comrades in the Bourse.

A swarming body of some six thousand men now fell on the Tuileries. The onslaught commenced in the Garden of the Infants, where two regiments of Royal Guards were posted. The Royal Guards mowed down the first rank of citizens, but an irresistible deluge then swept the soldiers back. In the midst of the furious rolling fire the iron railings of the palace were rapidly and resolutely hammered down. Still resistance at many points was bloody and obstinate, and from the Pavilion of Flora a constant firing was kept up by the Swiss, on the Pont Royal. Incessant musket shots came also from the apartments of the Duchesse d'Angoulême. A breach was at last made along twenty feet of the railing, on the Rue Rivoli side. The blouse who first entered a lower window of the long-dreaded Pavilion of Flora fell out again, grappling with two Swiss for life or death. Then the crowd surged in, and all was over. Instantly from many windows showers of torn-up proclamations and broken furniture were tossed on to the Quai, and tricoloured flags waved rejoicingly from the summit of the grand central pavilion. Thousands of armed and unarmed men scampered like mad schoolboys up the resounding staircases. A crowd of rough burly fellows, penetrating into the bedroom of the Duchess of Berry, sniffed at the scented soaps, and tore down the satin bed-hangings. The portraits of fat Louis the Sixteenth, sentimentally distributing alms on a winter's day, and that of Louis the Eighteenth (the corpulent old epicure, who, some wit of 1814 said, looked like both the father and the mother of his people) were respected; but the portrait in the Salle des Maréchaux, of Marmont, the detested, was in a moment torn down and stamped to pieces. The throne-room and the king's bedroom were explored, but nothing was stolen. In the excitement of the first rush some of the leaders tore down the red silk curtains, and slashed them with their swords into flags or sashes, while others broke down some of the gilt mouldings for pike staves. The victors also flung quantities of birds of paradise feathers, and rich millinery, contemptuously out of window. A lucky blouse at last stumbled on his majesty's private stock of wines. The day was burning, and fighting is warm work. The conquerors had been drinking Seine water from wooden bowls. The temptation was irresistible. They knocked the necks off the bottles, and gulped down the fine Madeira. But there was no other plundering. M. Eugene Lovat, who had been at the head of the assailants, remained in the palace until night, with his pistols in his hands, guarding the property.

"Restez tranquille, mon capitaine," cried a blouse. "We have changed our governments, but not our consciences."

In many instances the forbearance reached an extraordinary height. Two artisans, who first broke into the apartment of the Duchess of Berry, discovered a bronze casket containing a large sum in gold. They tried to carry the treasure to the Hôtel de Ville, but finding it too heavy, rested in the court of the Louvre, and begged the aid of a passing citizen. The three men deposited their burden in the Hôtel de Ville, without claiming or receiv-

ing any reward. One man, found plundering, was shot at the gates of the palace. Others, caught pilfering, were stripped and chastised. Two workmen, who found in one of the royal apartments a pocket-book containing a million of francs, delivered it up without even giving in their names. The universal cry was, "We come here to conquer; not to rob!"

Even during the rage of conflict, the people behaved with calm magnanimity. Wounded men were instantly succoured, and carried off on shutters, or rude litters, to the nearest surgeon. If a man fell dead, his comrades sprang upon his body, as if "upon an altar consecrated to freedom." The scene before the Hôtel Dieu was very affecting. The crowd wept and swore vengeance, as the litters passed. One of the pupils of the Polytechnique being killed in the Tuileries, his body was placed respectfully on the throne itself, and covered with crape. It remained there until a brother came and claimed it.

The working men guarded the Tuileries all that day, in strange masquerade. Here, came a young blouse wearing a cuirassier's helmet, and carrying an inlaid halberd of the time of Francis the First. There, stood as sentinel a negro armed with a sapeur's broad sword and a cavalry carbine. On the Place du Carrousel two fellows especially attracted attention. One was a labourer, bare-foot, in a canvas jacket and the feathered cocked hat of a marshal of France; the other wore one sleeve cut from the red coat of a slain Swiss and on the opposite hand an archbishop's glove, while over his shoulder he bore a lancer's weapon.

Foreigners of many nations, English, Germans, Russians, Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese, lent a willing hand in this insurrection, and fought bravely. Mr. Lind, an Englishman, enrolled himself voluntarily as a National Guard, braved all the fighting, and, after the victory, mounted guard for forty-eight consecutive hours without once quitting his post. Mr. Bradley, an English physician, during the thick of the fight went from street to street and house to house to attend the wounded. An English engraver and typefounder, long established in Paris, cast all his metal into bullets for the National Guard. Another Englishman, a printer, fought on the boulevards as a tirailleur, and procured muskets for his men. At the attack on the Royal Guards entrenched in the Rue de Nicaire and St. Honoré, he headed the storming party. Some of the Guards surrendered; but, firing still continuing from an upper storey, the people rushed in and slew every soldier there. Two of the English printer's men were killed.

The very children fought. A boy of fourteen seized the bridle of the horse ridden by the Marquis de Chabauves, commander of lancers. The horse, tossing up his head, lifted the urchin from the ground. In that position the young bulldog blew out the officer's brains. Some of the Polytechnique students, mere lads of ten or twelve, crept under the muskets of the soldiers, and then fired their pistols into the men's bodies. One Spartan boy of less than ten returned from a charge with two streaming bayonet wounds in his thighs, and still refused to cease firing. At the attack on the Tuileries, a Polytechnique student called through the railings to an officer, and told him to surrender on pain of extermination, "for liberty and force were now in the hands of the people." The officer refused to obey, and, moreover, presented his pistol; which, however, missed fire. The lad coolly thrust in his hand, seized the officer by the throat, and putting the point of his sword near it, said, "Your life is in my power. I could cut your throat, but I will not shed blood." The officer, touched by this generosity, tore the decoration from his own breast, and presenting it, said, "Brave young man! No man can be more worthy than you to receive this; take it from my hand. Your name?" "Pupil of the Polytechnique School," replied the young hero, and immediately rejoined his companions. In one of the skirmishes with the Royal Guard, a piece of artillery had been left in an open space swept by musketry fire. A Polytechnique lad ran up to the piece and clasped it with both hands, crying, "It is ours! I will keep it. I will die rather than surrender it." His comrades behind shouted, "You will be killed. Come back." But the boy held the cannon through all the fire, until the citizens reached the piece, and saved him. M. Giovanni di Aceto, an Italian youth, only seventeen, shot an officer of the Royal Guard, who was about to run through the body an ex-sergeant of the Seventeenth Light Infantry. This lad, at the head of thirty citizens, fought gallantly at the Hôtel de Ville, the Port St. Martin, the Rue St. Honoré, and the Tuileries.

After the victory, the National Guard carried in triumph to the Bourse a very handsome girl of seventeen, who had

fought the whole time like a second Joan of Arc. At one barricade, a party of Amazons, armed with knives and pitchforks, fell on the Swiss, and killed many. At another point, a woman led on the citizens. In the attack on the Swiss barracks, in the Rue Plumet, a woman, dressed in man's clothes, fought desperately. Mothers were seen pushing their boys out of doors, and commanding them to go and fight for home and liberty. Many respectable women, carrying pistols, went from street to street during the hottest fighting, encouraging their relations. During the attack on the Louvre, women advanced during the firing to rescue and drag out the wounded.

The same self-denial and heroism prevailed among all classes. M. Pascon, a young law student, though he had received two gunshot wounds, perceiving that his comrades were retiring from the attack on a Swiss barrack, got upon an eminence and unceasingly excited the assailants. Shortly afterwards he was prominent at the attack on the Tuileries. A well-dressed man on a valuable horse rode up to a scavenger and offered him five hundred francs for his musket. "No, sir," said the man, "it is my best friend; it has already brought two of our foes to the ground, and it will bring down more. I shall keep my best friend." A poor workman, covered with blood and sweat, asked a citizen for food. He had eaten nothing during two days' hard fighting. He was given food, and welcomed. He was scarcely seated when the firing recommenced. He instantly threw away what was set before him, and hurrying to join his comrades, fell from exhaustion and died.

The disarmed soldiers were invariably treated with great humanity. In the mean time the royal troops in the Bois de Boulogne were expecting orders to bombard Paris. The Mayor of Auteuil, out of mere compassion, and against the wish of the Commune, sent the soldiers provisions, but rebuked the Duc d'Angoulême for the king's unconstitutional conduct. The troops of the guard concentrated round St. Cloud, with outposts towards Neuilly and Meudon. The people talked of barricading the bridge at Neuilly. Many of the soldiers declared they would desert. When Marmont, the Duke of Ragusa, who had pledged himself to hold Paris for fourteen days, came to St. Cloud, the Duc d'Angoulême said: "You have treated us as you did others," and, demanding the marshal's sword, tried to snap it over the pommel of his saddle. He then put the duke under arrest. The king, vexed by his son's violence, limited the arrest to four hours, and invited the marshal to dinner; but he refused to appear. The king then received the resignations of his ministers, and appointed the Duc de Moretemart for Foreign Affairs, and Count Gerard Minister of War. They were to stipulate, on the basis of his abdication, that the Duc de Bourdeaux should be proclaimed king. When the Duc de Moretemart pressed Charles for his signature, the king shed tears, and held up a trembling hand. At night, Paris was illuminated; and strong patrols paraded the streets from barricade to barricade, gently disarming tired or drunken men.

On Friday morning perfect calm and silence reigned over the exhausted city. Blouses who lived in distant quarters had thrown themselves into any recess to sleep. At noon on the stalls of the Palais Royal there were young men, lying without their coats, as if dead, and with their muskets across their breasts. By noon, sixty thousand rations of bread were distributed among the national volunteers. Vehicles bringing provisions stood at the barricades, as the streets were still closed, and the dealers went and fetched their supplies in baskets. The dead were buried; eighty were interred opposite the eastern gate of the Louvre. Many bodies (including those of four Englishmen) were buried in the Marché des Innocents. Those that fell near the Seine were stripped and tied in sacks, put on board charcoal and wood lighters, floated down the river, and interred in the Champ de Mars. There had been terrible carnage in the Quartier des Halles. The inhabitants at the corner of the Rue de la Cordonnerie dug a temporary grave, which they ornamented with flowers, laurels, and funeral elegies. Many of the biers were borne along the streets, preceded by National Guards carrying branches of laurel. Hundreds of ladies attended the wounded in the Bourse. In the Hôtel Dieu were fifteen hundred wounded. The Rue Basse des Ramparts was turned into a huge tent for the wounded, by extending sheets across. All the linen, &c., in the galleries of Vivienne and Colbert were torn up for bandages. The National newspaper, correctly interpreting public feeling, issued an address concluding with "Vive le Duc d'Orleans, notre Roi!" but the ultra-Republicans, displeased at this, shouted here and there, "Vive la République! Vive Napoleon the Second!"

The barricades were opened on each side,

and sentinels of the National Guard regulated the passage. There were still seen in the streets half naked workmen mounted on cuirassiers' horses, and boys wearing generals' hats and court swords. The generous people shook hands and drank with the dejected soldiers. The Invalides surrendered, after the governor had threatened resistance. The old grenadiers called out to the people:

"Eh bien, messieurs, have you hanged our dog of a governor? You would have done no great harm. Yesterday he made us load the cannons and firelocks to fire upon you."

Mont Rouge, Versailles, Vaugirard, Isay, and Vaneres had already risen. There was some skirmishing between the videttes of the people and the troops, who commanded the bridges of Sèvres and St. Cloud. When the king reviewed his regiments, the men shouted, "Vive la Charte," and "Vive la Liberté." The king, melancholy and pensive, said to the Duchess of Berry:

"I have but one resource left. Let our troops make a last effort."

The shops began to open on the Friday evening, and lights were placed in every window, and along the quays and streets, and in the arcades. The milliners and workwomen were everywhere busily engaged in making lint.

Charles the Tenth had ordered the arrest of the Duc d'Orleans at Neuilly; but a day too late. The king elect arrived in Paris on Friday night, wearing the national tricolour. At noon, July 31st, he issued a proclamation declaring that the Charter would henceforward be a fact. The deputies instantly went to the Hôtel de Ville, and appointed the duke Lieutenant-General of France. At the Hôtel de Ville, General Lafayette and the duke, after shaking hands, waved together from the window a tricoloured flag: to the indescribable enthusiasm of the people.

At the news that Paris was sending its legions to attack St. Cloud, Charles the Tenth fled, attended by several regiments that still remained faithful, and one hundred and fifty carriages.

The barriers were now thrown open; the streets were crowded with ladies and the usual idlers; and groups were seen everywhere seated on the trees which had been felled for barricades. In the Calais diligence which this day left Paris, was Mr. Young, the English actor. Between Amiens and St. Omer, the people clung to the wheels of the coach and the boots of the postilions to learn the news. The great tragedian, who spoke French admirably, communicated the news in several speeches, which were loudly cheered with shouts of "Vive l'Anglais!" "Vive la Patrie!"

On Sunday the Duc d'Orleans showed himself repeatedly, and threw his proclamations down among the people. On Monday the National Guard was reorganised. The treasure of the Duchess d'Angoulême, sixty thousand pounds, fell into the hands of the government. Many bishops fled, and Paris was crowded with old Bonapartist soldiers, arrived to join the popular ranks. The Duchesse d'Orleans and her daughters visited the wounded at the Hôtel Dieu, and in the evening sat in the balcony of the terrace of the Palais Royal (concealed from view, however), making lint for the wounded.

Charles, for a ransom of one hundred and seventy thousand pounds sterling, had surrendered the crown diamonds, and on Tuesday, August 3rd, the Chambers accepted his abdication. On Friday, August 5th, the Chamber of Deputies invited the Duc d'Orleans to accept the throne. In the Chamber of Peers, M. Chateaubriand chivalrously upheld the claims of the Duke of Bourdeaux. On Monday the new king was enthroned, the fleur-de-lis were removed from the canopy of the throne, and four large tricoloured flags were placed on either side. The duke, accepting the charter, swore, with hand upraised to heaven, to observe its conditions.

In February, 1848, the "citizen king," having broken this same charter, fled from France, and two years afterwards died an exile in England.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE MONKEY.

O LITTLE philosopher monkey-faced,
Peer in your crucible, pant and glow,
Pound your powder, and pash your paste,
But still remember how glad you raced
In the woods of Monkey-land long ago.

That was ages and ages past,
You've left the Claws and the Tail behind;
Slowly you've thriven, slowly cast
Skin after skin off, until at last
Behold! the flower of a human mind!

Tender flower of a plant that dies,
Slender flower with a light of its own,
This is the thing you'd anatomise?
Little philosopher, pray be wise,
Remember, and let the flower alone.

You cry: "I've examined the fourfoot kind,
Followed the chain up, link by link,
Now to dissect the magic of Mind,
I shall never slumber, until I find
The mechanism by which we think!

"Turn a key, and the watch will go.
Move a muscle, the bird takes wing,
All motion of any kind below
Is something mechanical, and so
The mind is moved at the pull of a string.

"Which, is the question? I must pause
On the brink of the mystery, turning pale:
How to catch the invisible laws?
How does a lion open his jaws?
How does a monkey wag his Tail?"

Little philosopher, hark to me:
Walking once on my garden ground,
I found my monkey beneath a tree,
With a musical-box upon his knee,
Wagging his tail in delight at the sound.

"Ah! che la morté!" was the tune,
Tangling the heart of the brute in a mesh:
'Twas summer time, and the month was June,
Low down in the west was the scythe of the moon,
On a sunset pink as a maiden's flesh.

Then I watch'd the monkey glow and burn,
Lifting the lid of the box peep in:
Then, bit by bit, with a visage stern,
Holding each piece to his ear in turn,
He broke it up,—and began to grin.

Ah, the music! 'Twas fled, 'twas fled!
Each part of the wonderful whole was dumb,
The flower was plucked, and the bloom was shed,
Well might the monkey scratch his head,
And staring down at the strings, look glum.

Little philosopher, stay, O stay!
Let the works of the mind-watch go!
Claws and tail have been cast away,
But peep in the looking-glass to-day,
Remember Monkey-land long ago.

ON A FEW OLD SONGS.

"Happy," said Douglas Jerrold, "is the privilege of genius that can float down hungry generations in a song." Doubtless it is a grand thing to be a poet whose name shall live after him as the author of a song that appeals to the heart of a great people, stirs it to noble emotions, and feeds the fires of its nationality. Such privilege, however, falls to the lot of few. Indeed it can scarcely be said to belong to as many names in ancient or modern history as can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Songs are in their nature ephemeral. They serve the purpose of the day and are forgotten; or, if they survive beyond a century, which seldom happens, they pass into the domain of the bookworm and the antiquary. Often, too, when the song itself survives in a hazy kind of immortality, the name of its author or composer drops into oblivion, and cannot be rediscovered, how deftly soever the antiquaries may grope and pry into the darkness. No one can tell with certainty who wrote the fine music and the indifferent poetry of God Save the King (or Queen). No one can decide whence come the joyous melody and inane doggrel of Yankee Doodle. No one knows the name of the musician to whom the world is indebted for the beautiful notes of Auld Lang Syne, or the triumphal strains of La Marseillaise, although we know that Robert Burns is suspected of having written the words of the one, and Rouget de Lisle claims the authorship of the other. The four songs named are each strictly national, but have become so by accident rather than by the design of their authors. In fact, a song destined to ending popularity and the honours of nationality cannot be made to order. Every attempt of the kind has been a failure. But when a song *does* achieve this high destiny it becomes a veritable power in the State—either for good or for evil.

The English national anthem of God Save the Queen—which was first publicly heard in 1745, after the defeat of Prince Charles on the fatal field of Culloden—was originally a Jacobite song, which it was dangerous to sing within hearing of the authorities. When the Jacobites spoke or sang of "the king," they meant "the king over the water," and the words still sung, "*Send* him victorious," imply clearly that the king intended was not the one who was already in England, but the one far away, to whom the singers were loyal in his evil fortunes. A great deal of controversy has arisen as to the authorship alike of the words and music; but no satisfactory clue has been discovered for the elucidation of either mystery. If a prize had been offered for a national anthem, expressive of patriotic as well as dynastic loyalty, no competent critics would have awarded it to the author of the words, whomsoever he may have been. Yet this song, which grew rather than was made, is the richest literary jewel in the British crown, and may fairly claim to have been of more value to the House of Hanover than any standing army.

God save the King, as originally sung at Drury Lane Theatre, shortly after the news arrived in London that the last hopes of the young Pretender had been crushed at Culloden, consisted of nine stanzas, or six in addition to the three which are now familiar to all of us. These three are the genuine Jacobite song, without the alteration of a word. The remaining six were strictly Hanoverian and Whiggish, and have long since gone to the limbo that is reserved for all literary rubbish. A specimen verse will suffice to show alike its quality and its temporary purpose:

Confound tall Jemmy's plot,
Pope, French, and Spanish knot,
Confound them all:
Villains notorious,
Their fears inglorious,
Never shall conquer us,
Confound them all.

It was a fortunate accident, if it were not a profound piece of policy, by which the present royal house took possession of the song of their enemies, and turned to their own glory that which was intended for their shame.

The origin of Yankee Doodle is about as mysterious. Nobody knows its authorship, but almost everbody knows its value to the American people, and how well the air expresses their buoyant and aggressive spirit of nationality. The words, "Yankee Doodle," or "Dawdle," according to some etymologists, seem to have been originally employed as a term of contempt by the English towards the Americans, in the days immediately preceding the Great Revolution, which culminated in the Independence of the United States. Others, again, claim that the words are a corruption of an old Irish song, called "Nunkie," or Uncle Doodle, written in derision of Oliver Cromwell, when he was carrying fire and sword through that unhappy country; while a third set of men, claiming to be learned in derivations, assert, on the authority of O'Brien, the historian of the Round Towers of Ireland, that Yankee Doodle is a perversion of two Persian words, "Yanki Dooniah," signifying the "New World." It seems, on the authority of the late Mr. T. Moncrieff, the author of Tom and Jerry, and countless other farces and plays, who made it his pleasure in the closing years of his life, when afflicted with blindness, to investigate the history and origin of old tunes, that the air was composed for the drum and fife about the middle of the eighteenth century, by the Fife-Major of the Grenadier Guards. The air was not intended for a song, but for a march, and it was long after it had become familiar to the ears of the people in towns where British regiments were stationed that words became associated with it. "Probably," says Mr. Moncrieff, "the first person who brought about the alliance between the air and the rhymes was a nursemaid—fond of military display as the nursemaids of a hundred and twenty years ago were as well as those of our own day."

Yankee Doodle came to town
On a Kentish pony,
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Maccaroni.

The word "Maccaroni" in this well-known nursery ditty suggests the period of the composition to have been between 1750 and 1770, or thereabouts, when, according to Grose, in his Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, there was a club in London, called "The Maccaroni," composed of gentlemen who had made the grand tour, and were fond of Italian cookery. These gentlemen were the "swells" of the period, and prided themselves on the fashion and elegance of their dress. Hence, a person foppishly dressed and in the extreme of the fashion was called a "Maccaroni." The story of the adoption of the air by the Americans has been told in various ways. The British soldiers in America had, it appears, a song to this tune during the war of Independence, of which the following stanzas—very poor doggrel, indeed—are specimens:

There was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion
A-giving orders to his men,
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers in his cap,
They looked so tarnal fine-a;
I wanted peskily to get
And give 'em to Jemima.

When the British troops under the Marquis of Cornwallis were defeated by the Americans, and on their surrender were allowed to retire through the American lines, with their arms reversed, the Americans, in unconscious imitation of the tactics of the House of Hanover, borrowed a tune from their foes, and struck up Yankee Doodle, as a taunt in the hour of victory; and made it national, then and for evermore.

The two other patriotic songs of the Americans—songs of some literary pretensions—Hail Columbia, and the Star-spangled Banner, have never obtained the same popularity as their homely predecessor. In matters of national song, popularity, like kissing, goes by favour; and the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. If further proof were needed that a song cannot be made to order, but must grow, like liberty itself, it might be found in the fact, that late in the year 1861, when the heart of the Northern people had been "fired" (such was the expression of the time) by the attack of the South on Fort Sumter, and a song to replace Yankee Doodle seemed to some highly patriotic Americans to be greatly needed, a reward was offered for the best lyric poem and the best melody that the literary and musical genius of America could produce. Upwards of twelve hundred compositions

were sent in, and the committee charged with the duty of examining and deciding upon their merits found that nine-tenths of them were beneath mediocrity, few above mediocrity, and not one really available for the purpose. A new song, however, did crop up in due time—nobody knows by whom written—adapted to a psalm tune :

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on.

During the Civil War this song became to a certain extent national in the North, because it was expressive of the strong feeling entertained on the subject of slavery ; but it never superseded Yankee Doodle, which still holds its place, in spite of the ridiculous associations connected with the words, as the tune of all others that touches the heart of an American, wherever he may be, and rouses his honest pride in the greatness and glory of the Union.

Auld Lang Syne is the third immortal lyric that has established itself—no one knows how—in the heart of a noble people, and become the living symbol of kindly feeling, conviviality, friendship, and love of country. The first appearance in print of a song with anything like this title was in 1716, in Watson's Collection of Scots Poems. It is called Old Long Syne, and consists of two parts in ten stanzas, in which there does not occur a Scottish word or idiom, except the one word "syne." It is tainted with the mythological and pagan affectation of the time, and speaks of "Cupid" and the "Gods," like other songs and poems of this brilliant but not very natural period of our literary history. Eight years afterwards Allan Ramsay tried his hand at improving it, and had the good taste to substitute the Scottish vernacular Auld Lang Syne for the hybrid Old Long Syne of Watson's Collection. But in other respects his emendations scarcely deserve the name. He could not emancipate himself from the thraldom of "Cupid," nor, though a master of the Scottish dialect, as he has shown in the Gentle Shepherd and other pieces, could he manage to fit a Scottish song to the truly Scottish phrase that had hit his fancy. What hold could a song have on the people's heart composed of five stanzas no better than this ?

Methinks around us on each bough
A thousand Cupids play ;
While through the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay.
Since your return the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
As they did Lang Syne !

The force of inanity could go no further. Fortunately a greater genius took up the happy phrase, and, in the year 1788, appeared, for the first time, the noble song that appears in every edition of the poems of Robert Burns, and which is universally attributed to his pen. He, however, did not claim it as his own, but emphatically disclaimed it. He first mentioned it in a letter to his friend, Mrs. Dunlop. "Apropos," he wrote to that lady, "is not the Scotch phrase 'Auld Lang Syne' exceedingly impressive ? There is an *old song* and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old Scotch song. I give you the verses on the other sheet. . . . Light be the turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious *fragment*. There is more of the fire of native genius in it than in half-a-dozen of modern English Bacchanalians." Nearly four years afterwards, when he had become connected with Mr. George Thomson in the re-publication of the Ancient Melodies of Scotland, he wrote to that gentleman, enclosing him the song of Auld Lang Syne, presumably the same version which he had sent to Mrs. Dunlop, informing him that the enclosure was "a song of the olden times, which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing. The air," he added, "is but mediocre, but the song is enough to recommend any air." The question arises, did Burns really obtain a *fragment* of this song from an old man, and send it, as he received it, to Mrs. Dunlop ? Or did he enlarge or amend this *fragment* into the song which he forwarded to Mr. Thomson, and which is always printed among his works ? No decision is possible, though all will admit, from internal evidence, that if the song were not Burns's own, there previously existed some mysterious poet in Scotland who could write as good a song as Burns could. Burns was an excellent judge of melody, and, lest he should be thought guilty of unfair disparagement to the air of Auld Lang Syne, it should be stated that the tune to which it is now sung is not the one on which Burns passed judgment, but an old cathedral chant, which dates from the Roman Catholic period, and of which the authorship is wholly unknown. The tune is excellent, and the words are married to it in the bonds of a true and indissoluble union. It is a stirring and a pleasant sight to see the enthusiasm of a hundred or two of Scotsmen at a public

dinner or other festival, when this song is sung; to note how they start to their feet, how they join their hands in a kind of electrical chain, as they take part in the chorus, and to observe what fiery patriotism flashes from their eyes as the well-remembered notes reverberate through their hall of meeting. The song is national in the best sense of the word, and worth—who shall say what it is *not* worth in the encouragement of kindly feeling and harmless enjoyment? How much of the great fame of Burns rests upon it, it is difficult to say. Even if he did not actually write it, he brought it into the world, and that is renown enough for anybody.

The next and last song, of which mention has been made, is the famous Marseillaise of the French. The authorship both of the poetry and the music of this stormy petrel of song, is claimed for Rouget de Lisle, a lieutenant in the French Revolutionary army, in the days when the ragged and foot-sore soldiers of the Republic were first beginning to dream of conquering Europe. The claim to the authorship of the poetry seems to be well established, but not so the claim to the noble, half pathetic, half defiant, and wholly martial and inspiriting melody. No history of the French Revolution is complete without a history of this song, which did so much to inflame and direct it. "Luckiest musical composition ever promulgated," says picturesque and earnest Mr. Carlyle, "the sound of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins. Whole armies and assemblages will sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death, despot, and devil." The less picturesque, the less earnest, and the less accurate Alphonse Delamartine has inserted in his History of the Girondists an episodical narrative of the origin of this song, which is amusing enough, but which is transparently apocryphal. Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) Rouget de Lisle, being in garrison at Strasbourg, in 1792, resided with, or was billeted upon, the mayor of that city, one Dietrick. It was a time of public scarcity, and even the family of the wealthy mayor could not always procure enough to eat and drink. "One day," says M. Delamartine, "when there was only some coarse bread and bacon upon the table, Dietrick, looking with calm sadness at De Lisle, said to him, 'Plenty is not to be seen at our feasts; but what matter if enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic fêtes, and courage in our soldiers' hearts? I have still *one* bottle of wine left in my cellar. Bring it,' he said, addressing one of his daughters, 'and we will drink to liberty and our country!'" Out of that one bottle, shared between M. Dietrick and Lieutenant De Lisle—for it does not appear that any of the young ladies partook of the wine—grew, if we are to believe M. Delamartine, the world-renowned song of La Marseillaise. Indeed, in M. Delamartine's opinion, M. Dietrick intended that an immortal song should be born, and that it should be inspired by the last bottle; for he said, when ordering the precious flask to be brought, "Strasbourg is shortly to have a patriotic ceremony, and De Lisle must be inspired by these last drops to produce one of those hymns which convey to the soul of the people the enthusiasm which suggested it." The wine must have been of the strangest, as well as of the strongest, to have produced the effects narrated. When the bottle was exhausted, "it was midnight," says M. Delamartine, "and very cold. De Lisle was a dreamer; his heart was moved, *his head heated.* The cold seized him, and he went *staggering* to his lonely chamber, endeavouring by degrees to find inspiration in the palpitations of his citizen heart." The poet, it appears, had a small clavichord in his chamber, and composed the tune on that instrument, at the same time that he composed the words of his hymn. At last, "overcome by the divine inspiration" [not by the half bottle], "his head fell sleeping on his instrument, and he did not awake till daybreak. The song of the previous day returned to his memory with difficulty, like the recollections of a dream. He wrote it down, and then ran to Dietrick." He found the mayor walking in the garden, his wife and daughters not having yet come to breakfast, and read the verses to him. Dietrick aroused the family, and, his enthusiasm still growing, called in some musical neighbours to hear the piece performed. "At the first verse," says M. Delamartine, quite gravely, and with a delicious naïveté, "all countenances turned pale; at the second, tears flowed; at the last, enthusiasm burst forth. The hymn of the country was found. Alas! it was destined to be the hymn of Terror!"

This is but a silly story, though intended to be romantic. Half bottles of French wine do not usually produce such effects even on poets; and men who stagger to bed to fall asleep over their own poetry and music on cold winter nights do not usually produce such finished and admirable performances as the poetry and the music

of this song. The truth is that De Lisle, though he may have written the poetry in M. Dietrick's house, was not the author of the music, though he may have adapted it to his poetry, and improved upon or extended it. The main portions of the melody are to be found in a German song composed many years anterior to the French Revolution, which, with French words, was performed in Paris in 1782 at the private theatre of Madame de Montesson, the morganatic wife of that Duke of Orleans, who was afterwards so well known as Philippe Egalité. The Hymn, which Rouget de Lisle fitted to this melody, was originally called by its author The Song of the Army of the Rhine, and soon became popular in all parts of France, except in Paris. But it was destined to make its mark there also, and to receive from the Parisians the name by which it is likely to be known for ever. It was to this tune, and singing this song, that the determined soldiers of Marseilles marched through every town and city on their long tramp to Paris; and this song and tune, then heard in combination in Paris for the first time, took such possession of the fancy and the ear of the Parisians as temporarily to drive all other music out of their minds and memories. Knowing no other name to call it by, they called it the Marseillaise.

The song was intended by its soldier author to rouse the French people against the foreign foes who were threatening the liberty and independence of the country from the German frontier; but another and a very different destiny was reserved for it. Its true mission—to use a now fashionable word—was to be domestic and not foreign; not to aid in the overthrow of kings and generals abroad, but of kings and potentates at home, who opposed themselves to the will of the sovereign people. The song is ever ominous of civil strife when heard in France. It is the shibboleth of revolution. Heard in the Paris faubourgs among the workmen, it awakens the minds of thoughtful as well as of timid men to thoughts of impending evil and change of systems and of dynasties. Happy is the country whose popular song is on the side of law and order. Such is ours. Unhappy is, or may be, the country whose song beloved of the people, and having the power to stir their imagination and their passion, is on the side of revolution and civic strife. Were there no such a song as the Marseillaise in existence, Napoleon the Third might well dispense with the services of many thousands of his soldiers.

Who shall say after this of the cheapest of cheap bargains, that it was bought for an old song? There are *some* old songs—and especially the four named in this little notice—whose worth for good or for evil is not to be estimated so lightly.

TO BOULOGNE BY DRY LAND.

The readers of this journal and its predecessor, Household Words, have been kept informed with tolerable exactness of the various projects that have from time to time arisen, for crossing the Channel in carriages, with the least possible delay. One of the last, and by no means the worst of these schemes, is a vast steam raft, which should receive the railway train on board when it reaches the coast, should start with it immediately, and should land it on the opposite shore: whence it would proceed, stokers, conductors, passengers, and all, without let or hindrance, to its destination. This is practised on some American rivers. But we may doubt whether any American or other river so crossed, is subject to such weather as occasionally sweeps up and down Channel. For whatever reason, this scheme was not seriously followed up by its proposer and advocate, though it seems feasible, as a fair-weather project.

It may be said, that in engineering nothing is impossible: success being merely a question of means. Only give Archimedes his fulcrum and lever, and no doubt he could lift a weight equal to the weight of the earth. Nevertheless, in both the grand Channel-crossing plans hitherto proposed—a submarine tunnel and a tubular bridge—some people have felt, at the bottom of their heart and conscience and conviction, that though there might be no impossibility, there existed great uncertainty and consequent danger. It is quite *possible*, by means of steam and compressed air, to ventilate a tunnel more than twenty miles long; but *if* the ventilation fail (so argue these same some people), those in the tunnel will be suffocated. It is quite possible to make a tunnel water-tight; but if, by any accident, the water should make its entry, the rats in the hole would hardly escape drowning. It is quite possible to prop a tubular bridge on piers planted in the sea; but let a pier give way, through any cause (and numerous causes are not wanting), and

down come the bridge, the passengers, and all. In short (we still quote the some people), both bridge and tunnel, when made, would be in unstable equilibrium. They could retain their serviceableness and their safety, only during the good pleasure of the elements: with what we call "accidents," that is, the ever-acting tendencies of natural forces, constantly working towards their destruction.

The new proposal of travelling "from London to Paris on dry land," originating with M. Burel, is at least one of stable equilibrium. When fully, completely, and solidly accomplished, it is not a trifle that can destroy it. It is not a question whether an iron tube, between two props, will or will not sink by its own proper weight; it is not a question whether air-pumps can be kept working uninterruptedly, to maintain an unfailing supply of oxygen, and whether water, so fond of leaking in at the slightest cranny, can be prevented from indulging its natural propensity. It is a question of time, and labour, and material; consequently a question of expense; with the great encouragement that money so expended need not in the end be money absolutely thrown away. Not only is there feasibility of execution; there is also a good prospect of permanence. Certainly it will cost money, and not a little money; but that is comparatively a minor point. In such works stability and assured freedom from danger are the grand desiderata. We do not, however, imagine that the present project is likely to be ever accomplished, as projected. With considerable modifications, it may be—perhaps.

Geologists are generally agreed that England and France were once joined by an isthmus; but they do not assign a date to the disruption. One learned astronomo-geologist, M. Adhemar, fixes it at about fourteen thousand years ago, at the last grand deluge but one: not Noah's deluge, but the one previous to Noah's; for he holds grand deluges to be periodical and inevitable, under the existing physical conditions of the globe. Thank Heaven—or thank our Anno Domini—he consoles us by the assurance that another grand deluge will not occur in *our* time. Be that as it may, M. Burel, a French engineer, would now set to work to restore the vanished strip of terra firma: at the same time kindly leaving it "pierced," so that we should not have to repeat M. de Lesseps's Egyptian labours. He only intends to narrow the Strait to the width of a thousand mètres, a kilomètre, or four furlongs two hundred and thirteen yards, more than half a mile. This, the very narrowest part of his ship canal, will be sufficiently wide to allow of the passage of vessels of all nations to and fro. In both directions, east and west, the opposite shores are gradually to recede, and the Channel is consequently to widen, along a line of about six kilomètres—say four miles—and then abruptly turn back till they reach the present terra firma.

By this arrangement, Boulogne, Folkestone, and Dover, would become inland towns. Would the new position suit their views in more senses than one? M. Burel does not inquire. Folkestone ought to be satisfied with its increased importance as a station on the overland route between London and Paris; Boulogne with the same advantages, increased by a magnificent dock, twenty kilomètres long and six hundred mètres wide, to be formed by conducting its river (rivulet), the Liane, from the town to its future outlet in the North Sea. A similar arrangement would prolong the port of Dover to the new shore, opposite to the new mouth of the Liane. Either of these harbours of refuge would be capable of receiving half a dozen fleets.

Although the new railway to be thus laid down may fairly call itself a terra firma line, still there is the kilomètre of water to cross—a mere nothing. M. Burel effects the passage by running the trains on to a steam ferry waiting for them in a convenient cove. As soon as it has received its burden, it starts with steam up, and deposits its load on a similar wharf on the opposite shore, after a passage of five minutes only. Think of that, all ye squeamish, weak-stomached passengers, between Folkestone and Boulogne, in boisterous weather!

It is needless to trouble the reader with complex details respecting the construction and navigation of the new pontoons (which ought to issue from and enter their landing places securely, whatever the temper of the elements), and which would communicate with the land railway in all states of the tide, by means of floating jetties, &c. It is easy to admit the possibility of fulfilling all these indispensable conditions, by means not widely different from those now employed in embarkations.

One of the elements of success on which M. Burel reckons the most, is the tranquillity

of the waters in the new channel, which will result, he thinks, from the future state of things. Knowing that the "piercing" of the Isthmus of Suez has revived the circulation of the atmosphere there, with all its consequences of winds, rains, &c., throughout the whole length of the maritime canal, M. Burel believes that a contrary effect will take place here; namely, that the Channel storms will be calmed when the Strait shall be in part filled up. We confess we do not understand the logic which deduces such consequences from such premises.

The materials to form this recovered territory are expected to be obtained, principally, from the sea itself, by utilising the currents of the Channel, and compelling them to deposit the sands and earth with which they are laden, by means of dykes and breakwaters judiciously run out, of various suitable lengths and breadths. When these artificial shoals reach high-water level, they are to be helped by planting them with tough-rooted vegetables, and completed by loading them with layers of stone rubbish, with which the adjacent mainlands abound. On these, a line of rails can be laid, which will bring down rocky materials and gradually push on the work, advancing in the sea, little by little, exactly as the work advances in the construction of railways on land.

A really important point is, that the greatest depth of water in the Channel, between Etaples and Dunkerque on the French side, and between Dungeness and the North Foreland on the English side, does not exceed sixty-two mètres, or two hundred and three feet and nearly a half. But this depth of sixty-two mètres is itself exceptional, only occurring in certain long and narrow submarine gorges, which would be easily filled up with stone along a sufficient breadth. The mean depth to be filled, is only twenty-eight mètres, or not quite ninety-two feet: which is less than the height of many of our public buildings.

All this might be done, it is calculated, in at least eight years; in twelve, at most. The cost is prudently abstained from being guessed at. Perhaps, in the end, M. Burel may alter his plan into a lengthened imitation of the breakwater at Cherbourg. If men can make such a digue as that, four kilomètres long, men can make one of forty. It is a mere question of time and money. Men have built the Pyramids of Egypt, the Wall of China, St. Peter's at Rome, and—most to the purpose—the aforesaid digue; we may, therefore, assume this much, safely: that men *can* build a solid causeway from France to England.

WISE DOCTOR LEMNE.

Canon Kingsley has lately been explaining facts in nature to the young, in a charming book called Madam How and Lady Why. His madam is young madam, and his lady is a young lady not at all in the style of her great-grandmother. Dr. Levin Lemne, born three or four hundred years ago, an ingenious physician practising in a little town of Zealand, near the Dutch coast, is no bad representative of Old Madam How, and Old Lady Why.

Let us cull a few of his Whys and Wherefores, as set forth in a book he published explanatory of various occult matters. Wise Dr. Lemne does not recognise the possibility of doubt as to the fact that in little men passions are quickest and thought is most acute. The reason is, that when their vital spirits and humours are heated they have a smaller tenement to warm, and therefore it is in less time heated thoroughly. When a little man's bile catches fire, he is like a little cottage all in flames at once; but when a large man's bile takes fire, it is like fire broken out in one part of a great house that has to spread from wing to wing. For the same reason small men are quick-witted. The small bodies are commonly dry, and it is obvious that people who are of a dry habit of body must catch fire more readily and burn faster than moist folks.

Our characters depend on our humours, their relative proportions, their temperature, and the way in which they behave when heated or in motion. Now some humours are naturally cold, moist, thick, and take long to warm thoroughly. But when once hot—as every man knows who has eaten porridge—they take long to cool. Others are light spirits that heat quickly and rise into vapour, and so on. But the sort of humour that is to predominate in any man depends on a good many things—as conjunction of stars, birthplace, diet, education, habit of life. Habit of life has great influence upon the development of humours: so great, says Dr. Lemne, that a way of life which thickens the blood, makes men inhospitable and inhuman, dead to the sense of conscience or the sense of fear, without religion and without human affections. The people who suffer in this way from occupa-

tions which thicken the blood, are soldiers, sailors, porters, organ-grinders, and cabmen: if we may so translate into modern English, the old Dutch pipers and coachmen. The diabolical apathy with which the organ-grinders grin over the tortures they inflict, can therefore be conquered by a compulsory bleeding and water-gruelling act.

Moonshine might possibly be turned to some account; for Dr. Lemne tells us that moonshine causes plants and men to grow and become juicy. But only sunshine ripens them. Moonshine may have something to do with a mystery explained by Dr. Lemne in the case of a Dutch lady who was, as she wished to be, loving her lord. Seeing a juicy man go by, she longed for a bite out of him. Knowing that ladies should at certain times on no account be thwarted, this obliging gentleman good-naturedly stopped and permitted her to bite a mouthful from his arm. She ate it with much relish, and then begged hard for another bite. But there are limits to the most accommodating temper, and the gentleman declined to allow any more of himself to be eaten. The Dutch lady thereupon fell into extreme distress, and her lord presently found twins in his house: one living, and one dead. The one living was the one which had been succoured by the bit of live man which a wise instinct had imperiously demanded for it. The dead child was the unfortunate young person in whose behalf nature had pleaded in vain to the juicy stranger.

In the unwholesome districts of Holland, in Dr. Lemne's time, the labouring classes were much troubled with worms. Dr. Lemne accounts for all the proceedings of the worms by their great sagacity, as being of the brood of the great serpent. If no bounds were set to the powers of the devil, man could not live. Therefore, because bounds have been set, the diseases of, and the variations of character in, men, depend much more upon the relative proportions of the four humours—blood, yellow bile, black bile, and phlegm—and upon their mutations, chillings, boilings, conflicts with one another, than upon bad spirits from the other world afloat in them. Devils do get into us and aggravate our humours, just as they do get into the wind and the storm and ride the thunderbolt. Devils and angels blend themselves with everything in nature, and so they can, and so they do, enter into the humours of the body. But we are less subject to them than to the great law of the dependence of our constitutions on those humours. Nor is it at all to be ascribed to diabolical possession, but to be explained scientifically, that sick people sometimes speak in foreign languages which they have never learned. If devils were the cause of this, the sick could not be physicked. Dr. Lemne takes for granted that one of his purges would not operate upon Satan. What would *he* care for a spoonful of brimstone and treacle? But these people who speak strange languages when sick, as medical science well understands, can have that symptom removed by judicious treatment. The reason of it is, that the mind contains within itself notions of all things—kept down usually by the weight of the body, as fire is smothered under ashes. But when there is great disturbance and heat among the humours, the smoke created by so much burning rises into the brain, and is so acrid that by very torture it extorts from the brain its latent capability of mastering, say, Greek, Hebrew, or Spanish. There is so violent an ebullition among the powers of the mind that they clash together, and strike out any knowledge of which a human mind is capable, just, says Dr. Lemne, as sparks are struck out by the knocking together of flint and steel. This, perhaps, may account for the old-fashioned schoolmaster's practice of shaking a child, or giving him some violent knocks on the head, when the required sparks of knowledge could not be made to fly out by the ordinary method of tuition. It is the philosophical groundwork, also, of the old boarding-school dumpling, the recipe for which will be valued by Sir William Armstrong and other constructors of irresistible artillery. If it be not already lost to civilisation, it should be sent to the War Office by any surviving manufacturer of that piece of solid shot, or of that more terrible loaded shell, the Saturday Pie, which, with its dangerous contents, threw into a most horrible commotion all the humours of those bodies into which it entered. What linguists some of us ought to have been in our boyhood!

Our doctor also discusses air in the lungs, and tells a story he heard from the great anatomist, Vesalius, of a large-lunged Moorish diver at Ferrara. Without drawing breath, he uttered a prolonged shout, equal to the successive shouts of four trained pugilists. And afterwards he fought those pugilists, with his nostrils and mouth closed. When this man with a long breath was, for some offence, to be

taken to prison, he escaped by jumping into water, where he swam for half an hour without showing himself at the surface; because his lungs were so unusually large and so thoroughly permeable with air.

But of all marvels of nature, one of the most astonishing, says wise Dr. Lemne, is the fact that the bodies of murdered men bleed from their wounds in presence of the murderer; also, that blood issues from some parts of the bodies of the drowned when any of their friends or relations—especially if people of a florid habit—stand beside them. That such bleeding does happen, every magistrate in Holland, he says, accustomed to be present at such cases, can bear witness. This, by-the-bye, is a good suggestion of the worth of testimony from men who start with their conviction ready made. No doubt it was true that every burgomaster and magistrate in Holland would, three hundred years ago, have declared and believed himself eye-witness to the truth of this fact. And yet it is no fact. And who could wish for a more respectable and responsible body of witnesses? Now the reason of this fact seemed, to Dr. Lemne, to lie in another fact: which is, that something of life lasts in the body newly dead (hair and nails of the dead grow). As a flower-bud, cut from the stem when placed in water, will put out its latent life, so the dead body, with warmth about it, may be susceptible as in life of movement and disturbance of the humours. It is often observed—by Doctor Lemne—that the living friend of a drowned person upon first seeing him, or a murderer on first seeing the body of his victim, will, through agitation, foam or bleed outwardly. Now, as long as there is any vital power, the like sympathies may affect also the dead. And of course nobody has so much reason to feel strongly on the subject of a drowning or a murder, as the body which has been drowned or murdered, and to which, therefore, the whole event has been personally most distressing.

What is the reason why the Dutch say of people, when they are light-headed and silly, that "beans are in blossom," or "they have been among the beans"? The humours are lighter, and flow more freely in spring, when beans are in blossom; also, the smell of a bean-field agitates the brain from a long distance, so that when there is already much vapour and smoke of humours in the brain, the smell of bean blossoms will even stir the mind to delirium. Some odours dispel vapour in the brain, as odour of vinegar—from that notion descends our modern use of aromatic vinegar—odours also of rose-water, in which cloves have been steeped, or of new bread soaked in a fragrant wine. Other aromatics, as onions, rue, wormwood, elder flowers, emit a heavy odour that painfully adds weight to the brain. But opposites correct one another. Strabo tells that the Sabæans, when stupefied with those odours which blow from their spicy shores, restore their energies with burnt pitch, or by singeing a goat's beard. And Dr. Lemne tells of a man who found himself about to faint in a perfumer's shop, but who recovered his spirits by hurrying across the road, and there holding his nose over a dungheap.

Another marvel of nature is to be found in the ring-finger, the finger next to the little finger of the left hand. Dr. Lemne asks: Why is this the chief among fingers, why is it the last part of the body that dies, why is it the finger that escapes gout, or gets it only when death is at hand, and why is this finger particularly worthy to be hooped with gold? It is all because of the particular accord between this finger and the heart. Nobody ever dies of gout unless it find its way to that left cavity of the chest which ends with the cone of the heart. When the gout gets there, it passes at once from the heart to the ring-finger, where the fatal fact becomes declared. The ancients hooped that finger with gold, because, not a nerve, as Gellius said, but, explains Dr. Lemne, a fine arterial duct, straight from the heart, passes along it, and, by its movements, declares to us the condition of the heart. Now, by the striking or rubbing of these movements of the duct against the ring of gold, the re-warming power which is contained in the gold, spreads at once to the heart, which it refreshes. For the same reason such rings used to be medicated, and no poison could stick even to the extremest roots of that duct to the ring-finger without being carried straight to the heart and infecting the whole man. So that is the finger on which is worn the wholesome little gold hoop of wedding-ring: sign and assurance of perpetual refreshment to the heart.

The wearing of a gem upon a ring was first suggested by a belief in occult powers of gems. These are fully credited and maintained by Dr. Lemne. Gems are clouded, he says, by the surrounding air; they copiously absorb the breath, and in like manner give out a light and subtle force. The doctor

says that he has often seen a turquoise become darker and paler, in sympathy with the state of health of the person wearing it. Here we have direct testimony again, to a delusion, and yet the witness is a highly educated man. There is hardly any gem that does not lose lustre (Dr. Lemne likewise knows) if it be worn by an intemperate man. So the faces of some women dim their mirrors. The cold moist origin of pearls was held to justify a considerable use of them in medicine. The toad draws to itself all poisons that it touches, and like property has the toad-stone—a stone with markings which suggest the image of a toad. The doctor names a family possessing such a stone, which he has often found to remove swellings caused by stings or venomous bites. One has only to rub it over the afflicted part.

The humours, Dr. Lemne says, are accountable for the fact that every one of us is in special peril at the age of seven, and afterwards at every age which is a multiple of seven, up to the most perilous climacteric: which is the age of nine times seven, or sixty-three. In the course of nature it takes seven years to produce a dangerous accumulation of the humours; but if, by getting bled every year in spring and autumn, one were to thin the humours, and delay the time of accumulation to some date which is not a multiple of seven in the years of life, danger would then be greatly lessened.

Shaving away the beard to the skin weakens character by exposure of so much of the surface of the head to cold. By cooling and enfeebling the lively humours there, it takes from the heart a great part of the stimulus which gives it courage at the approach of danger. Thus nations degenerate when their citizens and soldiers go with shaven chins. Neither is it good, says the learned doctor of three centuries ago, that we should exhaust our heads by washing them. What suited men's humours was a hearty rub at the face with a rough dry towel and a soaking of the beard in cleansing liquid. That makes the eyes clear, and the mind brisk. What this old doctor would have said of a daily tubbing and scrubbing is not known, because nobody was bold enough to imagine such a rash and wholesale interference with the coolings, stoppings, runnings, balancings, collisions, boilings, and smokings, of his four humours. He writes as if it were not safe for any one in delicate health to wash his feet without summoning a consultation of physicians. "We must observe," he says, "when it is expedient to wash the feet, or desist from the business: in which the unskilled multitude sins at its own great peril, when with no choice or discrimination it busies itself about this, and will, even when a disease is coming on, insist on having the feet washed." So there was good old philosophy to dignify the good old dirt of the good old times.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A Yachting Story.

CHAPTER XIV. WAVERING.

On the next morning the town had really something to talk about. The encounter between the two gentlemen seemed to go round to every house like the post, and before twelve o'clock was known to every one in the place. Wildest speculation was afloat as to what was to—what *must* in decency—happen next. Conway was not at all displeased at an adventure which had turned out so fortunately, and made him into a temporary hero, though he was uncertain as to what would be the next step. Above all, his eyes wandered back to that delightful night—to those two unique girls—each of whom had her charm, and each of whom seemed to draw him away with a special attraction of her own. He would have liked this present dreamy indecision to endure for weeks, and even months.

It was now about one o'clock. He saw a boat coming out towards his yacht, and his mate came to tell him that it was "the chap has had attacked his honour last night." Seeming to wait instructions as to how they were to deal with the aggressor, Conway restrained them pettishly, for he foresaw that there was to be an attempt "to get up the burlesque of a duel," &c. Dudley came on board, asked him to go down to the cabin, and there closing the door, put out his hand with a sort of gloomy, enforced air, which did not escape the other. "I am sorry for last night," he said, "I should not have interfered with you. It was wrong to you and to her."

Conway received the amende cordially. "I am glad you have done this," he said. "It would not do either to have her name mixed up in a quarrel."

"That is just the reason," said the other. "I tell you so frankly. They had heard of it by this morning, and sent for me. You will guess the rest. You may congratulate yourself on such interest. Not a hair of

your head is to be touched. I shall interfere no more."

A thrill was at Conway's heart. "Whatever be the motive exciting you, Dudley, we shall say no more about the matter."

"She is not well, and must have her way. There! Have I said or done enough?" He then went down into his boat and was rowed away.

But there was another surprise for Conway during that day. As he was preparing his "shore toilette," a little troubled about that illness out at Panton, a letter was brought to him, which, as he read, literally made his ears tingle.

We have heard of the fracas of last night, and all the gossips are busy with the cause. I wish to be the first to offer congratulations to you in your new character of champion. What you will think of me for writing to you in this fashion, I know not, nor, indeed, care not. A poor clergyman's daughter, I have no right to reprove, or admonish one who is a mere stranger, but who has had the glorious amusement of *taking me in*. I own to you you succeeded in *that*. Shame on you! for I cannot write any longer with the conventional formalities. You may well be proud of what you have done. You have had your amusement, which is a most honourable one. But I write now to tell you, without formal quarrel, but not without indignation, that I decline to be the favoured object of what is sport to you, and what, you would not care, if it prove death to me. I mistook you, and never dreamed you would play so double a game. I do not blame your change of conduct or of views; but I must tell you plainly—and my character is disfigured by something like bluntness—that an interval of an hour to make such a change seemed needlessly cruel and unfeeling. As I am speaking candidly, and have some regard for your true interest, I may tell you that that partiality and attention, which you flatter yourself is owing to your own attraction, is in a great measure owing to *me;* that is, to a special dislike and jealousy with which I have been visited for several years now. It was enough that you were seen to show some regard for me, to excite what you might reasonably take for a partiality for yourself. It is because I have this interest in you that I would not have you deceived—though I know to what ungenerous motives I risk having this interference set down. In my short life I have never cared for appearances, as, indeed, they will all tell you in this place. That you may succeed, too, in the venture you have undertaken in pursuit of the tempting bait of fortune and estate is quite possible. For I believe her to be capable of indulging her humour to this extent. However, I feel that I have done my duty in giving this warning, and ask no thanks; only that we may continue on the footing of an agreeable acquaintance, without tempting me to reveal, for your entertainment, what you might call the sacred metaphysics of the heart.

JESSICA.

Conway was confounded by this epistle. He seemed, as the expression runs, struck of a heap. Afterwards came mortification, then something like anger. "This is free and easy indeed, and most engaging candour!" Then he thought how strangely blinded she could be by this mad dislike and jealousy. It was appalling. "But I disdain to set her right. Not a single word shall I speak. It is always the way. I am to be disappointed always; and judge people better than they are." Mr. Conway had a favourite metaphor about people "showing the cloven foot," applying the phrase even to slight misapprehension, some shape of this malformation always presenting itself. He was deeply hurt. It was something of a shock too, as there was a boldness, and, it seemed to him, even a want of delicacy, in the tone of that letter, so startingly brusque and forward. The Honourable Mr. Conway was not accustomed to such plain speaking.

In this frame of mind he went ashore, and there heard a piece of news which was still more unfortunate in driving him from Jessica.

CHAPTER XV. A TEMPTING OFFER.

SOME people had remarked a sort of restless excitement about the young heiress during the course of that festive night, notably the friendly doctor. There was a flush in her cheeks, a restlessness in her eyes, which caused her watchful father some anxiety. Her health was always as sensitive as a delicate thermometer, and everything round her left some mark. Walking reflectively along, and in a very curious frame of mind, quite uncertain what his next step should be, Conway met the local doctor striding on, flushed with importance, as though in the exclusive possession of news. "Such a dreadful thing, my dear fellow! That poor girl, who was entertain-

ing us last night—such a nice dinner, and so well done in every way—best taste, good style, and all that——"

"But what has happened?" said Conway, impatiently.

"She has been seized. Capper sent for at six this morning—hardly time to dress oneself—a vessel gone—dreadful!"

On another occasion Conway would have smiled at these confused hints, and might have been justified in thinking that the doctor was alluding to some voyage. But he knew that the allusion was to the delicate throat and lungs of the young girl. When he was alone he could not but think of the strange last look of disappointment and uneasiness she gave over at where he was sitting with Jessica. And almost at once he associated this illness in some way with himself. This, not from vanity, but from a sort of instinct.

Then, as a matter of course, a feeling of compassion rose in him for this poor wayward, spoiled girl, whose impulses seemed to him most dramatic and interesting. She was truly *natural*, and that look *would* come back upon him.

By noon the news had spread through the place, that the heiress had been taken ill. The local doctor was the conduit pipe of this intelligence, making of his journeys as much splash and scamper as they could possibly bear. He returned with mysterious look, but with an almost suppressed delight, and announced it was a very serious matter indeed. Later, the great Leviathan of a London physician telegraphed for had arrived duly, with *his* stock of fussiness, looking very grave, consenting, as a sort of personal favour, to stop over the night. Mrs. Silvertop was in vast demand, waited on by "visitors," waylaid in the town, and forced in to drink tea, while the local doctor, exceedingly deferential in presence of the London doctor, talked to his own friends of himself and that dignitary in a partnership fashion, as "we."

Conway hurried out to the castle to inquire, and the owner came down to him with deep trouble on his face. "You were the one I was wishing for," he said. "You find us in a wretched way here. My poor child! I don't know what we are to do. My only child too. I cannot lose her!"

"But is there really danger?" asked Conway. "This is terrible!"

"They have done all they could, that is, patched her up for the present; but they say they cannot answer for the future. The truth is, my poor darling has something exciting on her mind—something her heart is set upon; and though I would give my own life to gratify her, still, in *this* I know not how to do so. If it was mere money, a matter of thousands—but there are things which all our money cannot procure for her."

Conway looked mystified, yet he had a dim suspicion as to what was the meaning of all this.

"And yet," the father went on, "would it not be like murder to let a mere matter of delicacy stand between me and the life of my child? I cannot let her waste and fret herself out of life rather than hang back from speaking plainly—and, above all, to *you*."

"To me?" said Conway.

"Yes, to *you*. I know you will have indulgence for my situation. The truth is," and the baronet's eyes were fixed steadily on the ground, while he spoke very slowly and hesitatingly, "she—likes—you, and she has an idea that you like, or might like, her, but for the interference of certain other people. She has always been indulged," pleaded the baronet. "She has hitherto only had to ask for anything to have it. Even this business of that bridge, the men are to begin at once. I give that up to her, though it will ruin me with the people; for I wished to be a member for this place one day. Mr. Conway, you must not think we are degrading ourselves. And I merely tell you, *you* are the physician, and can apply the remedy!"

Conway, almost flushed with pleasure at finding himself in this position—always a flattering one for a man when the conventional attitude of the parties is thus reversed. The other saw his hesitation.

"She knows nothing, poor child, as I live and stand here—no! You believe me to be a man of honour, Mr. Conway; and I tell you I would shrink from this step. I only want to save her life. Ask Sir Duncan Dennison, upstairs. He will tell you it hangs upon a thread. Be generous, or, at least, indulgent. Take time, and don't give an answer now, but think it over."

What was Mr. Conway to say or do? He was inclined to reject such a proposal promptly, and with the usual noble Roman air. Suitable words rose to his lips.

"You do me a very great honour, Miss Panton and you. I understand all perfectly, and can think you have only done what an affectionate father would do. I see nothing strange or degrading—nothing but what is natural, and a very handsome

tribute to myself, and I promise you I shall carefully consider the whole."

He went his way. As he got to the river he saw workmen standing about the bridge; poles and ropes, and other matériel for scaffolding, were on the ground. He knew what this was for, and his face turned backwards to the window of the castle, where the sick girl was lying. He spoke to the men, and they told him the removal was not to have begun until next week, but that the master had sent sudden orders to have it begun at once. The pretty bridge, light and airy, and a real ornament to the place, was to be rudely pulled to pieces, as though it were a bird-cage in some bold child's hands. It would leave rude rents and gaps behind it in the bank, even though the ground on both sides would be trimmed up and smoothed. To such things the surrounding objects grow accustomed: they seem to miss them when they are gone. He stood and looked in a sort of reverie, now gazing at the condemned bridge, then glancing at the window, where she lay in such an extremity, and yet to whose wild whim this costly homage was being paid, at a moment when she might seem hurrying away beyond such trifles. There was something in this persistent determination to carry out this girlish vendetta to the end that he could not but be interested in, and even secretly admire.

As he passed on, the strange proposal that he had to think over came back on him. There was, indeed, something piquant in the situation, something, too, in the notion that here was an opportunity for a sacrifice that would be actually *noble*. More noble still the sacrifice of his own inclinations, which were with Jessica still, in spite of her brusque behaviour, and although he was formally severed from her by her own act; and, unless he was utterly astray in his judgment of her, she herself would be the one to urge him to such a sacrifice. Here, indeed, was he being plunged into the true drama—something of action, with play of character. But, above all, he thought, with triumph, what a refutation was here of Jessica's unworthy imputation. *This* looked like an effort of petty spite forsooth; it was the most genuine tribute he had met with in all his life. He longed that she should know it, and confess, with humiliation, what a base estimate she had formed of human nature.

Still what was he to do? Even if there was something of sacrifice required, he was tempted to make it. To save the life of a natural genuine girl who loved him was not so terrible a holocaust after all; it would be a noble and unselfish act, and something to have lived for. There was a genuineness in this homage to himself which it would be a crime for him to pass over and leave unnoticed. His heart turned to Jessica, but her brusque, bold letter barred the way like a great gate.

As he was turning to walk home, one of his sailors came towards him, holding out a letter. He took it, and read, on the outside, "With great haste," and opened it. It ran:

Formanton.

My dear Boy,—The crash is at last come, that you and I both prophesied long ago. It could not go on. You know whose extravagances have brought us to this. Bolton has in the most generous way staved off an execution, but another may be put in at any moment. You can, and must, save us. I have heard from several quarters that you are secure of Sir Charles's daughter. For God's sake, strike home if you can, and save us all from disgrace. Let none of your philosophy or refining come between us, on this occasion at least. Lose not a moment, for moments are precious; and I shall be with you myself almost as soon as you receive this.

Conway hurried on in the strangest whirl of mind that man could conceive. It seemed as though the Fates were bent on driving—forcing him, as with iron bars—into this marriage.

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER XI. THE PARTNERS.

AFTER having been introduced to her at Bayswater, Miss Betsy Boyce called on Mrs. Lovegrove. The latter was a good deal flattered by the visit; which might have been inferred by those who knew her well, from the loftily patronising tone she assumed in speaking of Miss Boyce.

"Miss Boyce is a thoroughly well-connected person," said Mrs. Lovegrove, speaking across the dinner-table to her husband with much impressiveness.

"Ah!" said Mr. Lovegrove, who was engaged in carving beef for the family.

"It is curious how immediately one recognises blood."

"H'm!" murmured Mr. Lovegrove. "A little of the brown, Augustus?"

"No meat for me, sir, thank you! Vigil of Blessed Ranocchius," returned the son of the house, austerely.

"My papa was wont to say," proceeded Mrs. Lovegrove, "that his was some of the best blood in England—in a genealogical sense I mean. Not literally, of course, poor man, for he was a martyr to gout."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Lovegrove, whose interest in his dinner appeared to be more intense than that which he felt in his wife's respected parent.

"And in Miss Boyce," continued Sarah, in an *instructive* manner which was one of her peculiarities, "there is, despite eccentricity, an air of birth and breeding quite unmistakable."

"She seems a good-natured old soul," said Mr. Lovegrove. Whereat his youngest daughter, Phœbe, began to giggle.

"Levity, Phœbe, is low," said Mrs. Lovegrove, sententiously. "Miss Boyce gave me a terrible account of——" Mrs. Lovegrove broke off in her speech, and pointed downward with her finger in a manner that might have seemed to argue a startling allusion to regions usually ignored in polite society. But her family understood very well that she intended to signify Mr. Frost, whose office was on the floor beneath the room they were sitting in.

"Eh?" said Mr. Lovegrove. And this time he raised his eyes from his plate.

"I mean of the wife—of the wife. Deplorable!"

"Well, then, she is a less good-natured old soul than I thought," said Mr. Lovegrove, gravely. "Mrs. Frost is her friend. I don't like that in Miss Betsy, my dear."

"Understand me, Augustus!" said Mrs. Lovegrove.

This phrase was frequently the preface to a rather long discourse on her part.

Her husband pushed his plate back, and began to cut his bread into little dice, which he afterwards arranged in symmetrical patterns with much care and exactitude.

"Understand me! I am not implicating Miss Boyce. Far from it. The deductions drawn from what she said are mine. I only am responsible for them. If too severely logical, I can but regret it. But I conceive they will be found to be correct when the facts are stated."

The facts, when arrived at, were not altogether new to Mr. Lovegrove. Mrs. Frost was extravagant. Mrs. Frost was selfish in seeking her own pleasure and society in a circle which her husband did not frequent, and of which he disapproved. Mrs. Frost, who after all was but the

wife of a respectable solicitor, had costly jewellery fit for any lady in the land! These were the main counts of Mrs. Lovegrove's indictment; and they were closely intermingled with much extraneous matter.

That afternoon Augustus Lovegrove said a few words to his father when they were alone together in the office.

"Do you know, father, I think that Mr. Frost ought to look after that wife of his a little more."

"Look after her! What do you mean?"

"I mean that he ought to curb her expenditure a little."

"I suppose he knows his own business best, Gus."

"Well, he certainly is very clever at other people's business. I don't deny that. But it may be that he is making a mess of his own. Such things sometimes happen. I did hear——"

"Eh? What did you hear?"

"Well, there are ugly rumours about the Parthenope Embellishment Company. And I did hear that Mr. Frost had dipped pretty deep in it."

"Gus, I hope you have not repeated any such gossip! It is always injurious to a professional man to be supposed unable to keep his tongue between his teeth."

"I, sir? Oh no; you may be quite easy about that. But I thought I would mention it to you."

"I don't attach any importance to it, Gus Frost is too clear-sighted and long-headed to burn his fingers."

"So much the better, sir," returned Augustus, quietly. And there was no more said at that time on the matter.

But Mr. Lovegrove thought of it seriously. Mr. Frost's proceedings had been by no means satisfactory to him of late. It was not that he had neglected the business of the firm, nor that he had seemed absent and absorbed in his own private affairs on occasions when matters pertaining to the office should have claimed his best energies. Nor was it that Mr. Lovegrove had accidentally heard that his partner had dealings with a money-lender of questionable reputation; nor the floating rumours that tradesmen had been dunning for their bills at the elegant little house in Bayswater. It was not any one of these circumstances, taken singly, that made Mr. Lovegrove uneasy; but the combination of them unquestionably did so. And his wife's gossip respecting Mrs. Frost's extravagance, to which he would at another time have attached no importance, became disquieting as adding one more to the accumulation of other facts. Later on that same afternoon, as he was leaving the office, he saw Hugh Lockwood coming out of Mr. Frost's private room. On the day when Hugh had given testimony as to the hour of Lady Tallis Gale's death, Mr. Lovegrove and the young man had conceived a strong respect for each other. There had been the slightest possible acquaintance between them up to that time.

"Good day, Mr. Lockwood," said Lovegrove, offering his hand. He was not surprised to see the young man coming from Mr. Frost's room. He was aware of the old and close intimacy that had existed between the latter and Hugh's father.

"Good day, sir."

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Lockwood?" asked Lovegrove, struck with the expression of Hugh's face.

"Nothing, thank you. That is—to say truth, I *have* been put out a little."

And Hugh hastily shook Mr. Lovegrove's hand, and walked away with a quick step. Mr. Lovegrove stood looking after him thoughtfully for a moment. Then he turned, and went into Mr. Frost's inner sanctum. He opened the door without first knocking at it, and, as the heavy panels swung back noiselessly, he had time to see his partner before his partner was aware of his presence.

Mr. Frost was standing at the little fireplace with his back to the door. He was leaning with his elbow on the mantelpiece, and supporting his head on his hands. At a slight noise, made by Mr. Lovegrove, he turned round, and the other man almost started on seeing the haggard face that fronted him. Mr. Frost's forehead was knit and creased into deeper folds than usual. There was a dark red flush upon it, and it seemed expressive of intense pain of mind or body. His jaw hung, and his usually firmly closed lips were parted. His eyes stared wildly, and seemed hardly to take note of that which they looked upon. All this lasted but for a second. He passed his hands over his forehead, and said:

"Hullo, Lovegrove! I didn't hear you come in. Do you want me? I hope not, just now; for I have an appointment, and must be off."

"I did want to say a word to you. I can wait, however. Do you know, Frost, that you are not looking at all well!"

"Am I not? Well, I have a devil of a headache."

"Don't you do anything for it? You really do look uncommonly ill."

"There's no cure for these things but time and patience. I have been over-working myself lately, I suppose. Or else I'm growing old."

"Old! nonsense! You are—why you must be five years my junior, and I——"

"Oh, you are as sound as a roach, and as fresh as a daisy. But, my dear fellow, age cannot always be counted by years. I feel worn out sometimes. How I hate this ceaseless grind, grind, grind at the mill!"

"H'm! Well, for my part, I can never be thoroughly happy out of harness for long together. When we take our sea-side holiday every summer, I am always the first to get tired of it. I long for what you call the pounce and parchment."

"Happy you!"

"If you hate it so, why don't you retire and give up your share of the business to my Gus? You haven't a tribe of daughters to provide for. You must be rich enough."

"Rich!" echoed Mr. Frost. "Who shall say what 'rich' means in these days? And besides, you know, one always wants a little more."

He had by this time nearly recovered his usual mien, and spoke with the self-confident careless air of superiority which had never failed to impress Mr. Lovegrove.

"Aye, aye, one knows all that," said the latter. "Why then, on the whole, you have—things have not gone so badly with you, eh?"

Frost gave him a quick and curious glance. Then his mouth stretched itself in a forced smile, to which, in the impossibility of attaining anything like spontaneity, he communicated an exaggerated expression of irony. He was conscious of this exaggeration; but his muscles were not under his own control.

"Oh yes, they have!" he exclaimed. "Things have gone very badly indeed with me. I haven't got what I want by some ten or fifteen thousand pounds."

"Ten or fifteen thou—by Jove!"

"Well, you know, Lovegrove, every man has his hobby. Mine has been to die worth a certain sum. I shan't tell you what sum; you would be shocked at the extravagance of my desires. Not having yet reached the figure I had set myself, I consider that I have the right to grumble. Consequently I do grumble—to the world. But," he added, with a sudden change of manner, "but between friends and partners, like you and me, I may say that on the whole—on the whole, my nest isn't badly feathered."

"I thought it was—I thought so!" replied Lovegrove, nodding his head with a kind of sober triumph.

"Ah, but I grumble!"

"Rich men always do. Only, if I were you, Frost, I wouldn't grumble too much!"

"Eh?"

"Folks might take you at your word. And as all the world does not know how rich you want to be—why—don't you see?"

Mr. Frost laughed a little dry laugh, and clapped his partner on the shoulder.

"Ah," said he, "God knows there is wherewithal for plenty of grumbling without being poor. I'm harassed to death!"

"You have just had young Lockwood with you. I met him coming out."

"You met him! Did he—did he say anything?"

"Say anything? He said, 'Good day.' Oh, and he said, too, that he had been a good deal put out."

"Put out! He is terribly pig-headed."

"Is he? Well, I rather liked him. I thought he came out so well in that affair of proving the time of Lady Tallis's death. But I always thought you were such a great friend of his."

"I tried to be. I offered to get him a fine position with a company abroad. But there are people whom it is impossible to befriend. They won't let you."

"Dear me! Then he refused your offer?"

"Yes; I had given him a little time to consider of it. But he came to-day to—to say that he would not hear of it. And that not in the most civil terms, either."

"Oh! So that was what he had been to see you about?"

"Of course! Did he say that he had come for anything else?"

"Not at all. I told you what he said. But talking of companies abroad, Frost, I wanted to say one word to you. I did hear——"

"Another time — another time, Lovegrove. I shall be late as it is. I have an appointment in the city;" and Mr. Frost pulled out his watch impatiently.

"Oh, well, I won't detain you. Some day—some evening, after business hours, I should like to have a quiet chat with you, though."

"Of course. Delighted. Whenever you like."

Mr. Frost hurried off, and threw himself into the first empty cab that happened to

be passing. As Mr. Lovegrove came out again through the front office, the senior clerk was putting on his hat and gloves preparatory to going home.

"Oh, Mr. Lovegrove," said the clerk, "you were asking me about the bill of costs in Bowcher v. Bowcher!"

"Yes, I was. Has it been paid?"

"It has, sir. Their solicitors sent down this afternoon, and the bill was paid. You were not here. Mr. Frost took the notes, saying that he was going into the city this afternoon, and would bank them."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Burgess."

When the clerk had left, Mr. Lovegrove's face changed.

"Another instance of Frost's thoughtlessness," he muttered. "He takes money to the bank for the firm, and does not go to the city until after banking hours. It had much better have been sent in the regular way. I suppose the truth is, he is too busy growing rich on his own account. I should never have guessed that Frost had the ambition of being wealthy. I hope he won't burn his fingers with speculations in trying to grow rich in a hurry. But he certainly is a very superior man! A most superior man is Frost. All the same, when your clever fellow does make a mistake, it is apt to be a big one."

CHAPTER XII. TROUBLE.

Mr. Frost left his office in a state of pitiable disorder and anxiety of mind. It has been said that Sidney Frost hated failure; and still more the avowal of failure. He had originally involved himself in a web of dishonourable complications for the sake of winning the woman who had inspired the sole strong passion of his life. And it was still his infatuated love for her that caused the greater part of his distress. What would Georgy do? What would Georgy say? How would Georgy bear it if—the worst should happen? These were the chief questions with which he tormented himself. And at the same time he well knew, in his heart, that she would be cold as ice and hard as granite to his sufferings.

His business in the city, and the rumours he heard there, did not tend to reassure him. He drove to his home jaded and wretched. The headache which he had falsely pleaded to Mr. Lovegrove had become a reality. He threw himself on a sofa in the drawing-room and shut his eyes. But his nerves were in a state of too great irritation to allow him to sleep. Nor did the cessation from movement seem to bring repose. He tried to stretch and relax his limbs into a position of ease; but he ached in every muscle, and was as weary as a man who has gone through a day of hard bodily labour. Presently his wife entered the room. Care, and toil, and anxiety had set no mark on *her*. Her peach-like cheeks were smooth and fresh; her eyes bright and clear; her hair was glossy, abundant, and unmingled with a thread of grey. She was dressed in a dinner costume whose unobtrusive simplicity might have deceived an uninstructed eye as to its costliness. But, both in material and fashion, Mrs. Frost's attire was of the most expensive. Not a detail was imperfect: from the elegant satin slipper that fitted her well-formed foot to a nicety, to the fine old cream-coloured lace round her bosom. There was no jewel on her neck or in her ears; not a chain, not a brooch, not a pin. But on one round white arm she wore, set in a broad band of gold, the famous opal, whose mild, milky lustre, pierced here and there by darts of fire, contrasted admirably with the deep purple of her dress. Her husband, lying on the sofa, looked at her from beneath his half-closed eyelids, as she stood for a moment uncertain whether he were awake or asleep. She was very beautiful. What dignity in the simple steadiness of her attitude! How placid the expanse of her broad white forehead! How sweet and firm her closed red lips! How mild, grave, and matronly the light in her contemplative eyes! She seemed to bring an air of peace into the room. Even the slight perfume that hung about her garments was soothing and delicious. If she would but stand so, silent and adorable, until her husband's eyes should close, and sleep come down upon them like a balm!

Thought is wonderfully rapid. Sidney Frost had time to see all that we have described, and to frame the above-recorded wish, before his wife opened her handsome mouth, and said, in the rich, low voice habitual to her:

"Sidney, that man has been dunning again for his bill."

Crash! The sweet vision was gone, shattered into broken fragments like a clear lake-picture disturbed by a stone thrown into its waters. The veins in Frost's forehead started and throbbed distractingly. He could not suppress a groan—more of mental than physical pain, however—and he pressed his hot hands to his still hotter brow.

"Sidney! do you hear? That insolent man has been dunning. You don't seem to consider how disagreeable it is for me!"

"What insolent man? Who is it that you mean?" muttered Frost, closing his eyes completely.

"You may well ask. Duns have been quite numerous lately," rejoined Mrs. Frost, with a sneer, as she seated herself in an arm-chair opposite to the sofa. "But none of them have been so insupportable as that Wilson."

"The jeweller?"

"Yes; the jeweller. And you know, really and truly, Sidney, this kind of thing must be put a stop to."

Frost smiled bitterly.

"How do you suggest putting a stop to it?" he asked.

"*I* suggest! You are too amusing."

It would be impossible to convey the disdain of the tone in which this was said.

"Wilson came here, and saw you, and was insolent?"

"Very."

"What did he say?"

"How can I repeat word for word what he said? He declared that he must have the price of the opal bracelet. I happened to have it on, and that put it into his head, I suppose. He said, too, very impertinently, that people who cannot afford to pay for such jewels had no right to wear them. I told him that was your affair."

"My affair! *I* don't wear bracelets."

"You know that it is nonsense talking in that way, Sidney. I beg you to understand that I cannot be exposed to the insults of tradespeople."

"Can you not? Listen, Georgina. To-morrow you must give me that opal when I go to business. I shall drive first to Wilson's, and ask him to take back the bracelet. He will probably make me pay for your having had it so long, but, as the stone is a really fine one, I think he will consent to take it back."

"Take back my bracelet!"

"It is not your bracelet. Do you remember that, when you first spoke of buying it, I forbade you to do so, and told you the price of it was beyond my means to pay?"

"Take back my bracelet!"

"Come here, Georgy. Sit down beside me. Ah, how fresh and cool your hand is! Put it on my forehead for a moment. Listen, Georgy. I am in great trouble and embarrassment. I have a considerable sum of money which I—I—which I owe, to make up within six months. Six months is the limit of time allowed me."

Mrs. Frost shrugged her shoulders with the air of a person who is being bored by unnecessary details. "Well?" she said.

Her husband suppressed his indignation at her indifference, and proceeded:

"During that time I shall have to strain every nerve, to try every means, to scrape together every pound. I shall have——"

"I thought," said Georgina, interrupting him, "that your journey to Naples was to make your fortune. I have not yet perceived any of the fine results that were to flow from it."

"Matters have not gone as I hoped and expected. Still I do not despair even yet. No; far from it. I believe the shares will come all right, if we can but tide over——" He checked himself, after a glance at her face. It was calm, impassive, utterly unsympathising. Her eyes were cast down, and were contemplating the opal bracelet as the arm which it adorned lay gracefully on her lap. Sidney Frost heaved a deep sigh, that ended in something like a moan.

"I don't know whether you are listening to me, or whether you understand me, Georgina?"

"I heard what you said. But I can't see why you should want to take away my opal. I never heard of such a thing. I little expected that such a thing would ever happen to me."

"Be thankful if nothing worse happens to you."

"Worse! What can be worse? I promised to wear the bracelet at Lady Maxwell's, on Wednesday, to show to a friend of hers, a Polish countess who boasts of her jewels. Lady Maxwell had told her of my bracelet, and had said, moreover, that mine was far handsomer than any single opal she had ever seen."

"You must make some excuse to her."

"What excuse can I make? It is too bad!" And Mrs. Frost put her delicate handkerchief to her eyes.

Her husband remained silent; and after a little while she looked up at him in perplexity. She did not often have recourse to tears. But she had hitherto found them infallible in softening Sidney's heart towards her, let him be as angry as he might.

Presently the dinner-gong sounded. After a short pause, Mrs. Frost wiped her eyes, and said, in a cold voice, "Are you not coming to dinner, Sidney?"

"No; it is impossible. I could eat nothing."

"Why not?" asked Georgina, turning her large eyes slowly on him.

"Oh, you have not, of course, observed so trifling a matter; but the fact is, I am very unwell."

"No; I hadn't noticed it," she responded, with cool naïveté.

After an instant's reflection, it struck her that this indisposition might be the cause of her husband's unwonted severity. Sidney was often hot-tempered and cross, but such steady opposition to her wishes she was quite unused to. The opal might not be lost after all. She went to him and touched his forehead with her cool lips.

"Poor Sidney, how hot his head is!" she exclaimed. "I will send you a little soup. Try to take something, won't you?"

He pressed her hand fondly. The least act of kindness from her made him grateful.

"Dear Georgy! She does really love me a little," he thought, as she glided with her graceful step out of the room. And then he began to meditate whether it might not be possible to spare her the humiliation of parting with her bracelet.

But soon a remembrance darted through his mind, which made his head throb, and his heart beat. No, no; it was impossible! Any sacrifice must be made to avoid, if possible, public disgrace and ruin. It would be better for Georgy to give up every jewel she possessed than to confront that final blow. Yes; the sacrifice must be made, for the present. And who could tell what piece of good luck might befall him before the end of the six months?

This was but the beginning of a period of unspeakable anxiety for Frost, during which he suffered alternations of hope and despondency, and feverish expectation and crushing humiliation, and during which he was more and more delivered up to the conviction that his wife was the incarnation of cold egotism. He strove against the conviction. Sometimes he fought with it furiously and indignantly; sometimes he tried to coax and lull it. When he should be finally vanquished by the irrefragable truth, it would go hard with him. Of all this Georgina knew nothing. Had she known, she would have cared; because she would have perceived that when the truth should have overcome the last of her husband's self-delusions it must also go hard with *her*.

Meanwhile there was anxiety enough —with which Frost was intimately connected—at the house in Gower-street. Maud and the vicar were gone away to Shipley. The upper rooms were shut up, and the house seemed almost deserted. There had come to be a barrier between Hugh and his mother. It did not appear in their outward behaviour to each other. He was as dutifully, she as tenderly, affectionate as ever. But the unrestrained confidence of their intercourse was at an end. It must always be so when two loving persons speak together with the consciousness of a forbidden topic lying like a naked sword between them. Concealment was so intrinsically antagonistic to Hugh's character, that his mother's aversion to speak confidingly with him respecting the confession she had made once for all was extremely painful to him. And his pain, which was evident to her, only served to make her the more reticent. She thought, "My son can never again love me as he loved me before I wounded his pride in me. He is kind still; but I am not to him what I was."

Maud was sadly missed by both mother and son. Her presence in the house had been like the perfume of flowers in a room. Now that she was gone, Zillah often longed for the silent sweetness of her young face. Maud had been able to soften the touch of sternness which marked Hugh's character, and which had in past years sent many a pang of apprehension to his mother's heart as she thought how hard his judgment of her would be when the dreaded moment of confession should arrive. And now the confession had been made, and her son had been loving and forbearing, and had uttered no hint of reproach, and yet—and yet Zillah tormented herself with the thought that she was shut out from the innermost chamber of his heart. Hugh had lost no time in telling his mother of his interview with Mr. Frost. He related all the details of it conscientiously, but without his usual frank spontaneity; for he saw in her face how she shrank from the recital; and in the constraint of his manner, she, on her part, read coldness and estrangement. She felt frightened as she pictured to herself the conflict of those two strong wills. Zillah, too, could be strong; but her strength lay in endurance less than action. And, besides, twenty years of secret self-reproach and the sting of a tormented and tormenting conscience had sapped the firmness of her character.

"You did not show him any mercy, then, Hugh?" she said, with her head leaning against her small pale hand, when her son had finished his narrative.

"Mercy! Yes, mother, surely I showed him more mercy than he deserved! I gave him six months' grace."

"Six months' grace. After five-and-twenty years of procrastination, how short those six months will seem to him!"

"And how long the five-and-twenty years seemed to you! But I told him the facts of the case plainly. The chance of buying the business I have set my heart on will remain open to me for yet half a year longer. If by the end of that time I have not given my answer, the chance will be lost. He *must* repay the money he stole by that time."

"Stole, Hugh! You did not use that word to him?"

"No, mother, I did not use that word; but I should have been justified in using it."

"And how did he—did he seem? Was he angry and defiant, or did he seem secure of his power to pay the money?"

"He was greatly taken by surprise; but he has great self-command. And he is so clever and specious that I do not wonder at his having imposed on you. He tried to take a high hand with me, and reminded me that he had been my father's friend. 'Yes; a false friend,' said I. Then he was silent. I did not reproach him with violence. I could not have brought myself to speak even as harshly as I did, had he met me in a different spirit."

"Do you think he will really have a difficulty in repaying the money? I cannot understand it. He must be rich. Every one says that the firm is so prosperous."

"He recovered himself after a minute or so, and began to expatiate on the brilliant prospects of the speculations in which he is engaged. He waxed eloquent at the sound of his own voice; but I stopped him. 'Deeds, not words, are the only arguments that I can accept from you, Mr. Frost,' said I. 'You have not now got a woman and a child to deal with. I am a man, and I shall exact my own unflinchingly.' Before I left the office, he offered me his hand, but I could not take it."

"You refused his hand? That must have cut him to the quick. He is such a proud man."

"So am I," retorted Hugh, dryly.

Zillah bent silently over her work. Hugh did not see the tears that brimmed up into her eyes. Hugh did not guess the sharp pain that was in her heart. He had so fully and freely forgiven whatever injury his mother's weakness had occasioned to him: he had such pity in his man's heart for the unmerited sufferings that this frail, delicate, defenceless woman had undergone from her youth upward, that it never entered into his mind how her sensitive conscience made her attribute to herself a large share of the contempt and disgust he expressed for Mr. Frost.

"I am at least an accomplice in defrauding my son of his inheritance!" said the poor woman to herself. "Hugh does not mean to be unkind; but he must feel that all blame thrown upon Sidney Frost reflects on me."

The next time Mrs. Lockwood spoke, it was on an indifferent topic; and her son was hurt that she should so resolutely, as it seemed to him, shut him out from any confidential communion with her.

There needed some link between them; some one who, loving both, should enable them to understand one another. Maud might have done this good office. She might have served them both with head and heart. But Maud was not there, and the days passed heavily in the widow's house.

ART. TALKERS AND DOERS.

"What a contrast between these grand works by the old masters, with their glowing colours and their mellow tones, and the flimsy raw-looking productions of the moderns which we are accustomed to see on these walls! How is it that people can't paint now-a-days? Is there some secret for the mixing of colours, and the preparation of pigments, which has been lost? Are modern eyes less accurate and less discerning than the eyes of old were? Or is it that art has long since reached the culminating point of perfection, and is now in a state of hopeless decline: or, worse, absolutely dead, and galvanised into a faint show of life, which is no life?"

At the exhibition of pictures by old masters, at the Royal Academy, this is the tone of all sorts of people, connected—unprofessionally for the most part—with the art world. These cognoscenti give utterance to sentiments expressive of the sublimest contempt for all that is new in art, and of the most fulsome and indiscriminate worship of all that is old. And these sentiments are put forth, be it remarked, by the said connoisseurs — or "knowers," as the word may be literally rendered—with amazing comfort to them-

selves, and amazing contempt for the feelings of any such unhappy modern professors of art as may happen to be within hearing. Indeed, these "knowers" set themselves in open opposition to the Doers.

Now there can exist no doubt in the mind of any reasonable person that finer work, in certain departments of art, has been produced in old than in modern times. This holds true with regard to all forms of art. The Iliad, the Parthenon, the Elgin Marbles, are grander specimens in their different kinds than any which have been produced since. So again, it may be said of the religious painting of the middle ages and of the period which next succeeded them, that it, in its peculiar way, has never been surpassed. The fact is, however, by no means to be fairly quoted in evidence of the decay of painting generally. A fair chronological survey of the history of art will always show that it has various developments, and goes through various phases; and that it passes on from one to another of these, in implicit obedience to that fundamental law of change and progress which affects all things.

That certain branches of art have been brought to greater perfection in former times than they ever attain now, may, then, be safely asserted by the modern critic; but he should by no means go further than this. Unfortunately a great many critics of this our day do go further, and much further. They assert, on behalf of the ancient masters, a claim to an amount of superiority over the modern which is overstrained and exaggerated. They admit of no defects in the former, and allow of no merits in the latter. Yet, that there might be assigned, with perfect fairness, a considerable share of both, *to* both, might easily be proved by an impartial examination of those very pictures at Burlington House. In that collection there can be no doubt that there are pictures by old masters of unsurpassed and unsurpassable excellence. Such a portrait, for instance, as that of Andrade, by Murillo, is alike magnificent, whether regarded as a mere piece of painting, or as a faithful rendering of strong individuality. Nothing, again, can be more exquisite than some of the Vandykes; especially the well-known three heads of Charles the First. They are beautiful beyond praise as mere works of art, and are so perfectly right and satisfying as delineations of character that it seems as though the value of physiognomy as a science were for ever established by the correspondence between face and character, of which these portraits give so admirable an illustration. Of such pictures —and many more in this collection might be included with them—no expressions of admiration, however strong, can be regarded as overstrained: except only such as claim for them a degree of merit with which no art of more recent date may venture to compete. Yet, strange to say, there are those who do demand this position for them, in the teeth of the strongest evidence of the successful rivalry of the old masters by the comparatively new. That any admirer of the old masters, however fervent, should assert their unapproachable superiority, having two such pictures before him as the Tragic Muse and the Blue Boy—not to mention others by the same masters—would seem almost impossible. For, surely, the merit of these two works is not inferior to that of any of the pictures exhibited in this gallery. Indeed, in the case of the Siddons portrait, there is in one respect a certain superiority over those other masterpieces. There is a soul painted here, as well as a body: a soul, too, in the highest condition of spiritual exaltation. There is no such instance of painted thought, of a glance of the mind into the spiritual world, in this collection, or perhaps in any other. In this regard, there is positive superiority on the part of the Reynolds picture to the works by old masters exhibited here. In other respects, this and the Gainsborough Blue Boy are simply not better and not worse than the finest of the pictures around them; since what may be said of the finest among the "old masters"—that they are simply of the highest order of merit attainable in this world—must be said, too, of these comparatively modern productions.

It is, probably, from a conviction entertained by the exclusive admirers of the ancient masters, that any admission of a claim on the part of such moderns as Reynolds and Gainsborough to an equality of merit with the older painters, might injure their whole case, that such claim is sturdily resisted by the fraternity of knowers. What an interruption in the course of that continuous decline, which these knowing ones love to dwell on, would be effected by the appearance on the scene, at a period so late as the end of the eighteenth century, of two artists capable of producing work as fine as that of Titian or Vandyke! To make any such concession would be ruinous. The simplest way is to deny to more recent art achievements all right

to rank with the more remote. "What! Compare a Reynolds or a Gainsborough with a Murillo or a Titian! Is it possible that you can see the works of both schools, hanging side by side, and not detect at a glance the inferiority of the modern to the old? Have you eyes? Can you, after feasting on Murillo, derive any satisfaction whatever from a contemplation of the old lady with the green umbrella, whose portrait hangs in the opposite corner? Almost as well admire those Leslies in the next room, and own yourself a Vandal at once."

"Those Leslies"! How lightly esteemed by the knowers, yet how full of beauties peculiar to themselves, and of merits belonging exclusively to the modern time!

There are some opinions on subjects of the day which spread among us like an infectious disease. These opinions issue for the most part from certain circles in London, which set the fashion in matters of taste, just as Brummel or D'Orsay did once in connexion with dress and personal decoration. It is the custom of these virtuosi to form themselves into a little committee, and to sit in judgment upon all works of art, pictorial, literary, musical, or dramatic: pronouncing, after due deliberation, a verdict which the rest of "the world," always glad to get hold of ready-made opinions, is very willing to accept. The verdict of these taste-arbitrators has gone against the pictures, by Leslie and Stanfield, exhibited, among the old masters, on the Academy walls. They are said to suffer to a pitiable extent by comparison with the works in the midst of which they are placed, and are accused of appearing raw, crude, and flimsy, by contrast. But, surely, on a little consideration, it might appear plain that there is abundant room for appeal against this verdict. The principal charge against these pictures is that they are deficient in that uniformity and harmony of general tint which characterises the old masters; but does not this simply amount to an accusation that they are without what it is simply impossible that they could yet have got—that general softness and unity of tone, which nothing but the lapse of time can bestow? The effect of time in bringing together the different parts of a picture, and in blending them into a homogeneous mass, is powerful and unmistakable. It does not seem too much to say that if, by means of some unknown scientific process, the effect brought about by the lapse of two or three centuries could be produced in as many hours, and some modern pictures could be subjected to it, they would present the very same mellow and harmonious aspect which we admire so much in the works of the older painters; while if, on the other hand, those very pictures by old masters could be put through an exactly inverse process, and deprived of all that they have gained by lapse of time, and seen as they came fresh from the easel, they would be denounced for possessing that very rawness and discordancy against which fierce exception is taken.

Such objectors most frequently give their judgments to the world, not through the medium of printers' ink and paper, but vivâ voce, by means of Talk. There is a large class in this town of these knowing Talkers. They hold forth at dinner-tables; they sicken the soul at Private Views, and other art assemblies; and they not unfrequently treat the Doers with pitying condescension. "You have a certain amount of mechanical skill;" thus the Talkers hold forth to the Doers; "you have a knack of representing what you see before you; you can turn out a picture painted with considerable dexterity, and can get a large sum of money for it; but you are grossly ignorant of your profession in all but its business aspect. You know nothing of the history of art, nothing of the distinguishing characteristics of the different schools; the refinements of colouring and of handling exhibited in the works of the 'masters' are a dead letter to you. From you, the Doer, these things are hidden; but to me, the Talker, they are revealed. Do not, therefore, expect me to pay any deference to your Doings, which are merely the result of knack; but, on the contrary, do you defer humbly to my Talkings: which emanate from an amount of art knowledge, art perception, and art theory, of which you have not so much as an inkling."

But the strangest thing is, that this tendency to treat of modern art as of a thing in the lowest condition of decadence is not entirely confined to the amateur critic, but is sometimes participated in by the artist himself. There are artists, as well as amateurs, who talk in this despondent tone. "What is the use," say they, "of anything that we can do? We can never approach those master-pieces produced by the great men of former times. This is not an age whose natural way of expressing itself is through the medium of art. It is not *the* thing of the day, as it was once."

Such reasoning as this—if such weak

complaining is to be called reasoning—is surely indicative of a very small grasp of mind. What if art be not *the* thing of the day? What if it have to enter into competition with science, commerce, mechanics, and a hundred other interests? This is a day, not of one thing, but of many things; and art is one of the many. Religion is not *the* thing of the day, as it is supposed to have been in what are called the "ages of faith." Yet it is much to be questioned whether the influence of real, practical, vital religion were ever greater than at this moment. War, again, is not *the* thing of the day, as it was once; yet whenever it happens that fighting becomes necessary, there seems no reason to complain of our not knowing how to do it. Just so it is with art. The art which was devoted to what are called devotional subjects may have seen its best days; but are there not, per contra, some developments of modern art which are quite peculiar to it, and which have belonged to no previous period of art-existence? The painting of pictures, rendered intensely interesting by the dramatic nature of the scenes they represent, and by the expression of various passions and emotions in the faces of the actors in such scenes, is a comparatively modern development of art, and dates almost entirely from the time of Hogarth. Is this a small thing for the art of the new time to have achieved? What picture by any of the old masters is dramatically interesting? They charm by their rare technical excellences, by their beauty of form, colour, and chiar'oscuro, and often by a delicious sentiment which pervades them, and which is produced we know not altogether how. But they certainly do not appeal to our imaginative faculties by reason of any special interest attaching to the scenes they represent, or to the persons by whom those scenes are enacted. With the old painter the manner of representing was everything; with the new, the thing represented is the more important. Let the due amount of credit be given to each, for what each has done. It is, to say the least, an open question whether any result achieved by Titian, or even Raphael, is of really higher artistic value than the figure of the dying husband in Hogarth's Marriage à la Mode, or that of the Catholic girl in Millais's Saint Bartholomew's Day. These are great doings; so were the doings of the older artists; and to disparage either because it is not the other, is to be both unfair and illogical.

That this introduction of the dramatic element into art may fairly be claimed for the modern school is easily demonstrable; for though in a very few cases, as in that of Raphael's Death of Ananias, and some other instances, the telling of a story and the exhibition of human emotion was one of the tasks which the painter of the old time set himself to execute, it must still be admitted that such attempts were exceptional, and by no means to be regarded as essential features of the art of the time. For the most part, Religious and Devotional Subjects, Representations of Holy Families, Incidents in the Lives of the Patriarchs of the Old Testament or the Saints of the New, were the themes chosen for illustration by the old painters. These were varied, occasionally, by pictures illustrative of History, or the Heathen Mythology, not more likely to interest the spectator than the others. These pictures move us not by causing us to be absorbed in the fortunes of the men and women represented in them, but simply by their intrinsic beauty as works of art. That other achievement of interesting us in the lives of human creatures having no existence but in the imagination of the artist, was reserved for such despised moderns as Hogarth, Wilkie, and others, who invented their own stories, and told them on canvas with such power of realisation as makes us almost forget the excellence of their pictures as works of art, in our admiration of the wonderful imaginative intuition which can so awaken our interest in their dramatis personæ.

In the first fervour of the pursuit of what was dramatic in art, the cultivation of the exclusively picturesque may have been somewhat lost sight of; but of late there has been a revival in this respect also, and a revival, moreover, of such vigour that it is not too much to assert that there are living men, both in England and in France, whose works, making allowance for their necessary deficiency in the harmonising influences of time, might compete, in all artistic qualities of colour, form, light and shade, delicacy and truth of execution, with any of the master-pieces of the old painters of Italy, Spain, or the Low Countries

It would not be possible, within the limits of an article such as this, to maintain all that might be maintained in defence of the right of modern art to be regarded as one of the important features of the age we live in. Enough to show that it is a living reality, not a dead thing galvanised into a mimicry of life;

enough to counteract, to some small extent, the discouraging effect of those doleful lamentations over the decay of modern art to which the members of the Dilettanti world are so clearly addicted. The responsibility which attaches to any one, the business of whose life it is to *discourage*, is heavy. It would be a far more profitable employment of the critic's time and abilities, to examine in what respects modern art has the advantage over old, and what things the painter of the new time can do which he of the old could not. The humble Doer has difficulties to contend with, of which the audacious Talker knows nothing. It is more difficult to do ever so little, than to talk ever so much; and the most diminutive of Doers has the right to take precedence of the most gigantic of Talkers.

THE OLD TREE IN NORBURY PARK.

I.

THE POET. Come forth from thine encircling bole,
O Dryad of the Tree!
That stands upon the grassy knowle,
The pride of all the lea.

Thy home is stately to behold,
And, measured by its rings,
Has flourish'd on the breezy world
For eighteen hundred springs;

For eighteen hundred years has drunk
The balm the skies contain,
And fed its broad imperial trunk
With sunshine and the rain.

At least, so learned gardeners guess,
And prove it to themselves
By woodman's craft, and more or less
Book-knowledge from their shelves.

And if thou'st lived but half as long,
There's much thou must have seen,
Which thou couldst whisper in a song,
From all thy branches green!

Come, then; obedient to my call,
With eyes of flashing light,
Agile, and debonnaire, and tall,
And pleasant to the sight!

I'll listen, if thou wilt but talk,
And follow through thy speech
Tradition's visionary walk,
And all that histories teach.

And looking up the stream of Time,
Where bygone centuries frown,
Will strive, with arrogance sublime,
To look as far adown.

II

THE TREE. When first I sprouted from the Earth,
Imperial Rome was young;
And ere I had a strong man's girth,
Her knell of doom had rung.

A Roman warrior planted me
On this sequestered hill;
And Rome's a dream of History,
While I am stalwart still.

Beneath my young o'erarching boughs
The Druids oft have stray'd;
And painted Britons breathed their vows,
Love-smitten in the shade.

When good King Alfred foil'd the Dane,
I flourished where I stand;
When Harold fell, untimely slain,
And strangers filch'd the land,

I cast my shadow on the grass,
And yearly, as I grew,
Beheld the village maidens pass
Light-footed o'er the dew.

I saw the Red Rose and the White
Do battle for the crown,
And in the sanguinary fight
Mow men like harvests down.

And as the work of Life and Death
Went on o'er all the realm,
I stood unharmed, no axe to scathe,
No flood to overwhelm.

The teeming people lived and died,
The people great and free;
And years, like ripples on the tide,
Flowed downwards to the sea,

Yet seemed to me, outlasting all,
To leave their work behind,
And make their notches, great and small,
Of progress for mankind;

Though oft the growth of happier time
Seemed slow and sorely wrought,
And noble actions failed to climb
The heights of noble Thought.

But let me be of hopeful speech!
I feel that Time shall bring
To men and nations, all and each,
The renovating spring!

III.

THE POET. Well said, old Tree! We'll look before,
And seek not to recall
The stories of the days of yore,
So melancholy all.

Ah no! we'll rather strive to think,
If yet, five hundred years,
Thou'rt left to stand upon the brink,
Amid thy younger peers,

What thoughts and deeds, both linked in birth,
Shall work to mighty ends,
Amid the nations of the Earth,
The foemen and the friends;

What changes Fate shall slowly launch
On Time's unresting river;
What little germs take root and branch,
And flourish green for ever;

What struggling nations shall be great,
What great ones shall be small,
Or whether Europe, courting Fate,
Shall crumble to its fall.

Perchance, if any chance there be
In God's eternal plan,
There may evolve new History,
And nobler life for man.

Such hopes be ours—the high, the deep,
O Spirit of the Tree!
And yet, I think, I'd like to sleep
For centuries two or three,

To learn, when wakened into light,
What marvels had been done
Since I had bidden Time good-night,
And quarrel'd with the sun:

To learn if England, growing yet,
Still held her ancient place;
Or if her brilliant star had set
In splendour or disgrace:

To learn if Empire travelling West,
Beyond old Ocean's links,
Had marched from Better into Best,
And riddled out the Sphynx;

Re-reading with acuter gloss
Time's puzzles downwards cast,
And reconciling gain with loss,
The Future with the Past:

To learn if Earth, more deftly wrought,
Could nurture all her brood;
With utmost sustenance of Thought,
And pabulum of food:

Or, coming down to smaller aims,
To know if full-grown Steam
Had stitched the Hudson to the Thames,
As tailors would a seam;

Or whether men, who walk and swim,
Had learned to float and fly,
And imitate the cherubim,
Careering through the sky.

Or whether Chemistry had packed
The lightning into gems,
For girls to wear amid their hair,
Like regal diadems;

Or whether, noblest birth of Time!
The creed that Jesus taught
Had gathered in its fold sublime
All human life and thought.

Alas! O Spirit of the Tree!
Thy days are fair and long,
And mine too short to hope to see
The issues of my song.

Yet Hope is long, and Hopes are strong,
And grow to what they seem,
And help to shape the coming years,
O Dryad of my dream!

SOME ITALIAN NOVELLE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

I FELL ill in an out-of-the-way place at the foot of the Apennines; my convalescence was slow, and was accompanied by great weakness. I tried to read, but the print seemed to dance before my eyes. The total loss of occupation distressed me much, and added to my discomfort. Seeing this, a peasant girl, whom we had turned into a lady's maid, volunteered to overcome her shyness and to tell me some "Novelle." "You will excuse, signora," she said, "the silliness of these tales. When we are children, our grandmothers tell them by the fireside, in the winter evenings; and they, again, heard them in the same way, from the old women before them, who did not know how to read. So they are not like the fine stories you read in your books."

At the word "Novelle" I pricked up my ears, for I knew learned men, who had laboured for years together, to add to their store of popular tales. It is needless to say that the Italian word Novella is equivalent to Saga, Walshebene Skaski, Märchen, Fabliaux, &c., and it is more than probable that our word "novel" springs from it, although very dissimilar in meaning. The latter professes to portray incidents which pertain to real life; the former means essentially a fairy tale. It may be a tale without fairies, but it must be a tissue in which the natural and supernatural are closely interwoven, the latter preponderating. The principal interest of these "Novelle" lies in their philological bearing. The same tales may be recognised in every country, allowing for the difference of national characteristics. These few "Novelle," written out almost word for word from the peasant girl's narrative, may therefore prove welcome to collectors of this special kind of literature, if only for the resemblance they bear to their sisters of other countries.

THE THREE BALLS OF GOLD.

THERE was once upon a time a man who had three handsome daughters, and, when they had done the house-work they combed their hair, and sat at the window. One day, a young man passed along the road; and when he saw these pretty maidens, he went in and asked the father for the eldest. The maiden gladly consented, because the young man was good-looking; the father, because he was rich. The wedding was celebrated, and the husband and wife went away. When the bride arrived at the sumptuous palace which was to be her home, two days were taken up in examining the beautiful things it contained. On the third day, the husband told his wife he must leave her, as he had a weekly tour to take, on account of his affairs; but, said he, "Here is a golden ball; place it in your bosom, and keep it till my return." He then took her all over the house once more, and stopped before an iron door, of which he showed her the key. "Mind you do not open this door on any account," he said; "for if you did open it, we should never meet again."

He then started on his journey. The first day was passed well enough by the bride; but on the second day her thoughts constantly turned to the forbidden door. Much wronged she thought herself at last for having been forbidden anything at all. So she bravely took the mysterious key, and, after a moment of hesitation, turned the lock and pushed the door. She had hardly time to see anything; for a dense ascending smoke blinded her. She threw herself back, locked the door, and fell on the marble pavement. When she came to herself, and perceived that the gold ball had fallen from her gown, she rapidly replaced it in her bosom, smoothed her hair, and sat down to await the return of her husband.

It was a stormy evening, and it grew stormier and darker still, as the moment of his arrival drew near.

"Well, my wife, where is your golden ball?" said the young man, before saying so much as good evening, as he shook off his long dark cloak. She held it out to him. As he noticed that it had had a fall, he laughed a fierce laugh, Aha, aha! "Now, my wife, you may come to see what is behind the iron door." And taking hold of her wrists, he dragged her, notwithstanding all her screams, towards it, opened it, and threw her into the smoke, from which flames arose; crying out, "One more!" He then locked the door, which was that of the bottomless pit, and he, the evil spirit, went out, satisfied with his work; for, besides his wife, he had caught a great many people that day.

The sisters of the bride were still unmarried, so this good-looking man went to the house, in deep mourning, and told the poor father that his daughter was dead.

"I have been so happy with her, however," said the rogue, "that I hope you will allow me, when the time comes, to choose again out of your family." And with a deep bow, he took his leave.

The second sister was very glad to marry the young man, so at the end of the year of mourning he came to claim her as his bride. The second sister was as unlucky with her golden ball as her sister had been, and so nothing more was heard of her. At the end of another year the widower came to claim the hand of the youngest and prettiest sister.

It was a fine bright day as the pair started in their comfortable carriage, followed by the blessings of the thenceforward lonely father. No presentiments of her fate alarmed the bride. She chatted gaily, and when, after two days' journey, the large castle appeared before her, she praised its beauty without noticing its forbidding appearance. Next day the young man left her, as he had left her two sisters, on a journey of business, and, taking from his pocket a new golden ball and the key of the iron door, he left them, with the usual warning, in her hands.

The rumbling noise of his departing carriage had hardly ceased, when the bride ran to the iron door; but, remembering the golden ball, she carefully placed it in the corn-sieve. She then unlocked the door. Undaunted by the smoke, and by noisome smells, she looked down into a large hole, and heard sighs and groans; and amongst the voices she recognised those of her two sisters, and of their aunt, who had disappeared some years before. Not losing her presence of mind, she called out to them to take courage, for she had come to help them; and, running to the well, she brought away the rope, and, letting it down, pulled them up, one by one. Having carefully locked the door, she hurried them away to one of the towers of the castle. She still had two days before her, until the return of her husband, and these she employed in the following manner. She arranged that her meals should always be brought to her in the first room of the tower, and she had a holy image made and placed on the wall of the tower. When her husband came back, he embraced her very affectionately, and asked her what she had been about, and how she had taken care of the golden ball. She took it out of her dress, and showed it to him. Of course it was perfectly sound, and he was very much satisfied.

"You are the only clever woman I have ever met with," he said, "and that is not saying little. But what have you done to the tower?"

"I have only chosen it as my private apartment, and have had a pretty piece of sculpture placed in it. Will you come and see it?" But her husband drew back, and assured her he much preferred the other part of the house.

And there they all live to this very day, the aunt and the sisters, in the tower, which is never visited by the master of the house. And the bride never showed that she knew the terrible nature of her husband's occupation. She could not have mended matters by doing so; he would only have thrown her into that dreadful pit. So she bears her lot, just like any other sensible woman, for the sake of quiet.

THE MASON'S WIFE.

A MASON had a deceitful wife, cruel and avaricious. She also wished to curry favour with the priests, for then, she thought, all her sins would be remitted. In favour of any one of the priesthood she would relax her stinginess: nay, she would even become recklessly extravagant. The mason's gains were fair. He was a good workman, but his work took him so much from home that she had it all her own way, both in the management of the house, and of an only son. Every week the husband gave his earnings to his wife, and every day she gave him a large piece of

brown bread and a very small piece of cheese. For drink, why, he had the fountain, she said, and very good water it was. As for wine, it only made a man's head heavy; and as for better food, why, they couldn't afford it. Was there not the house-rent? was there not the lad's clothing and schooling, and what not beside? So the good man went his way, and thanked Heaven, and was not aware of all the bad qualities of his wife.

A fat friar was in the habit of passing often by the cottage, and was always requested to lay aside his heavy linen bag, filled with the alms of charitable souls, and rest. This he did after much puffing, and panting, and complaining of the dust of the road, of the fatigue of walking barefoot, of the decrease of true believers, of hunger and of thirst. On these occasions the woman would run and kill her fattest fowl, and would take the fresh-laid eggs and make an omelette. Some slices of bacon and the best fruit in the garden would complete this dainty repast. Then, after many blessings given and received, the monk would proceed on his journey, promising another visit on another day. These repasts were much to the taste of the little boy, and the days that brought the monk were days of rejoicing in his calendar. He would run to meet his father, smacking his lips, and saying:

"Oh, what a feast we have had! What a feast we have had!"

At first, the father took no notice of these words; but as time grew, and the lad grew, the latter added further details to his description of the mysterious dinner. So his father one day on his return asked who the monk was, who called during his absence, and was it true that he had had a splendid dinner given him?

"Nonsense," exclaimed the wife, in great anger; "if you believe every word the lad tells you, there will be a fine business indeed. A dinner, forsooth! As if I could afford to give any one a dinner! A piece of bread and an onion is my best meal." So saying, she went out and caught her son by the ear, and gave him a good beating. "If ever you mention the friar again, I will make you black and blue all over; that will be the second time; and the third time I will kill you. So do you mind your own business."

For a little while, all went on well; but the lad was still too young to be prudent, and one day he again ran to meet his father, and recounted the good things they had had to eat in his absence: crowning the whole by the description of a dish of macaroni, calculated to drive a hungry man desperate. Again the mason asked his wife:

"Has any one been here, and have you been cooking, and who is the friar?"

She turned the conversation for a moment, and then ran away to wreak her vengeance on the tell-tale. The poor boy was indeed black and blue all over, and for some days he could not leave his little room; but the youth got the better of the beating, and of all prudence too. In course of time he forgot his mother's threats, and one day, when he had gone to help his father, he told him that the holy man had been at the cottage the day before, that all the good things had been given to him, and that besides he had carried away with him a whole loaf and a bottle of wine. The rage of the mason knew no bounds. He went home in a state of anger not to be described; and yet the positive assertions of his wife outweighed the lad's statement. Nothing else happened on that day; but when her husband had gone to his work next morning, the woman called the boy, and bade him get ready, for she was going to see her old aunt, and would take her a loaf of home-made bread. So the lad got ready, and followed her, after having stuffed both his pockets (he had only two) with knuckle-bones and marbles. They trudged on several miles in a forest, of which all the trees were like each other; and lucky it was for the boy that he had a hole in his pocket, and that one by one the marbles and knuckle-bones deserted their resting-place; for on the summit of a hill the woman rolled the loaf down, and, telling him it had fallen from her hands, asked him to go and fetch it.

In the mean while she returned home by a path that she knew, quite sure that the boy would lose his way. But the marbles and bones showed the lad his road back, and he got home safely with the loaf. His mother said nothing, but was sorely grieved that this attempt at losing the lad had failed; however, she hoped for better luck next time, and in the mean while she kept her anger under control.

"I think our aunt would like a cheese better than a loaf," she said, one day; "let us go off at once, as it is fine, and let us hope for better luck than last time."

The lad assented, never understanding the drift of that wicked hope; and off they went, the woman with a nice round cheese

under her shawl, and the lad unprovided with marbles on account of the short notice. On they went, up hill and down dale, until it seemed to the boy that they had walked the whole day. The sun seemed to be setting, but the woman still urged him on and on. At last she saw they were standing on sloping ground, so she rolled down the cheese, as if it had escaped from her hands, sent him after it, and while he ran down on one side she turned back on the other. The country was thickly wooded, but she knew it well, and after many windings through the forest arrived at the cottage. There she found her husband awaiting her, and there and then she invented the most dismal story. They had lost themselves in the wood, she said; then she had asked her son to wait a few minutes at the foot of a tree while she went to see which of two cross-paths they were to take. She remained away, only a few minutes, she said, and on returning to the spot where she had left him, she found he was gone. "Do not make yourself uneasy," she added, "for the lad is sure to come home." But days, weeks, months, passed, and at last years, and the lad never came home. The mason mourned for his son, and the fat friar enjoyed his dinners undisturbed, and got fatter. But the justice of Heaven never slumbers.

And now to return to the boy, and take him up from the moment when his cruel mother deserted him. He ran down the hill, after the cheese; but as it was as round as a wheel, it kept on rolling, and rolling, and bounding, and bounding, and never stopped till it got on flat ground. The lad, excited by the chase, never thought of time or distance. But when he had to wend his way slowly through furze and brushwood, and when the darkness began to lower, his heart failed him, and he burst into tears. When he had got to the top of the hill it was night, and there was no moon. The lad at last cried himself to sleep, and lay at the foot of the nearest tree. When the dawn broke, he awoke as if something had pushed against his back. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, looked at the tree against which he had rested during the night, and, to his amazement, saw a little door open, from which a little green dwarf emerged.

"I am the spirit of the wood," he said; "and who are you?"

Then the boy told his sad tale, and asked the dwarf if he could put him on his road; but the dwarf shook his head, and told him he was a silly boy, that he would be got rid of in a still more cruel manner if he returned home.

"Open your eyes to the real state of things. Stay in the wood," said the dwarf, "and you shall be revenged. Stay in the wood, and I may bring you those who have injured you." Then he gave the lad some chestnuts, and some water fresh from a spring close by. He then led him to a little hut. It contained all the necessaries of life, and on the table lay a gun and a flute. "This gun will bring down all the game you can want, and this flute will make any one dance at your bidding," said the dwarf.

Years rolled on, and the boy grew into a young man. One day, a fat monk chanced to pass through the wood. He came up to the hut. The young man knew him at once, and anger boiled in his heart. The monk, however, could not recognise the boy; he looked quite another person now, he was so much taller, stouter, and darker. So the monk begged for alms, and promised many benedictions in return.

"Alas, holy father!" said the young man, "I had but one piece of money, and it might have lasted me a long time; but I dropped it in that thicket of thorns yonder. I am afraid of venturing in the thicket; but if you have the heart to look for the piece of money there, it shall be yours."

The greedy monk at once rushed to the thicket, and stooped under it, crawling on all fours. When he was fairly in the midst of the thorny bush, the young man took his flute and began to play. Up stood the monk through briars and thorns, compelled to dance, and to tear himself and his clothes to rags. Higher and higher he jumped and capered, crying for mercy, while the blood streamed from him on every side. But his cries for mercy were unheeded, and the pitiless youth played faster and faster till the monk expired. Then the lad fled from the wood, on the wings of vengeance, without forgetting the magic flute. Something urged him onward. It seemed as if he suddenly knew all the paths of the forest. A day's journey brought him back to his native village, and a few minutes more brought him to the cottage where his parents still lived. Trusting to his altered appearance, he knocked at the door. Husband and wife were at home.

"Will you give some supper and a night's rest, to a weary traveller willing to pay?" he said, in a feigned voice.

"You are welcome," they both answered.

The table was laid; and as the meal went on, the stranger grew communicative.

"I have much on my mind," he said; "you seem to be good people, and if you are not tired I should like to tell you my story, and to ask your advice."

"By all means," they answered; "in what we can do, command us."

"You must know," he began, "that though I am young, I am a married man and a father; but it would have been better for me had I remained single. I have a wicked wife. She has deprived me of our only child. Her purpose was, either to kill it, or to give it as a prey to the wild beasts; for she left her house one day with it, and came back without it. She deceives me in every possible manner, and I have fled from the house to meditate a fitting punishment for her."

The mason sat thinking over the stranger's words.

"Alas!" he said, sadly, "we, also, had a son once."

The guilty wife looked as pale as death. It seemed strange to her that so many points of the young man's story should recal to her mind her past sin. While the pair sat musing, the young man repeated, in a louder voice:

"What punishment does the deceiver deserve?"

"Burn her to death!" cried the husband.

"Burn her to death!" cried the wife, who wished to appear innocent in the eyes of her husband, and therefore repeated: "Burn her to death!"

"Then pile up the fagots on your hearth!" cried the stranger, in a fearful voice, "for the day of justice has come. Pile up the fagots! If you have the fire, I have the criminal."

And before the astonished husband could come to the rescue, he had tied the wife's hands with a cord, and had thrown her in the midst of the burning pile. He then explained to his father all the circumstances in a few hurried words, and, taking the flute from his pocket, began to play. But the woman was already quite dead, for her heart had burst from shame and remorse.

THE CRUEL MOTHER.

There was once a woman who had a little daughter about fourteen years old, a very fair maiden to see. She hated this girl because she was prettier than she had ever been in her own youth. Every night she went to bed, leaving the girl at her spinning; and if the girl had not done her task in the morning, she received many stripes. One night her mother gave her a large bag full of flax. "This," she said, "must be spun by to-morrow morning, or I will kill you." On this, she went comfortably to bed. The girl leaned her head on the table, and cried as if her heart would break. She knew it was useless to attempt to do the work in so short a time, so she prayed that she might die. As she prayed, she heard a gentle knock. It seemed near the fireplace. She had only just said, "Come in!" when a pretty little lady, all dressed in gold tissue, stood before her.

"Why do you cry, little maiden?" said she. "Your sobs have reached all the way to me, in fairyland. I can help you. Tell me your grief."

"Oh!" sobbed the maiden, "I have all this flax to spin before morning, and if it is not done my mother will kill me."

"Go to bed, go to bed, child," said the fairy. "I will spin your flax for you."

The little maiden was glad to throw herself on her little bed, and powerless even to thank her benefactress. She fell asleep in a moment. In the mean while, the little fairy sat and spun, sat and spun, all the night long, till the day broke. She then vanished, leaving all the thread made up into nice tidy parcels. In the morning came in the cruel mother, and asked for the spun thread in a very gruff voice.

"Here it is," said the trembling maiden.

"I must weigh it, I must weigh it," retorted her mother; "for, should it be wanting even of half an ounce, you shall have your beating."

But, strange to say, the thread was rather heavier than the woman expected: so she had nothing more to say. On the succeeding evening, she dragged into the room two enormous bags of flax.

"This must be done by the morning," she said, "or beware!"

She then closed the door and left the maiden alone, having previously thrown a stale bit of black bread into the room. Then, indeed, did the girl weep and sob: no one, she thought, could help her now, and what was she to do! But at midnight, when all except the maiden slept, the same knock, followed by a gentle "May we come in?" comforted her failing heart. In tripped two fairies, and in a moment they had put the girl to bed, and then they sat and spun, sat and spun, all the night long, and she went to sleep looking at the pretty creatures who had ivory distaffs and spindles, and

tiny white hands. In the morning, as usual, her mother came in to weigh the thread; and again it was over weight.

"You graceless witch!" she snorted, "you complained of over-work, and it is all too little for such a minx as you."

Away she went, banging the door, and the maiden sat weeping and biting at a hard loaf, too hard for her little teeth. In the evening her mother came in three times, each time dragging behind her a very large bagful of flax.

"Now, mark you!" she said. "If all this is spun and made into skeins by daybreak, I give you no more work, and you may be as idle as you like; but if you do not finish this, I will kill you: that is my decision."

The maiden sat immovable till midnight, "For," thought she, "either the fairies will come and I shall be saved, or they will not come any more, and I shall die." But at midnight the faithful fairy came, accompanied by two other fairies: just as if she guessed that there were three bagfuls to spin. First of all they made the poor girl's bed comfortable, and then they each gave her a kiss. She fell asleep; and when the morning broke, the work was done.

It was Sunday morning; for the first time, the poor girl was not scolded. Her mother arrayed herself in her best clothes, and said she was going to church.

"Pray take me too!" entreated the girl. "I have not been to church for so long."

"Do you think I would take you dressed in those rags?" answered her mother.

If the girl were in rags, it was the mother's fault. But off she started in a great hurry, because the church was three miles off. The young girl, left as usual to herself, knelt down to say her prayers, when a familiar voice called out: "May I come in?" And, to the girl's delight, in walked the fairy.

"So you would like to go to church?" she said. "And to church you shall go."

Saying those words, the fairy touched the girl with her wand, and, as the rags dropped off, the most magnificent clothes took their place, and her face became so much more lovely, that, pretty as she had been before, no one would have known her.

"Go down-stairs, and you will find a carriage," said the fairy; and disappeared.

Half bewildered by the events of the last few days, the girl went down the creaking stairs, and found at the door a fine carriage with four horses and two coachmen. She got in, and they, without asking any questions, drove her to the church. It was a little village church, and everybody around was well known; so that the arrival of a great princess created a great sensation, and everybody looked at her during mass. After the service she drove back; the carriage and the fine clothes disappeared; and she had hardly resumed her rags when the mother walked in.

"Such a sight!" she exclaimed: "such a grand sight. There was a great lady—perhaps the queen—at church. Everybody looked at her."

"Was she at all like me, mother?" asked the girl.

"Like you indeed!" said the woman, laughing most scornfully. "A good joke! You, forsooth, like the handsomest lady in the land, who wears silks and satins every day! You, who are but a dirty slut, fit only to stay at home and open the door!"

So the girl said nothing more. Next Sunday she again begged to go to church, and got the same answer as before; and again, when her mother was gone, the friendly fairy appeared. This time the clothes with which she decked the maiden were far more splendid than last time. And her slippers were of pure gold. The carriage was more splendid, the horses were all white, and the coachmen were like princes of the land. Everybody, in the church and out of the church, stared at the beautiful stranger. As she left the church in a hurry, she was followed by a crowd, her mother in the midst of it, to see her get into her carriage. In her hurry she ran on a few steps, and, in getting into the carriage, dropped one of her golden slippers. Her mother was sharp, and seized this shoe before any one in the crowd had perceived her movement; "for," thought she, "it must be made of real gold, and I can sell it to-morrow. Is it, or is it not, real gold?" she went on repeating to herself, as she turned the slipper round and round in her hands.

The girl hurried home as fast as her beautiful horses could prance, and, before her mother came in, she had already put on her old clothes, and also had had a short conversation with the fairy.

"Look at this," said the mother, holding the slipper under her nose.

"Why that is my slipper, I declare!" answered the daughter.

"I always thought you were rather mad," answered the mother. "*Your* slipper, indeed, you conceited ape! why you could not put half your hand in it."

Then the maiden took the shoe, and put

it on her tiny foot, and, taking up its fellow from a hiding-place—for the fairy had purposely left her the other slipper—she showed them both to the astonished woman.

"Yes, mother, I am the lady who goes to church; I am the lady of the fine carriage and the fine horses. Do you think that, because you do not care for me, there is not One above who sees justice done in this world?"

The enraged woman, blind with jealousy and anger, pushed the girl out of the door.

"Remember, mother," said the girl, looking back, "that you sent me away. And never more do I return."

"And a good riddance too," retorted the woman, with a parting kick.

So the maiden went far away, and the fairies gave her all that she could wish, and all that she deserved—a fine palace, kind friends, dainty dishes, fine clothes, attentive servants, and, in course of time, a young and handsome husband.

LIGHT FOR LIGHTHOUSES.

As far as regards lighthouse illumination, the light of other days seems to have been of very little account. The means adopted by our forefathers and by the ancients for marking the coasts by night were of a very rough and inefficient kind. The necessity for lights of some description to mark by night the shores of civilised countries has manifested itself wherever navigation has been practised, and one may read of several towers of old which were made to answer the purposes of lighthouses. Our own ancestors, as they began to journey on the sea, found something of the kind necessary, and blazing beacons were lighted on many of the high hills and prominent headlands on the coasts of Britain. There is no knowing how many fagots of wood or tons of coal were consumed by these fires, but the quantity no doubt was very large. However, the progress of science, or whatever power it may be which ordains great changes and improvements, at last abolished this system of coal fires, and during the latter part of last century established oil lights instead.

It was an immense improvement when steady lights under cover were substituted for the coal fires, and no doubt the man who tended the fires thought so too. Looking back on those days, one cannot help being struck with the great contrast between the coast lights then and our own admirable arrangements now. The coal fire was generally made in an iron basket fixed out in the open air, and in the worst of weather the keeper had to work hard to keep his fire burning in spite of the most furious winds or the most deluging rains. Under the depressing influence of constant and heavy rain it can easily be understood that it was no joke to have to keep up a bright blazing fire. And with the most careful attention these fires were found to be most uncertain and unreliable, at one time flaring wildly to the sky, and at another obscured by smoke or in a sulky state of dull red heat. Experience suggested that a steady permanent light was what was wanted—a light that would not be affected by the uncertain influences of the weather. So the candles of the period were tried at one or two places with a lantern, but in only a few instances could they be made useful, the light being so weak. The Eddystone for a long time was illuminated by twenty-four candles only, in a sort of chandelier. But, after a time, oil was brought into use. Spermaceti seems to have been found the best adapted for burning and for giving a good light, and for over fifty years was used. Recently, however, it has been found that rape-seed oil is much cheaper, and can be burned so as to give as good a light as the sperm, so it is generally used at the present day. It has been found that oil light is the most reliable, requires the least amount of attention, is more economical, and at present answers the purpose of marking our coasts better than any other light.

Nevertheless, the authorities who have charge of the important business of lighting England's shores have by no means been insensible to the various means of illumination which have at different times appeared. Experiments have been and are constantly being made, as to the advantages of the numerous sources of light which have at times been brought out.

Five different oils have been tried: first, sperm, which, as has been said, was used for some time, until displaced by rape-seed; then colza was tried for a time, but although it proved to be more economical, yet it was by no means found equal to rape or sperm; olive oil has also been tested, and found wanting. Since the time when Americans have been making colossal fortunes by "striking ile," no end of proposals have been received for the application of the

mineral oils to lighthouses, but there are certain risks connected with the use of petroleum and paraffine which make it particularly undesirable that they should be employed on such an important duty.

It is probable that many people wonder why gas is not more generally used; but there are numerous objections in the way at present. The light, it is found, would certainly be a little better than the oil flame; but to change from oil to gas would involve a large outlay for new burners, &c., and an entire sacrifice of the present valuable oil lamps in the numerous lighthouses; then, again, it would be necessary to establish for each lighthouse gasworks with numerous outbuildings and cumbrous machinery, to do which, at most stations, would be dreadfully expensive, and at all rock stations impossible; and the difficulties in the way of conveying sufficient quantities of coal to the outlying and distant lighthouses would be most serious. To balance these drawbacks, the gain would be only a little brighter light, and so the oil light has retained its supremacy.

The oxy-hydrogen or lime light has been experimented upon; but the complicated arrangements for producing the light, and the uncertainty of its steady maintenance, have proved serious objections to its application to the lighting our coasts.

Magnesium also has been tried. No doubt those who have watched the ascent of the magnesium balloons on firework nights at the Crystal Palace, have thought that really such a beautiful, brilliant light might be in some manner made useful; and truly, if a light of such a power could be placed in a lighthouse, its splendour would almost light up the dark waves, edging them all with silver, and its piercing rays would project their light even beyond the horizon. But its unreliability and its insufficient development make it inapplicable at present.

Many other kinds of light have been tried, but only one has at present shown itself so superior to other lights, and so manageable, as to justify the authorities in placing it at a lighthouse. We refer to the electric light, produced by magnetic induction, which may fairly be said to be the "coming" light.

The low outstretching point of Dungeness is now marked by the electric light, and like a beautiful star it meets the sailor's eye as he comes above the horizon on a dark night. In comparison with its intense white light the flame of the burning oil appears of a yellow or sometimes a reddish colour, and altogether of a softer nature; while the vivid brightness of the electric spark seems to pierce the darkness with extraordinary power. It is surprising to think that there really is no body of flame to produce this brilliant effect, but indeed it is nothing more than white heat caused by the meeting of two opposing electric currents. These currents are generated by a powerful electrical machine, the motive power to which is supplied by steam; and are conveyed up to the lamp by two copper wires, each terminating in a carbon point. These two points have to be kept at a certain distance from each other, and when the two opposite currents meet at these points, the resistance of one against the other causes the tips of the carbons to glow, become white hot, and to melt or fuse, and the incandescent or molten state of the carbon points is the brilliant electric light itself. At the Exposition in Paris in 1867 the splendid effect of this light might have been seen. A building was erected in the park for the purpose of showing it off, and eye-witnesses speak of it as something marvellous, how a clearly defined horizontal beam was projected through the darkness, lighting up objects for many miles. The French authorities have not been slow to discover the value of the light, for already they have adopted it at the lighthouse at Cape La Hève, and indeed they seem to fancy that to them belongs the principal credit for bringing the light into use. But it is well known that the grand discovery of Professor Faraday of the principle of generating electricity by magnetic induction was first utilised by Professor Holmes, who invented an apparatus for producing light thereby, which was tried in 1859 at the South Foreland Lighthouse. Our neighbours, however, with their quick perception, soon elaborated the somewhat imperfect apparatus of Professor Holmes; but that gentleman has since completely outstripped the Frenchman by a new and improved machine.

So much for some of the sources of light: we have yet a few words to say regarding the means adopted to make the most of them.

There was a time when no one thought of trying to make something more of a light than there really was; nothing was known of such things as reflectors or other aids to light, so that coal fires blazed, and candles cast their flickering feeble rays on the waters, quite unassisted. However, it was discovered at last that light could be

increased by having a reflecting surface behind it, and at one of the coal fires a mild attempt at reflection was made by placing a flat roughly polished brazen plate on the land side of the fire. But as time went on, and other improvements in lights were made, it came about that reflectors began to be extensively used, and the system of lighting called catoptric was gradually developed. Science lent her aid to the maturing of this important branch of national duty, and ultimately a lighting apparatus was produced, consisting of a number of argand lamps on a framework, each with a reflector behind. We might greatly puzzle our readers, were we to enter into the consideration of the details respecting the proper shape, &c., of these reflectors. We might discourse a great deal about the rays of incidence and reflected rays, about parabolic, concave, and spherical reflectors, and we might indulge in a heap of technical talk which would plunge most readers into a state of hopeless bewilderment, but such details would not be generally interesting. The arrangement with lamps and reflectors was certainly very good; indeed, the practical proof of that is, that it has been used for over fifty years; but some clever personage at last thought of the plan of magnifying one large flame with a lens, and this was the beginning of a system of lighting called dioptric.

Instead of the number of lamps was substituted one powerful oil light, a light produced by four (or fewer) circular wicks, one inside the other, with a little space between each. It seems rather a strange statement to make, that the object is to burn these wicks as little as possible; but such is really the case. By an ingenious mechanical contrivance, a regular supply of oil is arranged—in fact, a constant overflow is maintained, so that the wicks are literally deluged with oil, and thus, to a great extent, prevented from charring, while the oil alone burns. The flame is generally kept up to a height of three and a half inches, which itself is no mean light, being constituted of four distinct flames from the four wicks. But a splendid arrangement is now adopted for making much more of this light, and for so directing its rays that only a little light is lost. It will be readily understood that, from such a body of flame as has been described, the light would radiate in all directions, and therefore for lighthouse purposes a good deal of it would be wasted, because the rays are wanted to be thrown only on the sea to be of service to mariners, and not to be lost up in the air, nor underneath on the floor of the lantern, or the ground on which the lighthouse stands. So it was thought that possibly some of this wasted light might be reclaimed and made serviceable, and, after a number of trials, a plan was established, which is now in general and successful operation at most of our British lighthouses. Inside the great glass lantern, which is usually about twelve feet high, is placed another framework of glass, corresponding in some extent to the shape of the lantern, and enclosing the lamp. This framework is composed, firstly, of a band of glass round the middle, called the lenticular belt, placed on a level with the flame, whereby the light is considerably magnified. At the top, the framework forms a circular dome, and is composed of a number of peculiarly shaped pieces of glass, called prisms, so adjusted that every ray of light emanating from the oil flame is intercepted by one of these prisms, and is thereby diverted from the course it would have taken, had it not been interfered with. As it is, the ray is refracted or bent, and instead of going up into the sky is sent out on to the sea. The lower part of the apparatus is another set of prisms, which, in a similar manner, prevent the light being wasted below. Thus is the light sent out from a lighthouse lantern to strike the sea as far as the line of the horizon in a compact body, and as clearly defined as the sun's rays striking into a darkened room. The light from the Eddystone streams out all round, something like a huge umbrella, the tower forming the stick; and it would be quite possible to get right in underneath the light, only it would be dangerous to venture into the unillumined part on account of the treacherous reefs that surround the Eddystone. If sailors know themselves to be in the neighbourhood, and cannot see the light, they know at once they are in danger.

Many will think that, if the oil light can be made so much of by the dioptric apparatus, how much more can be done with the electric light? And no doubt, as the development of the powers of this wonderful luminary progresses, the further application of the dioptric system will render it even more splendid. At present this system is applied in a very limited way. There are six orders of dioptric lights, and the electric light has only the lowest or sixth-order apparatus. There is a proposal now under consideration for lighting buoys and beacons by electricity, to send out two

currents from land to meet in an apparatus on the buoy or beacon. Whether the plan will ever be successful, time alone will show. It certainly would be rather amusing if all the buoys at the entrance of the Thames, for instance, were lighted with numerous-coloured lights, reminding one of the variegated illumination of Vauxhall or Cremorne.

Another novel mode of lighting beacons is in use at Arnish, in Scotland. The beacon is on a rock, some little distance from land, and is fitted with an apparatus for the reception of a beam of light thrown from a lighthouse on shore, which, by the aid of reflection and refraction, is made to appear exactly like a veritable light. Indeed, the fishermen in the neighbourhood will not believe that it is only a reflection, or, as it is called, an "apparent light," but will maintain that there is a real light on the beacon.

We may, if we please, take some credit to ourselves for our coast-lighting arrangements, especially considering that no country is so efficiently lighted as our own. We have in previous articles* spoken of lighthouses, light-vessels, and the men who attend on them, and, on consideration of some of the details connected with the light itself, we can only come to the same conclusion we have before expressed, that we in England have much cause to be thankful that the responsible duty of lighting our coasts is so admirably carried out.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A Yachting Story.

CHAPTER XVI. A DECISION.

A worried, nervous-looking gentleman was asking at the railway station the way down to the port, and where he should find Mr. Conway. A tall and burly clergyman strode round suddenly, and took him into custody. "Lord Formanton! I saw your name on your portmanteau, my lord. I am the Reverend Doctor Bailey, vicar of this place. Know your son most intimately; dined with me the other day. There, you stand back, sir. Don't crowd about the doorway, please. Policeman, let us pass. No use! Scandalous," and so on.

To such violent courtesies one could only submit. And in a few moments Doctor Bailey was seen walking down the main street with the strange gentleman on his arm. His lordship was resigned or absent, having serious things to think of, and his brows contracted with vexation or worry.

"You must come up and have lunch at my little place: carriage is actually waiting about here. I will take no excuse; it's laid you know, and ready——"

"I can't indeed—much obliged," said his lordship, shortly: "out of the question. Just show me where the yacht lies, if you would be so good."

The Almandine lay out in the middle; but the doctor took a fussy and complicated way of doing what was very simple.

"Where's Dan, the club boatman? Some one look for him. Just wait here while I go and find the secretary. It is right we should see him. He knows all about this."

"But that must be the yacht," said the other. "I am sure of it." A sailor standing by hailed her in the usual way, a boat was seen coming off, thus simplifying all the doctor's arrangements.

As father and son exchanged greetings, Doctor Bailey stood a short way off, with an ostentatious abstention, as though not wishing to intrude on such sacred feelings. ("It was very nice," he said, later, telling the story, "very nice. That fine young man, and the nobleman, as unassuming a creature as you or I." This might have been true as regards "You," but it would be hard to rival the arrogance of "I.") After a moment or two, he joined them with an air of persuasion, as who should say, "Where shall we go to now?"

Conway felt a sort of half-guilty feeling in the presence of Jessica's father. Lord Formanton said to him, in a wearied way:

"Get rid of this man. We don't want him. I have so much to say to you."

"We are going on board, Doctor Bailey."

"Then let us have the club boat; we are entitled to it. Where's Dan, the club boatman?"

"I hope to see you later," said Conway, shortly. "My father and I have some important matters to talk of. Good-bye!" The doctor was thus repulsed.

"Where can I speak to you, George? In that cabin every word is heard."

"We can put the men on board." Conway took the oars, and Doctor Bailey on the club steps, pointing them out with his stick, was much confounded by the erratic proceedings of the little boat.

"What is the matter, father?" said the son, rowing quickly out to sea. "I can guess it; but tell me the details."

"It is no use going into them. I am bewildered myself. I did not know what

* See All the Year Round, New Series, vol. ii., pp. 328, 473.

was going on. She has ruined and destroyed us."

"But surely not," said Conway, stopping, "all in such a short time! It seems incredible! A fine estate shrivelled to nothing in this manner. Are you certain about all this? Has all been fair?"

"You know Bolton?—a hard-headed, honest fellow, that speaks plainly. He says a fortnight, at the outside, is all we can hope to keep afloat for. Then there will be something disgraceful, unless—unless—we can be helped. Some one wrote from here. The whole place was talking of it, the letter said. For God's sake, do what you can for us, and save the family. Put aside that other girl."

"What other girl?" said Conway.

"Oh, that was said also; there was some low girl here that was in the way, and had got some pledge from you."

"False! A low vulgar story."

"I knew it. At any rate, we must put by romance and that sort of thing; for we are on a precipice, George, and you must make a sacrifice to save the family."

"My life," said Conway, "has hitherto been something of a sacrifice, so I may as well continue it."

Mr. Conway was cautious enough, even to his father, and said nothing of the proposal he had received that morning. There was no reason why he should not win all the honours of self-sacrifice by resignation. The father was still a little disturbed about "the other girl," and asked doubtfully who she was. His son took a pleasure in enlarging on her praises, perhaps to indemnify himself. Was he not now to be sold into captivity by a combination of dealers, as it were? "One of the finest natures: the quickest and most natural you ever heard of. No one could dream that such could be found in a place like this. Yet must I treat her in this way?"

"What! that man's daughter? Oh, I dare say she is well used to this. These places are like garrison towns. My dear George, think—a man of your abilities and prospects!"

"Fine prospects, indeed, that have caused me to be led into the market. Look at that, father, and see how just you have been to that noble girl!"

He showed him the letter he had received that morning. His father read it with disquietude.

"But, in God's name, don't let me hear that you are irrevocably pledged. You said," he added, appealingly, "you were to consult me."

"Yes," said Conway, beginning to row in his hesitation; "but I was sure you would not——"

"You were always truthful and straightforward, George, and would not act on empty pretences. That I know. You would not *pretend* to consult me, having all the while made up your mind to act independently of me."

When father and son boarded the yacht, one of the sailors, just arrived from shore, put into Conway's hand some letters brought from the club. By a sort of reaction in this rather uncertain mind, the transaction had begun to have a very ugly air, something in the nature of trafficking or sale. This was not surely what he was to live for; and of a sudden it flashed upon him that it was scarcely honourable, or gentlemanly, or "lordly," to pay his father's debts by a marriage. It seemed akin to slave-market principles. No one had been so bitter, so scathing, in his branding of those mothers who dragged their daughters to the bazaars and sale-rooms of fashionable life, and sold them to the best bidders. Here was he doing the same with his own precious person.

"This is a very serious thing, father," he said, warmly; "and I should have time to consider. It sounds shabby and mean to take this poor girl's fortune to benefit ourselves."

"There is no time, George. That is the worst of it. Thinking it over will not make the matter better or worse, clearer or more obscure. But, I say, it is time for you to put away all this hair-splitting and metaphysics. I have no patience with it. I tell you, there's not an hour to lose. Act like other men of sense, and men of the world. What have you got there?"

Conway was reading one of his letters, which he had torn open. It was from Jessica. Never did events seem so to compete, as it were, for the guidance of this petted gentleman.

DEAR MR. CONWAY,—One of my wretched bursts of temper made me write as I did this morning. I have, indeed, no title to speak to you as I have done. Be generous, and forgive. Oh, what mean, unworthy motives you must impute to me! I could sink for shame and confusion. And yet I meant well; indeed I did. It was of your interest I was thinking, not of my own. Now I must bear the penalty. And do what I can, you *must* think that mean pitiful jealousy of *her* was at the bottom of all. I know I have forfeited your esteem and respect for ever, and that nothing will

restore it to me. But I accept that as the penalty.

I may speak plainly now; for, from what you said last night, I seemed to gather that I had won some liking from you—that you understood me, felt with me, and liked me. This remains to me to think of, whatever be your fate: and when you are united to her, whom my ungoverned humour made me think unworthy of you, I shall be more than content, if you would forget what I wrote to you this morning. JESSICA.

"There," said Conway, passionately, "there is what you call on me to destroy in this wicked holocaust. I *must* have time—an hour or two—before I give you my answer. I am not a stock or stone. If we are to follow the cold-blooded schemes of the world, we must devise means as cold-blooded."

His father looked at him with a fretted "put-out" air. "Oh, I see how it will be," he said. "Everybody is selfish, and only thinks of their own advancement. You are caught by this low girl."

"Low!" said his son. "Does *that* read like what is low? But you are hasty, father. I *must* have a little time, if only a few hours, to find some way out of all this. I cannot be too cold and heartless."

"Take as long as you please, my dear boy," cried his father, much relieved; "that is, until evening. Most natural you should wish to do the thing in a gentlemanly way. I know you will manage it without hurting feelings, or anything of that sort. After all, girls now-a-days don't break their hearts, and look on all this very much as business."

He was put on shore. It will be seen, he was a rather selfish nobleman. Nothing could have turned out better, he thought. This would hurry his son into a most advantageous marriage, which would be the saving of his family. He would have been going on for years "pottering about," and playing the romantic with half a dozen girls, until his season had passed by. Suddenly he stopped, and became uneasy. There was something in the sketch of that parson's daughter he did not like. They seemed of the coarse low sort, who fasten on tight, give trouble, and decline to be shaken off. If he could see her, or the doctor! He got into a fly, and drove out.

CHAPTER XVII. ATTACK AND REPULSE.

A CUNNING and clever idea, as he thought it, had crossed his mind. There was an aged and infirm incumbent of a family living on his estate, and the living was what is called a fat one. It must be worth double what the vicar of St. Arthur's enjoyed. This would surely make all "safe;" for he was still troubled by the idea of this girl. She was the danger. There was no end to the schemes of low, clever women, brought up and trained in the predatory habits of places like this, where men came and went, and where all plans were carried out swiftly and shortly. They were not sure if the doctor was in. His lordship was shown into the drawing-room, where he waited, filling up the time with that curiosity and speculation mankind gives itself up to when left waiting in a strange room, and expecting strange people. Thus engaged, he heard a step and a rustle, and a lady, not the doctor, stood before him.

She was so natural she could not help colouring, knowing that this was her admirer's father. But the next moment came an instinct as to the object of this visit; and a feminine defiance rose into her pale face.

"My father," she said, "is unfortunately out: we can send for him."

"Not at all," said the guest, hastily, for another idea had taken the place of the first. "You are Miss Bailey, I may suppose? My son was speaking of you this morning;" and he fixed his eyes upon her.

Jessica felt, somehow, that this was going to take a sort of judicial tone, which she could not at all accept with the consciousness that she was, so to speak, innocent. The other, looking at her narrowly, saw that she was very dangerous indeed—handsome, interesting, with a bold fearless character that might be more than a match for him, and certainly for "the foolish fellow she hoped to entrap."

"I am very sorry," he went on, "that he ever came here. George has the way, so common with young men, of what is called amusing himself. These yachting men are like the Jack Tars in the navy, and have a love in every port."

Jessica drew herself up haughtily. "What their ways may be," she said firmly, "have nothing to do with me. Mr. Conway, I fancy, would hardly accept that character."

An audacious girl, thought his lordship.

"You cannot know him so well as I do," he said, smiling. "I have heard something of his proceedings, at this place even. It was time, I thought, that the old father should appear upon the scene. You see, Miss Bailey, he is a young man of good position—heir to my estates and title, with first-rate prospects."

With a scornful lip Jessica repeated the words, "First-rate prospects! Indeed?"

His lordship was taken back. A most bold and daring girl. Dudley knew everything. "Well, eventually, eventually. In short, he is entitled to look for a first-rate match and connexion; and really, Miss Bailey, to speak plainly——"

"You have been speaking plainly, my lord, have you not?" she said, interrupting him in a sort of passionate manner. "Why is this addressed to me? What have I done? I scorn deception of every kind, and will not affect ignorance of the object that has brought Lord Formanton here. Is this the meaning of it, that I interfere with these prospects and the necessity of your son's making an advantageous marriage? In fairness, I may ask, is this what you are coming to?"

"No, no — dear no," said the other, rather alarmed. "God forbid! But young men are so impulsive, and I was so afraid my son had gone further than——"

"Gone further!" said she, her face flushing up, and her eyes flashing. "*Now* I understand. Then ask him for the whole story, and he is honourable enough to tell. He will suppress nothing as to my behaviour. Ask him for the two letters I wrote to him last night and this morning. Oh! what have I done to be exposed to this!"

He was much alarmed at the sensation-scene into which he had been drawn. He was a clumsy negotiator: possibly, as some of his friends said, because he had been attaché at a foreign court. "Oh, I didn't mean to say it was your fault!"

"*My* fault!" she repeated. "You are determined to heap mortifications on me. But I am not one of those who disdain to clear themselves through mistaken delicacy. There must be justice done me in this matter. You seem to think of me as—I blush to say it—as some unworthy schemer with designs, as it is called; one who was to be frightened or bought off."

His lordship started at this last charge, which was very near the truth. "I give you my solemn word of honour," he said, not pointing this solemn affirmation at any statement, "that is, I never meant—— But what can a man do? He hears all sorts of strange rumours about his son."

"This will not do, my lord," said she, proudly. "You owe me an amende; and I must appeal to Mr. Conway solemnly in this matter."

"To be sure. I promise it," said the peer, joyfully. "Nothing could be more handsome or fairer."

"I am sure," went on Jessica, "one of your rank and honour will not be content with that conventional amende. Your own heart will tell you that an acknowledgment, as formal as the charge you came here to make, is owing to me."

"I shall make it a point," said the nobleman, eagerly, "you may depend on it. You see, it is a delicate matter on both sides, and hard to approach. You must be indulgent, Miss Bailey, in the case of a father; for, I assure you, in George's case we cannot afford—it would be fatal—to make a mistake. I am really sorry to have hurt your feelings; but the family depends, to a great measure, on George. Here is this fine estate of Panton Castle, and all that—a nice girl——"

"You put them in the proper order," said she.

"Ehem! Well, you know I am a business man; and no man, peer or peasant, is ashamed to want money or advancement. He is my own son, and I look to his real interest."

"With those views, then, you had better speak to my father, whom I see coming in now. But, before that, I ask you, finally, do you understand my position in this matter?"

"Certainly—certainly; depend on me."

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I. A RETROSPECTIVE MEDITATION.

AN April day smiled and wept over Shipley. Wherever the clouds broke after a shower, the sky showed of a pale blue colour. Near the zenith floated white wreaths of vapour. Below them were long lateral bars of grey cloud stretching singularly straight across the horizon. They were vague and unfinished at the ends, like lines drawn by a soft lead pencil; and they seemed of about that colour against the blue and white. A few early flowers peeped out in the garden borders. When the sun shone fitfully on the old yew-tree, it was seen to glisten with trembling diamond-drops of rain. A blackbird piped his sweet clear song from the shrubbery. Light and shadow animated the flatness of the distant wold, whence came the many-voiced bleat of lambs blended into one sound. A solitary sheep cropped the short turf in St. Gildas's graveyard.

A young lady sat there on the low stone wall, looking across the flats towards Danecester. She sat so still that the grazing sheep came quite near to her as its teeth cut the short grass with a crisp sound in regular cadence. It was Maud Desmond who sat there on the wall of the graveyard, and whose golden hair was ruffled under her hat by the April breeze. She was absorbed in a reverie. She had been in Shipley now nearly a week, and she was mentally passing in review all the traits and circumstances she had observed during that time, which served to show what changes had taken place in the vicar's mode of life, and in the vicar himself, since she had left his house for her aunt's.

At first sight things had seemed little altered. But she soon found that there was a change in Mr. Levincourt which she had not observed in him in London. In the first place, he seemed to have broken completely the few relations he had ever held with his country neighbours in the rank of gentlefolks. That was perhaps to be expected with a character such as Mr. Levincourt's; it was natural that he should shun any possible occasion of reading in the manner, or even in the faces, of his equals that he had become an object of pity to them. But this was not all. It seemed to Maud, that after the first paroxysm of grief, and wounded feeling, and crushed pride had ceased, the whole character of her guardian had subtly deteriorated. He shrank from the society of his equals; but, on the other hand, he appeared by no means to shun that of his inferiors. He would sit for hours enduring the baldest chat of Mrs. Meggitt, and women such as she. Maud was shocked and astonished to find him, one day, listening almost with avidity to some gossiping details of village scandal from the lips of Mugworthy, the parish clerk. The air of personal refinement which had formerly distinguished him, seemed to be disappearing under the influence of a slip-shod laziness—a kind of slothful indifference to everything save his own immediate comfort. He was by turns querulous, almost lachrymose, and self-asserting. It was terrible to Maud to see his whole character thus lowered; and she tried to believe that the change was but temporary, and that perhaps she even exaggerated it in her affectionate anxiety.

During the journey from London, her

mind was full of that which she had to reveal to him respecting Veronica. And she had dreaded the task, being entirely uncertain how he would receive it. But when she began to perceive the change in him, she conceived the hope that her tidings might at least have the good effect of rousing him from the apathy into which he seemed to have allowed all the higher part of his nature to fall, while he fed the daily life of his mind with contemptible trivialities. She had approached the subject one evening, when she and her guardian were alone together in the old chintz-furnished sitting-room after tea. Maud had quietly opened the pianoforte, and had played through softly a quaint andante from one of Haydn's sonatas.

The piece was chosen with the cunning instinct of affection. It was soothing and gracious, and yet, in its old-fashioned stateliness, it did not too deeply probe the spring of grief. The somewhat wiry tones of the well-worn instrument rendered crisply every twirl and turn of the brave old music, under Maud's light fingers. In the very twang of the yellow keys there was a staid pathos. It affected the ear as the sweet worn voice of an old woman affects it, that thin quavering pipe, to which some heart has thrilled, some pulse beat responsive, in the days of long ago. Maud played on, and the spring twilight deepened, and the vicar listened, silent, in his arm-chair by the empty fireplace. He had taken to smoking within the past year. He had bought a great meerschaum with a carved fantastic bowl, and the colour of the pipe bore testimony to the persistency of its owner in the use of the weed. As Maud played softly in the gathering dusk, the puffs of smoke from the vicar's chair grew rarer and rarer, and at last they ceased. Maud rose from the piano, and went to sit beside her guardian. He was still silent. The influence of the music was upon him.

"Uncle Charles," said Maud, in a low voice, "I have something to tell you, and something to ask you. I will do the asking first. Will you forgive me for having delayed what I have to say until now?"

"I do not think it likely that you have need of my forgiveness, Maud. What forgiveness is between us must be chiefly from you to me, not from me to you."

"Don't say that, dear Uncle Charles. You touch my conscience too nearly. And yet, at the time, I thought—and Hugh thought—that it was better to keep the secret for a while. I hope you will think so too, and forgive me. Uncle Charles, some one is dead whom you knew."

The vicar gave a violent start. Maud, with her hand on the elbow of his chair, felt it shake; and she added, quickly, "It is no one whose death you can regret. It is awful to think that the extinction of a human life should be cause for rejoicing, rather than sorrow, in the hearts of all who knew him. But it is so. Sir John Gale is dead." The vicar drew a long, deep breath. His head drooped down on his breast; but Maud felt, rather than saw—for it was by this time almost dark within the house—that he was listening intently. In a trembling voice, but clearly, and with steadiness of purpose, Maud told her guardian of Veronica's marriage, of her inheritance, and of her actual presence in London. She merely suppressed in her narrative two facts. First, the will, which had made her (Maud) heiress to Sir John Gale's wealth; and, secondly, the late baronet's intention of defrauding Veronica at the last. She and Hugh had agreed that it would be well to spare Mr. Levincourt the useless pain of these revelations. The vicar listened in unbroken silence whilst Maud continued to speak.

When she ceased, after a little pause, he said, "And she was in London! My daughter was within a few streets of me, and made no sign! She made not any—the least—attempt to see me or to ask my pardon."

His tone was deep and angry. He breathed quickly and noisily, like a man fighting against emotion. Still Maud felt that in his very reproach there was a hopeful symptom of some softening in the hardness of his resentment.

"She should have done so, dear Uncle Charles. I told her so, and she did not deny it. But I—I—believe she was afraid."

"Afraid! Veronica Levincourt afraid! She was not afraid of disgracing my home, and embittering my life. But she was afraid to come and abase her wicked pride at my feet, when she might have done so with some chance of bringing me—not comfort; no, nothing can cancel her evil past—but at least some little alleviation of the weight of disgrace that has been bowing me to the earth ever since her flight."

Maud could not but feel, with a sensation of shame at the feeling, that the vicar's words did not touch her heart. There was nothing in them that was not true. But in some way they rang hollow. How different it had been when the vicar had first

discovered his daughter's flight, and afterwards the name of the man she had fled with! Then every word, every gesture, had been full of terrible rage, and grief, and horror. The vicar had been in agonised earnest then, no doubt. But now, as he spoke, it was as though he felt the necessity of assuming something that was not in his heart, as though he were ashamed of expressing relief at Maud's news, and made it a point of pride to excite his own wrath against his daughter.

Maud had yet more to tell him. She must reveal the fact of Veronica's engagement to the Prince Barletti. And she much feared that the communication of this fact would embitter her guardian still more. She could not see the expression of his face, as she spoke, and he did not interrupt her by the least word, until she paused, having finished what she had to say. Then the vicar murmured in an artificial voice, as though he were restraining its natural expression:

"Her mother was a Barletti."

"Yes. This gentleman is Veronica's cousin."

"Prince—Prince Barletti! Is that the title?"

"Prince Cesare de' Barletti. Veronica assured me that he is devotedly attached to her. He was a friend to her in her trouble abroad, and——"

"Barletti is a noble name: an old name. That wretch was a parvenu, sprung from the mud; a clay image covered with gilding."

There was a long silence. At length the vicar spoke again.

"And my daughter was in London, and made no attempt to see me. She allows me to learn this news from other lips than her own! My sorrow, my misery, my suspense, matter nothing to her."

"Veronica told me that she would write to you as soon as we got back to Shipley. She said that she believed it best, on the sole ground of consideration for you, for her to wait before addressing you until all should be settled."

"Settled!" cried the vicar, sharply. "What was there to settle?"

"Her—her inheritance; and—and the proof of her marriage. She may have been mistaken in delaying to communicate with you; indeed, I think she was mistaken; but I do believe she was sincere when she professed to think it for the best."

The vicar rose and walked to the door. Arrived there, he paused, and said, "Until she does address me, and address me in a proper spirit, I shall take no notice of her whatsoever. None! She will still be to me as one dead. Nothing—no human power shall induce me to waver in my resolution."

Maud could see the vicar's hands waving through the gloom with the action of repulsing or pushing away some one.

"She will write to you, dear Uncle Charles," said Maud; still with the same disagreeable perception that the vicar's words and tone were hollow, and with the same feeling of being ashamed of the perception. Then the vicar left the room, and went out into the garden. He relit his pipe, and as he paced up and down the gravel path, Maud watched his figure for a long time, looming faintly as he came within range of the light from the windows of the house, and then receding again into the darkness. Next day there came a letter for Mr. Levincourt from Veronica. Maud recognised her large, pretentious handwriting on the black-bordered envelope with its crest and monogram and faint, sweet perfume. The vicar took the letter to his own room, and read it in private. He did not show it to Maud, nor communicate its contents to her further than to say that evening, just before retiring to bed: "It appears, Maud, that the present baronet, Sir Matthew Gale, has behaved in a very becoming manner, in immediately receiving and acknowledging his cousin's widow."

"Oh, dear Uncle Charles, the letter *was* from Veronica! She has written to you. I am so thankful."

The tears were in Maud's eyes as she clasped her hands fervently together, and looked up into her guardian's face. He put his hand on her head, and kissed her forehead.

"Good, sweet, pure-hearted child!" he said, softly. "Ah, Maudie, would to God that I had been blessed with a daughter like you! But I did not deserve that blessing: I did not deserve it, Maudie."

It was on all these sayings and doings just narrated, that Maud Desmond was pondering as she sat, alone, in the churchyard of St. Gildas.

CHAPTER II. MISS TURTLE.

Maud sat absorbed in a reverie that prevented her from hearing a footstep that approached quickly. Pit-pat, pit-pat, the step came nearer. It was light, but as regular as that of a soldier on the march.

Presently, a shabby hat, with an erratic feather in it, rose above the wall of the churchyard, and little Miss Turtle, Mrs. Meggitt's governess, appeared, with a parcel in one hand and a basket in the other. She walked straight up to Maud, and then stopped.

"Good afternoon, Miss Desmond," said Miss Turtle, and looked into Maud's face with a demure expression, half sly, half shy.

"Oh, I—I did not see you, Miss Turtle. How do you do?"

"I startled you, I'm afraid. I hope you're not subject to palpitation, Miss Desmond? I am. Oh dear me, I am quite tired! *Would* you allow me to seat myself here for a few minutes and rest?"

Maud smiled at the humility of the request. The wall of St. Gildas's churchyard was certainly as free to Miss Turtle as to herself. She made room for the little governess beside her. Miss Turtle first disposed her parcel and basket on the top of the rough wall, and then made a queer little spring—something like the attempt to fly, of a matronly barn-door hen unused to quit terra firma—and seated herself beside them. Maud was by no means delighted at thus encountering Miss Turtle. But she was too gentle and too generous to risk hurting the little woman's feelings by at once getting up to depart. So she made up her mind to sit awhile and endure Miss Turtle's discourse as best she might. They had met before, since Maud's return to Shipley. Miss Turtle and her two pupils, Farmer Meggitt's daughters, had saluted Maud as she came out of church on the first Sunday after her arrival at the vicarage, having previously devoured her with their eyes during the service.

"And how, if I may venture to inquire, is our respected vicar?" said Miss Turtle.

"Mr. Levincourt is quite well, thank you."

"Is he, really? Ah! Many changes since we last had the honour of seeing you in Shipley, Miss Desmond."

"Indeed! If you did not say so, I should suppose, from what I have seen and heard hitherto, that there were, on the contrary, very few changes."

"Oh dear me! Mrs. Sack—you have heard about Mrs. Sack?"

"No. Is she ill?"

"Joined a Wesleyan congregation at Shipley Magna. Gone over to Dissent, root and branch! I am surprised that you had not heard of it."

Maud explained that Mrs. Sack's conversion to Methodism had not been widely discussed in London.

"And she's not the only one, Miss Desmond," pursued the governess.

"Indeed!"

"Oh, no, not the only one by any means. A considerable number of the congregation of St. Gildas's have gone over too. They say that the dissenting gentleman who preaches at Shipley Magna (he is not, strictly speaking, a gentleman either, Miss Desmond, being in the retail grocery line, and in a small way of business) is so very earnest. I hope you will not think I did wrong, but the truth is, I did go to an evening meeting at their chapel once, with Mrs. Sack, and I must say he was most eloquent. I really thought at one time that he would have a stroke, or something. The glass in the windows jingled again, and I came home with a splitting headache."

"He must have been extraordinarily eloquent, indeed," said Maud, quietly.

"Oh, he was! But then, as I say, where are your principles, if you let yourself be tempted away from your church like that? Didn't you notice, Miss Desmond, how thin the congregation was, last Sunday?"

Maud was obliged to confess that she had noticed it.

"Then, there's Mr. Snowe, junior."

"He has not joined the Methodists, has he, Miss Turtle?"

"Oh, no. Quite the contrary. But he is engaged to be married, I believe, and the lady hates music. Just fancy that, Miss Desmond, and he such a confirmed *amachure*."

Little Miss Turtle shook her head in a melancholy manner, as though she had been reluctantly accusing Herbert Snowe of "confirmed" gambling or "confirmed" drunkenness.

"Then," said Maud, "I am afraid we may lose Mr. Herbert Snowe's assistance at the weekly practisings in the school-house."

"Practisings! Oh dear, Miss Desmond, the singing-class is nothing now; nothing to what it used to be. Mr. Mugworthy, he does what he can. But you know, Miss Desmond, what's the use of the best intentions when you have to contend with a voice like—there! Just like that, for all the world!"

And Miss Turtle screwed up her mouth, and inclined her head towards the distant common, whence came at that moment the tremulous, long-drawn ba-a-a, of some fleecy mother of the flock.

Maud could not help laughing as she

recognised the resemblance to Mr. Mugworthy's professional utterance of the Amen.

"Why, Miss Turtle," she said, "I didn't know you were so satirical."

"Satirical! Oh pray don't say that, Miss Desmond. I should be loath, indeed, to think so of myself. If I was satirical, it was quite unawares, I assure you."

Miss Turtle fidgeted with her paper parcel, tightening its strings, and putting it into shape. Then she peeped into the basket, as if to assure herself that its contents were safe. She showed no symptom of being about to resume her walk, and there was a mingled hesitation and eagerness in her face every time she looked at Maud. These conflicting sentiments at length resolved themselves into a question that indirectly approached the main point to which her curiosity was directed.

"Ahem! And so, Miss Desmond, you don't—ahem!—you don't find our revered vicar much broken by all he has gone through?"

Maud drew herself up, and looked full at the speaker. But Miss Turtle's wishy-washy little countenance was so meek and meaningless that resentment seemed absurd.

The governess's straw hat was somewhat on one side; and so was the long ragged feather that adorned it, as it had successively adorned a long series of hats, beginning Anno Domini—but no matter for the date. Miss Turtle and her black ostrich feather were coeval in the chronicles of Shipley; for the good and sufficient reason that they had immigrated into Daneshire together. The long feather, wafted hither and thither by the capricious airs, and made lank and straight by the capricious showers of spring, drooped carelessly over the brim of the hat, and overshadowed Miss Turtle's little snub nose, with a shabbily swaggering air ludicrously at variance with the expression of the face beneath it.

"I told you that Mr. Levincourt was quite well," said Maud.

"And you, Miss Desmond," said Miss Turtle, timidly putting out the tip of her cotton glove to touch Maud's black dress, "you too have had a good deal of trouble."

"I have lost a dear relative and a true friend."

"To be sure. Oh dear me! Life is a shadow. *How* it flies! Don't you find it so, Miss Desmond? You have lost your aunt; a lady of title too," added Miss Turtle, with so comical an air of being shocked and surprised by this circumstance above all, and of murmuring reproachfully to the great democrat, Death, 'How *could* you?—a person so well connected, and habitually addressed by mankind as 'my lady!' that Maud's sense of humour conquered her sadness, and she turned away her face lest Miss Turtle should be scandalised by the smile on it.

Miss Turtle's next words, however, effectually sobered the mobile, dimpling mouth.

"Yes; you have lost your aunt—*and your uncle*, if what we hear is true."

Maud's heart beat fast, and she could not speak. Her nerves quivered in the expectation of hearing Veronica's name. It was not yet pronounced, however. Miss Turtle dropped her chin down on her breast, at the same time throwing back her shoulders stiffly, and infused a melting tearfulness into her habitually subdued voice as she asked: "And *have* you yet seen Mrs. Plew, Miss Desmond?"

"Mrs.—Mrs. Plew? No. Poor old lady, how is she?"

"She's pretty well, thank you, Miss Desmond. As well as she ever is. She is quite a character of the olden time; don't you think so, Miss Desmond?"

"Well I—I—I don't know. She seems a very good old woman," answered Maud, considerably at a loss what to say.

"Of course, Miss Desmond, you have had great scholastic advantages. And I shouldn't presume to—— But as far as Pinnock goes, Miss Desmond, I should say that Mrs. Plew was quite the moral of a Roman matron!"

Maud stared in unconcealed surprise.

"I should indeed, Miss Desmond," pursued the governess, still with the same tearful tenderness and a kind of suppressed writhing of her shoulders.

"I have *not* read the Roman History in the original. But, if Pinnock may be relied on, I should say that she quite came up to my idea of the mother of the Gracchi," which Miss Turtle pronounced "Gratchy."

There was so long a pause, and Miss Turtle so plainly showed that she expected Maud to speak, that the latter, although greatly bewildered, at length said, "I have always supposed Mrs. Plew to be a very kind, honest, good old woman. I cannot say she ever struck me in the light of a Roman matron. Perhaps, on the whole, it is a better thing to be an English matron; or we, at least, may be excused for thinking so. But the fact is, I never was very intimate with Mrs. Plew. It was my——"

Maud stopped, with a flushed face and

trembling lip. She had been about to mention Veronica, and Miss Turtle pounced on the opportunity thus afforded.

"It was your cousin, or at least we all called her so, Miss Desmond, although aware that no tie of blood united you together; it was Miss Levincourt who was most intimate at the Plews'. Oh, yes, indeed it was! But of course all that is over. Higher spheres have other claims, have they not, Miss Desmond? And that which the proud and haughty have rejected, may be very precious to the humble and lonely, if it would but think so; may it not, Miss Desmond?"

A light began to dawn in Maud's mind, which illumined the oracular utterances of Miss Turtle. Through the mincing affectation of the little woman's speech and manner, there pierced the tone of genuine emotion. Still, Maud did not understand why Miss Turtle should have chosen to reveal such emotion to her.

Maud rose and held out her hand. "Good-bye, Miss Turtle," she said. "Please tell Kitty and Cissy that I hope to see them at the practising next Saturday."

"Good-bye, Miss Desmond. I hope you won't take it amiss that I ventured to enter into conversation with you."

"By no means! How can you imagine that I should do so?"

"Nor look upon it in the light of a liberty?"

"Certainly not. Pray do not speak so!"

"Thank you, Miss Desmond. You were always so kind and affable!" There was the least possible stress laid on the personal pronoun, as though Miss Turtle were mentally distinguishing Maud from some one who was *not* always kind and affable. "And you are just the same as ever, I'm sure, Miss Desmond. And—and—if I didn't fear to offend you, which I wouldn't do for the world—indeed I would not!—I should like to—to—to ask——" The governess made a long pause. Maud did not speak; in fact, she could not. She was too sure in her heart about whom Miss Turtle desired to ask. The latter remained silent for some minutes; but, although timid in her manner from years of repression and snubbing, Miss Turtle was not exquisitely sensitive, and she had that sort of mild obstinacy which frequently accompanies stupidity.

Neither Maud's silence, nor her pale, distressed face, availed therefore to turn Miss Turtle from the purpose she had had in view when she sat down on the wall beside the vicar's ward. That purpose was to ascertain, if possible, what the truth of Veronica's position really was.

Of course Shipley-in-the-Wold had rung with gossip about her; and latterly the gossip had reported—most wonderful to relate—something not far from the actual state of the case.

"I should like to ask," proceeded Miss Turtle at length, "if it is true what we hear, that Miss Levincourt—that is, if all be as we have heard rumoured, she is *not*, of course, Miss Levincourt any longer—if she is in England again, and—and quite wealthy, and—I *hope* you are not offended, Miss Desmond!"

"She is in England. She is a widow, and is left in possession of a considerable fortune."

"Oh, dear me! So it *was* true?"

Maud bowed, and was moving away.

"One instant, Miss Desmond. I'm afraid you are angry with me for speaking. But, after all, it was natural that we should wish to know the truth; wasn't it now, Miss Desmond?"

Maud reflected that it *was* natural. Her conscience told her that the movement of sensitive pride which made her shrink from hearing Veronica mentioned by indifferent persons, was far from being wholly a good movement. She constrained herself to hold out her hand once more to Miss Turtle. The gratitude in the governess's face rewarded her for the effort.

"Oh, thank you, Miss Desmond! I should have been so sorry to hurt your feelings. Of course you will see Mr. Plew before long, and then I suppose you—you will tell him, won't you? Of course he will know, so intimate as he was with the family; and always speaks with the greatest respect, I'm sure. When he knows something certain about Miss Levincourt—that is—I'm so used to the name, you see—we hope, his mother and I hope—or, at least, *she* hopes—for of course I can't presume to put myself forward—that he may get to be more comfortable and settled in his mind. We think him a good deal changed, Miss Desmond. His spirits are like a plummet of lead, to what they were, I do assure you. Good-bye, Miss Desmond, and thank you very much."

Maud walked home across the paddock and up the long gravel path in the vicarage garden, with a feeling of heaviness at her heart. She was half inclined to hate Miss Turtle, Mrs. Plew, and all the people in Shipley. But she resisted the impulse of irritated temper. What was her vexation compared with the sorrow and trouble

inflicted on others? If Veronica could but have known, if she could but have foreseen!

As she thus thought, she entered the house through the garden door, which stood open. She was going into the sitting-room, when she paused for a moment at the sound of voices within.

"Go in, go in, Miss Maudie," said old Joanna, who happened to be in the hall. "You won't disturb no one. It's only that poor creetur, Mr. Plew, a-talking to the vicar."

MOZART IN LONDON.

In April, 1764, a German musician, second chapel master to the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg, arrived in England from France, accompanied by his wife, daughter, and son. The name of the son was Johann Chrysostom Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart. He was a little musical phenomenon, not altogether unknown to our readers, and was then a child of eight. He had begun to compose at four, and at six had produced a difficult concerto. The child, who had been playing at the different German courts, had been petted by kings, and kissed by empresses. He arrived at Dover with chests full of presents; swords, snuff-boxes, étuis, lace, and watches. In Paris, the wonderful child had exhibited at Versailles before the royal family, and had been very angry with Madame de Pompadour for not kissing him as the Empress Maria Theresa had done. He had also published four sonatas in the French capital; and at public concerts he had astonished the cognoscenti by playing at sight any piece set before him.

The shrewd father hoped to rake in some of our solid English gold, and the boy was eager for fresh laurels. The family lodged at the house of a Mr. Williamson, in Frith-street, Soho: a foreign quarter, which French refugees had already made their own. Everything went well at first. The king and queen heard the two children on the 27th of April, and early in the next month the boy played on the organ before the king. The brother and sister also performed ponderous double concertos on two claviers, and Wolfgang sang several airs with much expression. It was the custom to try his powers by making him play at sight elaborate pieces by Bach, Handel, Paradies, &c. These he played smilingly, with swiftness, neatness, and in perfect time and style. John Christian Bach, music master to the queen, to show what the little genius could do, took him on one occasion between his knees, and played a few bars which the boy continued; thus alternating, they played an entire sonata admirably. The phenomenon's father was rather disgusted at receiving only twenty-four guineas for each of the royal concerts. But what was wanting in money was made up in affability; for the king and queen met the family in St. James's Park, and waved hands to them, and smiled and nodded. The king usually selected for the child, knotty pieces by Wagenseil, Abel, and Handel. The young Mozart accompanied the queen in an air which she graciously deigned to play; and he then surprised the delighted court by performing a melody founded merely upon the bass of one of Handel's melodies. Every day the child's mind developed; every day he conquered some fresh region of his art; he had already written for the orchestra, and now he began to compose symphonies. His father having caught cold in returning from a concert at Lord Thanet's, the marvellous boy amused the invalid, while banished from his instruments, by writing a piece for two violins, two oboes, and two horns. "Remind me," said the little despot to his sister, who sat near him copying, "that I give the horns something good to do."

"The high and mighty Wolfgang," wrote the proud and delighted father, "though only eight, possesses the acquirements of a man of forty. In short, only those who see and hear him can believe in him; even you in Salzburg know nothing about him, he is so changed." At spare moments young Mozart chatted about his German friends, or talked over an opera he had planned, to be performed by his acquaintances at Salzburg. From the most intricate pieces of Bach or Handel, however, the child turned away at the sight of a sweetmeat or the mew of a favourite cat. They would have burnt the child for a witch in some mediæval countries.

A concert in June frightened the prudent father. The expenses threatened to be forty guineas; but eventually most of the musicians refused to take any money. To gain the love of the English, the wily father permitted Wolfgang to play at Ranelagh for a patriotic charity. For better air, probably, the family about this time removed to Chelsea, and resided at the house of a Mr. Randle, in Five Field-row, where the father, recovering from a quinsy, ordered, like a zealous Catholic, twenty-two masses, to express his gratitude to God; moreover he vowed to undertake the conversion of

the son of a Dutch Jew, a violoncello player named Sipruntini. About the close of 1764, the elder Mozart dedicated a third set of his son's sonatas to Queen Charlotte; prefacing them with an extravagantly fulsome dedication, which showed the professed itinerant tuft-hunter.

It was at this crisis that scientific men began to regard the young phenomenon with serious suspicion and alarm. A celebrated quidnunc of the day arose to conduct an investigation of his powers. This quidnunc, a scholar erudite enough in his way, was the Honourable Daines Barrington, a Welsh judge, who had occupied several snug posts under government. The Boswell sort of expedition, suggested by many jealous and suspicious musicians of London, exactly suited the inquisitor. He repaired to the house at Chelsea, armed with a manuscript duet, written by an English gentleman, to some words in Metastasio's opera of Demofoonte. The score, difficult enough to musicians of the Barrington stamp, was in five sections: two violin parts, two vocal parts, and a bass. Here was a clincher; it was impossible that the boy could have seen the music before. He sat down to play, keenly eyed by the suspicious inquirer. Would he play false, or break down, and prove that all his other extemporaneous performances had been prepared tricks? Here would be a triumph for detective science, and the Honourable Daines Barrington. But no. The boy sat down, slipped the score carelessly on his desk, and began at sight to play the symphony in the most masterly manner, equally as to time, style, and the feeling sought to be conveyed by the composer. Having played it through, he then took the upper part, and left the under one to his father: singing in a thin infantine voice, but with admirable taste. His father being once or twice out in the duet, though the passages were not more difficult than those the son had attempted, the child looked back at him with some anger, pointing out to him his mistakes, and set him right. The young musician, moreover, threw in, to Mr. Barrington's intense astonishment, the accompaniments of the two violins, wherever most necessary.

In his report, afterwards read before the Royal Society, Mr. Daines Barrington, softened almost into adoration of the young genius, attempts to illustrate the difficulties which the child Mozart overcame in the problem meant to entangle him. The virtuoso compares it to a child eight years old who should be asked to read five lines of type simultaneously, the letters of the alphabet having different powers in four out of the five lines. It should further, he says, be supposed that the five hypothetical lines were not arranged under each other, so as at all times to be read one under the other, but often in a desultory manner. The child was also to be imagined as reading, at a coup d'œil, three different comments on a five-lined speech: one, say, in Greek, one in Hebrew, and the third in Etruscan. The hypothetical child was also to be presumed capable of pointing out, by signs as he read, where one, or two, or three, of these comments were material. This elaborate and complicated simile, Mr. Barrington caps by comparing the boy's efforts to a child's who should, at the first glance, read one of Shakespeare's finest speeches with all the accuracy, pathos, and energy, of a Garrick.

When the boy had finished the duet, he expressed himself highly in approval, and asked, with eagerness, whether Mr. Barrington had any more such music? Mr. Barrington, having heard that the child was often visited with musical ideas, which came upon him like an inspiration, and which—as if he had suddenly been enabled to hear the voices of angels inaudible to others—he would even in the middle of the night imitate on his harpsichord, told the phenomenon's father that he should be glad to hear some of his son's extemporaneous compositions.

The father saw that the connoisseur was won over, and now coquetted with him a bit. He said it depended entirely on the moment of inspiration, but that there was no harm in asking the lad if he were in the humour for a composition. In the mean time the quaint child, like a changeling in his grave and preternatural self-confidence, went on at intervals running about the room, and playing on the harpsichord, his constant companion.

Mr. Barrington, after a moment's sapient cogitation, remembered that little Mozart had been much taken notice of by Manzolo, a famous singer, who came over to England in 1764. He therefore shrewdly leaned over the keys, and said, in a courtly way, becoming the ex-Marshal of the High Court of Admiralty, that he would like to hear an extemporary love song, such as his (Mozart's) friend Manzolo would select for an opera. The boy, turning on his high stool, gave a look of childish archness, as much as to say, "Love? Oh, I know the whole alphabet of that singular passion," and immediately began five or six lines of a jargon

recitative suitable to the introduction of a love song. He then shaped out a symphony, to correspond to an air composed to the single word "Affetto." It was a complete formal operatic composition, with first and second parts, and of the usual length. "If this extemporary composition," afterwards wrote the astonished investigator, "were not amazingly capital, yet it was really above mediocrity, and showed most extraordinary readiness of invention."

The inspiration was upon the boy, and he was now eager to try more. Mr. Barrington begged him to compose a song on Rage, such as might be proper for an opera. The boy again turned, gave his playfully mischievous changeling look, and began a jargon recitative, to precede a song of fury "i' the Ercles vein." He roused to this, and, his imagination becoming excited, he beat his harpsichord with his little ruffled fists, rising up in his chair like a person possessed. The word he had chosen for this more violent exercise was "Perfido;" a word suitable for arousing all sorts of operatic denunciations.

After this, never wearied, he played one of the sonatas he had just finished and dedicated to the queen. It was very difficult to work out with minuteness and vigour, considering that his little fingers could scarcely reach a fifth on the harpsichord. This was not practice but genius, Mr. Barrington at once discovered; for he saw that the child had long since mastered all the fundamental rules of composition, and that as soon as a treble was produced, he could sit down and write a bass under it. The child—for a child Barrington also felt bound to acknowledge him, whatever his real age might be—was a great master of modulation. His transitions from one key to another were as natural as they were judicious; and he would sometimes practise them for fun, with a handkerchief thrown over the keys of the harpsichord.

While the boy was achieving these wonders, Mr. Barrington, leaning on the back of his chair with his hand to his mouth, secretly resolved to quietly write to Count Haslang, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the Electors of Bavaria and Palatine, to get the register of the boy's birth from Salzburg. A sudden dash of the harpsichord keys roused Mr. Barrington. A favourite cat of the child's had just slid in at the open door, and the boy had leaped down from his chair to play with it, and was not for some time to be won back—not then indeed until he had taken a gallop round the room on his father's walking stick.

Mr. Barrington's suspicions as to the age of the wonderful child were not confirmed. In due time, Leopold Comprecht, chaplain of the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg, sent to Count Haslang, the Bavarian ambassador before mentioned, a copy of the certificate of the birth of Johann Chrysostom Wolfgang Theophilus Mozart, son of the prince's organist, on January 17, 1756. The genius was therefore only eight years and five months old, when he astonished Mr. Barrington. That gentleman thereupon drew up a paper, "an account of a very remarkable young musician," which was read before the Royal Society, November 28, 1769.

In this brief paper the amiable quidnunc mentioned that Mozart since leaving England had composed some admirable oratorios, and that the Prince of Salzburg, suspecting some imposition, had shut up the child once for a whole week, leaving him only blank music paper and the words of an oratorio. During all this time Mozart saw no one but his gaoler, who brought him food.

The writer then adduces several instances of precocious genius, particularly the case of John Barretier, a German prodigy, who mastered Latin at four, Hebrew at six, and three other languages by the time he was nine: translating at eleven the travels of Rabbi Benjamin, and adding notes and dissertations. Mr. Barrington further alludes to the precocity of Handel, who at seven began to play on the clavichord, who composed church services at nine, and the opera of Almeria at fourteen. The worthy virtuoso concludes by trusting that Mozart might reach the age of Handel, contrary to the common observation that precocious genius is shortlived. "I think I may say," he adds, "without prejudice to the memory of the great composer, that the scale most clearly preponderates on the side of Mozart in this comparison, as I have already stated that he was a composer when he did not much exceed the age of four. Lest, however, I should insensibly become too strongly his panegyrist, permit me to subscribe myself, sir, your most faithful, humble servant, DAINES BARRINGTON."

In spite of great success, England did not, however, prove propitious to the Mozarts. The king and queen were fond of music, but were fonder of money. The receipts of the concerts diminished, and, worst of all, the expenses of the year amounted to three hundred pounds: a

terrible sum to a frugal German organist accustomed to count copper pieces. He wrote home angrily about English ways:

"After deep consideration," he says, "and many sleepless nights, I am determined not to bring up my children in so dangerous a place as London, where people for the most part have no religion, and there are scarcely any but bad examples before their eyes. You would be astonished to see how children are brought up here—to say nothing of religion."

So off went the speculator with his phenomenon to the Hague, urged by the Dutch ambassador: as the invalid sister of the Prince of Orange had a vehement desire to see the child. Things went ill, nevertheless, in Holland, for the daughter all but died, and Wolfgang was struck down by an inflammatory fever. The moment he recovered, the child was the same bewitching, loving, light-hearted creature that he ever had been, always writing polyglot letters to friends at Salzburg, or entering with childish enthusiasm into the acquisition of some new accomplishment.

This great genius died at the age of only thirty-five years and ten months. He himself believed that he was poisoned, and the crime was by many attributed to the envy of a man named Salieri, his determined foe. The Zauberflöte was nearly his latest work. On this he laboured when almost dying, writing amidst excitement, as was often his wont, and in the strangest places. The quintet in the first act was jotted down in a coffee house, during the intervals in a game of billiards. During his last illness, when confined to his bed, he would place his watch by his side, and follow the performance of this opera, in his imagination. "Now, the first act is just over," he would say; "now, they are singing such an air."

The singular and well-authenticated story of the Requiem throws almost a supernatural aspect upon Mozart's last illness. In August (he died in November) a stranger brought him an anonymous letter, begging him to compose a Requiem, on his own terms. After consulting his wife, as he always did, Mozart consented to write this Requiem; pathos and religion seeming to him adapted to rouse his genius. The stranger, on a second visit, paid Mozart twenty-five ducats, half the price he required: telling him that a present would be made him when the score should be complete. Above all, the composer was not to waste his time in trying to discover the name of his employer. Soon after that, Mozart was called to Prague, to compose La Clemenza di Tito for the Emperor Leopold's coronation. The mysterious stranger again appeared as Mozart entered his travelling carriage, and said, "How will the Requiem proceed now?" Mozart apologised, and promised to finish it on his return. The Clemenza was coldly received, and Mozart, ill and melancholy, shed tears when he parted from his Prague friends. One fine autumn day in the Prater, Mozart, sitting alone with his wife, began to speak of his death.

"I am writing that Requiem for myself," he said. "I am convinced I cannot last long. I have certainly been poisoned. I cannot rid myself of the idea."

By the physician's advice, the Requiem was taken away from him. When it was given him back, he grew worse. One night some musical friends, at his request, sat round his bed, and sang part of the Requiem; but at the Lacrymosa Mozart wept violently, and the score was laid aside. The Requiem was constantly on his pillow; in lulls of his illness he gave directions about orchestral effects to his friend Süssmayer; even in faint puffs of breath, he tried to express how the drums should come in, in a certain part. The very day he died, when he had exclaimed, "I taste death," he looked over the Requiem, and added, with tears in his eyes: "Did I not tell you I was writing this for myself?"

True to his innate kindness of heart, Mozart especially desired that his death might be kept secret for a day from all his friends save one; this was a friend named Albrechtsberger, who would thus have a chance of getting his dead friend's appointment—the chapel-mastership of Saint Stephen's.

It is pleasant to be able to associate the name of Mozart, however slightly, with two localities in London, already rich in memories.

A WINTER VIGIL.

In the winter of 186— it fell to my lot to investigate one of the most touching stories of a white man's endurance and an Indian's vengeance I ever came across in the whole North-west. As some of the more curious portions of the official note-book of an Indian agent, I transcribe the memoranda relating to it.

Albert Black was an honest English gentleman, whose adventures in search of

fortune led him away from Regent-street to wander in western worlds, and this is the way he "put through" a portion of the winter of that year. He was residing, with a single companion in a little log cabin at the Indian village of Bella-Coola, on the coast of British Columbia. There was no white man nearer than one hundred miles, but the villages of many Indian tribes were situated in the immediate vicinity. The winter was only half through; few natives came trading about the post, and as time lay heavily on their hands, Black and his companion resolved to go hunting for a few days. A canoe was accordingly fitted out with a stock of provisions and ammunition, and with an Indian as steersman and pilot they proceeded to cruise about among the islands, now and then landing and stalking deer, or shooting the ducks and wild geese which assemble in countless flocks by the mouths of the north-western rivers in winter. The season was mild, with but a thin coating of snow on the ground, so that each night they encamped in the open air, and slept well wrapped up in their blankets round the blazing log fire. Few old explorers in these countries ever think of carrying a tent with them, and our hunters were not possessed of one, even had they cared to avail themselves of its shelter. They had been cruising about in this manner for several days, when, as usual, they encamped one night on an island, with the canoe drawn up on the beach. Their provisions they built up around them, to guard them from the attacks of any prowling Indians or other mishaps. Their Indian pilot had informed them he was just about out of powder and bullets, at the same time begging to be supplied with some, exhibiting his pouch, which contained but two charges. The hunters were too tired to open their packages, and, notwithstanding his solicitations, they put him off until morning. They then, as usual, loaded their rifles, the Indian doing so also; and all three men lay down to sleep, and all slept save one.

How long they slept Black could not say, but all that he remembered was being awoke by the report of a rifle. A low scream, and then a moan by his side, told him that all was over with his companion. The Indian's place was vacant; and before Black could become fully conscious of his situation, he was fired at from the dark, and a bullet struck his thigh. He attempted to rise, but was unable: his leg was fractured. Instantly he grasped his revolver, and he had scarcely done so before he was conscious of a figure crouching towards him in the darkness. He immediately fired, but the shot did not take effect, and his would-be murderer retreated behind some rocks. He now staunched the blood flowing from his wound as well as circumstances would permit, tying a handkerchief around it. All doubt was now at an end that the Indian guide, tempted by the property, had murdered his companion, and was only prevented by the want of ammunition from dispatching him too. All night long—it seemed a year—he kept awake, too excited to sleep, though he was faint from loss of blood. Sometimes he would relapse into an uneasy sleep, from which he would be startled by the barking of his little dog, when he would grasp his revolver, only to see a figure again skulking into the darkness. Daylight at last came, and he had now time to contemplate his situation. Helpless, badly wounded, far from white or even friendly Indian, he was alone, with an enemy watching every moment to destroy him, as he had done his companion, whose glassy eyes glared up at him. Provisions enough were lying scattered around; but none were accessible as food, save the bag of sugar, and on this his chief chance of subsistence lay. He knew enough of science to know that Magendie's dogs when fed on sugar soon grew emaciated, but he also knew that it supported life for a time. Before night snow fell, and covered the dead body out of his sight. Sometimes he would relapse into a half-waking sleep, when again the ever-faithful dog, who seemed almost conscious how matters stood, would warn him of the approach of his enemy. It was in vain that Black attempted to get a shot at him; and had it not been for the watchfulness of his dog-friend, the wretch must soon have been able to dispatch with his knife the guardian whose revolver intervened between him and the coveted property. And so they kept their dreary vigils, and the snow fell heavily; and though his leg pained him exceedingly, he managed to keep warm in his blanket-lined burrow. The Indian would sometimes disappear for hours and even a day, apparently looking after food. The poor hunter would then imagine that he had got clear of his bloodthirsty enemy, when again the barking of Flora would warn her master. On one or two occasions the Indian managed to approach within a few feet of his intended victim before his presence was detected; and as both murderer and hunter were

equally intent on each other's destruction, escapes were sometimes rather narrow. Several days elapsed in this manner, until at last the Indian seemed to have grown tired, and left the island in the canoe; for they were no longer alarmed. The sugar bag was getting nearly done, and the poor dog was now so weak with hunger, that, even when it did not absent itself searching for food on the shore, it was scarcely able to give an alarm. If Black survived hunger and his wound, which was now getting very painful, the Indian, he knew, would soon return and accomplish his purpose. With such thoughts his prospects were gloomy enough, and so he dozed away the hours, half frozen and faint. It was the tenth night (he had long lost count of time, but found so afterwards) since the murderous attack, when he was awoke by a loud talking on the beach.

The moon, sailing over the leaden, snowy sky, enabled him to recognise the figures of several Indians hauling a canoe on to the beach. He grasped his revolver, determined to sell his life dearly, for he was now fully persuaded that it must be his murderer returned with assistance. It was strange, however, it struck him, that they had landed in such an exposed situation. "Who are you?" he inquired, in the Chinook jargon—the trading language of the coast. A low, surprised cry came from them. They were apparently unaware of the presence of any one but themselves. Again he shouted more cheerily, and they approached him, when he was delighted to recognise the familiar faces of several Bella-Coola Indians—old acquaintances of his. He told them his story; and as they listened, he uncovered the body of his murdered companion, they, every now and again, bursting into a cry of horror. Food was prepared, and every attention paid to him. The dead body was buried, and Black conveyed to the Indian village, where he was carefully nursed until news reached the nearest white man's abode. The solitary colonist hurried down, and happening to have been in earlier days an officer in the army, he knew a little about surgery. He dressed Black's wounds, and conveyed him back to the settlements, where, under proper medical treatment, he slowly recovered. But it was many months before he could walk without crutches, and to the end of his life he will bear the marks of that fearful experience of "putting through the winter" in the dark days of 186—. As we have a good deal (in novels) of the generous savage, I may as well say that my poor friend had to pay well for all the hospitality he received. The water he drank, the ground he lay on, the wood that warmed him, the food he ate, everything was charged for, but most cheerfully paid. It is, however, a greater pleasure to relate that, after the bill was paid, the Indians threw in the execution of the murderer into the bargain. The avengers of blood found him in his lodge, comfortably awaiting the death of Black by starvation or cold, either of which he, no doubt, thought would save him all trouble. He seemed rather to exult when charged with shooting the white men; but the Bella-Coola warriors took a different view of matters, and with a summary justice, which would have done credit to a Californian vigilance committee, they shot him where he sat.

As for poor Black, I saw him dancing at a Christmas party not very long ago; but a terrible limp, which caused his partner to afterwards style him an "awkward sort of colonial fellow," told me another tale.

LIBERTY, FRATERNITY, AND EQUALITY.

To Thought's metropolis sublime,
Where never sets the morning star,
Across the desert wastes of Time,
Two travellers journey'd from afar.

The one a royal mantle wore,
A golden buckler girt his breast,
A banner in his hand he bore,
A plume upon his stately crest:

The other, clad in rags, and bare
Of head and foot, with weary haste
To reach that city shining fair,
Plodded the wide and pathless waste:

But ere the day was down, the two
Together reach'd the gated wall;
And both upon the bugle blew,
High challenge to the watchmen all.

"What pilgrim from the waste of years,
Seeks entrance here?" the warden cried.
"Go, greet from me my princely peers,"
The mail'd and mantled guest replied.

"And spread for me the banquet fair,
And open wide the palace door,
For me the lighted hall prepare,
For me the kingly goblet pour.

"For Shakespeare's royal son am I!
But strew the straw, the fagot light,
In any common hostelry
Where this poor wretch may rest to-night.

"My lordly lineage I proclaim;
My sire is known o'er all the earth:
But no man knows, or asks, the name
Of him who gave this beggar birth.

"High feast in banner'd hall be mine,
And his some hole to hide his head,
And pour for me the noble wine,
And fling to him a crust of bread!"

"That may not be!" the answer fell
From tower to tower in merry scorn,
"For all who enter here and dwell,
Are brethren, free, and equal born.

"So enter, side by side, ye two,
As equal guests; or enter not.
For here is neither high nor low,
But unto all one equal lot.

"And unto each the same degree;
Nor first nor last, nor great nor small:
All children of one sire are we,
Thought is the father of us all!"

SOME ITALIAN NOVELLE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

THE WOODEN BRIDE.

THERE was once upon a time a man who had an only daughter who was exceedingly plain. His one wish in life was to marry her well, but of this he saw no chance, as long as she was seen, and as long as suitors had eyes to see. After much reflection on the subject, he ordered a wooden case to be made, quite the shape of her body, only a better shape; and he likewise ordered an empty wax head, or rather face, to put on it. Thus covered, she was to sit at her window whenever the king's son chanced to pass. The wax face was a very lovely one. It had large blue eyes, a tiny red mouth, a splendid complexion, of course; and from the head fell a shower of golden hair, which in the sunlight seemed really threads of gold. Whenever the king's son passed under the windows, he would raise his velvet cap, ornamented by a long white feather, and the fair lady bowed her head graciously, and thus the courtship went on. After a little time, the prince told his father that he had fallen in love with a most beautiful girl, and although from the appearance of her house he thought she must be poor, yet he knew he would be happier with her than with any princess. The old king answered that he could only give his consent when he had seen the bride. He therefore asked where the cottage was, in which she lived, and he went there very early next morning. Now, the girl had not yet put on her wax head and her fine clothes, because she could only keep them on a certain time; so the king thought her frightful, and when he returned home he begged his son most earnestly not to think of the young woman, assuring him that, if he thought her beautiful, there must be some supernatural error in his sight. The son returned, however, under the window, and, having satisfied himself of the lady's beauty, went in and asked her father for her hand. How readily it was granted may be imagined. The only condition made, was, that the bride should be conveyed in the evening to her future home. The wedding took place that same day. The bride looked still more lovely through her threefold veils, and it was almost night when she was escorted to the palace and left there.

The king's son soon found out how he had been cheated, and without waiting to hear his father say, "I warned you, my son," and without scolding his wife, he simply started off to another palace he possessed at some miles distance, and there shortly afterwards married another wife. The wooden bride was dreadfully vexed at the turn matters had taken; but as she was a very sensible woman, and was besides a little bit of a witch, she said nothing, and bided her time. In the mean while she made herself as agreeable as she could to the old king, and he was quite touched by her resignation. They lived thus very quietly for one month; at the end of which the bride went down to the oven, and, calling one of the servants, said, "Stay by me, and look on." She then called out, "Wood, wood!" and the wood came. "Go into the oven!" and the wood went. "Flint, flint, light the fire!" and the flint went and rubbed itself against the brick walls and lighted the fire. "Fire, burn!" and the flame burned brightly. She then took a dish, laid it in the oven, and, running her hand round the inside of the dish, presented it to the servant. To his wonder, he saw that it then contained three large fish. One was red, and one was green, and the third was golden.

"Take these," she said, "to the prince, my husband, and tell him I bear him no rancour, and I wish him well."

Off started the servant, and, after a day's journey, arrived at the palace of the prince. As he knocked at the gate, the prince's new wife looked out, and asked whence he came? He uncovered the dish.

"What beautiful fish!" she exclaimed. "Who sends it?"

"The prince's wife, to the prince."

"Wait a moment; I want to hear all about it." So down she came. "You say the prince's first wife sent this? Poor thing! It is very kind of her indeed."

"Yes," answered the servant, "and what is more wonderful, she made them herself."

"Of course," answered the bride at once. "Every one knows how to make them. I often made such fish at my father's court."

"Yes," continued the servant, "she told the wood to go into the oven, and it went; and she told the flint to light the fire, and

it did; and she told the fire to burn, and it did; and she put the dish in the oven and ran her hand round inside it, and then there were the three fishes."

"Of course," interrupted the bride, "we always did like that, at my father's court. Pray stay, and look on, while I do the same."

So she called, "Wood, wood!" but it never came; so she had to put it in the oven herself. Then she told the flint to light the fire, but it did nothing of the kind; so she had to light it herself, and to fan the fire till it burned brightly. She then put a dish in the oven, and, when it was hot she ran her hand round it, but only burned her hand and screamed. So her waiting women dressed the injured hand and put her to bed. When the prince came home he wondered at the beautiful fish, and asked who had sent this truly royal present. And when he was told it was his first wife, he smiled, and said, "It was very civil of her." The second wife had her arm bound up, but she said not a word of her disagreeable adventure.

When the servant went home, the wooden bride questioned him closely. He told all the particulars to his mistress, and she only smiled and said, "It is well." Again a month passed, during which the old king grew fonder and fonder of his neglected daughter-in-law. On the thirtieth day, she called the same servant as before, to witness her proceedings. So she called out, "Wood, wood!" and it came. She told it to go into the oven, and it went. She commanded the flint to light the fire, and it did; and commanded the fire to heat the oven, and it did. When the oven was almost red-hot, she got into it and walked round it three times. When she came out, lo! there were three large cakes of the most delicate kind, covered with sugar-plums and pure sugar in beautiful designs. These she caused to be placed on a salver of massive gold, ornamented with jewels.

"Take this," she said, "to my husband, and tell him I bear him no rancour, and I wish him well."

After a day's journey, the servant arrived at the palace. He knocked at the gate, and had hardly been admitted, when the young bride, who had recovered from her burns, came to the window and asked who it was?

"It is a servant with a present from the prince's first wife," they answered.

"Wait a moment," she said, and down she came to hear all about it. "What beautiful cakes!" she exclaimed. "How kind of her to send them! I used to make such cakes at my father's court."

"Indeed," answered the man, "my mistress told the wood to go into the oven and it did; and to the flint to light the fire, and it did. When the oven was red-hot, she walked round it three times; and, lo and behold, the three cakes were in the middle of the oven!"

"Exactly," answered the bride, "exactly the way in which I made cakes at my father's house. Wait and see, while I make three cakes more."

So saying, she told the wood to pile itself in the oven, but it would not go, so she had to put it in herself, and she was quite tired with the exertion. She also had to light the fire, and to fan the flame, and at last, when the oven was red-hot, she got in; but she had hardly got in when, crack! she died. When the king came home, he was informed of all the circumstances, and how his second wife had died from attempting to imitate his first wife.

"Ah!" said the king, "this second wife of mine was always a silly creature. I had better go back to my first wife, for she is decidedly a very clever woman."

THE POOR LITTLE MONK.

ONCE upon a time a monk was sitting on a large stone, not far from a cottage door. The peasants were busy inside the cottage, and did not attend to him. It began to rain. At last, the monk called out in a melancholy voice:

Povero fratino, servo di Dio!
Tutti son dentro fuori che io.

Which, translated literally, would be:

Poor little monk, servant of God!
All are in doors except myself.

The farmer's wife said to her husband: "Let us ask him in. I dare say he is wet and cold."

The husband went out and asked the monk to take shelter in the cottage. He went in, and stood in a humble manner at the end of the room. After some little time all the family retired to another room, to have their dinner. The monk heard the clatter of plates, so he raised his voice and exclaimed, as if to himself:

Povero fratino, servo di Dio!
Tutti sono a pranzo fuori che io.

Verbatim:

Poor little monk, servant of God!
All are at dinner except myself.

The farmer's wife said to her husband: "Poor monk! I dare say he is hungry.

Let us ask him to share our meal; mayhap it will bring us good luck."

So the farmer went into the next room and invited the monk to come and dine. You may be sure he did not wait to be asked twice, but came in at once, and sat at the end of the table, where he displayed a remarkably good appetite. Later on, as it was getting rather chilly, they returned into the other room, where they had a large chimney, which served the double purpose of cooking the food and warming the family. On the hearth they threw dried vine branches, and it was soon in a famous blaze. Then they all crowded round the fire, or sat on benches under the slanting roof of the chimney, unmindful of the monk; but he was heard saying at the end of the room:

Povero fratino, servo di Dio!
Tutti son al fuoco fuori che io.

Literally:

Poor little monk, servant of God!
All are at the fire except myself.

The good woman nudged her husband, who nudged his neighbour, and so on. They all squeezed themselves close to each other, to let the holy man come near the fire. He sat on one of the benches, rubbing his hands slowly. He looked very happy and contented, but said nothing about going away. They were going to bed very early themselves, on account of getting up early to work in the fields; they expected him, therefore, to take his leave. But he never moved. They did not like to turn him out of doors, so they all crept away to bed. They went up-stairs to their humble resting-place, and the last of the family had still one foot on the little creaking staircase, when the monk called out: this time much more piteously than before:

Povero fratino, servo di Dio!
Tutti vanno al letto fuori che io.

Poor little monk, servant of God!
All go to bed except myself.

Then they asked him to go up-stairs, and they gave him a bed, and they never got rid of him afterwards. Thus did the poor little monk become complete master of the cottage.

THE FAITHFUL LITTLE DOG.

A YOUNG prince had a little dog, and he was very fond of him, for he had the most wonderful qualities. He was, in fact, gifted by the fairies. He could do anything. He was as useful as he was beautiful. When his master travelled, he ran on before him, had all the gates opened, went to all the hotels, chose the apartments, ordered dinner, paid the bills, discovered any attempts at cheating, and kept the servants in order. No housekeeper or steward could have done as much. He was invaluable as a courier, but he had qualities of a higher order besides; for he always gave his master good advice. Just as the prince was beginning to feel that he could not have got on at all without the little dog, it fell ill, and after some little time, it fell down one day, apparently dead. The servants ran to tell their master; the master came; he took up one paw, and it dropped back heavily when he let it go; he took up another, and it dropped down as heavily as the first; he stroked the long silky ears of the faithful little dog, and raised its head; the eyes were closed, and the little head drooped lifeless.

"Ah yes!" cried the prince, turning round to his servants; "the poor dog is indeed dead!"

"What shall we do with him?" said the servants; "shall we throw him in the river?"

"Yes," answered the master.

Then the little dog opened, first one eye, and then the other, and lifting up his head, looked reproachfully at his master, and said:

"Is this the way to treat a faithful servant? I watched you when you slept; and when you left me alone at home, I barked till I was hoarse, to keep the thieves away. Who kept your house in order, and did the work of ten servants? Who kept your feet warm in winter? Your poor little dog. And is this his reward?"

The master and the servants looked quite ashamed; and when every one had left the room, the prince began to apologise.

"Do I not know that you are my best friend, dear little dog, and can you think for a moment that I am ungrateful? I was so taken by surprise at the news of your death, that I really did not know what I was saying. I felt so confused that I was quite out of my senses with grief; but I love you very dearly, and I hope you will not bear me malice."

The little dog held out his paw, and answered:

"No, dear master, I do not bear malice. I will serve you faithfully, as I always did. I will run and do all your errands when I am better. All is forgotten."

The little dog resumed his duties, and employed all his talent and energy in his master's service for the space of one year;

at the end of which, in the course of nature, he died.

Then the prince called together all his household. One man was sent to fetch a richly-embroidered cushion to put under the little dog; another was told to order a costly marble slab, with an inscription recording his many virtues; another was sent for a man who could stuff animals so that you could not tell whether they were dead or alive. Many directions were given, all equally honourable to the deceased; but the little dog did not wake up any more.

THE SEVEN BROTHERS.

Once upon a time, there was a poor countrywoman who had seven sons. They grew up, and tilled the land, and became good and thrifty husbandmen. They left the cottage at dawn and came home at twilight. In the middle of the day their mother took to each a large piece of bread, wherever they were at work. When they came home, they ate a hurried meal and went to bed, and she saw very little of them. She loved them dearly, but she always wished she had a daughter to stay by her side. The young men likewise always wished for a sister. The day came when the countrywomen expected another child, so the young men said to the nurse:

"If our mother has a daughter, mind you put a distaff out of the window; we shall see it from the field where we are working, and we shall come home to welcome our little sister; but, if the child is a boy, hang one of our guns out of the window; we shall then go away, far away, and be no more seen in this neighbourhood. We are already too many men: we will go and seek our fortunes elsewhere."

So saying, the seven brothers, the youngest of whom was almost a boy, went forth into the field to plough.

Soon after, the woman had a child, and it was a little girl. The nurse hastened to place the signal in the window, but in the confusion of her mind she displayed a gun instead of a spindle, and the seven brothers never came back.

The little girl grew every day stronger and prettier, but she brought no consolation to the poor cottage; on the contrary, she was a cause of discord there. Her mother treated her unkindly, and reproached her constantly for the loss of her seven sons. The poor girl could at last bear it no longer, and, when she was sixteen years old, she made seven bags, in each of which she placed some different article of food, and started off in quest of her brothers, early one morning, without telling her father or her mother anything of her intentions. She went straight before her into the thickest part of a wood, trusting to Providence to direct her path; and she walked many, many miles before she met with any one. At last she met an old woman, who carried a pedlar's pack on her back. She thought it very likely this old woman might have met with her brothers.

"Ay; ay!" answered the old woman to the girl's many questions. "I have seen seven young men, and they are all brothers; but they live much further off, in the very heart of the wild woods."

So saying, she pointed to a dark and thickly-wooded forest that extended in every direction, and seemed boundless.

The brave girl did not shrink from her task, but walked on further and further, until she met with an old man. He knew exactly where her brothers lived, and he described their cottage. It was, he said, a good deal further on, in an open space in the centre of the wood. There they had built a little house, and had turned the surrounding land into fields. She had only to walk on in a straight direction, and she could not mistake.

"But," added the old man, "it is a chance if you find them at home. Some of them go out cutting wood in the forest; the others work in the fields; and the cottage is closed."

The girl thanked the old man, and walked on. At last she saw the cottage that had been described to her. The door and the windows were shut. No curling smoke from the little chimney showed it to be inhabited. She heard no sound of voices, and a great fear seized her that perhaps her brothers had left the place altogether. She went near to the door and knocked, but in vain. At last, looking down, she perceived a little hole made in the lower part of the door for the cat to go in and out at. She stooped and put her little hand in, felt the ground inside the door, and found the key. She drew it out, put it in the lock, and, sure enough, it was the right key. It was generally left there, in case any one of the brothers should come home before the others. The younger one generally came some little time before his brothers to prepare their meals. The young girl opened the door and went in. The cottage was composed of two rooms; the first was a kitchen, and the second was a

bedroom with seven narrow beds in it. Then she knew it was the right cottage. Without losing any time, she lighted the fire and put some water on to boil. When it was boiling, she threw some rice she had brought with her into it. She then went to the next room, made the seven beds, and swept and dusted everywhere; but at last hearing footsteps, went to hide. According to custom, the youngest of the seven brothers had come to prepare the morning meal. Great was his astonishment when he found the fire lighted and the rice boiled.

"What is this? Are there spirits here?" he exclaimed aloud; but the little sister said not a word. She only made herself smaller in her hiding-place. The other brothers returned, and found the younger scared and puzzled. "There are spirits here. I had no rice, no cheese, no butter. Yet here is everything prepared."

"Come; let us eat!" cried one, without attending to him.

"Ay, I am ravenous," said another.

"This soup looks very good," said a third.

"I tell you," repeated the younger brother, "that it is none of my cooking. Stop, stop! Let the cat taste it first."

"Are you mad?" they all cried with one voice.

"Never you mind," said the lad; and he took a spoonful of soup and gave it to the cat. She ate it with great satisfaction, and seemed much the better for it. "Now," said he, "you may go on with your dinner; but I do not like this mystery."

"Some fairy has taken a fancy to us," suggested one.

"I wish she would mend our linen and sew our buttons on," said another.

"If we had only had a sister!" said the younger one.

Then they all remained very silent. The little sister felt very much inclined to show herself, but did not. When they had gone, she came out of her hiding-place, prepared a little dinner for herself, washed up all the dishes, laid them all in a row, prepared something for supper, and returned to her hiding-place. Greater still was their surprise when they next came home. Many were their exclamations. They made strange conjectures, but all very far from the truth. Still, their sister did not show herself. The provisions she had brought lasted for three days, and for nearly three days she managed to avoid detection; but, on the third day, when she heard them for the twentieth time regret that they had no sister, and that they had left their home and their aged parents; and when she heard the angry things they said about their supposed eighth brother, she could no longer refrain, but rushed from her hiding-place and threw herself in their arms. They all wept together with joy, and with grief. The brothers were never tired of looking at her, and of hearing her speak. She then told them how she had been ill treated on their account, how their mother had never got over their flight from home, and how bitterly she had had to pay for their rash decision. And now, she said, would they come with her?

"Yes, they would," they all cried out. "They would follow the brave sister who had come so far to seek them, and who had suffered so much on their account. They would return to the home they ought never to have left."

They locked the cottage door, and took the road that led to their home. There, the poor mother was ill in bed. She had been fretting about her daughter; she had repented heartily of her harshness. Now that she had no sons and no daughter, it was better for her to lie down and die. But when the clatter of many feet was heard on the staircase, something at her heart told her these were her children. Then she wished to live; and her wish was granted her.

Seven braver labourers or a finer girl no one could have seen anywhere. There was great rejoicing in the poor household, and from that day they were all united and happy. The brothers sold, with very good profit, the cottage, and the fields where they had passed their voluntary exile. They made their father and mother comfortable for the rest of their days. Their buttons never came off. Their linen was always mended, and their stockings were carefully darned, by the sister whom they loved to that degree, that if a king had asked her to be his bride, they would not have thought him worthy of her.

WHY FOXES NEVER CATCH RED COCKS.

THE fox went one day to a hen-roost, and seized a red cock by the neck. He bounded away with it.

"Do not squeeze so hard," said the cock; "you'll have plenty of time to kill me. Might I be useful in teaching you to call things by their proper names first?"

"How?" muttered the fox, without loosening his hold.

"Why, there's a castagna bradagliano, for example;* say castagna bradagliano."

The fox muttered "castagna bradagliano" between his teeth.

"You must open your mouth to pronounce it well. Cas-ta-gna brada-gliano."

The fox suddenly opened his mouth, and the cock flew away and perched upon one of those very horse-chestnuts.

So the fox vowed he would never catch a red cock again.

BONFIRES, BEACONS, AND SIGNALS.

A "BLAZE of triumph," such as no theatrical manager ever ventured upon, shone over Malvern on the 10th of January, 1856. The town, although fashionable and prosperous, had been without gaslights until that day. Malvern rises early, trudges up the noble hill that backs the town, drinks water at a clear spring, inhales the breeze from the summit, descends to breakfast, passes a sober, active day, and retires to bed early at night; it is a water-drinking, health-seeking place, where late hours are regarded as something naughty. Thus it was, we suppose, that gas remained to a later date unknown at Malvern than in most other English towns of equal size. The gas was laid on, and the townsmen resolved to make a bonfire to celebrate the event. The bonfire *was* made; and advantage was taken of the occasion to ascertain how far its light would serve as a beacon. Malvern Hill, more than a thousand feet high, is called the Worcestershire beacon, and has a sister elevation known as the Herefordshire beacon, situated four or five miles distant. There can be little doubt that beacon fires were in the old days occasionally kindled on these hills. The Malvern inhabitants, desirous of ascertaining to how great a distance their holiday bonfire would throw its beams, chose a committee, subscribed funds, and opened communications with various persons in all the surrounding counties.

A huge pile was erected, of materials carried up in waggons from the town. These materials comprised four hundred and fifty faggots, five cords of wood, four loads of old hop-poles, two loads of furze, twelve poplar trees, two tons of coal, one barrel of naphtha, two barrels of tar, and twelve empty tar barrels—a very feast for Pluto himself. A heap was built up to a height of about thirty feet, and thirty feet diameter at the base. In the centre was a cone of hop-poles; outside was a truncated cone of poplar trees; and between the two were placed the faggots, wood, furze, coal, naphtha, tar, and tar barrels. Numbers of persons volunteered to take up positions on elevated spots, in various counties, on a day and hour named. Being winter time, the air was not so clear as could be wished; a little snow fell, and a gusty wind blew fiercely on the top of the Worcestershire beacon. Nevertheless, a goodly number of the inhabitants of Malvern formed themselves into a procession, and marched up the hill after dusk. Torches were plentiful, but as the wind blew them all out, the latter part of the ascent was made in darkness. On a given signal, twelve magnificent rockets were sent off, and then the beacon was kindled—crackling and flaming and smoking until all the combustible substances were ignited.

When letters came to be received on the next day or two, it was found that the bonfire had been seen—or that persons believed they had seen it—from the following among other places: Ledbury, seven miles distant; Robin Hood Hill in Gloucestershire, twenty-three miles; Dudley Castle, twenty-six miles; a hill near Leamington, thirty-seven miles; Burton-on-Trent, forty miles; the Wrekin, forty-two miles; Lansdown Hill at Bath, fifty-three miles; the eminence near Weston-super-Mare, sixty miles; Bardon Hill, sixty miles; Nuffield Common in Oxfordshire, seventy-three miles; and Snowdon, one hundred and five miles. We cannot help thinking that many of these instances must have been deceptive; the glare of an iron-furnace at a few miles distance might easily have been mistaken for the beacon in several of the above-named positions. As for Snowdon, the chance of success was indeed small. Mr. Hamer, a successful Snowdon explorer residing at Caernarvon, made a night ascent in the midst of ice, snow, and wind; and, after overcoming many difficulties, reached the top, whence he saw (or persuaded himself he saw) "a very, very faint light" towards the south-east. It was afterwards decided that the coal was a mistake, in producing more smoke and heat than light, and rendering the totality of the flame less visible than it otherwise might have been. Even the Worcester people found the redness of the light to be very dull. It is not uncharitable to suppose that in the majority

* Horse-chestnut.

of the above-named instances some error may have arisen, without any impeachment of the honesty of the observers. Nevertheless, it was a capital bonfire, such as England had not seen for many a day.

As to real signal bonfires, we know that in the feudal times, and in the earlier days of England as well as other countries, beacons were often kindled on hill-tops. The novels and poems of Scott will bring to mind many illustrative instances, mostly relating to alarm-signals in periods of war and danger. There are two lines by Macaulay in which this very Malvern Hill is spoken of:

> Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze
> From Malvern's lonely height!

Charnock, in his Marine Architecture, states that in the times of the Byzantine emperors, signals were made and answered by means of beacons erected in proper positions, from mountain to mountain, through a chain of stations which commanded an extent of five hundred miles; whereby the inhabitants of Constantinople were enabled to ascertain, within the short space of a few hours, the movements of their Saracenic enemies at Tarsus. The beacons were sometimes formed of faggots of wood, sometimes of vessels of pitch; while tallow, oil, and other combustibles, were employed as occasion or necessity demanded.

Concerning the possibility of seeing artificial light at a great distance, the Ordnance Survey furnishes the most interesting and trustworthy experience. It is necessary, in the highly scientific details of such a survey, that certain elevated spots should be rendered visible at great distances one from another, for the determination of large triangles of which the angles can be accurately measured. The custom has generally been to wait for a clear sky, and then to employ a powerful telescope to view the summit of a distant mountain. When Colonel Colby was placed in charge of the Irish Ordnance Survey in 1824, he at once saw the necessity, in so misty a climate as that of Ireland, of employing some intense artificial light to render the stations visible one from another. Lieutenant Drummond had, shortly before that period, conceived the idea that the almost unapproachable light of incandescent lime, reflected from a parabolic mirror, might be used as a night beacon; and Colby and he thereupon proceeded to test the theory in practice. A particular station, called Slieve Snaught, in Donegal, had long been looked for from Davis Mountain near Belfast, a distance of sixty-six miles. The mist, day after day, was too great to permit it to be seen; and then Colby determined to employ Drummond's light. The night selected was dark and cloudless, the mountain was covered with snow, and a cold wind gushed across the wintry scene. Colby was on Davis Mountain, Drummond on Slieve Snaught; on the instant the latter displayed his lime light, the former saw it as a brilliant star, shining over the intervening Lough Neagh. It was a complete success of a beautiful experiment. The light was produced by placing a small ball of lime, only a quarter of an inch in diameter, in the focus of a parabolic mirror, and directing upon it (through a flame arising from alcohol) a stream of oxygen gas; the lime became white hot, giving out a light, the intensity of which alike surpassed conception and description. It is literally true that a tiny bit of lime was visible sixty-six miles distant; for it was not flame that was seen, but the actual white-hot lime itself. The experiment having once succeeded, it was applied in various ways. One of the famous triangles established by Colonel Colby had for its three points Ben Lomond in Dumbartonshire, Cainsmuir in Kirkcudbrightshire, and a mountain in Antrim in Ireland; each station was rendered, by the lime light, visible from each of the other two, although the distances were sixty-seven, eighty-one, and ninety-five miles respectively. On another occasion he even exceeded a hundred miles, by this wonderful light.

The ordnance surveyors have also succeeded in rendering their far distant stations visible in the day-time, by a peculiar employment of sunlight. Small pieces of polished tin, speculum metal, silvered copper, or looking-glass, are so fixed in apparatus, that the sun's rays may be reflected in a line leading to the distant station, where a telescope renders the ray visible. Little gleams of sunshine have thus been rendered visible at distances exceeding a hundred miles. If we doubt, therefore, some of the alleged achievements of the Malvern bonfire, it is only because we doubt whether the light, though large enough, was intense enough.

There is now coming into use, for military purposes, a simple and handy visual or visible signal available for short distances. Up to a certain range, and by daylight, it can be used without any apparatus whatever, except the two arms of a soldier, stretched out in definite directions. For longer distances a hand-flag, a circular

disc on the end of a rod, a shutter apparatus, a collapsing cone or drum (such as is used on the coast for storm-signals), or lamps at night, become available. The code or alphabet of the signals is in all these cases the same, and consists in what may be called long and short *flashes*, long and short durations in position, of the article employed. Any number of long and short flashes, pauses (or sounds in foggy weather) can be communicated from one observing station to another, each short flash representing a *dot*, each long one a *dash*; and by means of combinations of these dots and dashes, words or syllables are spelled out, which can be interpreted by a code-book. The use of the code-book effects a great saving of time, seeing that it supplies many whole phrases and long words in a very compendious way; but if it be lost or not at hand, a message can still be spelled out by the dot and dash alphabet, letter by letter.

But what are all these appliances compared with the marvellous electric telegraph, as a messenger of signals to any distance? We know that during the Crimean War, the wire and cable together placed the War Office in Pall Mall in direct and almost instantaneous communication with the commander outside Sebastopol. But this was a different kind of thing from the field electric telegraphs with which all the best armies are now provided. There is now a corps drilled to this duty at Chatham. There are provided waggons of peculiar construction, each carrying coils of four miles length of telegraph wire, together with pickaxes, shovels, and other tools. There are also office-waggons, each fitted up with instruments and batteries, and a desk at which a clerk can sit and write. The men are carefully drilled in laying and using these wires. The wire is mostly laid down simply on the ground, being raised over road-crossings on light iron poles, a supply of which is provided. During the civil war in America the armies carried their telegraphic wires and poles with them as they marched, and set them in action at a few minutes' notice. Field telegraphs of a similar kind were used by the Prussians during the "seven weeks' war" against Austria.

Even the achievements of our volunteers have shown what this telegraphic system can effect. Those who buffeted against the wind, rain, sleet, snow, mud, and slimy chalk at Dover last Easter Monday were (more or less) aware that the electric wire was made to do the duty of aides-de-camp, conveying messages from head-quarters to various parts of Dover heights. The telegraph-van was a four-horse vehicle, containing a store of wire, and the means for paying it out and laying it down as fast as the vehicle travelled; while at the telegraphic head-quarters was a sort of omnibus containing a set of telegraphing instruments, with which messages could be sent to any part of the line. Small as the arrangements were, they gave a fair idea of the kind of service which the wire can render on an extensive range of battle-field. It has been clearly ascertained that, under favourable conditions of firm, flat ground, without intervening obstacles, and with a staff of well-trained men, four miles of wire can be laid in an hour, outstripping an infantry soldier's ordinary rate of marching.

Sea signals are being improved almost as decidedly as land signals. A simple and handy system of dash-and-dot flash signals, for use at night when flags cannot be seen, has also been introduced into the navy. The electric light, the lime light, and a peculiar lamp which burns petroleum vapour incited by a kind of blowpipe, all have been tried, and all are available under diverse circumstances, as well as Argand and other lamps. The principle is to give long flashes and short flashes, the light being visible for a greater or less number of seconds at a time. Various modes of applying opaque screens and other temporary obstacles have been adopted to regulate the alternations of long and short flashes; but, when once adjusted, and properly worked, the long and short flashes are translated into nautical words and phrases by means of a dot-and-dash code-book. Two ships are thus able to "speak with" each other at night when several miles apart; and an admiral commanding a fleet may be able to signal to every point of the compass at once, by using what is called an "all-round" light.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A Yachting Story.

CHAPTER XVIII. A PLOT.

A FLUSTER, a tramping, a creaking, and blowing: the doctor was beating in. "My dear lord, you here! This is my daughter. Did you offer any wine or lunch? No. Such a thing! You should have sent for me."

"Miss Bailey and I have got on very well."

"You needn't stay here." Jessica was already going. "She has a curious, brusque manner, my lord. I don't know how she has picked it up—and, I hope, was not giving any of her new-fangled theories about the bridge?"

"What bridge? Dear no. I misunderstood her a little. But I wish to speak to you, doctor. Suppose we go out into the garden?"

"To be sure. I know that my daughter has been on her æsthetics, and all that. Such folly! I assure you, my lord, I do my best to prevent her troubling people with such nonsense. There is a charming family over here—of course you know them—Sir Charles Panton, and all that; and, really, the outrageous manner in which she battles that poor young lady!"

"Indeed," said Lord Formanton, on whom fresh lights were breaking every moment. "Oh, that explains a great deal. Your daughter is a very clever young lady; but you are a man of the world, Doctor Bailey. And now I just want to put the matter before you in a business-like way."

The amount of eager assent, hearty endorsement, and cordial promise that came from the doctor, as they walked round and round many times, was wonderful. Delicacy, as the peer soon saw, would be thrown away on such an occasion.

"Oh, I saw it, and, I can assure you, discountenanced the business. But, my lord, she is beyond my control. What you say would be just the thing, suitable in every way. I should be delighted to see it, and so would every one here. So nice, so suitable in every way," added the doctor, plaintively.

"The whole thing is so embarrassing," said his lordship, "and your daughter spoke so plainly; but you, as a man of the world, see the thing."

This shape of compliment is jam for many a powder, to more besides Doctor Bailey. "You and I are men of the world," "Between men of the world like you and me," have carried many a doubtful proposal.

The delighted doctor answered, "To be sure, to be sure! You know, my lord, they say here that your son has only to ask and to have. Miss Panton has shown her preference in the most marked manner."

"You don't tell me *that!*" cried the peer. "That is good news, indeed. Tell me what you know about that."

This mean and disloyal doctor took the guest's arm, and poured into his ear all the whispers and gossips of the parish; and the grateful nobleman then proceeded to open those little tempting prospects he had been meditating as he came along. The doctor was transported as his alliance was thus made sure of. "You may rely on me," he said, taking the peer's hands between both his; "*rely* on me. I am shocked to think you should have had any anxiety coming from our house. But I'll take care of the rest now."

No sooner was he alone than the doctor tramped through his hall, calling, "Here, Jessica! Come, send her down, some one. What is the girl at? Is there no one to attend?"

She came down, the traces of tears in her eyes, but resolved and cold.

"Now, see here, girl," said the doctor, he never cared about the servants hearing. "This is a nice kettle-of-fish you have brought us into. Nice thing it is for me, a minister of the place, and all that, to have the highest nobles in the land coming to complain of the scheming and the trepanning of their sons by designing girls! Faugh! A pretty business your political economy and rubbish have brought us into. I'm ashamed of you."

"Father, I do not wish to talk of this. There has been enough said, and enough degradation for me!"

"For me, you mean! Am I out of it? Indecent; so it is. Scampering after a young man of that sort, heir to one of the finest properties in the kingdom——"

"Father, I can't, I won't listen to this. Stop; it is cruel—barbarous!"

"But I won't stop. A fine, gentlemanly young fellow like that, whom I ask to my dinner-table; and a foolish, countrified girl must go baiting her traps——"

"Oh, father!" Jessica had sunk down, half on the floor, half buried on the sofa, overcome, not so much by this gross and unseemly attack as by the sudden apparition of a figure in the doorway.

The doctor was only put out for a moment, though he saw Conway standing in mute astonishment. "Oh, I have been speaking plainly," he said. "Mr. Conway, your good father and I have come to a perfect understanding on this matter. And he acquits me perfectly."

"Pray don't," said Conway, raising up Jessica. "Will you do me the favour of letting me say a few words to your daughter in private?"

"To be sure. Nothing can be fairer. No, no. I have always been above board

—sands purr," so he pronounced it. "And I can assure you——"

"You said you would leave me a few moments?"

This was like taking the doctor by the shoulders and putting him out. "To be sure," he said: "and you must have a glass of wine, and——"

"For Heaven's sake, leave me," said Conway, violently. And then Doctor Bailey retired to consult his Clergy List as to the value of livings, &c.

CHAPTER XIX. A SOLEMN PLEDGE.

At that spectacle of the humbled, prostrate Jessica, Conway felt something pierce his heart. Something like shame at his own theatrical refinings, his triflings and elegant manipulations of women's hearts, came back on him. He saw in a second how such pastime had turned into this ruin and devastation before him. Jessica looked up, and was the first to speak. "You see how it has all ended. Yet if I could have helped it you would not have seen me in this way. But I cannot bear up against all this mortification — this degradation. My father, your father—if you only knew what has been heaped upon me! I could die this moment. You do not come to tell me that I have had schemes and——"

"God forbid, Jessica! My humiliation has been nearly as great, but more deserved. As I live, I have no part in this. You will believe me. You saw my father?"

"Yes; he came to *treat* with the manœuvring girl of the country—to show her 'the thing could not be,' to speak as a man of the world and of sense, to make all sure—interpose between the bold designing country-town girl and the hope of his family. Oh, that I should have lived to come to this! I, who tried to behave honourably, that strove to sacrifice myself."

"It is dreadful," said Conway, eagerly. "No one is responsible but me. The wrong must be repaired. It is gross, scandalous, and cruel! I can do it still. Let those who brought ruin on our estates bear the brunt of it. I am not called on to sell myself in the market. And yet—— Oh, what have I done! I *have* done it, Jessica. How mean, base, and contemptible you will think me!"

Jessica drew herself up. "First understand me," she said. "I was ready to love you, and do love you. After the degrading charges made against me, that is over! I may tell you fearlessly I love you, George Conway, because I can never belong to you. You know how they laughed at my firm downright way of speaking. Well, you may depend on it in this case. I have lost you for ever—for ever I am lost to you. But let me know all. They wish you to marry her."

"Yes," said Conway. "And I have just come from her, and done the meanest, most degrading——"

"I can understand. And my enemy, too! This might seem a stab! but no, *she has had to buy you.* It is of a piece with all the rest. The soul that lives on money and lands, can get nothing but with money: even love it must buy. I grieve that you should be her victim!"

"I shall be no victim," said he, passionately, "if I can but get free. But, no, no," he added, covering his face with his hands, "my own dull, selfish heartlessness was wound in a net about me. For indeed, Jessica, all the time I loved, and said I *must* love you. Under all that strange misunderstanding I felt myself drawn to your noble, independent, gallant nature. I longed to fight the battle beside you. But a few more days, and in spite of all our little differences, I must have been drawn to you for ever: I feel it—I know it. But a miserable combination of circumstances have driven me into this. Her father—my father—our family on the verge of ruin and disgrace—I cannot, alas! say that your letters helped to this misery; for I saw beneath them, and admired you the more."

Her face brightened. "Well, this is something to hear; this is something to sacrifice. I shall be a heroine after all. After what you have said the blow is nothing. Oh, I do not care to conceal it now. I do grudge this triumph to *her.* I have said it before, so I may repeat it now when all is over. I grudge you to her; for I know that this is but part of that never-dying dislike of me. Now she has succeeded, indeed, and humbled me, but not in the way she imagines. I think of you. When yesterday I saw that bridge in ruins all for the one persistent purpose, it seemed to me to be a presage of a greater ruin to come. I cannot forgive her. No! Never! She has robbed you and robbed me; cast both our hearts together into that stream, just as her workmen may have flung pieces of her bridge. But, oh! let me know this —as something to take with me—that had all this not happened, you might have felt

towards me as one that you had sought for and found; that you could have loved and cherished, and taught, and made like to yourself. You may know this now that all is at an end, and that we never go back on what has happened. In the long, dark night of my life this will be a little lamp, always kept burning."

"You noble girl," cried Conway, scarcely knowing what he was about to say. "Why did I not learn all this before? Your true, faithful nature and my own foolish heart were between; and I say to you solemnly, were anything to break this off—anything to happen which should set us both free and looking towards each other—I would swear to rush back to your feet."

He was gone. Jessica looked after him long and wildly. "This is the comfort he leaves me, as he thinks! It is but planting another dagger in my heart. Oh!" she added, passionately, "that I may be taught not to forgive her, but to hate her with a growing hate for this work of hers!"

She remained long in that state. Her father then strode in. "Where is he?" he said. "I told them to show him into my study. Mr. Dudley, I mean."

"He was not here," she said, coldly.

"Oh! Come. No tragics. Show some sense. Make the best of all this. It is to be made up to me. Lord Formanton is a man of honour."

Thus Dr. Bailey.

The scorn in Jessica's face! "I see! It is all becoming clearer every moment. You are to be paid for this."

"No insolence to me, ma'am. I have done my duty. Where's Mr. Dudley? He went in through the greenhouse."

"He is not here, and I do not want to see him." She left the room. Mr. Dudley could not be found, to the great ill humour of the doctor. But Mr. Dudley was a very impatient man, and very likely, having got into the greenhouse and heard voices in the drawing-room, he was not to be kept waiting, and went away in disgust.

CHAPTER XX. FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

Meanwhile, during these days, the Grundys of the seaport were kept in a fever of excitement by the various dramatic events: the sudden illness of the Queen of Panton, her no less mysterious recovery; the open defiance—the throwing down the gauntlet—in that removal of the bridge, which had actually been sold, and was lying there on the banks in pieces, waiting removal. There was much angry feeling about this injudicious step, more than perhaps its value deserved, and it was felt that Sir Charles had hopelessly forfeited all chance of sitting for the borough. More interested still were they in the struggle between the two girls, now it would seem approaching a crisis; and, best of all, wild and delightful rumours were afloat that the battle was for the fascinating Conway, who, it was believed, had offered for the heiress, but was fiercely claimed by that bold and fearless parson's daughter. They had made out a complete theory. It was for this Lord Formanton had come down specially, and it was for this that Doctor Bailey was seen posting about, taking strides of extra length.

Miserable days of flurry and agitation followed for one of the actresses in that scene, the hapless Jessica, who found all her boasted training and resolution melting down in the hot fires of agitation and excitement. Leaden weights seemed to be hung round her heart; she listened eagerly for reports and news, but could hear little. It was said, indeed, that the yacht was at last going away. The sailors were making their purchases and getting in stores. A dinner of a farewell nature—the news as usual coming viâ Silvertop—was preparing at the castle, at which it was believed something certain would transpire as to what was making the public mind so feverish. Lord Formanton had remained a few days, and was actually a guest at the castle, that cunning nobleman wishing, no doubt, to keep watch and ward against one whose designs he still feared, and who might attempt a surprise. Long after, he often described her as "one of the most dangerous girls he ever met." They all saw little of the hero, who seemed to keep on board his vessel. To Jessica this suspense was growing intolerable. She longed for him to be gone, to be married, to be doing something, to be writing. She felt the life she herself led was growing unendurable; something of action, even the life of a governess, was preferable. Her father and his coarse violence, or violent coarseness, was too much.

It was the morning of that dinner, the morning, too, of what was to be for her a very remarkable day. She sat at the gloomy breakfast table, silent as usual, while her father opened his letters. He did not at all relish her new manner, as it brought a sort of inconvenience. He read one with great eagerness.

"Conway off this evening. Hallo! I must see him at once. Very odd his father has not answered me. He had better not forget his obligations to *me*. Do *you* know anything of this?" he added, bluntly. "No, of course you don't. What's over you, girl? Have you lost your tongue? D'ye want to make out a grievance against me, because I did my duty as a clergyman? I didn't want to have *my* house turned into a mantrap. I didn't want to have snares and gins set here."

She rose up. "I can't bear this, father," she said, passionately. "It must end here. It will kill me if it goes on. That you have no affection, no heart for me, I have seen long ago. But you must spare me, in common humanity. Above all, do not speak of *that*—what I suppose are the wages for which you sold me and my happiness. I suppose they are not forthcoming. It is a just judgment."

His large hand stopped as it was carrying a bit of toast to his lips; his great eyes stared at her.

"Oh, what treachery unexampled to sell your own daughter's chance of happiness!" She went on, "I always knew my duty to you, and performed it. I put up with unkindness, selfishness, and coarse rudeness before strangers; what you did in private I did not heed, because I was a daughter and you my father, and a clergyman besides. If it were told, say from a pulpit, that one in the land could enter into a bargain, and deliberately arrange for his own child's disappointment and misery, it would be disbelieved. They would say it might do for a novel."

For once Doctor Bailey, a little taken back at this view, attempted to justify himself hotly. "I made no bargain. Don't talk to me! Are you in your right mind? I am entitled to my promotion: no one more so, Heaven knows. Haven't I slaved, and for you and the ungrateful pack in this house, long enough? And so you thought you were sure of the man, Lord Formanton's son? You have the assurance——"

"And you deny it in addition. For shame, father."

"Don't speak to me, ma'am! How dare you be insolent, or bring *me* to account! I, that am filling your idle mouths from the sweat of my brow——"

"Exactly," she said, coldly. "That is what I have been thinking over these few days. I cannot stay here longer. It is chilling my very heart. I find neither warmth nor sunshine, nor anything that helps me to live. If I stay on in this atmosphere I shall be changed into something unnatural. I cannot stand it. I must go out of this, or I shall die, body and soul."

"What insolence! I to be talked to in this manner! Then go. Pack out as soon as you like. You better think twice about it, though, I tell you this, ma'am: you shan't stay here, in my house, until you come and apologise humbly to me for your insolence. Nice things I have to put up with."

"I do apologise to you," she said, calmly, "if I have offended; but I must leave this house. I shall get duller, and my reason will go, if I stay. We were all made for kindness, and a kind word, at least, once in the year; while from you, I cannot call to mind when I have ever received a gracious or a tolerant word. Heaven forgive you, father, and make you gentler and more human."

He was about to throw open the floodgates, and let the dirty torrent of his wrath come bursting out, carrying stones and all sorts of coarse matter with it, when they were interrupted by a visitor. It was Dudley, with an almost malignant air of satisfaction on his face. He looked at her curiously, and with her old instinct she disdained to fly, but kept her ground.

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER III. MRS. PLEW.

"AN illustrious house, sir!" the vicar was saying, as Maud entered. "A family renowned in the history of their country. My wife was a scion of a nobler stock than any of these bucolic squires and squiresses who patronised and looked down upon the vicar's lady!"

Mr. Plew was standing with his hat in one hand and his umbrella in the other, beside the fire-place, and opposite to the vicar's chair. Maud had already seen him several times; but looking at him now with the governess's words ringing in her ears, she perceived that he was altered. There was the impress of care and suffering on his pale face. Mr. Plew was, on the whole, a rather ridiculous-looking little man. His insignificant features and light blue eyes were by no means formed to express tragic emotions. He had, too, a provincial twang in his speech, and his tongue had never acquired a bold and certain mastery over the letter h. Nevertheless, more intrinsically ignoble individuals than Benjamin Plew have been placed in the onerous position of heroes, both in fact and fiction.

"How do you do, Miss Desmond?" said he.

Maud gave him her hand. His was ungloved, and its touch was cold as ice. The vicar had abruptly ceased speaking when Maud came into the room. But after a short pause, he resumed what he had been saying, with a rather superfluous show of not having been in the least disconcerted by her entrance.

"The family of—of—the late baronet have shown themselves entirely willing to receive her with every respect. Sir Matthew called upon her, and so forth. But she will have no need of people of that stamp. The prince's position is in all respects very different to that of these parvenus."

Mr. Plew stood bravely to listen, though with a dolorous visage. Maud was silent. The vicar's tone pained her inexpressibly. It was overbearing, triumphant, and yet somewhat angry; the tone of a man who is contradicting his better self.

"If," said Mr. Plew, without raising his eyes from the ground, "if Miss Le—if Veronica is happy and contented, and put right with the world, we shall all have reason to be truly thankful. She must have gone through a great deal of suffering."

"*She* gone through a great deal of suffering!" cried the vicar, with a swift change of mood. "And what do you suppose her suffering has been to compare with mine, sir? We shall all have reason to be thankful! *We!* Understand that no one can associate himself with my feelings in this matter; no one! Who is it that can put his feelings in comparison with mine!"

Maud glanced up quickly at Mr. Plew, fearing that he might resent this tone. But the surgeon showed neither surprise nor anger. He passed his hand once or twice across his bald forehead like a man in pain; but he said no word. The vicar proceeded for some time in the same strain. Had any one ever suffered such a blow as he had suffered? He, a gentleman by birth and breeding—a man of sensitive pride and unblemished honour! Had not his life, passed among stupid peasants and unculti-

vated country squires, been dreary enough all these years, but this misery and disgrace must come to crush him utterly? Maud was trembling, and distressed beyond measure. Mr. Plew remained passive. Presently the vicar, who had been walking about the room, ceased speaking; and, throwing himself into a chair, he covered his eyes with his hands.

Then Mr. Plew turned to Maud, and said, "Miss Desmond, I am glad you came in before I went away; for I came chiefly to see you. I have a message to deliver to you from my mother."

He spoke quite quietly, only his face betrayed the agitation and pain which the vicar's tirade had caused him.

"A message from Mrs. Plew? What is it?" said Maud, trying to echo his steady tone.

"My mother hopes you will excuse the liberty she takes in asking you, but she is almost entirely unable to go out now. Very often she can't get as far as the church for weeks together. As she cannot go to see you, will you come to see her, Miss Desmond? It will be a charitable action."

"Surely I will, if she wishes it."

"She does wish it. Poor soul! she has not many pleasures, and makes, of course, no new friends. The sight of your kind face would do her good."

"When shall I come?"

"Would you drink tea with her this evening? I will see you safe home."

"I don't know whether——" Maud was beginning hesitatingly, when the vicar interposed.

"Go, go, Maudie," he said. "I see that you are hesitating on my account. But I would rather that you went, my child. I shall be busy this evening."

Thus urged, Maud consented, promising to be at Mr. Plew's cottage by six o'clock. And then the surgeon took his leave. Maud was surprised to see the vicar shake hands with him, and bid him good-bye, as unconcernedly as though no harsh or unpleasant word had passed his lips. But as she walked to Mr. Plew's cottage that evening with Joanna, Maud learned from the lips of the old servant that it was no new thing for her guardian to be what Joanna called "crabby" with Mr. Plew.

"Lord bless you, Miss Maudie, don't I know, don't I see it all, think ye? I'm old enough to be your grandmother, Miss Maudie, my dear. And you mark my words, that little man, for all his soft ways, and bein' in some respects but a poor creetur, he's gone through a deal for the vicar. He has his own troubles, has Mr. Plew, and it isn't for me to say anything about *them*. But I do declare as I never see any mortal bear with another as he bears with the vicar, except it was a woman, of course, you know, Miss Maudie. A woman 'll do as much for them as she's fond of. But to see his patience, and the way he'd come evening after evening, whenever his sick folk could spare him, and talk, or be talked to, and never say a word about hisself, but go on letting the vicar fancy as *he* was the worst used and hardest put upon mortal in the world—which the poor master, he seemed to take a kind of pride in it, if you can make that out, Miss Maudie. Lord bless you, my dear, it was for all the world like a woman! For a man in general won't have the sense to *pretend* a bit, even if he loves you ever so!"

Mrs. Plew received Maud with many demonstrations of gratification at her visit, and many apologies for having troubled her to come and spend a dull evening with a lonely old woman. Mrs. Plew was rather like her son in person, mild-eyed, fair and small. She was somewhat of an invalid, and sat all day long, sewing or knitting, in her big chair, and casting an intelligent eye over the household operations of the little orphan from the workhouse, who was her only servant. She wore a big cap, with a muslin frill framing her face all round, and a "front" of false hair, which resembled nothing so much, both in colour and texture, as the outside fibres of a cocoa-nut. Maud could scarcely repress a smile as she looked at the meek figure before her, and recalled Miss Turtle's grandiloquent comparisons. The surgeon was not able to be at home for tea. His portion of home-made cake, and a small pot of strawberry jam, were put ready for him on a small round table, covered with a snow-white cloth. The little servant was instructed to keep the kettle "on the boil," so that when her master should return, a cup of hot, fragrant tea should be prepared for him without delay.

"There," said Mrs. Plew, contemplating these arrangements, "that'll be all nice for Benjy. He likes strawberry jam better than anything you could give him. I always have some in the house."

Maud felt that it was somehow right and characteristic that Mr. Plew should be fond of strawberry jam, although she would have been puzzled to say why. Then the old woman sat down with a great web of

worsted knitting in her hand, and began to talk. Her talk was all of her son. What "Benjy" said, and did, and thought, furnished an inexhaustible source of interest to her life.

"Ah, I wish I'd known more of *you* in days past, Miss Desmond, love," which Mrs. Plew invariably pronounced *loove*. "Well, well, bygones are bygones, and talking mends nothing." Mrs. Plew paused, heaved a deep sigh, and proceeded.

"To-day Benjy went to the vicarage to ask you here, and, when he came back, I saw in his face that minute that he had been upset. 'Anything wrong at Shipley Vicarage, Benjy,' I said. 'No, mother,' says he. 'I'll tell you by-and-bye.' With that he went upstairs into his own room. I heard his step on the boards overhead; and then all was as still as still, for better than an hour. After that, he came down and stood, with his hat on ready to go out, at the door of the parlour. And he said, 'There's good news for Mr. Levincourt, mother.' And then he told me—what I have no need to tell *you*, love, for you know it already. And as soon as he'd told it he went out. And do you know, Miss Desmond, that for all he kept his face in shadow, and spoke quite cheerful, I could see that he'd—he'd been shedding tears. He had indeed, love!"

"Oh, Mrs. Plew."

"Aye, it is dreadful to think of a grown man crying, my dear. But it was so. Though I never set up to be a clever woman, there's no one so sharp as me to see the truth about my son. If ever you're a mother yourself, you'll understand that, love. Well, I sat and pondered, after he was gone. And I thought to myself, 'well now this one thing is certain; *she's* far and away out of his reach for evermore. And now, perhaps, that things have turned out so, that there's no need for any one to fret and pine about what's to become of her, it may be that Benjy will put his mind at rest, and pluck up a spirit, and think of doing what I've so long wanted him to do.'"

Maud knew not what to say. She felt ashamed for Veronica before this man's mother, as she had not yet felt ashamed for her. At length she faltered out, "What is it that you wish your son to do, Mrs. Plew?"

"Why, to marry, my dear young lady; I ain't one of those mothers that wants their children to care for nobody but them. It isn't natural nor right. If my Benjy could but have a good wife, to take care of him when I am gone, I should be quite happy."

The recollection of Miss Turtle came into Maud's mind, and she said, impulsively (blushing violently the moment the words were out), "I saw Mrs. Meggitt's governess this afternoon."

Mrs. Plew had put on her spectacles to see her knitting, and she glanced over them at Maud with her pale blue eyes, half surprised, half pleased.

"To be sure! Miss Turtle. She's a very good young woman, is Miss Turtle. I'm sure she has been very kind and attentive to me, and it don't make me the less grateful, because I see very well that *all* the kindness is not for my sake. I suppose she spoke to you of Benjy?"

"Yes."

"Ah, to be sure she would! She's very fond of Benjy, is Miss Turtle, poor thing."

"Does—does Mr. Plew like her?" asked Maud, timidly.

"Oh yes, Miss Desmond, love, he *likes* her. He don't do more than like her at present I'm afraid. But that might come, if he would but make up his mind."

"Miss Turtle seems very fond of you, ma'am," said Maud, involuntarily recalling the "Mother of the Gratchy."

"Why I do believe she likes me, poor little thing. She talks a bit of nonsense now and again, about my being so noble-minded and devoted to my son. And once she said, that if she was in my place, she was sure that she could never have the sparkling virtue to give up his affections to another woman, be she ten times his wife.

"The—the what virtue?"

"Sparkling, I think she said. But my hearing is treacherous at times. But, la, my love, that's only her flummery. She means no harm. And she's good-tempered, and healthy, and industrious, and —— Look here, Miss Desmond, love," continued the old woman, laying her withered hand on Maud's arm, and lowering her voice mysteriously; "you have heard Miss Turtle talk. Any one can see with half an eye how fond she is of Benjy. She makes no secret of it. Now, if, whenever you've a chance to speak to Benjy—I know he goes to the vicarage pretty well every day—if you would just say a word for poor Miss Turtle, and try to advise him like——"

"Oh, Mrs. Plew, how could I do such a thing? I am not old enough, nor wise enough, to take the liberty of offering my advice to Mr. Plew, especially on such a subject."

"But I don't want you to say it plain right out, you know. Just drop a word

here, and a word there, now and again, in favour of Miss Turtle. Won't you, now? Benjy thinks a deal of what you say."

Thus the old woman prattled on. By-and-bye Mr. Plew's step was heard on the gravel path outside. And his mother hastily whispered to Maud a prayer that she would not say a word to "Benjy" about the confidence she had been making. Then the surgeon came in, and had his tea at the side table. And they all sat and chatted softly in the twilight. It was such a peaceful scene; the little parlour was so clean and fragrant with the smell of dried lavender; the scanty, old-fashioned furniture shone with such a speckless polish; the clear, evening sky was seen through window-panes as bright as crystal, and the little surgeon and his mother looked the embodiment of cozy domestic comfort. How strange it was, Maud thought, to consider Mr. Plew in the light of an object of romantic attachment. Strange, too, to think of his being a victim to hopeless love. He ate his strawberry jam with as quiet a relish as though the beautiful Veronica Levincourt had never dazzled his eyes, or made his pulse beat quickly. Surely it would be good for him to have a kind little wife to take care of him!

When she was walking home through the Shipley lanes with Mr. Plew, Maud endeavoured to lead the conversation on to the subject of Miss Turtle's merits. Mr. Plew, however, replied absently and monosyllabically to her shyly-uttered remarks. At length, as they neared the vicarage, Mr. Plew stood still. He took off his hat so as to let the evening air blow on his forehead, and looked up at the transparent sky, wherein a few stars twinkled faintly.

"Miss Desmond," he said, "I have not had an opportunity of saying a word to you since this morning. I should not have mentioned *her* to you had not the vicar told me that you went to see her in London. It was very good of you to see her. God bless you for it, Miss Desmond!"

This was so unexpected that Maud could find no word to say in reply.

"How was she looking? Is she changed?"

"Very little changed, I think; certainly not less beautiful."

"And did you see—the—the—man she is going to marry?"

"No."

"Did she speak of him to you? Look here, Miss Desmond, you need not be afraid to talk to me of Veronica freely and openly. I understand your kindness and delicacy. You think, perhaps, that it might pain me to hear certain things. But, indeed, to think that she will be happy gives me great comfort. I am not selfish, Miss Desmond."

"I think that you are most unselfish, most generous, and it only pains me very much to think of your goodness being unappreciated."

Maud spoke with warmth, and a tear came into her eye. She was remembering the vicar's harsh, unfeeling behaviour in the morning.

"Oh, you praise me a great deal too highly," said Mr. Plew, looking at her with genuine surprise. "The fact is that I always knew Veronica to be far above me. I never had any real hope, though I—I—— Sometimes she liked to talk to me, and I was fool enough to fancy for a moment—— But that was not her fault, you know. She could not be held responsible for my vanity. When she went away," he pursued in a low voice, almost like one talking to himself, "I thought at first that I had got a death-blow. For weeks I believe I did not rightly know what I was saying and doing. I suppose there was some kind of instinct in me that kept me from doing anything wild or outrageous enough to get me locked up for a madman. But at the worst, my grief was more for her than myself: it was, as true as God's in Heaven! I'm not a fierce man by nature, but if I could have got hold of—of that villain, I would have killed him with no more compunction than you'd crush a viper. But any man that marries her and treats her well, there's nothing I wouldn't do to serve him—nothing! All love is over for me. I know my own shortcomings, and I blame no one. But *she* was the first and the last. I know my poor mother wants me to marry. But it can't be, Miss Desmond. I'm sorry for her disappointment, poor soul! I try to be good to her. She has been a very good mother to me, bless her! If it had been possible for Veronica to come back free, and to have held out her hand to me, I couldn't have taken it. She could never be the same woman I loved any more. But neither can I love any other. I dare say you don't understand the feeling. I cannot explain it to myself. Only I know it is so, and must be so, for as long as I have to live." Then suddenly breaking off, and looking penitently at Maud, he said, "Oh forgive me, Miss Desmond! I boasted of not being selfish, just now, and here I am

wearying you with talk about myself. I hope you'll excuse it. The truth is, I have no one that I can speak to about her. I dare not say to the vicar what I have said to you. And of course I don't put forward my trouble, when he has so much of his own to bear. I was led on to talk almost unawares. You listen so patiently and quietly. Here we are at the garden gate. Shall I come up the pathway? There is Joanna at the door. Good night, Miss Desmond."

Maud's eyes were so blurred with tears that she did not at first perceive that old Joanna had hastened to the door in order to be the first to give her a letter which she now held up triumphantly as Maud entered.

"A letter, Miss Maudie! One as you'll be glad to have!"

It was from Hugh. Maud took it, and ran to her own room to enjoy her treasure.

After a few fond lover's words of greeting, the first that her eye lighted on were these: "I have had a long interview with Lady Gale."

CHAPTER IV. AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

"I HAVE had a long interview with Lady Gale."

It was a minute or so before Maud recollected Veronica's announced intention of bestowing a marriage portion on her, and of speaking to Hugh on the subject. But Maud had warned her not to expect that Hugh would yield. And yet Veronica had persisted in her intention. It was, doubtless, in order to fulfil it that she had sought Hugh. The further perusal of her letter confirmed this supposition. Maud might, of course, have satisfied her mind at once as to the correctness of her guess; but, instead of doing so, she had sat for a minute or two, letter in hand, vaguely wondering and supposing—a waywardness of mind that most people have occasionally experienced under similar circumstances.

"I told her that it could not be," wrote Hugh; "that I knew you had already answered for yourself, and that I must entirely approve and confirm your answer. Was not that right, dearest? She tried, when her first attempt had failed, to take a different tone, and to tell me that it was *right* and just that you should have a portion of the wealth left by Sir John Gale. She even said a word about the duty of carrying out her late husband's intentions! Think of that, Maudie! But I took the liberty of pointing out to her, that if *that* were her object, she must make over every farthing to you without loss of time, since it was clear that Sir John Gale had never intended that any portion of his wealth should be enjoyed by *her*. I don't think she is used to such plain speaking, and she looked mightily astonished."

That was all in the letter relating to Veronica, except a word at the end. "I forgot to say that her ladyship did me the honour to make me a confidence. She informed me that she was to be married to Prince Barletti almost immediately. For obvious reasons the marriage would be quite quiet. I saw the said prince; not an ill-looking fellow, although there is something queer about his eyes. Veronica told me that Sir Matthew Gale had consented to remain in town in order to give her away! I had a strong impression that she was telling me all this in order that it might be communicated to you, and by you to Mr. Levincourt. Oh, my sweet, pure Maudie, what a perfume of goodness seems to surround you! Only to think of you, after being with that woman, refreshes one's very soul."

Maud ran down-stairs, after reading her letter through, to communicate to the vicar that part of it which related to his daughter. But Mr. Levincourt was not within. It was past nine o'clock, yet Joanna said that it was very likely her master would not be at home for another hour or more.

"Do you know where he is?" asked Maud.

"I don't know for certain, Miss Maudie," said the old woman, drily; "but I'd lay a wager he's at Meggitt's. He hasn't been there yet, since you've come back. But, for better than three months before, he's been there constant, evening after evening. They're no fit company for such a gentleman as master, farmer folks like them. I wonder what he can find in them! But they flatter him and butter him up. And Mrs. Meggitt, she goes boasting all over Shipley how thick her and hers is with the vicar. Good Lord! if men ben't fools in some things!"

"Hush, Joanna; you must not speak so. The vicar knows better than you or I either, where it is proper and fit for him to go."

But although she thus rebuked the old servant, Maud did not, in her heart, like this new intimacy. It was part of the general lowering, she had already noticed, in the vicar's character.

She sat down alone in the parlour to re-

read her dear letter. There was but little news in it. Hugh was well; was working hard; and although he had not yet succeeded in finding the necessary money for the purchase of the business in Daneshire, he by no means despaired of doing so. His mother sent her fond love to Maud, and missed her sadly. The remainder of the epistle was full of words of the fondest and warmest affection. They were very precious and interesting to Maud, but would scarcely be deemed so by the reader.

It may as well be mentioned here that Maud was in ignorance of Mr. Frost's debt to Hugh. He had debated with himself whether he should or should not make her acquainted with it; and he had decided in the negative, perceiving that it would be impossible to do so without revealing his mother's story, and that he conceived he had no right to do without her permission.

Maud sat and read, and re-read her letter. And then she took out the little plain wooden desk she had used as a child, and set herself to begin an answer to it. More than an hour passed thus. It was half-past ten o'clock, and still no vicar!

Maud at last began to think that Mr. Levincourt might prefer not to find her sitting up on his return. She had an instinctive feeling that he would a little shrink from saying to her that he had been passing his evening at Farmer Meggitt's. He had never yet, in speaking with her, alluded to the growth of his intimacy with the farmer's family. With this feeling in her mind, she resolved to write out the words about Veronica's marriage, stating that she copied them from Hugh's letter, and to lay the paper on the table, so that the vicar could not fail to see it when he should come in. Just as she had finished her task he returned.

"You up still, Maud!" said he. "Why did you not go to bed?" He spoke with a sharp, querulous tone, very unusual with him when addressing his ward, and made no allusion as to where he had been. Maud was glad that she had written what the vicar had to learn. She slipped the paper into his hand, kissed his forehead, and ran quickly up to bed.

The next morning the vicar was as bland as usual, perhaps a trifle more bland than he had been for a long time. He asked Maud how she had passed the evening at Mr. Plew's, and seemed quite amused by her account of Mrs. Plew's anxiety that her son should marry.

"That little Miss Turtle, hey? Ha, ha, ha! How absurd it seems to look upon Plew in the light of an object of hopeless attachment! There is an incongruity about it that is deliciously ridiculous."

"I think," said Maud, rather gravely, "that Mr. Plew well deserves to be loved. He is very kind and unselfish."

"Oh, yes, child. That of course. That is all very true. There is a great deal of home-spun, simple goodness of heart about poor Plew. But that does not prevent his being extremely comic when considered in a romantic point of view. But you're a wee bit matter-of-fact, Maudie. You don't quite perceive the humour of the thing. Which of our modern writers is it who observes that women very rarely *have* a sense of humour? Well, why in the world don't Plew marry little Miss Turtle? Upon my word I should say it would do admirably!"

"I'm afraid—I think that Mr. Plew is not in love with Miss Turtle, Uncle Charles."

"My *dear* Maudie! How *can* you be so intensely—what shall I say?—solemn? The idea of a "grande passion" between a Plew and a Turtle is too funny!"

"I think, Uncle Charles," said Maud, resolutely, and not without a thrill of indignation in her voice, "I do believe that, absurd as it may seem, Mr. Plew *has* felt a true and great passion; that he feels it still; and that he will never overcome it as long as he lives.

For one brief instant the vicar's face was clouded over by a deep, dark frown—a frown not so much of anger as of pain. But almost immediately he laughed it off, stroking Maud's bright hair as he had been used to do when she was a child, and saying, "Pooh, pooh, little Maudie! Little soft-hearted, silly Maudie, thinks that because *she* has a true lover all the rest of the world must be in love too! Set your mind at rest, little Goldielocks. And—go whenever you can to that poor old woman. It will be but charitable. Don't think of *me*. I have occupations, and duties, and—besides I must learn to do without your constant companionship, Maudie. I cannot have you always with me. Don't mope here on *my* account, my dear child. And to visit the sick and aged is an act, positively, of Christian duty."

Again Maud had the painful perception of something hollow in all this; and the sense of being ashamed of the perception. The suspicion would force itself on her mind that the vicar purposely shut his eyes

to the truth of what she had said of Mr. Plew; and, moreover, that in urging her not to stay at home on his account, her guardian was providing against her being a check on his full liberty to pass his own time how and with whom he pleased. Mr. Levincourt said no word about the contents of the written paper Maud had given him. And at the close of the above recorded conversation he rose and took his hat, as though about to go out according to his custom after breakfast.

"Uncle Charles!" cried Maud, in a low, pleading voice, "you have not said anything—did you read the paper I gave you last night?"

"Yes, oh yes, I read it, thank you, my dear child. I—I was not wholly unprepared to hear that the marriage would take place so soon. In—my daughter's letter to me—she said—justly enough—that there was no real reason for a very long delay."

Then the vicar sauntered out of the house, and down the long gravel walk, with as unconcerned an air as he could assume.

"He seems not to care!" thought Maud, with sorrowful wonder. "He seems to care so much less than he did about every thing!"

"Master *was* at Meggitt's last night, Miss Maudie," said Joanna, as she cleared away the breakfast things. This was not her usual task. Catherine, the younger maid, habitually performed it; and indeed, Joanna very seldom now left her own domain of the kitchen. But it seemed that on this occasion she had come up-stairs purposely to say those words to Maud. "Yes, he *were*," she repeated doggedly, provoked at Maud's silence, and changing the form of her affirmation as though she conceived emphasis to be in an inverse ratio to grammar.

"Well, Joanna?"

"Oh, very well, of course, Miss Maudie. It's all right enough, I dare say. Bless your sweet face!" added the old woman, with sudden compunction at her own ill-humour, "I'm pleased and thankful as you'll have a good husband to take care of you, and a house of your own to go to, my dearie. It was real pretty of you, to tell old Joanna all about it when you came back. 'Tis the best bit of news I've heard this many a long day."

Catherine coming into the room at this juncture (much surprised to see herself forestalled in her duty), began with youthful indiscretion to announce that she had just seen Mrs. Meggitt at the "general shop"; and that Mrs. Meggitt was as high and saucy as high and saucy could be; and that folks did say—— She was, at this point, ignominiously cut short by Joanna; who demanded sternly what she meant by gossiping open-mouthed before her betters. She was further informed that some excuse might be made for her ignorance, as not having had the advantage of having lived with "county families!" not but what she might have picked up a little manners, serving as she did, a real gentleman like the vicar, and a real, right-down, thoroughbred lady like Miss Maudie! And was finally sent down-stairs, somewhat indignant, and very much astonished.

Maud was pained and puzzled by all this. And her mind dwelt more and more on the change she observed in her guardian. There was only one person (always saving and excepting Hugh! But then Hugh was far away. And besides her great endeavour was to make her letters to him cheerful; and not to add to his cares), there was but one to whom she could venture to hint at this source of trouble.

The friend in whom she could unhesitatingly confide with was Mrs. Sheardown; and Maud longed for an opportunity of talking with her. But here again, things had become different during her more than twelve months' absence from Shipley. The vicar had withdrawn himself from the Sheardowns, as he had withdrawn himself from other friends and acquaintances. The captain and his wife still came to St. Gildas, but Joanna said it was nearly three months since they had set foot within the vicarage; and the master never went to Lowater. Maud had seen her kind friends at church. They had greeted her on leaving St. Gildas with all their old warmth of affection; and Mrs. Sheardown had said some word about her coming to Lowater so soon as the vicar could spare her. But they had not been to the vicarage, nor had Maud thought it right to offer to leave her guardian alone so soon after her return. Now, however, she yearned so much for the sweetness of Nelly Sheardown's womanly sympathy, and the support of Nelly Sheardown's womanly sense, that she sent off a note to Lowater House, asking what day she might go over there, as she longed to see and speak with its dear master and mistress. A reply came back as quickly as it was possible for it to come. This was the answer:

DARLING MAUD. How sweet of you not to mistrust us! We have not been to see

you, dear girl, but the wherefores (various) must be explained when we meet. Come on Saturday and sleep. We will bring you back when we drive in to church the next day, if it needs must be so. Tom and Bobby send you their best—(Bobby amends my phrase. He insists on *very* best)—love. Present our regards to the vicar.

Ever, dear Maud,
Your loving friend,
N. S.

This was on Monday. Maud easily obtained the vicar's permission to accept Mrs. Sheardown's invitation.

"Oh, certainly," he said. "Go by all means. It would be hard to expect you to give up your friends and share the loneliness of my life."

The fact was that the vicar's life was not lonely. Maud, as she thought of the companions he chose, and the society he had voluntarily abandoned, felt that a lonely life would have been better for her guardian than that which he led. However, she looked forward eagerly to her visit to Lowater.

But before the appointed Saturday arrived, an event happened which put everything else out of Maud's mind for awhile. She had been out one morning, visiting some poor sick people in the village, and her way homeward lying in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Plew's cottage, she had called there, to have a chat with the old lady. It was rather later than she had intended when she left Mrs. Plew's; and she hastened home fearing to be late for the two o'clock dinner. When she reached the vicarage, the house-door stood ajar. That was no new thing. Maud entered quietly and looked into the dining-room. There was no one there, nor in the parlour. Her guardian had not yet come in, then. The house was very silent. She called Joanna. No one answered, and there was no sound of voices in the kitchen. Maud ran down-stairs, and found the kitchen empty; but through the lattice window she saw Joanna, Catherine, and Joe Dowsett, the groom, apparently in eager conversation. They were standing beside the stable door at some distance from the house.

"Joanna," called Maud. "Is it not dinner time? Where is Mr. Levincourt?"

"Lord a mercy, there's Miss Maudie!" cried Joanna, as excitedly as though the young girl's apparition was of the most unexpected and tremendous nature. Then she hobbled quickly up to the kitchen door, where Maud stood, followed by Catherine.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Maud.

"Not a bit on it, Miss Maudie. Don't ye be flustered. Only the master's not coming home to dinner. He's gone to Shipley Magna."

"To Shipley Magna!"

"Yes: here's Joe Dowsett as'll tell you all about it. Joe, Joe, come here! And who do you think, Miss Maudie, my dear, is at the Crown Inn there?"

"At the Crown Inn? What do you mean?"

"Why, Miss Veronica! At least Miss Veronica as was. And her new husband."

BYEGONE CANT.

What *is* cant? we ask our informant; as a beginning. (We know it is what we call "Slang" in our own day; but we ask him.)

Cant—he answers; from a fading, brown-stained, yellow page; in attenuated, pallid lettering—is gibberish; pedler's French. And there he dismisses the subject as too insignificant for more attending to. Probing him a little further (if only for vexation), we elicit from him that to cant is to talk after the manner of gipsies and rogues; said gentry being—as far as they were gipsies—a crew of pilfering stragglers, pretending, under pretence of being Egyptians (whence, of course, their rubbed-down title), to tell people's fortunes; and being—as far as they were rogues—villains also, and knaves, and cheats, and sturdy beggars. A nice set of folks, truly, to maim, and cripple, and overlay the English of King George the Second! And they would not call to cant to cant, either! It became with these pedler's Frenchmen, these gibberish-utterers, to stamflesh; and so a new tongue might be created by them, and we might stand by, and have no understanding of a word!

Of a *word*, did we say? Nay. A word was altered into a whid—as spermaceti was mouthed into par-ma-ce-ti by the fine lord who enraged Hotspur; and if our friends had required us to speak warily, they would have cried out, "Stow your whids!" and have looked blackly enough, if we had not had comprehension. With what would they have looked? Their eyes? Oh! dear no! Their ogles! That is how they would have put it. And pos-

sibly we might have seen a shake from an evil-looking nab (a head); might have been treated with a kick from an angry stamp (a leg); and might have been told we had made a panter (a heart) leap much quicker than it need have done if we had only learned how, fitly, to hold our prating-cheat (our tongue).

And were there many of these rogues, these gipsies, who manufactured pedler's French, and spluttered gibberish? Yes; they abounded. We live, says our informant, in a thieving, cheating, plundering age. Cozening is become a topping trade, only we have got a genteeler way of stealing now than only to take a man's horse from under him on the highway, and a little loose money out of his pocket; our rapparees are men of better breeding and fashion, and scorn to play at such small game; they sweep away a noble estate with one slight brush, and bid both the gallows and horse-pond defiance: and the mob is not always just in this point, for one pickpocket deserves a horse-pond as well as another, without any regard to quality or fine clothes. And if our informant is not, in all this, a Français à la Pedler and a gibberdoon himself, we will undertake to translate every word of him into purer English! He says, also, that when great rogues are in authority, and have the laws against oppression and robbery in their own hands, little thieves only go to pot for it: and here again, no doubt, he thinks he has turned a pretty expression, and may be complimented on the gracefulness of his language! According, indeed, to stamflesh, or cant, he might congratulate himself on having issued a clincher (a word not yet quite out of usage); and he might offer to draw his tilter (his sword), or give a job (a guinea), if in all Rumville (London) any one should dare to contradict him. Which testimony of his, as to the innocence and mutual trust, and well-tasting probity of the "good old times," is borne out, too. And by respectable authority. Tobias Smollett, M.D. (sleeping under vines and citrons, and near the chirp of the cicala, in pale Leghorn), has something to say about it; William Cowper, Esq., of the Inner Temple, has a little more. The doctor's words are:

"England was at this period infested with robbers, assassins, and incendiaries . . . . . Thieves and robbers were now become more desperate and savage than ever they had appeared since man was civilised. In the exercise of their rapine, they wounded, maimed, and even murdered the unhappy sufferers, through a wantonness of barbarity. They circulated letters, demanding sums of money from certain individuals, on pain of reducing their houses to ashes, and their families to ruin."

And Cowper, touching another kind of villainy abroad, writes:

> But when a country (one that I could name)
> In prostitution sinks the sense of shame;
> When infamous venality, grown bold,
> Writes on his bosom, *to be let or sold;*
> When perjury, that Heaven-defying vice,
> Sells oaths by tale, and at the lowest price;
> Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,
> To turn a penny in the way of trade;
> When avarice starves (and never hides his face)
> Two or three millions of the human race,

then may gone-by nations

> Cry aloud, in every careless ear,
> Stop while you may; suspend your mad career.

Yes. For, within the life-time of those with whom Cowper lived, an earl, the Earl of Macclesfield, and the Lord High Chancellor of England, was committed to the Tower for embezzlement! In the house of the king's faithful Commons, Sir George Oxenden had declared that the crimes and misdemeanors of his lordship were many; and these appearing to be that he had embezzled the estates and effects of many widows, orphans, and lunatics, besides selling the offices in his gift, and being guilty of various other irregularities, he was condemned, after a twenty days' trial, to pay a fine of thirty thousand pounds; and he was kept in safe custody for the six weeks that sufficed for his people to collect the money. Then Sir Robert Walpole, with his accredited maxim that every man had his price, was yet in people's mouths; and many elections had to be inquired into, notably that of Westminster, in connexion with which the high-sheriff was taken into custody, and some army officers who had acted under him, and some justices of the peace, had to receive a reprimand from the before-mentioned faithful Commons, and to go down on their knees at the bar of the house to hear it.

All very sad really. All almost enough to make us take a rattler (a coach) some darkmans (night), and drive to a country where the ruffian (his Satanic majesty) is not so present, and where we could live peety (cheerful), without the fear of every old Mr. Gory (piece of gold money) we had, and every witcher-bubber (silver bowl), being nabbed (stolen) from us by the first prig who chose to clutch us deftly about the nub (neck)!

But was there nothing done to this

mighty army of malefactors or maledictors, called otherwise, in contemporary literature, blades, make-bates, cuffs, highflyers, bloods, bucks, smarts, fribbles, bravoes, and so forth? Were there no prisons for them? Oh yes! and they had their own names for these places of their detention (to put a fine point on it), and for the men they must consort with therein, and the other objects of their surroundings. Newgate itself they called Whit; the sessions-house from which they would be taken there was the nubbing-ken; the highwaymen they would find inside, befouled, and fettered, and considerably chopfallen, were rum-padders (the road itself on which they performed their exploits being the pad); the gallows, the shadow of which was ever hanging over them, was the nubbing-cheat; and the executioner, whose knuckles they must surely, in imagination, have often felt far too intimate and nimble about their necks, became the nubbing-cove. And these prisons were full to overflowing. At "Whit," in consequence of the dense crowding, the air became putrid; and this putrefied air, says Smollett, adhering to the clothes of the malefactors brought to the May trials at the bar of the Old Bailey, produced, even among the audience, a pestilential fever. The lord mayor caught it and died of it; so died, also, one alderman, two of the judges, divers lawyers who attended the session, the greater part of the jury, and likewise a considerable number of the spectators.

These were the days, too, it must be recollected, when the nubbing-cove, the hangman, had brisk work; when he was always adjusting his rope and drop. "There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging;" as Escalus warns us in Measure for Measure. Twenty, thirty, forty, pinioned corpses were no unusual sight for the Cockneys then. Clumpertons (country-folk), agape at the giant proportions of the still somewhat new St. Paul's, would turn from their wondering walks to shudder and shrink at the ghastly exhibition; going on afterwards to the Tower lions, or Mrs. Salmon's, with what appetite they might. For, supposing a rattling mumper (a coach beggar) should officiously help a ridge cully (a goldsmith) as he extricated himself from his sedan-chair at the porch, let us say, of Mr. Winstanley's Water Theatre at the lower end of Pickadilly; and supposing the rattling mumper should convey a massive watch from the good man's loose keeping safely into his own. There would have been no pondering as to how much, or how little, of orderly imprisoning. Rattling mumper would simply have been hanged. And supposing a kinchin-cove (a little man) in sauntering the three miles of smelling cheats (gardens) between London and Hackney, should hear the twittle-twattle of a cobble-colter (a turkey), or the sagacious cackle of tib of the buttery (a goose); and supposing the said kinchin-cove should think a dinner off these big birds would be delicious, and should steal them for that purpose or any other. Again, short work would have been made of it, and kinchin-cove would simply have been hanged. Let a squeaker, too (a bar-boy), run off with a tempting chine of ruff-peck (bacon); let a prig-napper (a horse stealer) get possession of a roan or grey; let any insignificant vagabond appropriate a peeper (a looking-glass), a pair of glym-fenders (andirons), anything that *would* have a knack of placing itself beneath his handy hand; and Great Britain would still contain just those many inhabitants the less. Mr. Executioner would be the speedy answer to every one of them. He, like the watch known so affectionately to us, was to "comprehend all vagrom men;" was to bid them all hang, and hang completely, in the good king's name.

For which matter, are we not aware how forging, for instance, if detected, meant inevitable hanging? Do we not call to mind William Dodd, LL.D., incumbent of Winge, in Buckinghamshire, and once king's chaplain, who forged a bond in the name of his former pupil, the most noble the Earl of Chesterfield, and who lost his life for it at the gallows, precisely as if he had been an illiterate man? And do we not all think, at once, of Captain Macheath (Royal Navy, King's Dragoons, or elsewhere), who was "cast for death" by Judge Gay for various elegant and romantic misdemeanours? Though this case, after all, may not serve our purpose; since, in spite of the common hangman the gallant gentleman was condemned to, he lives green and lively, and with lappels, rapier, and peruke, brand-new, even to this very to-day. We can cite Dick Turpin, safely, however; and Jack Sheppard. They and their associates were expert at knipping a bung (picking a pocket), and at the game of bulk and file (jostling in order to rob). They were perfectly aware what was a stalling-ken (a house for receiving stolen goods). If inside one of them any young

stall-wimper (base-born little unfortunate), should dare to approach their majesties, claiming fraternity, however far off, in the varying grades of rascaldom, they could not have turned away as not understanding what he said. His language would have been quite familiar. And when they were all brought to the great leveller, the prison—to wit, the Whit—each would dread cly the jerc (to be whipped), each would talk of a naper of naps (a sheep-stealer), of a mow-beater (a drover, probably from moo, the sound the ill-used animal would utter), and they would all know that hanging was in store for them, and that they must fall into the hands of the nubbing-cove at last. "In a box of the stone-jug I was born;" aye, and by a tightened jugular I shall die, for, however often there may be evasion, gripping comes at last, and gripping means a settling of little hopes and aims for ever!

Another word, too, with these interesting folk was lappy (drunk). It was heard often. Intoxicating liquors were sold at the corners of all the streets; and—what the ministry cared far more for—it was sold without the payment of the duty; such duty, people said, being so extortionate, it was worth running any risk to evade. Thus, any clapper-dudgeon (beggar-born), who had held out his pen-bank (his can) successfully, over against the Royal Exchange, or in Russell-court, next the Cannon Ball, at the Surgeon's Arms, in Drury-lane, might get lappy at the end of his hard day's labour, and a dozen times over if he pleased, for the small sum of a shilling. The ministry were afraid from this that the populace would sink into a continued state of intoxication; even into the state they had been in when the retailers of the poisonous compound, gin, set up painted boards in public, inviting people to be drunk for the small expense of one penny; assuring them they might be dead drunk for twopence, and have straw to lie on for nothing! So it was proposed to bring in a bill for reducing the liquor-duties, in order that they might strictly, and with a modest face, be enforced. And the ministry carried the measure, though Lord Hervey ("men, women, and Herveys") was dead against it, and so was my Lord of Chesterfield (and of the Letters), and such quantity of bishops, that, at division, the last witty and polished nobleman was quite surprised. "How!" he cried, looking round at their reverences in a cluster near him. "Have I got on the other side of the question? I have not had the honour to divide with so many lawn-sleeves for years!"

"I was passing the evening at Will's, in Covent Garden," Steele tells us—such evening being really a few years before our date, but practically identical—"when the cry of the bellman, 'Past two o'clock!' roused me. I went to my lodgings led by a Light, whom I put into the discourse of his private economy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loss of a family that depended upon a link, with a design to end my trivial day with the generosity of sixpence."

Well. Any one of our rogues and gipsies relating this incident would have called the link-man a Glym-Jack, and the sixpence added to his earnings a half-bord. Possibly Steele knew both the expressions; and heard them when he was "entangled at the end of Newport-street and Long-acre," or when he came to "the Pass, which is a military term the brothers of the whip have given to the strait at St. Clement's Church." He heard another piece of cant, at any rate; about which he gossips very prettily. He saw a lady visiting the fruit-shops at Covent Garden, and, after tripping into her coach, she sat in it, with her mask off, and a laced shoe just appearing on the opposite cushion, to hold her firm and in a proper attitude to receive inevitable jolts. She was a silkworm. "I was surprised," says Steele, "with this phrase; but found it was a cant with the hackney fraternity for their best customers; women who ramble twice or thrice a week from shop to shop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying anything. The silkworms are, it seems, indulged by the tradesmen."

"It is scarcely to be credited," cries Walker of the Dictionary (actor, schoolmaster, and lecturer on elocution), and he is speaking of the second meaning to the word cant—"it is scarcely to be credited that the writer in the Spectator, signed T., should adopt a derivation of this word from one Andrew Cant, a Scotch Presbyterian minister! The Latin *cantus*, so expressive of the singing or whining tone of certain preachers, is as obvious an etymology! The cant of particular professions is an easy derivation from the same origin. It means the set phrases, the routine of professional language, resembling the chime of a song."

Does it? Well, we care not. Like Cowper, we are not

Learn'd philologists who chase
A panting syllable through time and space;
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's Ark.

We would rather Steele than Walker; that is all. And though it does not alter cant words to find them in his company, it puts a halo round them.

A DEWDROP.

I DREAM'D that my soul was a dewdrop,
As a dewdrop I fell to the ground;
And here, in the hearts of the flowers,
A grave of sweet odour I found:

But my sisters, the other drops drew me
With them, in a silvery throng,
To their sweet source, dancing round me,
And, drawing me, danced me along.

Where my sisters and I went dancing,
Gay flowers on the green banks grew;
And the flowers I kiss'd, and with kisses
I greeted the gold sand too:

Till down, with the brooklet, I bounded,
On the wheel of the water-mill,
And whirl'd it; and wander'd, and water'd,
The thirsty young corn on the hill.

Thence, over the hill-top headlong,
As I fell to the hollows below,
"Here," I thought, "is the end of my journey,
And my life, too, is ended now."

But the current drew me, and drew me,
By forest, and dale, and down,
And under the turrets and bridges,
And into the roaring town.

Onward, and onward, and never
Any moment of perfect bliss,
And, with lips that sought love everlasting,
I snatch'd but a fleeting kiss.

Onward, and onward, till falling
Into the infinite main,
In its fathomless waters I buried
My love, and my hope, and pain.

And "here," I thought, "all ends surely,"
As the great billow bore me away,
"Here my spirit shall rest, and for ever,
"From its longing, and labour, and play."

But anew to the azure of heaven
Was my being upborne; and anew
From the heaven to the earth I descended
In a drop of celestial dew.

LOOKING FOR GUY FAWKES.

ON the morning of the fifth of November, 1605, as all the world knows, a tall, dark, suspicious-looking man, Fawkes by name, and ostensibly coal merchant by trade, was discovered by Lord Mounteagle under the Houses of Parliament in the suspicious company of a dark lantern, sundry matches, and thirty-six casks of gunpowder. The world is further aware of the ignominious end of this personage, and is annually reminded of the transaction in which he was engaged, by all the vagabonds and dirty little boys who can raise sufficient capital to construct an effigy proper to the occasion. On the fifth of November, the trouble is, not so much to look for Guy Fawkes as to avoid him. On the remaining days of the year Guy Fawkes is out of season, and invisible to the eye of man. How came it, then, that on the eighth of February in this present year of grace, we found ourselves engaged in looking for Guy Fawkes?

Of all the places with which we are acquainted, in which it is easy and, as it were, a matter of course to lose one's way, the Palace at Westminster is the most intricate. All the staircases appear to be the same; there is a dimness of light in the corridors, very favourable to aimless wandering; all the courts have exactly the same look to the unpractised eye; all the snug little offices into which the wayfarer peeps, through half opened doors, are alike. They are all furnished and comfortably, with the same official table, the same official chairs, and the same blazing fires. They would all be improved by a little more window. There is an air of "attendance from eleven to three" about them all. To ask your way is a proceeding worthy only of a novice. For the inhabitants of Sir Charles Barry's elaborate puzzle differ in no respect from the inhabitants of large piles of building elsewhere. Either they really do not know their way about, or they take a malicious pleasure in concealing their knowledge from the inquiring stranger, or, knowing their way and being friendly, they are wholly unable to explain their views. Whatever the cause may be, trustworthy topographical information is scarcely obtainable. It is well to get a clear understanding with any individual with whom you have business in the remoter portions of the building, as to whereabout you are to go, and then to set forth in the spirit of an African explorer, resolved to discover the spot with as few inquiries as possible. More embarrassment was caused us by the well meant but vague directions of a friendly policeman than by the failure of all our own unaided efforts, feeble as they were. For a considerable period this worthy official's misleading directions kept us on the move. It was not until we had penetrated, apparently, into two or three private houses, and had, on one occasion, had an opportunity of remarking the ease with which somebody's spoons might have been appropriated, that a native of this complicated region took compassion on us. This Samaritan—he was a butler and we thank him — well knew the futility of verbal

directions. Wasting no words in conversation, he personally led us to our destination. And it was well he did so, for we are firmly convinced that we should otherwise have been roaming from court to court, and along interminable dim corridors at this moment. At last, and when we had been driven almost to madness by the sound of the clock striking eleven—the hour at which we were officially due in another portion of the building—this friendly native led us to the guide we had come to seek.

This gentleman, Æolus by name, and ruler of the winds by profession, is ready for us, and hastily welcomes us to the chamber wherein the business connected with manufacturing fresh breezes is transacted, and which is not an imposing apartment. Time and tide and Guy Fawkes waiting, however, for no man, we once more thread the labyrinth, and make our way to the Princes' Chamber, where assemble on each occasion of the opening of the session of Parliament, the searchers after Guy Fawkes. For the gunpowder plotter has left so strong an impression on the official mind that two hundred and sixty-five years have not sufficed to eradicate it. It is considered that the bad example set in 1605 may, after more than two centuries and a half, still exercise an evil influence, in the way of blasting the Houses of Parliament into space.

We are late, and in the Princes' Chamber find the searchers assembled. The Princes' Chamber is not favoured with much more of the light of day than other portions of the building; it is dim, and looks picturesque. A band of stalwart beef-eaters in their stiff ruffs, and quaint, old-world uniforms, with new rosettes in their shoes and round their hats, light up with their bright colours that side of the Princes' Chamber on which they are posted, and do not interfere with the picturesque appearance of the place. Nor do the modern war-medals, with which in profusion their stalwart breasts are covered, nor the many-coloured ribands from which those trophies hang, detract from the artistic effect of their quaint old costumes.

That it is not given to all scarlet and gold, however, to be picturesque and effective, is sufficiently proved by certain other uniforms worn by certain other searchers, which are positively terrific in their hideousness. Scarlet coatees, golden aiguillettes, and other such decorations, are surmounted by a shako, which is a thing of monstrosity and a horror for ever. Of an exploded style this shako; of a shape, thank Heaven, long gone by! It is broader at the top than round the head, it is bound with preposterous cords, its peak is horrible to contemplate. How can any man have invented such a shako? How can any man wear such an article, knowing how it looks upon his fellow creatures?

> What are these
> So withered and so wild in their attire?

Our informant has his doubts as to their exact rank; they may be pensioners, he thinks, or they may be yeomen. He cannot say. We decide that they must be mutes; scarlet mutes accustomed to attend the funerals of deceased ceremonials; the more so as they carry truncheons of the kind borne occasionally by the preposterous funereal humbugs to whom we liken them. Of course, these staves are not so gloomy as those others, but are decorative, as beseems the wearers of scarlet and gold uniforms. Certain black-coated creatures of an inferior race (why does the civilian inevitably shrink before him who wears a red coat?) are standing around the fire. Officials some of these—you may detect them by a certain haughty air—the remainder, mere spectators desirous of assisting in the solemnity, depressed by a general feeling of inferiority and wearing propitiatory smiles. These are all under the command of one who can only be described as a Gorgeous Personage. In full uniform is the Personage. A cocked hat with waving white plumes, suggestive of field-marshals and generals, adorns his head. A sense of deep responsibility casts a gloom upon his brow. Finally, helmeted, calm, prosaic, and modern, is the Inspector of Police. Of course, he has us all in custody, and is even severer in his aspect than the military; of whom he appears to have a low opinion, albeit the truncheons of the scarlet mutes appear to interest him, as having some affinity with the weapons used by "the force." His presence here is obviously necessary. Has he not superseded the Bow-street runner? And was it not a Bow-street runner who, as a matter of fact, captured the original Guy Fawkes? At all events, the old song tells us how, on the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, "they sent to Bow-street for that brave old runner Townshend." It is afterwards stated, certainly:

> That is they would have sent for him,
> For fear he was no starter at;
> But Townshend wasn't living then,
> He wasn't born till arter that.

Still, we prefer to decline to believe in the non-existence of Townshend in 1605.

Lanterns are served out in profusion to the searchers—even visitors may take lights if it seem good to them: a fact that may interest Mr. Lowe—but even these preparations fail to arouse the company from the meditative state into which they have hopelessly sunk. Conversation, such as there is, is carried on in whispers, or from behind furtive hands; but there is little of it, and we moodily watch the officers of the House filling the stationery cases in anticipation of the coming of the members of the legislature: which watching causes us darkly to meditate on the vast amount of sealing-wax provided for the House of Lords.

That sensation of being in church, which is apt to come over one in a strange place, in the company of silent and morose fellow-men, falls upon us by-and-bye to such an extent that when a Dignitary of the church, not wholly unconnected with the neighbouring abbey, suddenly appears, we feel that service is about to begin. But we presently perceive that the Dignitary is merely here in a civilian and amateur capacity. Compliments are affably exchanged between Dignitary, Gorgeous Personage, and High Official from Lord Chamberlain's department. The interest excited amongst beef-eaters, yeomen-pensioners, inferior officials, and the small but select body representing the general public, is unbounded. The army, the church, and the civil service take us under their joint command. "Attention!" The imposing ceremonial of the morning begins. It is pleasant to notice, as we watch the beef-eaters and the shako-wearers file out of the Princes' Chamber that they have left halberts, swords, and such-like weapons behind. Our lamps are to be our only protection in the event of our lighting upon any members of the Fawkes Family. "The swords used to get between the legs," we hear, "and they were very awkward up and down the ladders." After the scarlet and gold stream has flowed out of the Princes' Chamber, the civilian members of the search party struggle after it reverentially, and with bared heads, across the House of Lords. After passing this sacred spot, two or three experienced hands proceed at the double and gain the head of the column. We are about to come into public view, we hear from a fellow-searcher whose movements we have closely followed, and those who are in front will have gone by before the people have time to laugh; a practical though an irreverent suggestion. Public attention does not appear to be much troubled, however, by our proceedings, and, unnoticed and unjeered at, we march into the House of Commons, just as if we had bought a nice little corrupt constituency, and had a perfect right to a seat on one of the now empty green benches. On the left of the Speaker's chair is an opening in the floor. A steep ladder conducts us to the lower regions. Down we go.

As most people know, the floor of the House is perforated, and the air for the ventilation of the people's representatives is admitted from below.

This cellar, so to speak, below the House, is fitted with all sorts of devices for admitting or checking, for cooling or warming, the air as it passes through, and is of good height and perfectly open. Nothing is in it but ventilating apparatus, and a covered passage in the middle, wherein is placed a chair for the individual whose duty it is—a fearful duty; for every word said in the House can be heard down here—to regulate the atmospheric arrangements while the House is sitting. Certain recesses round the walls are occupied by oil lamps similar to those carried by the searchers. There is plenty of light, and it becomes immediately obvious to the meanest capacity that no ill-disposed person would have any chance of concealment here. Nevertheless, our beef-eaters and our shako-wearers look inquisitively at the outsides of ventilating batteries which might hold a good-sized doll, and bring their lanterns to bear upon the stationary lamps with an air of deep wisdom. There is nobody here, we find, after some time (of course, to our great astonishment), and we descend to a lower depth. Here we find much the same scene, and the same solemn process is gone through all over again, and presently the procession starts once more. We chiefly traverse broad, well-lighted passages containing nothing but air; but very full of that, when we near the furnaces drawing it to the upcast shafts. We maintain a dignified demeanour, like a parcel of humbugs as we are. Indeed, so infectious is the pretence of being engaged in some real duty which oppresses some of the beef-eaters (who are, to a man, admirable actors), that everybody becomes suspicious of everybody and everything. The Gorgeous Personage looks furtively into his cocked hat at intervals as if he expected to find a cask or two of gunpowder in it. We ourselves presently be-

come doubtful of the thumb of one of our gloves, which we are carrying in our hand, and peer into it as into a cavern; while the feeblest of the shako-wearers clearly burns with ardour to seize a lady's muff (for ladies accompany this solemn search), and to pluck out Guy Fawkes from the lining. Once, in a long passage, and in a gale of wind that does Æolus's heart good, we have a sensation. A heavy door bangs loudly, running feet are heard, a hoarse cry of "Halt!" echoes among the vaults. What is it? Have they got him? Delightful excitement! No, it is nothing; not even a Fenian. Some of the searchers are not so young as they were, and are a little blown; that's all. We wait for them (frightfully suspicious of an empty bucket that appears to have contained coke), and, when they "come up piping," after the manner of the professional gentlemen who become distressed in fights, we recommence our labours. So we go on for half an hour, always in passages, well lighted, and by thoroughfares well used by the many men employed about the building, until we emerge from beneath the House of Lords into the open air. Here, the beefeaters, still keeping up an air of business, form into two soldierly lines, and march off steadily. The rest of the search party straggle off in various directions, a little shame-facedly. The imposing ceremony is over, and we are left blankly looking upon Æolus, feeling that we have not seen a great deal after all.

It presently appears that—as is not uncommonly the custom in this favoured land—we have been assisting at a performance of the national comedy How Not To Do It. For, as we have publicly looked for Guy Fawkes in all the places where he is by no means likely ever to be found, so we now institute a private search among the mysteries of Æolus's department, and find plenty of sequestered corners where the apparition of a conspirator would be by no means out of place.

The system of ventilation we find to be ingenious and elaborate, though perfectly simple; and its results are, on the whole, most satisfactory. Honourable members are not more easy to satisfy than other men, and it happens now and then that of two members sitting side by side, the one will be inconveniently hot and the other inconveniently cold. Towards the small hours, when Mr. Speaker's silk-stockinged calves (if it be not contempt of the House to speak of such solemn subjects) get a little chilly in the cold air (as will occasionally happen even in a full House), and a warm tap has to be turned on, other gentlemen may now and then be observed to gasp. But it is unfortunately not possible to arrange for a different climate for every seat, and things as a rule go well enough. Of course, as obtains invariably with scientific ventilation, the simple expedient of opening a window plays old gooseberry with the arrangements. Witness the case of that noble lord who, dissatisfied with the temperature of the House of Peers, caused a window to be opened. It so happened that this window was situated immediately above the seats of the Lords Spiritual, and a great cowering and shivering of bishops followed. Probably, if the noble lord had been sitting in the same gale of wind which rustled lawn sleeves and blew gowns about, he would not have taunted the right reverend gentlemen with those satirical allusions to glass cases to which the sight of their discomfort moved him. On another occasion suffocating peeresses, condemned to a gallery and narrow passage, which forcibly remind the spectator of a ward in a convict prison, rebelled, and opened all the windows attainable. The sneezing, coughing, and wheezing, that followed among noble lords has never been equalled.

Down-stairs, among the vaults, we investigate the apparatus for supplying the Houses with fresh air; up-stairs, among the rafters, we find great furnaces drawing the vitiated air away. Here, we come upon four boilers of a second-hand appearance, and calculated, we should suppose, to blow up the Queen and all her ministers with far greater certainty than "Guy Fawkes, that prince of sinisters." Here again we come upon four new boilers, brave with all the latest improvements, and on which we find the manufacturer gazing with calm pride. Up-stairs again, we are astonished by the apparition of a railway in the roof, for the readier transport of coke; and climbing up perpendicular and smoke-begrimed ladders we find ourselves high up in a turret or smoke shaft, up which the smoke from all the west side of the building is drawn. Here, by the aid of Æolus's lantern, which he has never relinquished, we admire an ingenious apparatus for securing a strong and constant up-draught, consisting of a small screw propeller driven by steam. This contrivance can be worked, its grimy guardian tells us, at any speed, and is warranted to prove more effectual than any other means for attaining its end.

Descending once more, we come upon more furnaces; more dangerous, one would imagine, than fifty Fawkeses. The place is like the Black Country about Wolverhampton, full of sudden roaring flames and black stokers. One such furnace is celebrated, we are told, as the place where dinner for nothing may be obtained. On nearing it we speedily find the reason why. This furnace serves to ventilate the kitchen, and draws the air from that important region loaded with a strong smell of cooking; strong enough, almost, to be cut with a knife, and tinned off like Australian mutton, for exportation.

Up-stairs, down-stairs, everywhere but in my lady's chamber, we find all sorts of odd nooks and corners where the searchers should look if they look at all. There is plenty of evidence of the perfunctory nature of the ceremony just concluded. The vaults and roofs are practically in the occupation of the ventilating department, and are traversed at all hours of the night and day by busy workmen. So long as Æolus and his satellites remain true to their country, there is little need of any formal looking for Guy Fawkes, and it is difficult to see why the absurdity is kept up. But perhaps there are fees payable to somebody on the occasion? That would go a long way to account for the search. There is wonderful vitality in all official ceremonies that are nourished upon fees.

THE AVENGERS.

I WAS riding one splendid autumn day across the region which lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascades, returning from the treaty ground where one of the interminable covenants of "eternal peace and amity" had been concluded between the whites and the Indians; only to be broken when a favourable opportunity presented itself. I was not then in any official capacity; I was only the guest of the United States' Indian Commissioners. We were approaching the foot hills of the Cascades, and riding through the beautiful green valleys strewn with brilliant flowers only known in our gardens, and with graceful pines and fragrant junipers. With our spirits elated by the prospect of once more tasting the delights of civilisation, we were inclined to look with a couleur de rose aspect on all things. Troops of gaily decked Indians galloped and curvetted through the prairies; racing and chasing, laughing and shouting, as we spurred along. There seemed no care on their minds. Here they joined, and there, as a little glen opened in among the mountains, they left us for their home by the banks of some beautiful stream, the gurgle of whose waterfalls we could hear echoing away among the hills. Gradually they all left us, and we were alone. We were now entering the country of the friendly Indians, and before long would be within the advanced outposts of frontier civilisation: so we dismissed the troop of soldiers which had hitherto escorted us, and camped all alone that night. We rather missed the gay troop of motley soldiers and Indian warriors who had been our daily companions for weeks together, and naturally fell a-talking about the rude and easy independence of the Indian of this region. He is troubled with no house rent, nor is the honour of an assessment roll before him. His home is in the sage-brush, and when he mounts his horse at dawn of day he has all his possessions under his eye, and at night rolls himself up in his blanket with no fears of an hotel bill or livery stable charges in the morning. He lights his fire with two flints (ignorant of that mystical but indispensable internal revenue stamp which troubles his paler-faced brethren in these countries). His supper is a piece of juicy antelope steak, or perhaps he has killed a grouse, or caught some trout; or, if not—who cares!—he swallows a handful of grasshoppers, and in the summer his larder is all around him. The whites are his drovers and his merchants, and he is a thorough believer in might being right, and in the good old plan

> That he shall take who has the power,
> And they shall keep who can.

An Indian came down to the river side where I was drinking, and asked me to pour a little water into his cup of parched pond-lily seed. He stirred it up with his finger, remarking as he washed it down, "Hyas kloosh muk-a-muk"—very good food! Quarrels they have among themselves, and bitter quarrels too, over the divisions of their plunder, and the certain misdemeanours of their spouses; but they are not alone in this. "Chivalrous" they are, forsooth, as chivalry goes now-a-days—dirty, ragged, and not over honourable—like certain brothers over the Rocky Mountains; and, moreover (venial offence as it may be in these latter days), they are rather given unto loot.

Politics they have, and though in the good

old times they had an hereditary limited monarchy, with a broad tinge of mediæval policy, yet since the advent of the republicans on their borders in the more civilised parts of the country, the chiefs are elected. And I can assure the reader there is as much chicanery and political engineering displayed as in the most civilised societies.

If early to bed and early to rise would only bring to the practitioner a moiety of the blessings the couplet ascribes to it, one would think that our "Digger" Indian ought to be a happy man. Little burdened with the world's goods, he is asleep by the time the sun is down, and is off again by the break of day.

On the whole, as we sat cheerily round our sage-brush camp fire that night, we came to the conclusion that the Indian's was an enviable existence, and that one of these days we would turn savage altogether, after having been half and half for the last three months. We even began to begrudge him his life. Congress had already done that, and put him on civilised "reserves." "He's a dooced sight too well off," remarked an honourable candidate for the legislature, as he carefully trimmed an inch-square chew of tobacco. "Happy! I guess he's as happy as a——" What simile he would have compared the felicity of a Digger Indian to, I know not, for just then a strange figure rode into camp. He was an Indian, mounted on a sorry nag, and, as to his garments, ragged and scanty. Though none of us could understand much of his language, yet this knight of the ragged poncho made himself very much at home, and, after giving a careless patronising nod all round, without being asked, finished the remains of our supper with the utmost suavity. He might be any age between fifteen and forty, for it was impossible to say from his appearance. He did not appear to be a native of the region, and, after some difficulty, he made us understand that he came from somewhere in the Humboldt country, in the direction of the great Salt Lake in Utah; and that he had fled from his tribe for some offence (in which the cutting of throats appeared to mingle). His enemies were on his track, and, seeing our trail, he had resolved to put himself under our protection; finally, he was going to remain with us. Now, though none of us had much objection to Indians murdering each other, yet we had no desire to be the Quixote of this ragged vagabond, or to embroil ourselves with his countrymen. We accordingly told him, in that grandiloquent tone supposed to be necessary when addressing the savage,* that we were going to a distant country, to a very distant country, to the setting of the sun. Whereupon we were assured that that was the *very* place he was in search of! In the morning he made himself so handy in getting up our horses (though we were every now and again troubled with a suspicion that in a fit of abstraction he might disappear during the night with our steeds, and leave us helpless in the desert), and begged so piteously to go to the "setting sun" with us, that ordinary humanity prevailed, and Sancho-Panza (as, with small regard to the plot of Cervantes, we dubbed him,) was soon recognised as a member of our party, sharing in all the honours and immunities, and doing full justice to the comestibles. Sancho so ingratiated himself that before long he became the possessor of a butcher's knife, a "hickory shirt," and an old blanket; and the first day's travel had not ended before he had paid my horse the flattering compliment of offering to swop with me. My companions were most of them Southern men, and had all a Southerner's love for the acquisition of a "nigger." They accordingly began to train Sancho in the way he should go, more especially in camp cookery. He was very willing to learn, but had great difficulty in comprehending that the frying-pan was not a spittoon, and that fat pork was not used in civilised communities to light the fire on wet mornings. One morning, after travelling about two miles on our way, he suddenly recollected that he had left his butcher's knife at the camp fire, and, lightening his horse of his blanket, rode back, telling us that he would overtake us very soon. We watched him riding over the sage-brush plain until a rising ground hid him from our sight. Slowly we jogged along, but still he never overtook us. We halted long at midday for him, and camped early; but this ragged rover of the desert we never saw again. There were men about that evening's camp fire who were not backward in hinting, amid sage winks, that Sancho had given us the slip with the little portable property he had acquired; but there were others who thought differently. Getting rather anxious about him, lest he might have missed our trail, we rode back;

* The famous New England governor spoke in *bad English*, so that his Indian audience might understand him the better!

every moment expecting him to turn up. But he did not. The moon was up, full and bright, and we spurred silently along, each man silent with his own thoughts. I noticed, however, that we all instinctively began looking to the capping of our revolvers, and of the Henry rifles slung across our saddle-bows. We soon reached the prairie we had left in the morning, and suddenly we drew up with a start. There, was his old white horse grazing about, and, as we galloped down the slope not one hundred yards from our camp, we saw a sorry sight. There lay the body of poor Sancho, dead, and pierced with three flint-pointed arrows. We dismounted, and, rifle in hand, gazed around, but no sign of human being was to be seen, though doubtless keen eyes were glaring at us from some bush not far afield. The avengers of blood had been tracking him day after day, but had feared to attack him, seeing him in the company of our rifles. Day after day they had followed him, unseen by us, but watching his every movement, and knowing well that they would get him separated from us at last.

I could never understand why they had not taken the arrows out of his body, or why he had not been scalped. Probably they had been alarmed in their work, and had fled. He was *only an Indian*, and among the hard men who stood about his dead body, there were few who valued the life of any member of his race at more than a charge of powder. Still we felt sorry as we gathered some stones and brushwood to heap over him. There was no mockery of burial, or any more solemn proceeding than pulling the arrows out of his body (I have them over my chimney-piece now) and riding on our way. Civilisation treads fast on the heels of barbarism here. In another two days we were dancing at a ball in a frontier town, and next day were "interviewed" by the editor of the Grizzly Camp Picayune and Flag; whose only comment on the story was, "And sarved the critter right, sir!"

PARISIAN FENCING.

A DISTINGUISHED member of the French Academy asserts that fencing, like conversation, is a national art with his countrymen. To cross swords, he says, is to converse; is it not parrying and thrusting, attacking, above all, *hitting*, if one can? And in this game the tongue is the hard-pushing rival of the foil. In these days duelling seems to be once more rising into a fashion across the Channel; only the fashion has been transferred to a class very different from that of which those gallants were members, who were wont to cross rapiers in the Bois de Vincennes and the Luxembourg gardens several centuries ago. Lord Lytton tells us that "the pen is mightier than the sword;" and it is certain that in the days of Richelieu duelling was for cavaliers, and not for journalists. Now, we observe that it is the knights of the pen who are most prone to throw it up for the sword. The French editor is sceptical of the superiority of pen over sword, and it is, in these days, quite as necessary that he should be proficient in "the noble art of self-defence," as in the proper use of verbs and nouns, and in the science of hitting hard on paper. Possibly the necessity of sword-learning is the more pressing of the two, for while a slip of the pen may be remedied, a slip of the sword may not unlikely be irremediable. It is certain that the sword is, and always has been, the favourite weapon of the French gentleman; there was an evident vanity in the wearing of it in the old days, and the giving it up as a personal ornament must be one of the gravest indictments of the ancienne noblesse against the revolution. So it is that fencing-masters flourish, and become artists, and are the companions of aristocrats, and that fencing schools are institutions as inseparable from Paris as incendiary editorials and revengeful journalists. The French are less bloodthirsty than their trans-Pyreneean neighbours; it is not a sine quâ non to kill their adversary; honour is satisfied with somewhat less. So the sword, which often avenges without bloodshed, which punishes, preserving life, by disarming, is a safe and proper weapon. You have only to wander into any French theatre to see how high is the estimation in which the sword, as a weapon, and fencing, as an art, are regarded. A French dramatist asks what would become of his profession without the sword duel? The pistol is only proper to the darkest and blackest tragedies, but the sword is in place everywhere. "A man wounded with a pistol," he argues, "is no longer good for anything. Wounded with a sword, he reappears in a few minutes, hand in waistcoat, trying to smile." And he concludes that the theatre would be nothing without these two indispensable auxiliaries — the sword, and love!

There are few places which would afford more amusement to the thinking foreigner,

who prefers to study men rather than stone, and qualities rather than peristyles, than the Paris fencing schools. Here you meet the men of fashion, the men of the boulevards, downy-lipped aspirants for army commissions, students from the Latin quarter, but above all, ambitious journalists. Access as a spectator is easily obtained, and you may go far and hunt a great deal before finding an exhibition which lets you so far into French characteristics. There are many fencing schools of all grades of fame, price, and accommodation. There are little rooms in darksome quarters where you may learn, after a fashion, for a trifling fee; and there are spacious, elegant saloons, kept by celebrated masters of the art, where the prices are relatively as high as are those of Victor Hugo for his novels, or of Gustave Doré for his illustrations. These saloons are decorated in a fashion appropriate to their use. They have suits of armour along the walls, elaborate collections of rapiers, swords, and sabres crossed athwart each other, pictures of tournaments, duels, and battles. But curious above all are the specimens of human nature which you see there. A fencing saloon is a little theatre where there are quite as many originals as in the best of Sardou's comedies. The maîtres d'armes, the awe of youthful beginners, and the admiration of the aptest of their scholars, betray in every look and motion their pride and conceit in their art, and seem to exhibit a sort of independence and bluffness arising from a consciousness that they can maintain their ground against all comers. They are the champion knights of the modern chivalry, and stride about their domain with much the same hauteur of physical prowess which the knights of old used to show. Still, their amour-propre is not unamiable; they are burly, gay, "good fellows and brave fellows," devoted heart and soul to their pupils, and especially proud of those who have pinked their man in the wood of Vincennes. They are loquacious, and if you happen to go in when half-a-dozen of the scholars are preparing for their lesson, you will hear the maître regaling them with wonderful stories, in which he is always the hero; never having, if you will believe him, been hit with rapier or foil. It is odd to watch the countenances of the pupils as they parry and thrust with monsieur the maître.

The best masters use the foils without buttons after the pupil has reached a certain stage of proficiency. Then it is that you may judge of the real quality and "grit" of the man. Pretending is out of the question when one has the naked foil in his hand. Hypocrisy abandons the coolest. The polite and polished man of the world dissolves before your eyes into the true man of nature, cool or rash, timid or bold, cunning or frank, sincere or subtle. The academician to whom I have referred, relates that one day he fenced with what he regarded as good results to himself. He tells us that he had a bout with a very extensive agent of wines and liqueurs, who, previous to the sport, had offered to furnish him with some excellent wine, which our academician had nearly accepted. The fencing over, the narrator went to the maître, and said to him, "I will buy no champagne of this gentleman." "Why?" "His wine must be adulterated; he denies that he was struck!" He applies the principle to prospective sons-in-law. "When a pretender to your daughter's hand presents himself, don't waste your time informing yourself of him, information of this sort being often unreliable; say simply to your future son-in-law, 'Will you have a bout?' At the end of a quarter of an hour you will know more of his character than after six weeks of investigation." The art of fencing, as it is in France, has its antagonistic schools, as well as the arts of painting and letters. Those who practise the art as it was practised half a century ago are called the "old school;" those who follow the system of the "reformers" of fencing, Roussel and Lozés, pride themselves on being the "new school." The admirers of the art imagine that they see in it a revival or reform analogous to that which took place at about the same period in music, painting, and literature. What Rossini and Meyerbeer were in opera, Hugo and St. Beuve in letters, and De la Roche and his contemporaries in painting, Roussel and Lozés were in fencing—founders of a new era. Fencing has had, says a French writer, "its romanticism and its contests of schools." The "old school" of fencing was in harmony with the old manners, the old order of society and régime. Elegance and grace were its requirements and characteristics. It was an ornamental and polite art. Did your life hang in the balance, you must not be awkward.

To be "pinked" was a slight offence compared to falling out of the line of harmony. A blunder was literally worse than death. The very language of the old fencing schools hinted their ideal to be classical and "academic." When one went to take lessons, he went to the "academy." A

fencer could not formerly run in attacking, nor draw back the hand in thrusting, nor stoop, nor bend over, nor engage body with body, nor "take a stroke in rest." That is, in the time of the "old school," it was in verity an art, having as its object the harmonious and elegant. The "new school" is a science, aiming rather to produce a practical effect than an artistic one. To hit is its great purpose. The means were all in all in the old; they are insignificant in the new. The new proposes a real combat rather than a gentlemanly exhibition, and even uncouthness is not tabooed. It permits lying down, putting the head behind the knee, thumping or pounding with the sword, taking aim at the belly, giving strokes beneath; it reduces the whole art to one sole quality—quickness. The "old school" is still professed by many distinguished amateurs of fencing, and still holds its own as the most aristocratic and "gentlemanly" method. The "new school" is resorted to by "young France," and by the journalistic duellist, who usually either means, or would have it appear that he means, serious business. Between the two schools is a third, which aims at a compromise, and at uniting the excellences of both. Of this school, the most renowned of living French fencing masters, Bertrand, was the inventor. He introduced a system of fencing at once regular and rapid, elegant and effective.

All the Paris fencing schools are divided between these three systems. Bertrand, twenty years ago, was facile princeps as maître d'armes, and was perhaps the best fencer whom France has produced within the century. Having now grown too old to conduct a public school, and having long since acquired a substantial income, he has retired from the more active business of his art; but he still retains all his old enthusiasm for it, is professor of arms at the Ecole Polytechnique and at the Collége Rollin, and still has a few pupils in town, among his older friends. He is the Nestor of fencing masters, and at his house in the Route d'Orleans take place choice reunions of amateurs, in which the maître himself does not disdain to have a bout with the more skilful of his guests. The most noted of the present generation of maîtres d'armes are Robert, Pons, Mimiague, and Gâtechair. Of these, Robert is the successor of Bertrand as the illustrator of the method of elegance and rapidity; Gâtechair represents the old school, being showily punctilious, and rigid in rule; Mimiague and Pons represent the new school, being perhaps more rapid and dexterous than their rivals, and having little regard for the graces: Robert, however, probably holds the highest place.

Some of the fencing halls are very select; that of Pons is a sort of club, to which no man can belong without the assent of a committee. There is another club in the Rue de Choiseul, presided over by Robert, who has more than a hundred scholars. This club is supplied with every luxury and comfort, and its reunions are famous.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A Yachting Story.

CHAPTER XXI. A FATAL MEETING.

He was full of news. First, the perfect recovery of Miss Panton, who was now bright, sparkling, full of spirits, and happy.

"We all know the physician," he added, significantly, "and I am glad of it now, though I was opposed to it before. I own I thought he was a trifler and philanderer, but now we all see he was in earnest."

"A most proper match," said the doctor, eagerly. "I had Lord Formanton here in this room. Perfect nobleman."

"We won't see the future bridegroom at dinner to-day, though. Conway has got a telegram from home, and the yacht, they say, will sail this very evening." She did not start at this news, as Dudley seemed to expect, though it made her blood run swiftly. "They are going away," he went on, "soon, and I suppose will all meet in London."

"Most proper—most proper," said the doctor. "St. George's, Hanover-square: the right thing, of course."

"Then I have a piece of news that will not please Miss Bailey. That unlucky bridge is down at last, and actually sold into the next county. So ends the great bridge question, and when we look back on all the warmth and excitement, how absurd it seems!—all about an iron bridge. So I said to Miss Panton this morning, but she pointed to the pieces, and said: 'Another victory for me!'"

"Let her take care," said Jessica; "acts of oppression like this cry aloud for judgment, which is sure to come."

"What, pulling down an old bridge?" said Dudley.

"Is the girl mad or a fool?" said the doctor, roughly.

"Oh!" said Dudley, slowly, "Miss Bailey

has reason, good reason, for all this heat. If she were candid enough she would own it."

"But I warn her," said Jessica; "and as you are her friend and champion, I ask you to warn her. I wish her no ill, as I stand here, though this and other steps have been taken to injure me. Take care she be not reckoned with in time, for all her wealth."

Dudley's face was contorted with rage. "Threats to that angel! Upon my word here is an esprit fort. Threaten her because she has been successful in getting wealth and honour, and the liking and love of friends?"

"You judge these things according to your nature," said Jessica, calmly, and rising to go away. "I utter no threats, though I understand the insinuation. Let her reckon with her own conscience for all her treatment of me, beginning so long ago. Only I again warn her, she whose life is so precarious, these things are not allowed to go on without punishment."

"How noble, how generous!" said Dudley, bitterly. "We understand your insinuation, Miss Bailey. But the Almighty does not give us all strong chests and iron blood-vessels."

She did not answer him, but left the room. A version of that scene was over the town before evening; how Miss Bailey had publicly defied her rival through Mr. Dudley, and warned her that she would be punished. Before evening, too, that defiance had reached that very rival.

Jessica was left to think upon this strange news. So Conway was going away, and the familiar image of the pretty yacht, to which the place had grown so accustomed, would be seen no more. Well, indeed, might the doctor utter his unmeant self-benediction, "God bless me!"

This, indeed, would be a relief; it would bring a term, an end to the act, as it were. Once he was gone, *something* would be over; it was like the criminal longing for the day of execution. She herself could not go till *he* had gone; then she would go, rush out on the world. She dared not think that he would come to say good-bye. Even if he did, she felt she could not see him; but still for him not to make the attempt seemed almost too stoical. But the miserable day wore on and he never came. About three a sailor arrived with a letter.

I am summoned away suddenly. All has been arranged at Panton; and I shall go through it all, as you would expect me to do, with honour and loyalty. We must not look back—at least I dare not. . . . . Yet remember how solemnly I am bound to you and you to me. From that there can be no escape. Much may happen between; one of the thousand and one chances of the world may turn up. . . . . I have told her bluntly—and I should have loathed myself if I had not—how I had been forced so suddenly into this match. She only thinks me the more noble for the confession. Yet still be patient. I have a strange instinct that something must interpose between me and this unworthy, this sinful holocaust. I have been weak, foolish, and culpable; but do not deserve such a fate. Neither have *you* deserved it. I owe you the amende of a life; and as this cannot be paid, I shall find some way. Only wait and hope: wait and hope, at least, until this day two months hence. This is the last letter I may write to you. Dearest, injured Jessica, good-bye.

Often and often she read these words over as the day wore on, and evening approached, and the doctor, in full tenue, drove away to his dinner at the castle. At her window, removed from that blustering influence, she could see the little port below, and a strange fascination made her fasten her eyes upon the yacht lying peacefully there, ill-fated barque, that had brought her such misery and yet such happiness. Even as she watched she saw signs that foreshadowed departure—sails half drooped, ready to spring into position at a word, boats passing to and fro, and rowing round. He was going, sailing away, having accomplished his double work. He had conquered both, and *she*, that other, had conquered her. As she watched, the idea sent a chill to her very heart. As long as that elegant craft reposed there—the first thing she saw in the morning—though all was ended, it still was a symbol, a sign that he was there still. But after this day, that vacant space and lonely harbour. She was, indeed, anxious that she herself was gone, gone out on the world. She had long made her little plan. She had some money in her own right, and there was a good aunt, or elderly cousin—it matters not much which—who was kind and sympathetic, though she was dull and old-fashioned enough, with whom she could live.

She watched until she felt herself oppressed with fluttering anxiety, and then a

strange feeling took possession of her to go out, breathe the air, and wander up some private way, and look at that house which held her rival. The suspense was intolerable. Most probably *he* was up there, exchanging some last good-bye. Bitter, and even despairing, thoughts came on her, of how short-lived, after all, are the most intense dramatic feelings: sure to give way, in a short time, before the prose workings of life.

CHAPTER XXII. VICTORY AND DEATH.

It was a quiet evening, very still, and the sun, setting, was leaving great fiery welts and streaks across the sky. The videttes and stragglers of the gaunt firs sprawled their arms against this brilliant background in a very animating fashion. The town was deserted, there being a little fair going on outside St. Arthur's.

Jessica wandered off nearly a mile away to the hill-side, across the river, where lay the castle peeping through the thick planting, the throne, as it were, upon which her cruel and victorious enemy sat. All the country round, the trees, the falling valleys, and gentle hills, the very spot on which she stood, was Laura's; even that noble river, Heaven's free gift to man, she had tried to grasp *that*, and it was actually hers; the fishing, the banks, all that was worth having; only the bare fiction of a legal theory gave the public the use of the water. This thought made her lip curl. "A poor insignificant child, no soul, no wit, or intellect, to be thus endowed; and for a whim, no more, pursue vindictively one who was her superior in everything!" It was hard, too, she was thinking as she sat down on a rustic bench, how these blows came, as it were, in a series. Who could help being stunned? Here she was on the eve of leaving her home, and of going out on the world, having lost beside what might have been her life and happiness. There might have been some interval, surely, something to break the stroke, but such is the cruel dispensation of this life.

Afar off she saw the long windows of the castle all ablaze with soft light, across which shadows flitted occasionally. It must have been one of the "state banquets," in which Mrs. Silvertop revelled, got up to celebrate the grand "conquest" of the daughter of the house, and defeat of the aspiring parson's daughter. "Yes," she said, bitterly, "they will have sent round word to the regular toadies and jackals of the parish, who will sing in chorus down the table, 'so suitable, so nice, so charming.'" It was a bitter cruel defeat and mortification. But wealth in this world must always win. If she had been tricky, or tried finesse, how easily she could have worsted that poor, contemptible, spoiled child! She had been too scrupulous, and had wrecked her whole life. The other was to be happy, while *she* was to be an outcast. She should be punished—punishment here would be only justice. And it was no harm to pray that it may overtake her for the many wrongs she had done to her.

She walked straight to the bank and found all gone, even the stone piers cleared away, the walks filled up; then turned away hastily. It seemed the emblem of a victory, victory after a long and weary struggle, in which she had carried off so much of the spoil. The sight filled her with grief and anger.

Some minutes passed, when, looking towards the sea, she could make out the mainsail flashing up the mast, and the foresail spreading—signs to her that the sailing was at hand. He was on board, and her heart sank; with this she felt the dear dream was to end, the lights to go out, and she to begin to bear about within her a chilled heart. She turned her eyes away, almost hoping that when next she looked it might be gone. They rested, then, on the castle, where the other sat in triumph.

She was standing sheltered behind a clump of trees, and was so absorbed that she did not hear a light step and rustle. Looking round, she started at seeing a face eagerly looking out and watching the yacht, utterly unconscious that any one was near. This apparition almost stopped the current of her blood. Yet surely this was too hard, too much of a triumph!

Miss Panton was only a few feet away from her, and never stirred. The excitement, and her love, made her look almost beautiful. She was in her dinner dress, a light opera cloak wrapped about her, with flowers in her hair. There was something strange about this apparition among the trees and real flowers, and any looker-on might have fancied that now the Bridge of Sighs was gone, she must have fluttered in some ghostly way across that river.

The eager face was lit up with joy and excitement. She seemed to strain upwards so as to make herself conspicuous to the craft, now so lazily lifting its wings. Next she was waving a handkerchief, and

Jessica started as she heard her say aloud and with delight:

"He sees me! My own *darling!*"

So she watched, and so did the other watch, until the vessel had glided slowly out to sea. Then Laura turned and gave a start of surprise that seemed like one of terror, as she saw Jessica standing before her. There was a silence.

"What have you come here for?" she said, at last. "Was it to see *that?*" And she pointed. "Well, there he sails away! All your watching will never bring him back to you."

Her cheek was pale, her chest panting, and her excitement seemed to grow as she spoke.

"I did you no harm," answered Jessica, slowly, and with a curious bitterness and disdain, "and never meant to do so. You seem to exult that you have striven to separate, to *bribe* from me the only one that I liked, and that liked me!"

The other did not answer for a moment.

"Well, there he sails," said Miss Panton, "bound to me for ever, to return in three weeks to fulfil his engagement. It seems sudden, does it not? but he has told me fairly and nobly that he will strive hard to love and worship me as I deserve. This is the end of your hatred and your plots against me!"

"Yes; you are entitled to some exertion on his side," the other answered, her father's colour rushing to her cheeks. "All this place, those lands, and estates, and that fine castle entitles you to *that*, of right. He told me he would carry out his contract honourably. But with all your lands and castles, I tell you, you have purchased him cheaply!"

Flashes of scarlet came into that pale face, and seemed to flow over her throat. Her lips trembled with nervous anger. "You dare to speak to me in this way—you and your scheming father, whose plots we have detected and seen through! And from whom he escaped. Thank Heaven! his eyes were opened, and by me! I own it. So you persuade yourself that he is forced into this—has sold himself. I wish I had ten times as much to give him." She was growing more and more excited every moment. Jessica lost all restraint. "But did he tell you why he was forced into this step—to give the one he loved up? That it was a *sacrifice* to save his father and family. You know it, and cannot deny it. It is your money that will set the family all straight."

The other was turning as pale as she had been crimson before.

"And after that there is more. What if he had offered to make a solemn oath—which he would fulfil if the opportunity came? But which," she added with scorn, "at this instant I release him from. If ever he was free again, and came to me on his knees with that amende, I would not accept it!"

"What is this—what oath? What do you mean? How dare you!" said the other, faintly.

Jessica turned away with triumph. "I have made her feel at last," she thought. "Nothing," she resumed aloud. "You have forced me to say more than I intended. Go your way, and let us never meet, or see each other more."

She received no answer save a faint cry, and looking round saw Miss Panton sinking on a bench, her hand to her side, her handkerchief to her mouth. "Run, and quickly! Help—to the—house!" she gasped faintly. The handkerchief fell from her mouth as she spoke, and Jessica saw with horror there was a streak of blood upon it. "Quick," said the other more faintly. "Cross! cross over. Oh, I shall die!—die here! The boat!——"

Terror-stricken, and scarcely knowing what she did, she turned and rushed toward the river bank, as if to cross by the old familiar bridge. This was but an instinct; and she recollected with a pang that there could be now no means of getting across. What was she to do? Ah, the bridge was gone! There was the castle, the merry diners, the doctor himself among them, appearing only a few hundred yards or so away—in reality more than a mile off. In a sort of agony of despair she tossed her arms wildly to attract the attention of some one at the windows, and then as wildly started off like a deer along the banks of the river. She was so bewildered and horror-stricken, that she had no space to reflect, or think of a plan. The shortest way was the little path along the bank under the trees. She seemed pursued by all the furies of indecision and desperation; for she could only think of that fatal stain on the handkerchief, and that the unhappy girl must die before aid could come—then hurry on, angry with herself for losing precious moments.

With an indefinable terror over her, and ready to sink with agony and fatigue, she at last reached the high road, where the broad three-arch county bridge crossed the river,

and on the other side of which was the great gateway of Panton Castle. She was so exhausted, she had to stop and lean for rest upon the parapet. The sun had already set; there were but a few red embers in the west. Desperately struggling to regain strength for fresh exertion, two minutes more would bring her to the lodge, when, looking up the river, she saw a boat coming out from the bank on the side she had left. She rubbed her eyes. A man rowing, and a white figure lying in the stern. Thank Heaven! It was like a miracle. Some one, no doubt, passing by on the other side, had caught a glimpse of the hapless girl. A few strokes brought them across, and the man was seen to take out the white figure, and carry it up the bank like a child.

With this relief, the half guilty feeling that had oppressed her seemed to pass away, and the sense of old wrongs to return. She remembered, then, that this was a sort of habitual attack to which the girl was subject. Was it not a terrible judgment on that unworthy and unchristian triumph and exultation?

It was now the grey time of the evening: everything was inexpressibly calm. Calm herself now, after the long suspense, the doubt as to what she should do to learn news worked itself up at last to be almost unendurable. She wished at times to set forth up to the castle, and ask what the end was; but an undefined terror, a shadow that took only an indistinct shape, seemed to be cast in her way. As she thought and thought, stray scraps of darkness seemed to gather and gather—recollections of what she had said and done—and take more alarming and firmer shape. She thought she had best wait her father's return. An hour of agony went by. She heard carriage wheels, and rushed out on the top of the stairs. There came no accustomed stamping or vociferating, but his voice low and tremulous. "This is an awful thing to happen!" Then she knew that sentence of death had gone, and that her enemy of the old school days would trouble her and the world no more.

That coarse, selfish soul of the doctor's had received a real, overwhelming shock, and he sat there in his chair talking almost incoherently. "Where are we? What does it mean? Oh, Jessica, I saw the poor, poor thing brought in, and laid down, and the—the blood pouring out. It was he—*he* did it. Oh, how cruel!"

"He! Who, who?" said Jessica, frantically.

"Conway. She left us after dinner to make signals to his vessel. Her poor tender soul was wrapped up in him. The agitation was too much for her. She might have lain there nearly half an hour—and no one with her. Her foot caught in the grass, and her forehead all cut with the fall. Heavens, what a life it is!"

Lain there half an hour. Why did not Jessica say *then* how she had flown for aid, but a strange indecision sealed her lips. *He* could not understand; and then, full of grief and pity for the miserable girl, she felt she had done no wrong, and disdained to expose herself to the talk of the miserable gossips of the place, and to the unscrupulous enmity of Dudley, when there was no necessity.

Well, indeed, might Conway have named that fatal bridge the Bridge of Sighs. It seemed like Nemesis. The yacht, bending to the breeze, as if in an impetuous gallop, sped on her course, her owner thinking wearily of his new and splendid bondage, and little thinking that he was now free.

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER V. PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

AT the Crown Inn in Shipley Magna there was intense excitement. Nothing like it had been known there within the memory of man: for, although the house boasted a tradition that a royal and gallant son of England had once passed a night beneath its roof, no one living in the old inn at the period of our story could remember that glorious occasion. Now there occupied the best rooms a foreign prince and princess! And there was the princess's maid, and the prince's valet, who were extremely superior, and troublesome, and discontented. And there had arrived a pair of horses, and a gorgeous carriage, and a London coachman, who was not quite so discontented as the maid and the valet, but fully as imposing and aristocratic in his own line. And as if these circumstances were not sufficiently interesting and stirring, there was added to them the crowning fact that the "princess" was a Daneshire lady, born and bred in the neighbourhood, and that the scandal of her elopement—and she a clergyman's daughter!—was yet fresh and green in the chronicles of Shipley Magna. What had they come for? The hunting season was over; and the hunting was the only rational and legitimate reason why a stranger should ever come to Shipley Magna at all. At least, so opined the united conclaves of stable-yard and kitchen who sat in permanent judgment on the actions of their social superiors.

"Mayhap she have come to see her father," hazarded an apple-cheeked young scullery-maid, timidly. But this suggestion was scouted as highly improbable. Father, indeed! What did such as her care for fathers? She wouldn't ha' gone off and left him the way she did if so be she'd ha' had much feeling for her father. She'd a pretty good cheek to come back there at all after the way she'd disgraced herself. And this here prince—if so be he *were* a prince—must feel pretty uncomfortable when he thought about it. But to be sure he was a I-talian, and so, much in the way of moral indignation couldn't be expected from him. And then, you know, *her* mother was a foreigner. Certainly Mrs. Levincourt had never done nothing amiss, so far as the united conclaves could tell. But, you see, *it come out in the daughter.* Once a foreigner always a foreigner, you might depend upon that!

Nevertheless, in spite of the opinion of that critical and fallible pit audience that contemplates the performance of the more or less gilt heroes and heroines who strut and fret their hour on the stage of high life, a messenger was despatched in a fly to Shipley-in-the-Wold, on the first morning after the arrival of the Prince and Princess de' Barletti, and the messenger was the bearer of a note addressed to the Reverend Charles Levincourt, Shipley Vicarage. The motives which had induced Veronica to revisit Daneshire were not entirely clear to herself. It was a caprice, she said. And then she supposed that she ought to try to see her father. Unless she made the first advance, he probably would never see her more. Well, she would make the advance. That she felt the advance easier to make from her present vantage-ground of prosperity she did not utter aloud.

Then there was in Veronica's heart an

unappeased longing to dazzle, to surprise, to overwhelm her old acquaintances with her new grandeur. She even had a secret hope that such county magnates as Lady Alicia Renwick would receive her with the consideration due to a Princess de' Barletti. Lastly in the catalogue of motives for her visit to Shipley Magna must be set down a desire for any change that promised excitement. She had been married to Cesare five days, and was bored to death. As to Prince Cesare, he was willing to go wheresoever Veronica thought it good to go. He would fain have entered into some of the gaieties of the London season that was just beginning, and have recompensed himself for his enforced dulness during the first weary weeks of his stay in England. But he yielded readily to his bride's desire; and, besides, he really had a strong feeling that it would be but decent and becoming on her part to present herself to her father.

Veronica, Princess Cesare de' Barletti, was lying at full length on a broad squab sofa in the best sitting-room that the Crown could boast. Her husband sat opposite to her, half buried in an easy chair, whence he rose occasionally to look out of the window, or to play with a small Spitz dog that lay curled up on a cushion on the broad window-sill. Veronica gave a quick, impatient sigh, and turned uneasily.

"Anima mia," said Cesare. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing! Faugh! How stuffy the room is!"

"Shall I open the window?"

"Nonsense! Open the window with an east wind blowing over the wolds right into the room? You don't know the Shipley climate as well as I do!"

"How delicious it must be at Naples now!" observed Cesare, wistfully.

"I hope I may never see Naples again! I hate it!"

"Oibò! Never see Naples again? You don't mean it!"

"What a time that man is gone to Shipley!"

"Is it far to your father's house?"

"I told you. Five English miles. It is no distance. I could have walked there and back in the time."

"It is a pity, cara mia, that you did not take my advice and go yourself. I should have been delighted to accompany you. It would have been more becoming towards your father."

"No, Cesare; it is not a pity. And you do not understand."

"I can, in truth, see no reason why a daughter should not pay her father the respect of going to him in person. Especially after such a long absence."

"I tell you, simpleton, that papa would rather himself have the option of coming here if he prefers it instead of my walking in to the vicarage unexpectedly, and causing a fuss and an esclandre, and—who knows," she added, more gloomily, "whether he will choose to see me at all?"

"See you at all! Why should he not? He—he will not be displeased at your marriage with me, will he?"

"N—no. I do not fancy he will be displeased at *that!*" returned Veronica, with a half-compassionate glance at her bridegroom. In truth Cesare was very far from having any idea of the service his name could do to Veronica. He was a poor devil; she a wealthy widow. Per Bacco! How many of his countrymen would jump at such an alliance! Not to mention that the lady was a young and beautiful woman with whom he was passionately in love!

"Very well then, mio tesoro adorato, then I maintain that it behoved *us* to go to your father. As to a fuss—why of course there would be some agreeable excitement in seeing you once more in your own home!" said Cesare, to whose imagination a "fuss" that involved no personal exertion on his own part was by no means a terrible prospect. After a moment's silence, broken only by the ill-tempered "yap" of the sleepy little Spitz dog, whose ears he was pulling, Cesare resumed: "What did you say to your father, Veronica mia? You would not let me see the note. I wished to have added a line expressive of my respect and desire to see him."

"That doesn't matter. You can say all your pretty speeches vivâ voce."

The truth was that Veronica would have been most unwilling that Cesare should see her letter to her father. It was couched in terms more like those of an enemy tired of hostilities, and willing to make peace, than such as would have befitted a penitent and affectionate daughter. But it was not ill calculated to produce the effect she desired on the vicar. She had kept well before him the facts of her princess-ship, of her wealth, and of the brilliant social position which (she was persuaded) was awaiting her. A prodigal son, who should have returned in rags and tatters, and been barked at by the house-dog, would have had a much worse chance with Mr. Levincourt than one who should have appeared in such guise as to

elicit the respectful bows of every lackey in his father's hall. People have widely different conceptions of what is disgraceful. Then, too, Veronica had clearly conveyed in her note that if her father would come to see her, he should be spared a "scene." No exigent demands should be made on his emotions. A combination of circumstances favoured the reception of her letter by the vicar. He was alone in his garden when the fly drove up to the gate. Maud was absent. There was not even a servant's eye upon him, under whose inspection he might have deemed it necessary to assume a rigour and indignation he had ceased to feel. There was the carriage waiting to take him back at once, if he would go. He felt that if he did not seize this opportunity, he might never see his daughter more. After scarcely a minute's hesitation, he opened the house door, called to Joanna that he was going to Shipley Magna, and stepped into the vehicle. It chanced, as the reader is aware, that his servants knew as well as he did, who it was that awaited him at Shipley Magna. Joe Dowsett had met his friend, the head ostler of the Crown Inn, at Sack's farm, that morning, and the arrival of the prince and princess had been fully discussed between them. But of this the vicar was in happy ignorance, as he was driven along the winding road across "the hills" to Shipley.

"Here is our messenger returned!" exclaimed Barletti, suddenly, as from his post at the window he perceived the fly jingling up the High-street. "It is he! I recognise the horse by his fatness. Sommi dei, is he fat, that animal! And I think I see some one inside the carriage. Yes—yes! It is, it must be your father!"

Veronica sprang from the sofa, and ran towards a door that led into the adjoining chamber.

"Stay, dearest; that is not the way!" cried Cesare. "Come, here is the door of the corridor; come, we will go down and meet him together."

But that had been by no means Veronica's intention. In the first agitation of learning her father's approach, she had started up with simply an instinctive, unreasoning impulse to run away. At Cesare's words she strove to command herself, and sank down again in a sitting posture on the sofa.

"No—no—no, Cesare," she said, in a low, breathless tone. "I—I was crazy to think of such a thing! It would never do to meet papa in the inn-yard before all those people. He would not like it. Stay with me, Cesare."

She took his hand in hers, and held it with an almost convulsively tight grasp. Thus they waited silently, hand in hand. Her emotion had infected Cesare, and he had turned quite pale. It was probably not more than three minutes from the moment of Cesare's first seeing the fly that they waited thus. But it seemed to Veronica as though a long period had elapsed between that moment and the opening of the sitting-room door.

"The vicar of Shipley," announced the prince's English valet, who condescended to act on occasion as groom of the chambers.

"Papa!"

"My dear child! My dear Veronica!"

It was over. The meeting looked forward to with such mingled feelings had taken place, almost without a tear being shed. The vicar's eyes were moistened a little. Veronica did not cry, but she was as pale as the false colour on her cheeks would let her be, and she trembled, and her heart beat fast; but she alone knew this, and she strove to hide it. She had put her arms round her father's neck and kissed him. And he had held her for a moment in his embrace. Then they sat down side by side on the sofa. And then they perceived, for the first time, that Prince Cesare de' Barletti, who had retired to the window, was crying in a quite unconcealed manner, and noisily using a large white pocket-handkerchief which filled the whole room with an odour as of a perfumer's shop.

"Cesare," called Veronica, "come hither. Let me present you to my father."

Cesare wiped his eyes; put the odoriferous handkerchief into his pocket, and advanced with extended hands to the vicar. He would have embraced him, but he conceived that that would have been a solecism in English manners; and Cesare flattered himself that although his knowledge of the language was as yet imperfect, he had very happily acquired the outward bearing of an Englishman.

"It is a moment I have long desired," said he, shaking the vicar's right hand between both his. "The father of my beloved wife may be assured of my truest respect and affection."

There was a real charm and grace in the way in which Cesare said these words. It was entirely free from awkwardness or constraint; and uttered in his native Italian, the words themselves appeared thoroughly simple and natural.

Mr. Levincourt was favourably impressed by his son-in-law at once. He warmly returned the grasp of Cesare's hand; and said to his daughter, "Tell Prince Barletti that although my Italian has grown rusty on my tongue, I fully understand what he says, and thank him for it."

"Oh, Cesare speaks a little English," returned Veronica, smiling. She was growing more at her ease every moment. The reaction from her brief trepidation and depression sent her spirits up rapidly. She recovered herself sufficiently to observe her father's face closely, and to think, "Papa is really a very handsome man still. I wonder if Cesare expected to see a person of such distinguished appearance." Then in the next instant she noticed that the vicar's dress was decidedly less careful than of yore; and she perceived in his bearing—in the negligence of his attitude—some traces of that subtle, general deterioration which it had so pained Maud to discover. But she was seeing him under a better aspect than any Maud had yet witnessed since her return to Shipley. The vicar was not so far changed from his former self as to be indifferent to the impression he was making on Prince Barletti. They all three sat and talked much as they might have done had Veronica parted from her father to go on a wedding tour with her bridegroom, and was meeting him for the first time after a happy honeymoon. They sat and talked almost as though such a being as Sir John Gale had never crossed the threshold of Shipley vicarage. In Cesare, this came about naturally enough. But Veronica, despite her languid princess air, was ceaselessly on the watch to turn his indiscreet tongue from dangerous topics.

And so things went on with delightful smoothness. The vicar, being pressed, consented to remain and dine with his daughter and son-in-law, and to be driven home by them in the evening. Downstairs the united conclaves were greatly interested in this new act of the drama, and criticised the performers in it with considerable vivacity.

CHAPTER VI. HOME, SWEET HOME!

"And how long do you purpose remaining here?" asked the vicar, addressing his son-in-law, as they sat at table. "I presume this is merely on the way to some other place. Do you go northward? It is too early for the Lakes, and still more so for the Highlands."

Cesare looked at his wife.

"Well, how long we remain will depend on several things," answered Veronica. "We were not en route for any special destination. I did not know that Shipley Magna *could* be en route for any place. No; we came down here to see you, papa."

"Yet you have had a carriage sent down, you say?"

"Ah, yes; an' 'orses," put in Cesare, "I-a, want-a, to guide-a."

"Don't be alarmed, papa. Cesare is not going to drive us this evening. We have a pretty good coachman, I believe."

"Then you *had* some intention of making a stay here?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. But really I don't think I ever have what you would call an intention. That suggests such a vigorous operation of the mind. We shall stay if it suits us. If not—not; don't you know?"

Veronica uttered these words with the most exaggerated assumption of languid fine-ladyism. The time had been when such an affectation on her part would not have escaped some caustic reproof from the vicar's tongue. As it was, he merely looked at her in silence. Cesare followed his glance, and shook his head compassionately. "Ah," said he, in his own language, "she is not strong, our dearest Veronica. She has certain moments so languid, so depressed."

The vicar was for a second uncertain whether Barletti spoke ironically or in good faith. But there was no mistaking the simplicity of his face.

"Is she not strong?" said the vicar. "She used to be very healthy."

"Oh, I am quite well, papa. Only I get *so* tired," drawled out the princess.

Her father looked at her again more attentively. Her skin was so artificially coloured that there was small indication of the real state of her health to be drawn from that. But the dark rings round her eyes were natural. Her figure had not grown thinner, but her hands seemed wasted, and there was a slight puffy fullness about her cheeks and jaw.

"She does *not* look very strong," said the vicar, "and—I have observed that she eats nothing."

"No! Is it not true? I have told her so, have I not, mia cara? You are right, Signor Vicario; she eats nothing. More champagne? Don't take it. Who knows what stuff it is made of?"

"Cesare, I beg you will not be absurd," returned Veronica, with a frown, and an

angry flash of her eyes. "It keeps me up. I require stimulants. Don't you remember the doctor said I required stimulants?"

"Apropos of doctors," said the vicar, with an amused smile, "you have not asked after little Plew."

"Oh, poor little Plew! What is he doing?" asked Veronica. She had subsided again into her nonchalant air, temporarily interrupted by the flash of temper, and asked after Mr. Plew with the tolerant condescension of a superior being.

"What-a is Ploo?" demanded the prince.

The vicar explained. And, being cheered by a good dinner and a glass of very fair sherry (he had prudently eschewed the Crown champagne) into something as near jollity as he ever approached, for the vicar was a man who could smile, but rarely laughed, he treated them to a burlesque account of Miss Turtle's passion.

"How immensely comic!" said Veronica, slowly. She had reached such a point of princess-ship that she could barely take the trouble to part her red lips in a smile at the expense of these lower creatures. Nevertheless there was in her heart a movement of very vulgar and plebeian jealousy. Jealousy! Jealousy of Mr. Plew? Jealousy of power; jealousy of admiration; jealousy of the hold she had over this man; jealousy, yes, jealousy of the possibility of the village surgeon comparing her to her disadvantage with any other woman, and giving to that other something that, with all his blind idolatry of old days, she felt he had *never* given to her—sincere and manly respect. She would not have him feel for any woman what an honest man feels for his honest wife.

"I suppose," she said, after a pause, "that poor little Plew will marry her."

"Oh, I suppose so," returned the vicar, carelessly. "It would do very well. Maud thinks he will not; but that's nonsense. Plew is not very enterprising or ardent, but if the lady will but persevere he'll yield: not a doubt of it!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Veronica, toying with her bracelet and looking as though she were ineffably weary of the whole subject. In that moment she was foreseeing a gleam of wished-for excitement in Shipley.

After dinner—which had been expressly ordered a couple of hours earlier than usual—they all drove along the winding turf-bordered road towards Shipley-in-the-Wold. It was a clear spring evening. The distant prospect melted away into faint blues and greys. A shower had hung bright drops on the budding hawthorn hedges. The air blew sweet and fresh across the rolling wold. Not one of the three persons who occupied Prince Cesare de' Barletti's handsome carriage was specially pervious to the influences of such a scene and hour. But they all, from whatsoever motive, kept silence for a time. Barletti enjoyed the smooth easy motion of the well-hung vehicle. But he thought the landscape around him very dull. And besides he was the victim of an unfulfilled ambition to mount up on the high box, and drive. He was speculating on the chances of Veronica's permitting him to do so as they drove back from the vicarage. But then even if she consented, what was to become of Dickinson, his man, who was seated beside the coachman? He could not be put into the carriage with his mistress, that was clear. To be sure the distance was not very great. He might—he might perhaps, walk back! But even as this bold idea passed through Cesare's mind, he dismissed it, as knowing it to appertain to the category of day-dreams. Dickinson was a very oppressive personage to his master. His gravity, severity, and machine-like imperturbability kept poor Cesare in subjection. Not that Cesare had not a sufficient strain of the grand seigneur in him to have asserted his own will and pleasure, with perfect disregard to the opinion of any servant of his own nation, but he relied on Dickinson to assist him in his endeavour to acquire the tone of English manners.

His first rebuff from Dickinson had been in the matter of a pair of drab gaiters which the prince had bought on his own responsibility. These he had put on to sally forth in at St. Leonard's, whither he had gone with his bride immediately on his marriage; and in conjunction with a tartan neck-cloth fastened by a gold fox's head with garnet eyes, they had given him, he flattered himself, the air of a distinguished member of the Jockey Club at the very least. Dickinson's disapproval of the gaiters was, however, so pronounced, that Cesare reluctantly abandoned them. And from that hour his valet's iron rule over his wardrobe was established.

On these and such-like weighty matters was Prince Barletti pondering as he rolled along in his carriage. Veronica leaned back in an elaborately easy attitude, and while apparently steeped in elegant languor, was keeping a sharp look-out in case her secret

desire of meeting some old acquaintance on the road should chance to be fulfilled. The vicar was busy with his own private thoughts and speculations. The road was quite deserted until they neared the village of Shipley. Then the noise of the passing carriage attracted one or two faces to the cottage windows, and a dog or two barked violently at the heels of the horses. Such of the denizens of Shipley as saw Prince Barletti's equipage stared at it until it was out of sight. It was all so bright and showy, and brand new. Very different from the solid, well-preserved vehicles in which most of the neighbouring gentry were seen to drive about the country. There was a great blazon of arms on the shining panels. The coachman's livery was of outlandish gorgeousness, and the harness glittered with silver. A vivid recollection darted into Veronica's mind as the carriage dashed through the village street, of that moonlit night when the jingling old fly from the Crown Inn, which she and her father occupied, had drawn aside to let Dr. Begbie's carriage pass, as they drove home from the dinner party at Lowater House.

"Who is that respectable signora?" asked Cesare of his wife, at the same time raising his hat and executing a bow with much suavity.

"Eh? Where? What respectable signora?"

"There—that rotund, blooming English matron. What a freshness on her cheeks!"

It was Mrs. Meggitt to whom Barletti alluded. The worthy woman's cheeks were indeed all a-glow with excitement. She stood by the wayside, nodding and smiling to the vicar, who slightly — one might almost say furtively—returned her salute. From behind the ample shelter of Mrs. Meggitt's shoulder appeared the pale, pinched countenance of Miss Turtle. Her eyes saw nothing but Veronica. Their wide, steady stare took in every detail of the beauty's rich garments: the delicate, costly little bonnet sitting so lightly on a complicated mass of jetty coils and plaits; the gleam of a chain around her neck; the perfection of her grey gloves; the low, elaborate waves of hair on her forehead; and be sure that Miss Turtle did not fail to observe that the princess was painted!

"Cesare! Per carità! What are you doing? Pray, be quiet!" exclaimed Veronica, quickly, as she saw her lord about to pull off his hat once more.

"Ma come? Cosa c'è? Why may I not bow to the respectable matron?"

"Nonsense; be quiet! She is a farmer's wife. And I must say, I never saw a more presumptuous manner of saluting her clergyman. What has come to the woman, papa? She is nodding and grinning like a ridiculous old china image!"

"She did not nod and grin at *you*, Veronica," returned the vicar, with unexpected heat, and in a flurried, quick way. "I have a great liking and—and—respect—a great respect—for Mrs. Meggitt. I have received kindness and comfort from her and hers when I was deserted and alone. Yes, quite lonely and miserable. And let me tell you, that it would have done you no harm to return her salute. If you expect Shipley people to ko-too to you, you are mistaken. Your husband, who was to the manner born, understands how to play prince a great deal better than you have yet learned to act princess!"

Veronica was too genuinely surprised to utter a word. But silence was in keeping with the tone of disdainful nonchalance she had lately chosen to assume, and eked out by a slight raising of the brows, and a still slighter shrug of the shoulders, it was sufficiently expressive.

Cesare did not understand all that had passed between the father and daughter, and indeed had paid but slight attention to it, being occupied with gazing after Mrs. Meggitt. He was delighted with the good lady's appearance as approaching more nearly than anything he had yet seen, to his ideal of the colour, form, and size of a thorough-bred, average English-woman.

He had not got over his fit of admiration when the carriage arrived at the corner of Bassett's-lane, which, as the reader knows, was skirted on one side by the wall of the vicarage garden. The coachman pulled up his horses, and Dickinson, hat in hand, looked down into the carriage for orders.

"Which way is he to take, your 'Ighness?" demanded Dickinson.

Suddenly it rushed upon Veronica that she could not bear to be driven up Bassett's-lane to the back door of the garden. She had felt no emotion, or scarcely any, so far, on revisiting her old home. But the events of a certain February gloaming were so indissolubly associated in her memory with that one special spot that she shuddered to approach it. The whole scene was instantly present to her mind—the chill murky sky, the heap of flint stones, the carter holding the trembling

horse, and on the ground Joe Dowsett with that unconscious, scarlet-coated, mud-bespattered figure in his arms!

She sank back shivering into a corner of the carriage, and said in a voice little louder than a whisper, "Not that way, papa!" The vicar partly understood her feeling. But he could not understand why that spot, and that alone, out of all the numerous places and persons connected with the past, that she had hitherto seen, should so move her. She herself could not have told why; but it indubitably was so.

Cesare had marked her changing face and voice. He leaned forward, and took her hand. "Cara mia diletta," he murmured, "you are chill! This evening air is too sharp for you. I saw you shiver! Did not your maid put a shawl into the carriage? Let me wrap you more warmly."

Veronica accepted his assumption, and suffered herself to be enfolded in the shawl. The vicar meanwhile explained to Dickinson the road which the coachman must follow to approach the vicarage by the side of St. Gildas.

"You will see a specimen of our ancient church architecture," said Mr. Levincourt to his son-in-law in laboured and highly uncolloquial Italian.

Cesare professed himself much interested. But when his eyes lighted on the squat tower of the old church, and the bleak barren graveyard, he stared around him as though he had in some way missed the object he was bidden to look at, and as though *that* could not surely be the "specimen of ancient church architecture."

"Why, there is Maudie on the look-out for me," said the vicar. "How surprised she will be! And who is that with her? I declare it is—yes, positively it is Mr. Plew!"

GREAT EATERS.

The Wiltshire boors who lately had an eating match against time probably never heard about Hercules, Ulysses, or Milo; and therefore did not know that their achievement had been far outdone. The two sweet youths wagered with each other as to which would eat a given quantity in the shortest time. One got rid of six pounds and a half of rabbit, a loaf of bread, and two pounds of cheese, in a quarter of an hour; and he was so flattered with the applause of the bystanders, that he finished off with a beefsteak, a pint and a half of gin, and half a pint of brandy. So far good—or, rather, so far bad. Now, Mr. Badham, in his "Prose Halieutics," tells us that, "amongst immortal gluttons, Hercules the beef-eater was the chief; he would eat up the grilled carcase of a cow at a meal, with all the live coals attached to it. The edacity of Ulysses is competently attested in the Odyssey. Milo carried an ox round the stadium in his arms, and then with as little difficulty in his inside."

If it be alleged that these three ancient worthies never lived except in the pages of mythology, there is no difficulty in finding real mortals that will serve the purpose. Lucullus had a room in his house for every kind of supper each at a particular cost; and even his cheapest supper was worth a moderate fortune. Apicius killed himself when he had only eighty thousand pounds sterling left, fearing that he would die of starvation. One epicure had sauce for a pair of partridges prepared from two dozen; and twenty-five legs of mutton cut up to supply one choice plateful of special delicacy; and a dish prepared at endless cost from peacocks' brains.

Boehmer, a German writer, described somewhat fully the case of a man at Wittenberg, who, for a wager, would eat a whole sheep, or a whole pig, or a bushel of cherries including the stones. His strength of teeth and power of swallowing enabled him to masticate, or at least to munch into small fragments, glass, earthenware, and flints. He preferred birds, mice, and caterpillars; but when he could not get these delicacies, he put up with mineral substances. Once he devoured pen, ink, and sand-pounce, and seemed half inclined to deal in the same way with the inkstand itself. He made money by exhibiting his powers in this way until about sixty years of age, after which he lived nearly a score more years in a more rational way. Although a Latin treatise was published in elucidation of his marvellous powers, it may not be uncharitable to suppose that there was a little chicanery in the matter, as in the case of the fire-eaters with whom we are familiar at the fairs and in the streets, and who doubtless live upon more reasonable diet when not engaged in money-making exhibitions. A story is told of General Kœnigsmark, an officer engaged in one of the many wars waged in bygone times by Sweden against Poland and Bohemia, which illustrates both the

pig-eating attribute and the fear which such an achievement may possibly produce in the minds of others. A peasant came to the king of Sweden's tent, during the siege of Prague, and offered to devour a large hog for the amusement of his majesty. The general, standing by, said that the fellow ought to be burnt as a sorcerer. Nettled and irritated at this, the peasant exclaimed, "If your majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig," accompanying this offer with a vast expansion of mouth and jaws. Brave as he was in battle, Kœnigsmark could not stand this; he beat a hasty retreat from the tent, and hurried to his own quarters.

In the time of Charles the First, Taylor, the Water poet, gave an account of one Nicholas Wood, a Kentish man, who had a power of stowing away a marvellous quantity of food at a meal. He was credited with having, on one occasion, devoured a whole raw sheep; on another, three dozen pigeons; on a third, several rabbits; on a fourth, eighteen yards of black pudding; while on two other occasions the quantities set down were sixty pounds of cherries and three pecks of damsons. But it will be better to disbelieve these statements, and attend to the more moderate though still startling account given by Taylor, that "Two loynes of mutton and one loyne of veal were but as three sprats to him. Once, at Sir Warham St. Leger's house, he showed himself so violent of teeth and stomach that he ate as much as would have served thirty men, so that his belly was like to turn bankrupt and break, but that the servingman turned him to the fire, and anointed his paunch with grease and butter to make it stretch and hold; and afterwards, being laid in bed, he slept eight hours, and fasted all the while, which when the knight understood, he commanded him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long as he had lain bedrid with eating." In the time of George the First there was a man who, in a fit of religious enthusiasm, tried to maintain a Lenten fast of forty days and forty nights. Breaking down in this resolution after a few days, he took revenge on himself by becoming an enormous eater, devouring large quantities of raw flesh with much avidity. Somewhat over a century ago, a Polish soldier, presented to the court of Saxony as a marvel of voracity, one day ate twenty pounds of beef and half of a roasted calf. About the same time a youth of seventeen, apprentice to a Thames waterman, ate five pounds of shoulder of lamb and two quarts of green peas in fifty minutes. An achievement of about equal gluttony was that of a brewer's man, who, at an inn in Aldersgate-street, demolished a roast goose of six pounds weight, a quartern loaf, and three quarts of porter in an hour and eighteen minutes. Early in the reign of George the Third a watchmaker's apprentice, nineteen years of age, in three-quarters of an hour, devoured a leg of pork weighing six pounds, and a proportionate quantity of pease pudding, washing down these comestibles with a pint of brandy taken off in two draughts. A few years afterwards there was a beggar at Göttingen who on more than one occasion ate twelve pounds of meat at a meal. After his death, his stomach, which was very large, was found to contain numerous bits of flint and other odds and ends, which Nature very properly refused to recognise as food. In fact, setting aside altogether the real or alleged eating up of a whole sheep or hog, the instances are very numerous in which a joint sufficient for a large family has disappeared at a meal within the unworthy corpus of one man.

It is clearly evident that many of the records of voracious eating point to a morbid craving which the person suffers, and which is as much a disease as the opposite extreme—loss of appetite—while being still more difficult of cure. Medical men have at hand a stock of learned Greek names to apply to various manifestations of the disease. Dr. Copland describes a case which came under his professional notice. There were two children possessing insatiable appetites, of which the youngest, seven years old, was the worst. "The quantity of food devoured by her was astonishing. Everything that could be laid hold of, even in its raw state, was seized upon most greedily. Besides other articles, an uncooked rabbit, half a pound of candles, and some butter were taken at one time. The mother stated that this little girl, who was apparently in good health otherwise, took more food, if she could possibly obtain it, than the rest of her family, consisting of six besides herself."

As to fire-eaters, they have always been exhibitors rather than persons possessing a real liking for this peculiarly hot kind of food. There was one Powell, very eminent in this line of business towards the close of

the reign of George the Second. It used to be jocularly said of him, that "his common food is brimstone and fire, which he licks up as eagerly as a hungry peasant would a mess of pottage; and such is his passion for this terrible element, that if he were to come hungry into your kitchen while a sirloin was roasting, he would eat up the fire and leave the beef." Some of the former paragraphs in this article contain incidental notices of persons swallowing mineral substances of various kinds; and it appears that medical men recognise a disease called lithophagy, or stone-eating. Persons have been known to devour, not merely spiders and flies, toads and serpents, and other living creatures—not merely cotton, hair, paper, and wood but cinders, sand, earth, clay, chalk, flint, glass, stone, musket-bullets, and earthenware. One man could swallow billiard-balls and gold and silver watches. There is an accredited case in the medical journals of New York for 1822, of a man who could swallow clasp knives with impunity; but on one day he overshot the mark, by swallowing fourteen: it killed him. If we would go into the particulars of all these kinds of voracity, we should have to establish three grades—digesting without mastication; swallowing without digesting; and simply swallowing without either mastication or digestion. But everyone can trace this matter for himself. As to earth-eating, the young women of certain lands are said to eat chalk and clay, to improve their complexions.

Cases have been known in which the limitation to the quantity of food taken at once is brought about rather by the effects of fumes and vapours upon the brain than by an exhaustion of the deglutitory powers of the eater. One of those persons to whom a whole joint is a mere trifle was tempted to accept a wager to the effect that he could not take three shillings worth of bread and ale at a meal. The man who laid the wager provided twelve new hot penny loaves, and steeped them in several quarts of ale. The effect of the ale upon the hot crumb of the bread was such as to send off the glutton into a drowsy helplessness long before he had come to the end of his allotted task, and he was greatly mortified afterwards at having lost the wager.

If the propensity be really due to an abnormal condition of the system, a morbid craving which physiologists and physicians can trace to an organic source, the person is no more to blame than other patients suffering under maladies. But if he boasts of his achievements, and makes them the subject of bets, we can have no difficulty in settling the degree of reprobation due to him. About forty years ago there was an inscription on the window of a small roadside inn, between Peckham and Sydenham, recording such a boast; whether railways and other novelties have swept it away, we cannot tell, but Hone described it thus:

March 16, 1810,
Thomas Mount Jones dined here,
Eat six pounds of bacon, drank nineteen pots of beer.

It is nonsense, and a libel upon the four-footed races, to call such exhibitions of gluttony brutal or beastly; seeing that real brutes and beasts eat only when they are hungry, and leave off when they have had enough.

THE LAST OF THE CHIEFS.

This morning I received a letter from the distant shores of Vancouver Island. "All your Indian friends are dying off," it told me. "Last week old Tsosieten died." He was the last of the powerful coast chiefs, and this little piece of news has led me to call up many of my recollections of him, and of Tsohailum, his great rival. They were two of the most remarkable men ever seen on the North Pacific coast — pure savages; but, yet, their history has a touch of romantic interest about it. The fish-eating tribes who infest the North-West Coast and the salmon rivers flowing into the Pacific, are not a race fruitful in men of much intellect or force of character. Still, now and then some marked men rise up among them. Such a one was Leschi, who roused up the whole Indian tribes of Washington territory and Oregon to war against the whites in 1855. For two years they waged a warfare which nearly exterminated the Americans from the former country, though, to the honour of the English be it spoken, only one Hudson's Bay servant or officer was killed, and he by accident. Everywhere this extraordinary man passed among the Indian tribes, "like night from land to land," exciting them by telling them that the whites were driving them to a country where all was darkness, where the rivers flowed mud, and where the bite of a mosquito wounded like the stroke of a spear. Such was the force of his character that, in one day, the Indian tribes, over an immense extent of country, rose almost as

one man. Old Tsosieten was of another caste. His day of greatness was before the advent of the whites, and his warfare was wholly directed against the neighbouring aboriginal tribes. The hey-day of his grandeur was nearly past before I knew him, but in old times his prowess in war was sung along the coast for many a league, and still lives in the memory of the neighbouring tribes whose terror he was. His hereditary rank was only war chief of Taitka, but so steady was he in extending his conquests, that before long the whole coast paid tribute to him, and he really did not know his wealth in slaves and blankets. The Hudson's Bay Company — the only civilised power at that period—did not care to interfere with this powerful customer of theirs, and coast traders found it to their interest to ally themselves with him by espousing his handsome daughters. Like some other great men, Tsosieten was not deficient in vanity, and courted applause in a curious way. Sometimes he would buy slaves from distant tribes—the more distant the better—give them canoes and provisions, and send them off to their homes. Then, everybody would gather around them and eagerly ask, "Who bought you and set you free?" "Oh, Tsosieten bought me and set me free!" Then great was the name of Tsosieten. So wealthy and powerful did he get by-and-bye, that he sailed as far north as Sitka, in Russian-America, and bought a number of guns from the Imperial Fur Company, which he mounted on the bastions of a fort which he built on an island, in imitation of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts. Within this enclosure was the village of his own particular retainers; and here in piping times of peace he lived in state. Blind, helpless, and last of his name, he remained in his ruined fort, with only the recollection of his former greatness to console him.

"They all *call* themselves chiefs now-a-days," he said, bitterly, to me the last time I saw him. "*I* am the only chief!"

Tsosieten even in his own day had his rival among his people, and for long years the thought made his life bitter. This was Tsohailum, chief of Quamichan. Tsohailum was a slave's son. Gradually the boy distinguished himself, and was allowed to join Tsosieten's great war parties, where he did such doughty deeds, that on the death of the chief of Quamichan, the tribe elected him in his stead—the heir being but a sickly boy. Tsohailum was never seen to smile, and carried a huge knife in his breast day and night. So afraid was he of treachery that he never slept in the same part of his lodge two nights in succession, and would often get up and lie down in another part, afraid of the midnight assassin. He grew so powerful that when he wanted a wife he didn't go begging like common people, but sent an envoy, and he was rarely unsuccessful, for all men feared Tsohailum, and were anxious to get connected with him. If a refusal did come war was declared. Many stories are still told of his daring. Once when visiting some of his relations on the British Columbian shore, there was much talk of the bravery of his rivals, the Nuchaltaws, of whom he affected to speak lightly. His brothers-in-law rather sneered at him, until at last to show his daring he offered to cross with a single companion in a little canoe to the Nuchaltaw village in broad daylight, and bring back a head or die. The offer was accepted, and after paddling for half a day they approached the village. Nobody appeared about except two men on the beach, who ran to the lodge for arms, scared at the sight of strange warriors. Tsohailum followed and soon brought one down, and seizing his other musket he shot the other just at his lodge door. In a trice their heads were cut off, and Tsohailum back to his canoe, before the affrighted village could recover from its surprise. Shouting his dreaded name, he and his companion sprang to their paddles and shot out of sight. Pursuit was soon given, but in vain, and before night the daring pair regained their village in triumph.

On one occasion he went to attack the Classet village, near Cape Flattery. It was dark when they arrived, and nobody was about. Tsohailum, tired of waiting for a head (for he had only one canoe), against the remonstrances of his people climbed on to the flat roof of one of the lodges, pushed the boards aside, and dropped in among his sleeping enemies. Listening for the breathing, he approached and severed a head, and escaped out as he had entered, just as the village was alarmed and the men poured out in affright. Men still talk of the feast which Tsohailum gave when he built his great lodge, and erected the huge pillars—the greatest ever seen. They are still standing. His poor old father—once a slave—stood by and looked on, half in pride, half in amazement, at the wondrous change of fortune he had encountered. "Now," said Tsohailum to him, "I am a great man just now, and so are you; but some day or other I will get killed, and then you will be nobody. *Better let me kill you!* Then

there will be many blankets given away, canoes broken and put on your grave, and muskets fired, and you will be buried like a great chief. Better let me kill you now!" The old fellow, however, much to his son's disgust, thought he would like to take his chance. Yet with all Tsohailum's power he was rather unfortunate in affairs matrimonial, as indeed might be expected from the very summary method of wooing he adopted. When a wife offended, instead of killing her, as is usual among these tribes, he would draw his knife across the soles of her feet and send her back limping and disgraced to her father's house. He always declared that he would never stoop to kill a woman.

When any one hinted to Tsohailum that he would get killed in some of his adventures, he merely replied, "The bullet that is to kill me has not yet been cast. The man who is to fire it is not yet born. When I am killed it will be by a woman, a boy, or an idiot." They still talk of this as "Tsohailum's prophecy," and point out how it came true. His end was approaching. His power and pride grew so great that he closed the Conichan River, from time immemorial the common canoe way of different tribes all friendly with him. No man but those of his own tribe, he said, should pass in front of his door. Now this was infringing the right of way, and nobody looks upon this as a more heinous offence than the Indian. So treachery began brewing for him. "He is too proud, Tsohailum—now," the old people and the young people all alike said.

On an island not far from the mouth of the Conichan River lived a small tribe called Lamalchas, mostly runaway slaves of Tsosieten, whose existence was merely tolerated. If a Lamalcha had a pretty daughter or wife, she was taken from him, and he himself treated as a slave. Now a rumour came to the ears of Tsohailum that the Lamalchas had been speaking evil of him, and saying that he wasn't such a big man as he pretended to be, and such-like calumny. Tsohailum swore that he would exterminate the dogs. Many volunteered to assist him, but he declared that he would not take good men to dogs like they, but would do it himself, only taking enough to paddle him. So he loaded his two muskets, and lay down to sleep, telling his men to rouse him when he was in sight of the Lamalcha village. They exchanged glances, and gently raising his arms, after he had got to sleep, they withdrew the charge and dropped the balls overboard. Suspecting nothing Tsohailum was roused when in sight of the village, and the canoe drawn into a cove where the paddlers remained. The Lamalcha "village" was only one very large lodge, and nobody was about in the heat of the day. Entering the doorway he shouted his war cry, "I am Tsohailum, chief of Quamichan!"

At this dreaded cry the terrified inmates ran into a corner. Levelling his musket at the chief, he fired, but to his own and every one else's astonishment, without effect. Seizing the other, he again fired with a like failure. Meanwhile, a woman, who was sitting unperceived behind the high passage boards, at the entrance, seeing this, threw the stick they dig up shell-fish with over his head, and held him back, crying, "Now you have got Tsohailum; now he is bewitched!" The men then took courage, and, rushing upon him, hewed down with axes the chief who was looked upon as more than mortal. So Tsohailum's prophecy became true, and he was killed by a woman at last.

His old rival, Tsosieten, then gratified his contempt for him in perfect safety, by purchasing his head for five blankets, to kick about his village.*

Now that these two men are dead, there only remains on the Vancouver coast some very inferior potentates, with little power and less glory. These two men were savages of the purest water, but I considered that their history might not be without interest. They were the last of the great chiefs.

LAMENT OF THE RIVER.

Mourns the river, I came down from the mountain,
Jubilant with pride and glee,
Leaping through the winds, and shouting
That I had an errand to the sea!

The rocks stood against me, and we wrestled,
But I leaped from the holding of their hands,
Leaped from their holding, and went slipping
And sliding into lower lands.

I carolled as I went, and the woodlands
Smiled as my song murmured by,
And the birds on the wing heard me singing,
And dropped me a blessing from the sky.

The flowers on the bank heard me singing,
And the buds that had been red and sweet
Grew redder and sweeter as they listened,
And their golden hearts began to beat.

The cities through their din heard me passing,
They came out and crowned me with their towers;
The trees hung their garlands up above me,
And coaxed me to rest among their bowers.

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* The Lamalchas' village was destroyed, and the tribe scattered, in 1863, by one of her Majesty's gunboats, on account of their killing a white man.

But I laughed as I left them in the sunshine:
There was never aught of rest for me
Till I mingled my waters with the ocean,
Till I sang in the chorus of the sea.

Ah me! for my pride upon the mountain,
Ah me! for my beauty in the plains,
Where my crest floated glorious in the sunshine,
And the clouds showered strength into my veins.

Alas! for the blushing little blossoms,
And the grasses with their long golden drifts,
For the shadows of the forest in the noontide,
And the full-handed cities with their gifts.

I have mingled my waters with the ocean,
I have sung in the chorus of the sea,
And my soul from the tumult of the billows
Will nevermore be jubilant and free.

I sing, but the echo of my mourning
Returns to me, shrieking back again
One wild weak note amongst the myriads
That are sobbing 'neath the thunders of the main.

O well for the dewdrop on the gowan,
O well for the pool upon the height,
Where the kids gather thirsty in the noontide,
And stars watch all through the summer night.

There is no home-returning for the waters
To the mountain, whence they came glad and free;
There is no happy ditty for the singer
That has sung in the chorus of the sea.

ENGLISH BROKEN TO BITS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the proverb which warns us that the longest way round may be the shortest way home, short cuts have invariably exercised an absorbing influence over the mind of man. There is a fascination, to some of us irresistible, in the idea of being able to attain a desired end without painful processes of preliminary labour. To get at results without sustained effort is for some people happiness and joy.

In the matter of modern languages, in especial, short cuts find great favour. Many persons undoubtedly believe that a foreign language can be attained with ease and certainty, with no study at all. French in half a dozen lessons is a common bait with the teachers of that tongue; so common a fly to cast over the waters of ignorance that many fish must needs rise at it. German and Italian present, if you may believe certain teachers, no more difficulties than French. Only Russian, which to the unlearned student of cigarette boxes looks less like a language than a typographical joke, appears to require any time or any labour. And there are doubtless persons who would cheerfully profess to teach, and others who would as readily profess to learn, Russian, or even Chinese, in some dozen or so of three-quarter-of-an-hour lessons. It is for persons of this stamp that are compiled those amazing polyglot phrase-books which are intended to assist the "picker-up" of foreign tongues. For that is the formula: "Going to Paris for a fortnight, Jones? Didn't know you could speak French." "No more I can, my boy," says Jones; "but I'm quick at that sort of thing. Pick it up in no time." And off he goes with his phrase-book in his pocket. As it is, no great harm is done, for Jones probably finds the English language answer his purpose perfectly well in Paris, and does not find it necessary to consult his books. But if he were to try them, to what extremities would his faith in short cuts reduce him! He would find himself represented as saying, in a dialogue with a butcher, let us say, "I want some pork, beef, lamb, mutton, venison," and, according to the book, would find it the butcher's duty to reply, "Here is a leg, a neck, a shoulder, a sirloin, a brisket, a chop, a cutlet, a quarter," and so on. It would be impossible, if the learner followed implicitly the counsels of his phrase-book, for him to ask for a pair of gloves without running through a long list of articles of haberdashery. He would be compelled to order so many things for dinner in the course of his first remark in the "dialogue with a cook," that it is possible it would be ultimately but a small shock to him to find himself endeavouring to explain his condition to the doctor in a fearful list of diseases which he would find set down for him, after the introductory remark "I am ill, unwell, indisposed," as "I have fever, cough, rheumatism, cholera, cold in the head, gout, neuralgia," and all the rest of it. And what would be his feelings on reading the reply of the doctor, evidently a very general practitioner, "I will give you a draught, a pill, a bolus, an emetic, ointment, a liniment, a gargle," and what not? Conversational pitfalls such as these lurk in all corners of the phrase-books. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the frightful consequences of the foreign interlocutor's making a reply not provided for in the printed dialogue, which would be a tremendous circumstance indeed, and would stop up the short cut at once.

It is usually popularly supposed that this love of linguistic short cuts chiefly animates the travelling Briton; that the phrase-book is naturally a part of the paraphernalia of our countrymen. But it is gratifying to know that in one other nation at least the art of learning languages in something less than no time is properly cultivated. The favoured youth of Portugal who may be desirous of mastering the English language may do so, with ease and

speed. A royal road to our literature is open to them. And, as its makers assure us that not only can a Portuguese student, by its means, acquire a knowledge of the English language, but that it will open a way among the intricacies of the Portuguese tongue to any stray Briton who may so desire, we are happy to afford it the publicity of these columns.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the short cut in question is a book. Its purpose may be inferred from its title page, which informs the world that it is "The New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English in two parts." In the place where is usually to be found the name of the town in which a book is published occurs the word "Peking." But as it does not seem reasonable to suppose that a Portuguese and English conversation book should be published in the capital of China, we may assume "Peking" to be the name of a French publisher, inasmuch as the book, which bears a French imprint, is to be had, as the title page goes on to inform us, "To the house of all the booksellers of Paris." It is published, the preface gives us to understand, to supply an acknowledged want, "A choice of familiar dialogues"—for it is time that the author should be allowed to speak for himself—"clean of gallicisms, and despoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious Portuguese and Brazilian youth; and also to persons of others nations, that wish to know the portuguese language. We sought all we may do, to correct that want, composing and divising the present little work in two parts, which was very kind of us indeed." After the first shock of this introduction, it is not surprising to learn that the first part includes "a greatest vocabulary proper names by alphabetical order," and that the forty-three dialogues in the second part are adapted to the "usual precisions of the life." "For that reason" (for what reason?) the author proceeds, "we did put, with a scrupulous exactness, a great variety own expressions to English and portuguese idioms;" there can be no doubt about that; "without to attach us selves (as make some others) almost at a literal translation; translation what only will be for to accustom the portuguese pupils, or foreign," thoughtful consideration again for the foreigner, "to speak very bad any of the mentioned idioms." It is probable that the mentioned idioms will come out rather oddly even with our friend's assistance. Further on in the preface we are told that we shall find at the end of the book some familiar letters, anecdotes, and "idiotisms"—a promise which we eventually find to be made not without reason. Our author has found great difficulties in the way of his philanthropical labours, by reason of the lamentable incorrectness of the books of reference to which he turned for counsel and advice, and thus laments his woes in choicest English: "The *works*"—why italics?—"which we were confering for this labour, fond use us for nothing; but those what were publishing to Portugal, or out, they were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national little acquainted in the spirit of both languages," a complaint which, it will at once be seen, is not applicable to the New Guide of the Conversation. Furthermore, even printers combined to add to our friend's troubles: "It was resulting from that carelessness to rest these *works*"—mysterious italics again—"fill of imperfections, and anomalies of style; in spite of the infinite typographical faults which some times, invert the sense of the periods. It increase not to contain any of those *works*"—italics once more—"the figured pronunciation of the english words, nor the prosodical accent in the Portuguese: indispensable object whom wish to speak the english and portuguese languages correctly."

Having arrived at a clear and intelligible idea of our tutor's meaning—it must be our own fault if we have not—let us proceed with the course of study which is to teach us English or Portuguese, as the case may be.

We begin with a vocabulary in three columns, and to all appearances, at first sight, in three languages. The first is clearly Portuguese, the second can with some difficulty be detected as English broken into very little bits indeed. But some thought and study are necessary before this point can be satisfactorily determined. Many familiar words decide us that we are reading English, but then again words and expressions occur strange and unusual to English eyes. The glazed frost, the age decrepit, the decayedness, a blind (in the sense of a person deprived of sight), a squint-eyed, the quater grandfather (what can this be?), parties a town (presumably, parts of a town), a chitterling sausages, shi ass, turnsol (perhaps, from the context, a sunflower), and the like, are not easily to be recognised as English. This vocabulary is, for the convenience of students, divided in an orderly manner under several heads. To quote a few will give a good general notion of the subjects treated on, as well as of the very remarkable qualifications

which the author possesses for taking in hand the work of teaching English. Beginning with words relating to the elements, the world, the seasons, "of the time," and the like, we pass to more general and varied information. Thus, for instance, we are introduced to the "objects of man," which we are a little surprised to find comprise not only "the ring" and "the purse," which might be objects to some men if of sufficient value, but also "the worsted stockings," "the boots," and other articles of clothing. "Woman objects" is our next division; but it must by no means be supposed that our author is a disciple of the rights of woman party, and proceeds to give a catalogue of what it is woman objects to. Objects, it appears, is again to be taken as a noun and not as a verb, and woman objects are earrings, curls, petticoats, and so on, though why "the cornet" should be introduced as an object to women, when nothing is said of the lieutenant or the captain, is not clear. The list of articles of food, which comprises some curiosities such as "some wigs"—who eats wigs?—"a dainty dishes," and "a litle mine," is headed briefly and exprcssively "eatings," and is followed naturally enough by "drinkings," among which "some paltry wine" holds a dishonourable position. It might have been known to a Portuguese that Englishmen are not in the habit of calling the juice of the Portuguese grape "porto-wine," but we must not be too critical. It is a little odd to find horses, dogs, oxen, and other four-footed creatures described as "Quadruped's beasts," though not more so, perhaps, than to come upon a list of "Insects-reptiles," while "Marine's terms" do not merely apply to that distinguished corps the Royal Marines, but include the admiral, the anchor, the vessel-captain, and even a flute. Spurs, stirrups, and other riding gear come under the head "For ride a horse." With these and other trifling exceptions column number two is undoubtedly English; but column number three defies for a long time all study and investigation. What language can it be that permits such expressions as "Thi flax ove laiteningue," "E kuor-teur ove an aur," "Yeun-gue mane," "Es-pi-txe" (rather like Chinese the two last), and "Thi txi-xe-rume?" We had almost given these riddles up as a bad job, when a fearful suspicion crept over us. What did the preface say? "It increase not to contain any of those works the figured pronunciation of the english words," "indispensable object whom wish to speak the english language correctly." It could not be that these signs and wonders were meant as guides to the proper pronunciation of the English words in column two? Never! And yet—yes, on investigation the fatal truth cannot be concealed. It is as bad as an electric shock to find that "Thi flax ove laiteningue" is a flash of lightning; it takes nearly a quarter of an hour to make that amount of sense out of "E kuor-teur ove an aur;" our Chinese words are, young man, and, speech, and the last jaw-breaker we have quoted is known in Cheshire as, the cheese room. This is a fearful discovery. There is a morbid satisfaction in wandering up and down this terrific column. We come into the knowledge of all sorts of mysteries. Who could have supposed it possible that he, or she, was liable to the failings of eun-po-laite-ness, of esteub-eurn-ness, of tretx-er-i? Unpoliteness, stubbornness, and treachery are common amongst the children of men, but these other vices, what can they be? How about discovering a seun-ine-la in your family; what relation is that personage likely to be to your keux-z'n; a word that almost defies research until a despairing appeal to column number two elicits a doubtful whisper of "cousin;" and how would you like your only unmarried daughter to be taken from you by a "heuz' beunn'd?" Does Mr. Millais know that, after all, he is only a "pene-teur" and an "ak-a-di-mix-ane" to boot? It may surprise Mr. Durham to hear of himself as an "Es-keulp'-teur," but that it appears is the proper title for artists in marble. Our medical man is nothing but a "seur-djeune," our wife a very tolerable "miu-zix-ane," we play ourselves rather neatly on the "fladj'-e-lelt," although we have but a low opinion of the "Sco-txe" national instrument the "bague-paipe," and we are rejoiced that the fact of our being an "In'g'glixe-mann" gives us a better chance of understanding the new Guide of the Conversation than is likely to be the case with persons of other nationalities. Considerations of space warn us not to linger over this fascinating column any longer, but we must cull one or two more flowers of pronunciation, just to show our readers how desirable it is that they should at once get the book for themselves. Let us, for example, amongst the "Trades," glance approvingly at the "kon'fek-xeun'-er," the "Pé-stri-kuke," and the "Txim'ni-suip-er." We are shown, it appears, to our room at the hotel by a "Txém'-beur méde," we get the "guute" in our feet, under which circumstances we call for the

assistance of a "phi-six-ane," who probably orders us to keep our "rume." In this predicament we naturally have to take our food plain, and free from stimulating "Si-z'n-in'-gues," and "uater" takes the place of "uaine," whether "huaite" or "réd." The fruit blossoms of the "a'-meunn'd-tris" herald the early spring, and are presently followed by the white cones of the "Txess-net." "Ual-neutes," "Pitxes," and "meul'-ber-is" come with the autumn. It is a pity that the "Or'-inn'-dge-tri" does not bear fruit in our cold climate. Here we may leave our friend's vocabulary, having a difference of opinion with him at parting, we regret to say. For in certain general directions for the pronunciation of diphthongs and other peculiar sounds the New Guide of the Conversation lays down the law that "W have the sound of u," and that the word wag is therefore naturally pronounced "uague." Against this assertion we really must enter a mild protest.

Leading the Portuguese or Brazilian student, for whom this valuable work is chiefly intended, along the flowery paths of learning, our author leaves the barren vocabulary for the more interesting region of "familiar phrases." Our manual contains many pages of these, intended to habituate the student to the construction of sentences. The Portuguese equivalents of the "familiar phrases" are printed with them, and we have really found them sometimes easier to make out, although we are not acquainted with the Portuguese language, than the English lines. Here are a few specimens. "Do which is that book?" "At which believe you be business?" "At what is that?" "Sing an area," which does not seem feasible. "This meat ist not over do," a remark possessing some faint glimmering of meaning. "This girl have a beauty edge," here we become unintelligible again, and drivel into observing, "That is not at the endeavour of my sight." Brigands in the neighbourhood impel us to remark, "this wood is fill of thiefs," and, if we are contradicted, the obvious retort is, "how do you can it to deny?" which settles the question at once. Sancho Panza's doctor, had he been an Englishman, would have told him "That are the dishes whose you must be and to abstain," and if Sancho had felt inclined to console himself with a pinch of Hardham's '37 he would have had to ask for it in English somewhat in this way, "Give me if you please a taking your's snuff." What does this mean, "To-morrow hi shall be entirely (her master) or unoccupied"? or this, "he must pull in the book by hands"? or this, "he do the devil at four?" or this again, "I wage that will, you have"? It is almost worth learning Portuguese to find out. "It must never to laugh of the unhappies" is a phrase that conveys a generous sentiment, although it might be put into better shape, and "I will accomodate you as it must do," sounds at least kind, although we can hardly apply to the author one of his own phrases which curiously enough happens to be English, "I know you have a very nice style." A further remark, "What dialogue have you read" reminds us that we have not read any. Let us therefore pass on to part the second which begins with familiar dialogues.

The familiar dialogues are in effect amplifications of the familiar phrases. They deal with a vast diversity of subjects, and no Portuguese or Brazilian youth ought ever to be at a loss for English small talk if his education has been conducted by our friend. From visits in the morning to dialogues of the well-known pattern with tailors, hairdressers, and others, from "for the comedy" to "for to visit a sick," from "for to ask some news," to "the gaming," all is fish that comes to the net of the Guide of the Conversation. What gymnastic feats are performed with the English language in this portion of the book it is impossible to describe in detail. A few specimens will indicate, as reviewers say, the general tone of the work. Under the head of "To inform oneself of a person," which appears from the context to mean to ask questions about a person, occurs this remarkable speech: "Tough he is German, he speak so much well italyan, french, spanish and english, that among the Italyans they believe him Italyan, he speak the frenche, as the Frenches himselves. The Spanishesmen believe him Spanishing and the Englishes, Englishmen." This erudite personage must clearly have been a pupil of our author's. Knowledge does not, it appears a little further on, afford him much gratification, for he remarks: "It is difficult to enjoy well so much several languages," and we should think it was. Our Portuguese or Brazilian youth is supposed in the course of his English experience to have business to transact with a horsedealer, and, as a matter of course, gets the worst of it. The very beginning of the transaction is unpromising: "Here is a horse," says our young friend, "who have a bad looks. He not sall know to march. Don't you are ashamed

to give me a jade as like?" This sorry [illegible] "Such like, this [illegible] is somebody's affairs," told him the [illegible] "Make no mistake." The Senate [illegible] the Procurator of Cilicia to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

...ented, even to the bread which he broke [illegible] Thomas à Becket, of Hereford.' No wonder that the Romish church, speculating on all emotions and weaknesses of the human mind, should have availed itself of this predilection.

The old Romans and Greeks had their holy relics, and some were almost Roman Catholic; for instance, the egg of Leda. The Indians carried on bloody wars about a monstrous supernatural tooth of Buddha. The Mahometans preserve the standard, arms, clothes, beard, and two teeth, of their prophet. In the Christian church, however, we find no trace of this until subsequent to the Emperor Constantine. According to the legend, he saw a cross with a victory promising conquest to his side, and adopted it as a standard. He conquered, and became a Christian. From that time the cross became the symbol of the Christians.

The mother of the emperor, Helena, discovered the true cross; so at least we are told by the papal authors. Contemporary authorities, however, do not say one word about this miraculous discovery. According to the legend, not only was the true cross discovered, but also the crosses of the two thieves who were crucified with Our Saviour. They were all found together; but as the inscription affixed by Pilate was not forthcoming, the finders were at a loss how to discover the true cross. The priests, however, found a way to solve the difficulty. They laid a sick man on one of the crosses, and, behold! he became worse; from which they concluded that they had struck on the cross of the thief who reviled Christ. When the sick man was laid on another of the crosses, he became much better; but when he was laid on the third, he jumped up quite well. There could not be any doubt which was the true cross after this.

The graves of the apostles were likewise discovered, and the bodies of some of them too. They [illegible] people were somewhat astonished at finding [illegible] in connection with the saints. A woman of St. Martin, for instance, who had chosen St. John the Evangelist for her patron, invoked him for three years every day, imploring him to let her have only a little bit of his body, for which he had no further use. The saint would not listen to her prayers. At last the woman got desperate one day, when, return with [illegible] of their saints have their own way [illegible] would not touch [illegible] until the saint fulfilled her prayer. She kept her vow for seven days and was ready at her last gasp when she found in the ashes the thumb of the saint. These [illegible] aroused this lady's ire very considerably in favour of [illegible] fell from it; one drop per thumb.

Some saints have had several skeletons. That of St. Denis, for instance, exists in duplicate at the present time; besides a third head in Prague, and a fourth head in Bamberg, while Munich can boast of a hand of his. This resuscitative saint, therefore, had two perfect bodies, four heads, and five hands, it cannot possibly be otherwise; for each of these relics has to show for its genuineness, a document of authenticity from an infallible Pope.

[illegible] Bishop of Hippolytus, devoted a great deal of learning to investigations about the bodily appearance of the Holy Virgin, and in trying to find out what kind of eyes and hair she had. As the present compiler does not feel inclined to read the eight hundred books left to us of this gentleman's writings, he does not know the result of his researches; but, according to the specimens of her hair, handed on to posterity, it must have been [illegible] as the different colours of it are fair, red, brown, and black.

The most monstrous relic left of the Virgin Mary is her house, now in Loreto. This house stood once, of course, in Palestine; but, [illegible] the legend, angels carried it to Italy. They placed it first at Tersatto, near Fiume; but in the year 1297 [illegible] it to Loreto. It is a wonderful circumstance that the houses of Palestine of the time of Our Saviour should have so closely resembled the peasants' houses in the neighbourhood of Loreto. It is enshrined now in a magnificent church, and thousands and thousands of pilgrims flock there, to stir their rosaries in the mug of the infant Christ, and to depose a mere [illegible] on the altar.

The credulity of people in the matter of relics really surpasses belief. One monk, [illegible] Elmpt, boasted to have to Wurmspring not having in the house a pinion of the wing of the Archangel Gabriel. Who knows in [illegible] of course paid for as could [illegible] by the people. When saving in the time [illegible] Antwerp, this precious relic was stolen from him. Having however, was not at a loss; before the very eyes of his horror, he filled the empty casket with hay and published it as hay from the manger in Bethlehem. All the faithful thronged to look at and kiss [illegible] among them, as that no doubt purposed, [illegible] and [illegible] into her ear, "I love you, sweetheart!"

At the time of the crusades, the world

was overflowed with relics. Whenever a town in the Holy Land was conquered, the crusaders looked first for relics, as more precious than golden gems. Lewis the Saint made two unfortunate crusades, but he comforted himself with the relics he brought home. These were, some splinters from the cross, a few nails, the sponge, the purple coat which the mocking soldiers threw over the shoulders of Christ, and the thorn crown. These holy things he acquired for immense sums. When they arrived, he and his whole court went out barefoot as far as Vincennes to meet them.

Henry the Lion brought many relics to Brunswick: among them the thumb of St. Mark, for which the Venetians offered in vain one hundred thousand ducats.

The whole wardrobe of Our Saviour, of the Holy Virgin, of St. Joseph, and of many saints turned up, certified by Infallibility. The holy lance was found, with which the Roman knight Longinus wounded the body; also the handkerchief of St. Veronica, which she handed to Christ to wipe his face when he was on his way to Golgotha, and on which he left the impression of his features. This handkerchief must have been at least fifty yards long, to judge from the pieces (always certified by Infallibility) which are shown at different places. The dish of emerald was found, which was presented to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba, and from which Christ ate the Easter lamb; the waterpots were found from the wedding at Cana, and they were still filled with wine. There exist so many splinters of the cross, and so many nails from it, that it is supposed a man-of-war does not contain more wood and iron. Thorns from the crown were found in great quantity, and some of them bled every holy Friday. The cup, from which Christ drank when he instituted the Lord's supper, was discovered, together with some of the bread left from that repast. The dice which the soldiers used for casting lots for the garments were also found, and likewise the unseamed tunic. There exist such tunics at Triers, Argenteuil, St. Jago, Rome, and many other places. All have a certificate from Infallibility.

There were also found infallible shirts of the Virgin, as large as carriers' frocks. Her very precious wedding ring was shown at Perusa, together with a pair of very neat slippers, and a pair of very large red slippers, which she wore when paying a visit to St. Elizabeth. Milk of Mary was discovered in great abundance, and Divine blood: sometimes in single drops, sometimes bottled. There exist also the infallible swaddling clothes, a very small pair of infallible breeches of St. Joseph, and his carpenter's tools. One of the thirty silver pieces, the price of the awful treachery of Judas, has also been preserved, together with the rope—twelve feet long and rather too thin—by which the traitor hanged himself; also, his very small empty purse. Even the perch turned up, on which the cock crew which startled the conscience of the Prince of Apostles; even the stone with which the evil one tempted Our Lord in the desert; even the basin in which Pilate washed his hands; even the bones of the ass on which the entry into Jerusalem was made. There were even revealed relics from the Old Testament which had lain safely hidden vast numbers of years. For instance: the staff with which Moses parted the Red Sea; manna from the desert; the beard of Noah; a piece of the rock from which Moses drew water.

The belief of the benighted people in these relics was so strong, that the priests could even venture to show, not merely absurdly improbable, but manifestly impossible relics; there once were on exhibition, and are even now in some countries, such relics as the dagger and buckles of the Archangel Michael; something of the breath of Our Saviour preserved in a box; a bottle of Egyptian darkness; something of the sound of the bells chiming at the entry into Jerusalem; a beam of the star which conducted the wise men from the East to Bethlehem; something of the Word that had become flesh; sighs of Joseph, breathed forth when he had to plane very knotty boards; the thorn in the flesh which so greatly troubled St. Paul.

In Germany alone there were nearly one hundred wonder-working images of the Virgin, but the most celebrated is that at Loretto, in the house already mentioned. It is ascribed to St. Luke, and is most carefully cut out of cedar wood, and is dyed black by the smoke of many millions of wax candles burnt there by pilgrims. The next celebrated image is at St. Jago de Compostella, where you might have seen but a few years ago, thirty thousand pilgrims at once; none of whom dared to approach it empty handed.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A Yachting Story.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I. OVER THE GRAVE.

The dismal event, it may be imagined, furnished some substantial grist for little mills supplied by the chiffonniers who went about St. Arthur's, picking up and sorting the old bones and rags of gossip. The poor

of the place, always grumbling, for once owned that Providence had dealt impartially with the rich as well as themselves, and drew a better lesson to that effect than they had ever done from the teachings of the Reverend Dr. Bailey.

That clergyman, as it was a vast occasion to which he wished to rise, put himself to the trouble of writing a mortuary sermon, "brand new," for the occasion, in which he seemed to grow so juicy about the eyes, and scorbutic in his cheeks, that he looked an undertaker in a surplice. In that crowded church he addressed hostile and expostulatory questions to the great King of Terror and to the graves he digs, as if to his own maid-servant, and dwelt sonorously on the station Laura would have adorned. Her noble and spreading lands, her "pageantry of palaces"—where were they all *now?* Her grieving father, who was present, utterly prostrated and broken with the shock, was too much absorbed in his mind to see anything that was exaggerated in the statement, that "he"—Dr. Bailey—"knew her young heart, every corner of it," and that in the course of his professional "spiritual ministrations," his guidance of that matchless young creature had made him as familiar with her mind as he was with his own. But what was he to say to those she had left behind? Nothing, nothing, nothing! which, with a strange contradiction, reached to nearly a quarter of an hour's expatiation, pointed at the bereaved father.

The funeral was indeed magnificent, a monument of grief and costliness, Messrs. Hodman, the well-known entrepreneurs of such shows in town, exerting themselves to their best. All the foolish ostentation in which Death revels, when the rich are concerned, was nobly displayed. Mr. Hodman, who attended in person, was heard to say, "that he had not got to bed for two nights." Sir Charles was indeed the class of mourner for whom it was worth while making an exertion. "None of your peddling, 'estimate' sort of fellers," said Mr. Hodman, "who will call you into their front parlour, and, with the poor remains lying cold up-stairs, will go on a 'aggling with you."

On this morning there was a surprise for the sailors of the port, who found that the Almandine, so long familiar to their eyes, had stolen back like some spectral ship. The actors in the drama rubbed their eyes, as they looked from their windows and saw the apparition, and appeared to find some mysterious connexion between that yacht and the young and glittering craft, all snowy sails and gay fluttering flags, which had glided away out on the vast ocean of eternity, and which would never return into that port. No such transcendental associations occurred to the doctor, who merely said: "God bless me! that boat back again! But quite proper. Nice good feeling and attention on the young man's part. Brought his yacht here, all the way, for the funeral!" Then the dismal ceremonial began. There was one figure that attracted the crowds that thronged the pews and galleries of the church—a thin, worn, haggard, wild-eyed creature, whose strange and almost ghastly air was rendered even more remarkable by his exaggerated black dress. Some of the young girls of the place, who had taken the deepest interest in the whole affair, turned away from him in terror—from eyes whose glances every now and again seemed to dart from side to side, as if seeking something, to settle at last on a retired corner of the gallery, where they seemed to probe, and even stab, fiercely, until, at last, other faces were attracted, and looked in the same direction. There was seen a pale face, a figure bent low on its knees, and lips moving in prayer. At lunch and dinner that day, the association of gossips wondered and wondered again why Jessica Bailey had deserted her family, and sought that obscure corner. A solution was soon hit upon, by an elderly gentleman paying a visit. "It was shocking," he said, "to see such vindictiveness even in presence of the dead. To think that Bailey's daughter would not be seen in her public place at the funeral of one she disliked, but skulked away in a corner!" This was the charitable construction put on the matter, which those beside her, who saw her hands clasped convulsively, and her lips moving in prayer, might have found quite inconsistent. Her eyes followed the dark figures moving below, and the black-draped bier, whereon the poor lost heiress of Panton lay—and by what agency? The long combat that had begun at school was ended there; and a voice, she could not be deaf to, was always in her ear, whispering, hoarsely, not only that the victory was hers, but that she had won it by her own act. She saw the procession trail out to the graveyard, and could not bring herself to rise up and follow it. Then the doctor went through his service; and in a new vault the young creature of such hopes, and life, and brightness, was put to rest.

The doctor had done his part, in an extra impressive way, which he kept for

persons of importance, consigning dust to its companion dust, on average occasions, with a vigorous and business-like air. The sweet and almost tearful resignation he could assume on occasions of bereavement in high life, would have secured him an advantageous engagement in quite another profession.

When all was over, and the crowd had dispersed, the doctor with "the bereaved father" (as he persisted in styling him for many weeks to come) went into the church, and was a long time walking round it, and looking at various portions of it. They were selecting a suitable spot for a most gorgeous marble monument, the finest that the genius of Knollys, R.A., could devise. His having already thus decorated the remains of a royal personage was in itself a guarantee with the doctor for the artistic character of the performance.

After all, we may not find fault with these post-mortem tributes, which, with their inscriptions and flourishes, of image and panegyric, have been so often sneered at, for they at least soothe the torn and pierced hearts of those who have been left behind; who by planning, and erecting, and contemplating such things, divert what would have been an agonising inaction, until Time steps in, and soothingly brings resignation.

CHAPTER II. A MENACE.

While they were thus engaged Jessica was hovering afar off, drawn by some strange attraction, to wait and see the end. She heard them fix on a spot, the doctor lecturing on its advantages; the chief of which seemed to be that it could be seen from all parts of the church. "We cannot do too much in this sad bereavement, and I am confident Mr. Knollys will do his best."

When they were, at last, gone, and the baronet seemed now to be led away, an old broken man, on his friend's arm, she stole into the church, up to the space that had been selected; through the window she could see the stone slab of the new vault, and turned away her head. There would come a Sunday, shortly perhaps, when the memorial would face her, as she sat in her usual seat; the pure snowy marble canopy, sheltering the sleeping figure, whose hands would be joined on its breast; below there would be the inscription, age, date, wretched father, extravagant praise, best of children, beloved by all who knew her. Jessica had shrunk from that picture of the sleeping image, to be always before her as she prayed of a Sunday; but that imaginary inscription came to her as a wholesome corrective, and made her cold and stern again. "It was a judgment," she said, as she turned away. "I have nothing to do with it. It does not lie with me!" Suddenly she found the worn face of Dudley was looking at her. "Who said it lay with you? With all your hatred to her, *that* was never changed. Are you here to gloat over her grave?"

She drew herself up, and met his look of dislike. "Over that grave I shall not dispute with you. You know what my nature is, and that it is not one likely to exult over the fallen. Further, I can tell you I was thinking, with bitter regret, over our old disputes, and that I might have judged her harshly."

"*Might* have! Is *that* your only amende? Take care that you have not the same equity meted out to you; that people may not accuse you, and at last let you off with a 'might have judged harshly.' You amaze me—accustomed as I am to strange things in this world—to think that you can have all this coolness and hardness. Oh, the poor, poor girl!" he added, with despair in his tones. "Oh, what a mysterious end! They take it all as a matter of course, and accept the physician's twaddle. Yet I believe she was harassed and excited by those who had an interest in exciting her. Never fear, they shall all account for it—every one of them. If I were a Corsican I might take their way—don't be alarmed, Miss Bailey. But I may tell you this—and you know yourself it is the truth—if we were to cast up all her troubles and annoyances, *you* would be found to be the one who fretted and harassed her most persistently."

She faltered. "I am innocent; it was she who made my life wretched, and who harassed me."

"That is false; you must not say that, standing so near to where she lies. I do not want to threaten you; but there is a retribution for these things. It will overtake you—never fear. Nay, it has begun its work already. What has drawn you here to-day but remorse? I might swear this, too, there was more between you and her than the world shall ever know."

Jessica involuntarily started.

"Yes," he went on, "and I shall have something to live for, if only to search and hunt up all that concerns her. I go away now for a time. I must school myself in wild travels in wild places, to be

alone with my miserable heart. If something comes to end all, it will be welcome; if not, I shall return to see what atonement has been made. There is one outrage on her memory which must not be. Now, let there be no mistake. I give you this warning as from her. It would make her turn in her grave—rise from it! So, beware! You understand me. Should he or you dare, there will be a penalty exacted, to which the most refined torture you could dream of will be as nothing!"

Jessica was so confounded at the strange tone with which this was spoken, so overwhelmed too with the events of the day, she could make no reply. A secret chill at her heart seemed to hint to her that something like retribution or punishment was to come on her, of which this man might be the agent. His love and grief were so intense, it was certain to give him an almost supernatural power, the very eagerness and concentration of his purpose on this one point giving him an irresistible strength. No wonder she shrank from that spectral figure, which seemed to glide away among the church pillars as if into thin air. No wonder that from that fatal day a sort of cloud seemed to settle down upon her—a sense of some coming blow to be expected sooner or later. With this presentiment to attend her, she turned towards her home. Home, indeed! She longed even for the world. She could not shut out those fierce, ever-menacing, and avenging eyes, and all she could do was to repeat to herself, "I am innocent as regards her. I can ask my conscience again and again, and it tells me I have done nothing."

Though she had made an almost ascetic resolve that such a day of humiliation should not be profaned by thought of anything selfish, anything that was near or dear to her, she could not shut out a speculation, which, turn away her eyes as she would, made her heart flutter.

Conway! What would he do, now his own strange presentiment had been fulfilled, that something would interpose between him and that engagement, that their hearts were to come together again? She almost flung the idea from her with a sort of shame; but still it came back to her. What would Conway do now? Would not that sudden and ghastly end turn all his sympathies to what he had lost, and perhaps make him shrink from one who was to profit so speedily by the ruin of another? She felt if he was to come before her at that moment, she could not look at him with unshrinking eyes, which he would think were asking him, was he ready now to fulfil his bond? This idea seemed to devour her. Her impulse was to write him, and say he must not, for the world, even so much as dream of the plan they had settled; it must be buried with what had been buried that day. Then she thought, and rightly, that this seemed like a reminder.

It was to be resolved for her in a moment. She was at her window, her eyes fixed on the far-off yacht. Suddenly she saw its faint lines quivering and shaking; the little flakes of snowy white began to grow and spread like wings, then flutter in the breeze. He was going, leaving, and without a word. Thank God for it! It was for the best, the proper and right course. Yet now, indeed, the cruel sense of blank desertion came upon her, for it was evident that he, indeed, took that view, and thought that so ghastly a catastrophe altered all arrangements between them. It was harsh, almost cruel, to her.

But he *had* thought of her, for here was a letter from him.

I would have asked to see you to-day, but your own tender heart will help you to the reason. On such a day as this I cannot bear to think of anything but what concerns the dead, and her terribly mysterious end. There is a guilty feeling at my heart that I had something to do with it, so strangely have my idle words come to pass. Still, as I am going away now, I must speak plainly.

With time all this will have passed away, and we can look back, not to these last few wretched days, but to what was so solemnly engaged between us. *That* no sensitiveness on your side can dissolve, and that I shall call on you to fulfil.

I now go to face debts, dangers, and difficulties, to find some extrication, if there be any. Not before a year shall you hear of me. Bear your present trials for that short space of time, at least, and then we shall both be able to approach the matter calmly and logically. We have neither of us deserved any blame. During that time think of me.

"Never," thought Jessica. "Life is all over for me; that poor girl has vanquished me after all. No, I *dare* not; her image would always be between us, and that dreadful last scene." Far better that she alone should see it. Did he know

of it, he must always insensibly associate her with the grimness of that terrible end. Gradually he would learn how their last words had been words of anger and defiance. She preferred that he should always think of her as she was, than run any risk of his being changed to her. It would be for the best to end it all at once.

Yet when she came to write she wanted heart. The old question recurred, what had she done, why should she offer her whole life and happiness as an expiatory offering to one who would have spared her nothing? He was gone, and she might put off the letter until to-morrow. Then another day went by, and another. In fact, she had not heart to take such a step. She could wait.

Then began a weary time for her, one of suspense and anxiety. Gradually the gossips came to have done with this all but inexhaustible subject, having discounted it in every conceivable way. The place was shut up, Sir Charles was gone away, never to return, and it was known that the handsome castle would soon be offered for sale. A stone cross had been put up on the spot where the heiress had met her death, whither many a walk was taken on Sunday evenings, and where, to inquiring little children, the story was told in all mystery.

Weeks, months passed by, and she heard nothing of Conway. Facts and rumours came down of what was doing as respects the estate, the breaking up of the establishment, the great sale, the proceedings in Chancery, in fact, all the usual incidents of clearing decks, throwing overboard, cutting away masts, which attend such wrecks, and which often will not save the ship. It was certain, however, that the most vigorous and resolute measures were being taken, and there was evidence of some decided and thorough spirit being at work.

CHAPTER III. THE NEW MONUMENT.

At last nearly a year went by, a time more than sufficient to save or to destroy. Still there came no tidings. Then the doctor heard that the family had gone abroad, and he told the news, with a fitting contempt, that "they were broke horse and foot," but had contrived to save something out of the fire. This charge may have been owing to the doctor's constitutional contempt for poverty in general, and reverses in particular, but was more specially connected with accurate news he had received of the flourishing health of the incumbent whose living had been promised to him, and who had returned from the Homburg waters with a fresh stock of vitality.

As the space between that scene on the river gradually widened, and newer associations of regret and tenderness for the victim were quite softening away all ugly memories, Jessica felt every hour an increasing certainty that this was the solution. Conway must naturally turn his eyes away from that spot, where he had found such pain and trouble, and even a little bit of tragedy. He would be glad to have done with it, and his vague and generous promise need not stand in the way.

Meanwhile, Knollys, R.A., had been diligently at work, and had completed a memorial which was much admired in town. The doctor had volunteered a Latin inscription, which he had forced with much importunity on the father with many a "Leave it to me, Sir Charles. I'll find something classical." In the club, and in many a house in the town, he was for ever pulling out his bit of paper, with the "rough draft" of this inscription, and grew testy and even insolent, when anything like an emendation was suggested. It ran something after this fashion:

HIC · DEPOSITUM · EST
OMNE · QUOD · SUPERest.
MORTALE.

LAURÆ.

CAROLI · PANTONI · BARONETTÆ ·
FILIA · DILECTISSIMA.

And expatiated a good deal on her being "endowed with abundant wealth, and great tracts of land, and having left her weeping father and loving friends to sorrow inconsolable." In short, to do the doctor justice, it was a very fair reproduction of the correct mortuary inscriptions.

In due time great cases came down by train along with workmen, and the memorial was set up in the church. Knollys, R.A., had done his best—which did not travel beyond a limited area. The result was a Gothic marble canopy, with the snowy figure reposing beneath, as if asleep, her arms upon her breast and her hands crossed. They had been at work for three or four days, and on the Saturday were trying hard to get all finished by the Sunday. About seven o'clock it was ready; the men had gathered up their tools and gone away; a gas lamp or two was still flaring, and by-and-bye they would come and sweep away the dust and fragments. The light played in curious coloured shadows on the low-lying marble

figure, which was destined to repose tranquilly there during many an untold Sunday service, while gentler or louder voices would come and succeed the doctor's; while new and ever succeeding eyes would wander over and speculate as to the story to whom this gigantic LAURÆ seemed to belong. There, too, was the clergyman's pew almost on a level—so near that a woman's eyes in that pew could peer into that cold marble face.

Such a reflection actually occurred to a veiled and muffled figure, standing in front of the monument, and gazing at the sleeping figure with a strange and sad interest. There was her old enemy lying prostrate before her in chill stone, with something like a reproach on her face. Knollys, R.A., had at least made a good likeness.

She saw even in that dim light the same perverse look about the lips, closed with a certain obstinacy. But the idea of having to sit there, Sunday after Sunday, with that face gazing at her, and taking, by force of her own imagination, expressions of reproach, anger, or superiority, was, she felt, more than she could endure. "Not that!" she said, half aloud. "Is there nothing to save me from *that?* Yet if she were to arise now from that cold bed I would not shrink nor fly; for I am innocent in all that took place about her. Even now, as she lies there, she has her victory, and I do not grudge it to her; but it falls hardly on me. She might raise her head from that cold pillow, and give her old smile of triumph to see me thus deserted. Yet I cannot bring myself to blame him. I should have known that this must have come to pass, that he has been forced again into the auction room to extricate his family. Yet it would be more like retribution if *she* had still power to keep him from me now as she had in her life."

She turned hastily; for she heard a sound of steps slowly approaching, and did not wish to be surprised. In a moment she heard a voice, the music of which she well knew. She gave a cry of surprise and joy.

"Jessica!" said Conway. "It seems no chance that has made us meet here in presence of her image. The same holy thought drew you here as well as me, and takes away my last foolish scruple. We can both approach to pay this poor homage to her memory; and you know we dared not do it unless our hearts were pure. Ah, Jessica! now at last I can shut out that dismal day; now we can look to the future, and think of being happy."

"And you have returned to me," said Jessica. "I never dreamed of this. I had given up all hope of seeing you again."

"We have hope now for the future, and plenty," he said, eagerly. "All will be well. The clouds have all passed away. I could have returned here long since, but hesitated, thinking that you, like myself, had some weak scruple, and that that poor girl's end might be supposed to have changed everything. Yet though I hardly dare say it, it seems I was saved from a terrible fate—from a shipwrecked life, from the degradation of having married for money, and from the misery which must have followed. But now all is clear at last, and I have come back to save you. You shall at last begin a happy life with me. We shall never look back! Hush! who is this?"

A figure came slowly advancing into the church, and the two hastily drew aside into the shadow. The figure still advanced until close up to the monument, clasped its hands, and, bending passionately over the marble figure, gazed with an unspeakable tenderness into the face. Then bent down slowly and kissed the marble cheek. Turning round suddenly at some sound of footsteps the light fell on his face, and his fierce eyes were directed into the dark shadow where they stood.

"What!" cried Dudley. "You have chosen this place and this night for your unholy meeting! Does SHE dare—of all creatures in the world!"

"Hush!" said Conway, indignantly. "This is no place——"

"Come away, then, out of it," he said, frantically. "I will not have this sacred spot profaned by your meeting."

They were now outside the church. "See, Dudley," said Conway, gently, "I can make any allowance in your case; but this seems going too far."

"I see the game," said Dudley, looking from one to the other, "she is out of the way now, a decent time has elapsed, and you pick *her* out the unrelenting enemy—almost her murderess!"

Conway felt Jessica's arm trembling on his, and she herself was nearly falling. "This is intolerable," he said. "And you must be mad to speak so."

"Take care, Conway," said the other solemnly. "I give you this solemn caution. Take care what step you take; if you profane the dead in *that* way, I tell you you

little dream of the curse that will attend you through life. And you," he said, turning to Jessica, "if you have sense or wisdom, and value your peace of mind for the rest of your life, you will pause before you engage in this sacrilege. I am no prophet, but a man that has kept my word in everything yet. What I have said should come to pass has come to pass. For his sake, if not for your own, take care."

"Come, no more of this," said Conway. "You have forgotten that other lesson I once gave you, I can see."

"That style of speech will not affect me. I have a duty to-night, and it will not turn me from it."

His eyes, even in that darkness, were so wild and fierce, that he seemed under the influence of some frensy. Jessica felt she could not endure this trial much longer, and whispering Conway, "Let me go, he frightens me," fled away out of the church.

"This is generous and manly on your side, Dudley," said Conway, "and only that I myself must hang my head in that presence, and cannot justify myself, I would be very angry. I am sorry to see you cannot control yourself."

"Yet it was a hard fate, Conway. One so young, and with such fair prospects."

The other said warmly, "It seems cruel. And yet if it had been otherwise, she might never have been happy."

"With *you?*" said Dudley, looking at him fixedly. "Why not?"

"But I have repented it bitterly. No one can know the remorse I have suffered, And after all, from what the doctor said, this cruel end of hers might have come at any moment from any excitement. Nay, should properly have come before."

"But how can *you* tell?" said the other: "how can you be sure, that this excitement that caused her death had not something to do with you or yours? What if she had found out this wicked deception of yours? You called it so yourself. Or if some one had charitably told her of it. There is no knowing."

"Impossible," said the other. "I had left her but a few minutes, and was signalling to her from the yacht. The doctor explained it simply. She had stumbled against the root of a tree, and the start and shock——"

"Of course, we know that. I am only speculating. Doctors can explain everything. But were I her father, or were I her acknowledged lover, I mean a genuine lover, I should not be satisfied. I should not go mooning ridiculously about, questioning and speculating. When I had found out all, which might also mean that there was nothing to be found out, I should rest. Now you mean to marry that clergyman's daughter. There is no use disguising it, Conway. Duty came first; then love. You are entitled to follow your inclinations. I don't want to pry into your secrets."

"You have guessed rightly," said the other. "If you knew the whole story, you would say it is but a poor reparation for all she has borne for me, and from the world."

"Not a word of her," said Dudley, furiously. "No glorification of her. I know her true character. You can marry whom you please, and welcome. Though I would warn you as a friend, in this case take care. She is marked, and has a reckoning to pay us yet—a heavy one."

"I see there is no reasoning with you," said Conway. "I am going home: good night."

"I am not going home, and shall wait here."

Any one lingering in that church would have seen Dudley's face lit up with a sort of ghastly delight.

Then approaching the marble monument he bent over it again, and said to it, "Now, lost angel, there will be a sacrifice at your tomb, as good as any ever offered at any shrine. And before long I shall bring to you an offering of their joint misery and wrecked happiness, that will help to make you sleep calmly in your grave."

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER VII. MRS. PLEW SPEAKS HER MIND.

MAUD'S visit to Lowater took place as arranged. Only instead of remaining merely a day with the Sheardowns she stayed in their house a week. Mrs. Sheardown had strongly urged, almost insisted on, this.

"You have not now the plea that you cannot leave the vicar to be lonely," she said. "The vicar has no lack of society and excitement at present. As for you, I don't think you desire to share in either the society or the excitement. Do you think Hugh would like that you should? Stay with us. I shall tell Hugh that I have taken good care of his treasure, and he will be grateful to me."

As to Veronica's presence in Shipley Magna, Mrs. Sheardown did not trust herself to say very much on that score to Maud. She did say a few words, quietly, but sternly, disapproving the proceeding. And Maud was unable to gainsay her. But in speaking to her husband, Nelly Sheardown gave utterance to her disgust and indignation quite vehemently.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing, Tom? Did any one ever hear of such a thing? The woman must have lost all sense of decency!"

"Why, Nelly," returned the captain, "have I not heard you say more than once, that if that misguided girl were to return you would not turn your back on her; but would hold out a helping hand to her in any way that you could? Have I heard you say that, or did I dream it?"

"You know that you have heard me say it. And I do not repent of having said it. But you are not speaking fairly. You know very well, Tom, that my 'helping hand' was to be contingent on a very different state of things from that which actually exists. If she had shown any penitence, any remorse for the misery she caused, any consideration for others, I would have done what I could for her; more, I confess, for Maud's sake and the vicar's, than her own. But to come back here under the present circumstances; not letting even a sufficient time elapse to soften the memory of her disgrace; flaunting her ill-gotten riches and her contemptible husband in the face of everybody who has known her from childhood——"

"Contemptible husband! Why, my dear little wife, you know nothing about *him* at all events!"

"Do I not know the circumstances under which his marriage was made?"

"Certainly not."

"I know, at least, so much of them as suffices to prove that he must be a man without any sense of honour, or dignity, or even decency! That he is, in short, as I said—contemptible!"

The captain had thought it necessary to endeavour to stem his warm-hearted wife's vehemence with a little show of that judicial impartiality which so becomes a man, and which he is usually so ready to display for the edification of the weaker sex in cases that do not touch his own passions or prejudices. But in his heart Captain Sheardown was little less shocked and disgusted at Veronica's conduct than his wife was, and he warmly concurred with her in desiring to keep Maud as far as possible apart from the vicar's daughter. There were other reasons, also, why the Shear-

downs considered the vicarage to be no longer a pleasant or desirable home for Maud Desmond. But of these they did not speak to her fully.

"Perhaps it may be all idle gossip and rumour," said Captain Sheardown, half interrogatively, to his wife.

"*Perhaps* it may," she returned, with an expressive shake of the head.

"At all events, there is no need to vex Maud with what may turn out to be all false, vulgar scandal."

"No need at all, dear. But it is not very easy to me to dissemble. Once or twice lately Maud has spoken with some anxiety of the vicar, and I assure you it has been on the tip of my tongue to tell her the report we had heard."

"Gulp it down again, like a brave little woman."

Meanwhile the reappearance of Veronica in her new character of Princess de' Barletti, was the theme of discussion and animadversion in half the houses in the county. Mrs. Begbie had nearly fainted when she heard it. She had said to her maid, who had first conveyed the information to her, "No, Tomlins. I cannot believe you. I will not, I must not, think so evil of my own sex." When subsequently the atrocious fact had been confirmed, Mrs. Begbie had been thrown into quite a low, nervous state by it. The sight of her innocent Emmie, and the recollection that that pure scion of the united houses of Gaffer and de Wynkyn had been in the same room, had actually breathed the same air with that *creature*, was too much for her. But finally Mrs. Begbie had found strength to rouse herself, and to take a stand against the bare-faced audacity of continental corruption, as she characterised the visit of the Prince and Princess de' Barletti to the Crown Inn at Shipley Magna. Such, at least, was Mrs. Begbie's own account of the various phases of feeling she had gone through. Lady Alicia Renwick was very grim and sarcastic on the occasion. Disapproving Veronica's proceeding quite as strongly as Mrs. Begbie disapproved it, her ladyship could not resist the pleasure of metaphorically digging her sharp beak into the pulpy self-complacency of Miss Emma.

"Aye," she said, dryly. "It's a curious social fact that yon brazen flirt, without a penny to her tocher, as we say in the north, should have got two husbands (for, ye know, that wretch Gale married her), one a baronet and the other a prince, no less—and the young fellow really and truly well born; the Barlettis come of an illustrious line—that that good-for-nothing hussy, I say, should get two such husbands by nothing in the world but her handsome face, whilst so many of our virtuous young virgins can't manage to get married for the life of them. And dear knows it isn't for want of energy in trying, as far as my observation goes."

"Lady Alicia," said Mrs. Begbie, with dignity, "no well brought-up young girl would put forth the—the lures, for so I must call them—which I have seen exercised by that—*creature!* Men are unfortunately weak enough to be attracted by that sort of thing."

"Oh, men are fools enough for anything, I grant you," replied Lady Alicia, giving up the male sex en masse with the greatest liberality.

"They tell me," pursued Mrs. Begbie, who, despite her virtuous indignation, seemed unable to quit the discussion of Veronica's altered fortunes, "that this—*person*—has brought down a carriage and horses—splendid horses!—and a suite of servants with her to the Crown Inn. And her dress is something incredible in its extravagance. She makes three toilets a day——"

"Four, mamma," put in Miss Begbie.

"Emmie! I beseech you not to enter into this topic. Indeed, I regret that it has ever been mentioned before you at all."

"Oh, I don't think it will do Miss Emmie any harm," said Lady Alicia, with an inscrutable face.

"No, Lady Alicia. You are right. I feel obliged to you for judging my child so correctly. But still it is a pity that the bloom of youthful freshness should be injured by a too early acquaintance with the wickedness of the world!"

"And they say she *paints* awfully!" observed Miss Begbie, in whose mind the word "bloom" had conjured up by association this crowning iniquity of Veronica.

Mrs. Begbie executed a quite gymnastic shudder.

"It positively makes me ill to think of her!" said she.

"H'm. I don't remember that ye were so overcome when the girl first ran off, were you? Aye? Well, my memory may be at fault. But I understand very well it *is* aggravating to people—especially to people with daughters—to see that sort of thing flourishing and prospering."

"Vice, Lady Alicia, *never* prospers in the long run!"

"Oh, of course not. To be sure not. We have high authority for that, Mrs. Begbie. But then ye see it's often such a very long run!"

The above conversation is a pretty fair specimen of the light in which the Princess de' Barletti's appearance at Shipley was looked on by the Daneshire society.

Could Veronica have overheard one morning's chat in any dressing-room or boudoir whose inmates' favour or countenance she desired, she would have at once despaired of making good her footing as a member of the "county" circles. It may seem strange that she had ever for a moment conceived the hope that the gentry of the neighbourhood would receive her. But she had an exaggerated idea of the power of money. And she thought that the bright refulgence of her new rank would dazzle the world from a too close inspection of old blots and spots on her fair fame. And then it had all been vague in her mind. There had perhaps been hardly any definite expectation of what would occur when she should be at Shipley. But she had had a general idea of awaking envy and admiration and astonishment; of dashing past old acquaintances in a brilliant equipage; of being addressed as "your highness" within hearing of unpolished Daneshire persons devoid of a proper sense of the distinction of classes, and who had habitually spoken of her in her childish days as "the vicar's little lass!" And these things in prospect had appeared to her to suffice. But after a day or two she became aware how strongly she desired to be visited and received by persons whose approval or non-approval made Fate in Daneshire society. She was entirely unnoticed except by one person.

This solitary exception served but to emphasise more strongly the marked neglect of the rest. Lord George Seagrave called on her. Lord George had taken Hammick Lodge for a term of years. He had never been down there at that time of year before. But his health wouldn't stand a London season; getting old, you know, and that sort of thing. So, as he had to pay for the place, he had come down to the Lodge to pass a month or so until it should be time to go to Schwalbach. And he had heard that Prince Cesare and the Princess —whom he had the honour of perfectly remembering as Miss Levincourt—were at the Crown. So he had called, and that sort of thing. And he should be uncommonly charmed if the prince would come and dine with him and one or two friends, any day that might suit him. And Cesare accepted the invitation with something like eagerness, and announced that he should drive himself over to Hammick Lodge very soon. This promise he kept, having his horses harnessed to a nondescript vehicle, which the landlord of the Crown called a dog-cart; and sending the London coachman, who sat beside him, to the verge of apoplexy by his unprofessional and incompetent handling of the ribbons. The vicar had pleaded his parish duties as a reason why he could not go very frequently to Shipley Magna. Maud was with the Sheardowns. And besides, Hugh Lockwood, in his interview with Veronica, had so plainly conveyed his determination to keep his future wife apart from her, that Veronica had chosen not to risk a refusal, by asking Maud to come to her. They had met but for a few minutes on the evening when Veronica had driven her father back to the vicarage. Veronica had not alighted. She had looked at her old home across the drear little graveyard, and had turned and gone back in her grand carriage. But on that same occasion she had seen Mr. Plew. There needed but a small share of feminine acuteness to read in the surgeon's face the intense and painful emotions which the sight of her awakened within him. She was still paramount over him. She could still play with idle, careless, capricious fingers on his heart-strings. It was a pastime that she did not intend to deny herself.

But what she could not see, and had not nobleness enough even to guess at, was the intense pity, the passion of sorrow over the tarnished brightness of her purity, that swelled her old lover's heart almost to breaking. She had never possessed the qualities needful to inspire the best reverence that a man can give to a woman. And it may be that in the little surgeon's inmost conscience there had ever been some unacknowledged sense of this. But he had looked upon her with such idolatrous admiration; he had been so unselfishly content to worship from a humble distance; he had so associated her beauty and brightness with everything that was bright and beautiful in his life, that her degradation had wounded him to the quick. She had never been to him as other mortals, who must strive and struggle with evil and weakness. He had not even thought of her as of a woman fast clinging to some rock of truth in the great ocean of existence,

and supplying her own feebleness by its steady strength. She had been to his fancy a creature to whom it was simply natural and inevitable to be brilliant and stainless as the petal of a lily. And now she was smirched and fallen. After the first paroxysms of impotent rage against the man who had taken her away, almost the bitterest reflection of all was the reflection how base a bait had tempted her.

When her carriage stopped at the gate of St. Gildas's churchyard, and he advanced, hat in hand, and touched—very slightly touched—her proffered hand, and stammered a few incoherent words of greeting, in his shy, awkward, unpolished manner, Veronica thought, "He is overcome at seeing me again, and seeing me in this pomp! Poor little Plew! He really is not a bad fellow; and I shan't forget the good turn he did me about forwarding my letter." Her gratitude did not by any means go to the extent of relinquishing her power to torture his feelings. But the truth, could she have read it in his heart, was, that he was crushed by the humiliation of being ashamed for her. And yet he loved her still. A more perfect being would doubtless have ceased to love that which his moral sense told him ought to be utterly unloveable. But Mr. Plew was a very far from perfect being; and from the nature of the case, and the nature of the man, there was mingled with his love an almost feminine passion of pity which rendered it indestructible.

"You used to have patients in Shipley Magna, Mr. Plew," the "princess" had said graciously. "Whenever your professional duties bring you there, mind you come and see us!"

But two days, three days, passed, and Mr. Plew did not appear at the Crown Inn. Veronica had, in her security that he would come, given orders that he should be admitted at any time. Still, he did not appear. Then came Lord George Seagrave's invitation to Cesare. Veronica told him by all means to go, and told herself that it was a relief to get rid of him for a day. Poor Cesare was very fond of her; almost too fond of her. It became a bore to have his constant presence. But when he was gone, and she was left alone with no companion but her maid, and no resource but the inspection of her jewel-box, she began to feel depressed.

"I'm getting into a horrible habit of being low spirited," she thought. "It *is* habit, I suppose. I want keeping up. This leaden weight is intolerable. Bah! I won't stay in this odious hole! I always hated it. I don't know whether one always comes back to one's old loves, but I do believe one returns unfailingly to one's old hates. I will go away. But where? Dio mio! Anywhere! Back to town. But meanwhile I positively am not well. I ought to see some one. I'll send for little Plew!"

Miss Turtle happened to be spending the afternoon with old Mrs. Plew, when the Princess de' Barletti's pink, perfumed note was brought into the cottage by a servant from the Crown Inn. Mr. Plew was not at home. He was expected back in the course of an hour or so. Very good, the man said. He would put up his horse and gig in the village, and return in the course of an hour to see if the doctor (so Mr. Plew was always styled in Shipley parlance) had come in. He had orders to wait and drive him back to Shipley Magna. Was anything the matter? Any one ill? Not that he knew, special. The lady as they called Barley-etty seemed a bit out o' sorts. But *he* couldn't say much about it. The moment the groom's back was turned, the two women pounced upon the note. They felt it, they smelt it, they turned it this way and that.

"V. B." said Miss Turtle, deciphering the monogram. "And a crown above. The paper's for all the world like satin. And *how* it is perfumed!"

"Ah! It smells to *me* like them yellow lozenges in the surgery," said Mrs. Plew, pushing the note away from her with a little dissatisfied gesture.

"What a bold handwriting!" exclaimed Miss Turtle. "Quite the aristocrat. Oh dear me! I suppose Mr. Benjamin will be taken up with high society now."

The tip of the poor governess's little nose became red, and her eyes filled with tears. Mrs. Plew grasped her wooden knitting needles more tightly than was her wont, and shook her head with the tremulous movement of age.

"If you could but have seen the carriage she was in," whispered Miss Turtle, plaintively. She was by nature and habit so humble-minded that her jealous comparison of herself with Veronica had only resulted in her crushing sense of the latter's overwhelming superiority in all points.

"But I did describe it to you, didn't I? And the silver on the horses' harness? Mrs. Meggitt thinks a deal of her spoons, but la! Mrs. Plew, I tell you Mrs. Meggitt's spoons

would be but a drop in the ocean if you were to melt them down to ornament that harness. And then the bonnet she had on. And leaning back with such an elegant kind of a loll against the cushions. She was painted," said poor Miss Turtle, making a faint little protest on behalf of her own self-respect. *She* at least was never painted. But she added almost immediately with a profound sigh, "But I have been told they all do it in high life."

Still old Mrs. Plew kept her lips closed, and her head shook tremulously. In a few minutes the surgeon came in. Miss Turtle looked at his mother as though expecting her to speak of the note from Shipley Magna. But the old woman said not a word.

"There's a—a—note for you, Mr. Benjamin," said Miss Turtle, timidly; and at the same instant his eye lighted on it as it lay on the table. He took it up quickly, and walked to the window as though to get a better light as he read it, turning his back on the two women.

"Where is the messenger?" he asked, looking round. "There is mention here of a man and gig waiting to take me back."

"The man said he'd be here again in an hour, Mr. Benjamin. We thought—that is, your mother expected you back by then."

"I must wait for him then, I suppose," said Mr. Plew, pulling out his watch, and beginning to walk softly up and down the room. "It's a—a—patient. The—Princess Barletti, in fact. She is not very well, and wishes to see me. It really is very good of you to give my mother so much of your company, Miss Turtle."

Then Mrs. Plew unclosed her lips and spake.

"Benjy, love, don't you go."

"Mother!"

"Benjy, darling, don't you go."

"Not go to see a patient when I am sent for!"

"Benjy, love, I don't believe she's ill a bit more than you are. Nor so bad either, if feelings could count. And if she *is* bad let her send for Doctor Gunnery from Danecester, and not for them that she's treated so heartless, and cruel, and shameful."

Mr. Plew had turned ashy pale, and was standing quite still, staring at his mother. The little governess sat with clasped hands and parted lips, glancing nervously from one to the other. She was dumb-foundered at Mrs. Plew's unexampled boldness and eloquence. The wooden needles clicked and rattled in the old woman's trembling hands. A bright red spot burned on each withered cheek; and she went on in a strained voice unlike her natural soft tones.

"Shameful, and cruel, and heartless she's treated one that she's not worthy to tie his shoestring! A painted, wanton thing, playing her airs to break an honest man's heart! A man that might have had a good loving wife, and good loving children at his knee but for her. Beauty! Why there's women in the world, common, plain-looking women, with common coarse clothes on their backs, that to my eyes seem as beautiful as the saints and angels beside her! She's bad; bad, and wicked, and wanton! And a painted——"

She stopped suddenly with the opprobrious word on her lips. Her son, without uttering a syllable, had dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands. The governess cowered, awe-stricken and trembling like a frightened bird. The knitting fell from the old woman's hands. She sat as still as though she had been turned to stone for a minute or so, looking at her son. Then all at once she got up, went to him, and put her hand on his bowed head.

"Benjy," she said, "my own dear boy, forgive your poor old mother! And may God forgive her for saying a word to hurt the best son that ever mortal woman bore into this world! I don't know what came over me, Benjy. I could'nt help it. 'Twas as if I fain must speak. I'll not say another word, love; not another word. Oh, my boy, don't be angry with your poor mother. I shan't be here to trouble you long! And —Benjy—'twas only because I love you so, my own dear darling." Mr. Plew removed one hand from his face, and put it out to take his mother's. She raised it to her lips and kissed it. "Thank you, my boy," she said, with pathetic humility. And then —with all the angry flush gone from her face, and the tears streaming down it—she feebly tottered out of the room. Miss Turtle rose and followed her to the door. There she turned and said in a quite placid, almost cheerful, tone, "You needn't be anxious about your mother, Mr. Benjamin. I'll stay with her, and look after her whilst you're gone. Your mother 's used to me. And for me it's a real pleasure to do anything for her; it is indeed!"

"God bless you for your kindness. I

shall always be grateful to you, and be your friend with all my heart—if you will let me be so," answered the surgeon.

Within a quarter of an hour he was on his road to Shipley Magna.

INFALLIBLE INDULGENCES.

A TRULY golden idea was conceived by Boniface the Eighth; he invented the jubilee. The old Romans celebrated the commencement of each century with great festivities, and the Jews had also their jubilees. The pope probably derived his idea from this source. Who made a pilgrimage in such a year to Rome, and deposited a certain sum on the altar, received indulgence for all sins ever committed in all his life, and might leave again as innocent as a baby!

Not fewer than two hundred thousand strangers passed the year 1300 in Rome. It is impossible to estimate the amount paid in gold and silver to the church by rich people, as the pope did not think it expedient to publish it; but what was paid only in copper amounted to fifty thousand golden gilders, and according to a moderate estimation about fifteen millions were paid in all: a sum of which the value in 1300 was nearly fabulous. This rich harvest of course whetted the papal appetite. The treasure of the pope was inexhaustible—in indulgences—and Clement the Sixth had the great kindness to order that a similar jubilee should take place every fifty-six years. Indeed a venerable man with two keys, of course St. Peter, appeared to him and said, with a threatening gesture, "Open the gate!" What could he do but obey? Urban the Sixth was still kinder. He shortened the time again to thirty-three years in remembrance of the age of Christ. Sixtus the Fourth was so liberal as to lower it again to twenty-five years, on account of the brevity of human life.

The second jubilee, under Clement the Sixth (1350), proved still more productive than the first. In his jubilee bull, the pope "ordered the angels of paradise to release from purgatory the souls of those who might die on their way to Rome, and to introduce them directly into paradise." Rome was so much crowded that year, that the hotel-keepers became nearly crazy. Two priests relieved each other day and night at the altar of St. Peter, with rakes in their hands raking in the money offered by the faithful, who so crowded the church that many were crushed to death. Ten thousand pilgrims died of the pest, but it was scarcely noticed, for their total number amounted to more than one million and a half, and the money they gave to the church amounted to above twenty-two millions!

Boniface the Ninth calculated that there were very many Christians who could not come to Rome, either because the journey cost too much, or because they could not well leave their business. He therefore sent them indulgences to their own doors, for one-third of the travelling expenses.

Leo the Tenth, a very luxurious piece of infallibility, spent immense sums on his "children, relatives, jesters, comedians, musicians, and artists," and was very desirous of increasing the ample resources of the church. As a pretext for extorting money he commenced building St. Peter's church. For that purpose the whole earth was divided in districts, and travellers of the great Roman firm, under the title of legates or commissioners, were sent to each of them, empowered to grant (for a sufficient consideration in money) the most ample indulgences.

In the price list of the papal office was stated the price for each sin. It had been already issued by Innocent the Eighth (1484—1792), and contained in forty-two chapters five hundred items, of which we will give only a few specimens. Wilful murder committed by a priest was to be forgiven for two gold gilders and eight groschens; the murder of a father, mother, sister, or brother, cost only one gilder twelve groschens; if, however, a heretic wanted to be forgiven for his heresy, he had to pay fourteen gilders eight groschens; and a mass in an excommunicated city cost forty gilders. For the payment of twelve ducats, priests were permitted to indulge in the most unnatural vices and sins. The most revolting part of this tax list is, however, its conclusion: "The poor cannot partake in such graces, for they have no money, and must therefore dispense with such comfort."

Leo the Tenth found it convenient to rent this indulgence privilege for a certain sum. Margrave Albrecht, of Brandebourg, who was Archbishop of Magdeburg, and Bishop of Halberstadt, and also Archbishop of Mayence, and Cardinal, rented the indulgence business in some countries, and gave his agents very business-like instructions, which are highly curious, but too long to be quoted. Whosoever bought an indulgence certificate from one of these agents

had part in all the good works done on which indulgence depended, within the whole Christian world, whether he repented of his sins or not, and though he did not confess them.

Many people bought indulgence for several hundred years, though life lasts on the average not seventy; but the years in purgatory were counted, and as, according to the priests, a soul had to remain for certain sins a certain number of years in purgatory, an expert sinner might easily want indulgence for a few hundred years. Whosoever desired, and could afford, to enter directly after death into paradise, had to buy indulgence for a good round number of years. But whosoever kissed a relic—and paid for the kiss—received indulgence for several years, according to the holiness of the relic. Archbishop Albrecht possessed such a treasure of relics, that their indulgence powers was calculated at "thirty-nine thousand, two hundred thousand, five hundred and forty thousand one hundred and twenty years, two hundred and twenty days."

A rather lucrative source of revenue to the "Apostolic see" were the "annates:" that is, the income of the first year, which every newly-appointed bishop had to pay the pope. This income can be averaged at nearly two thousand pounds a year, and as at least two thousand bishops paid annates to the popes, the whole sum amounts to about twenty-four millions of pounds.

The many dispensations, which could only be granted by the popes, realised also considerable sums: for instance, the required dispensation in the case of marriages between blood relations. These must have been wanted very frequently, as, according to the regulations made by the popes, relations up to the fourteenth degree were prohibited from marrying. Somebody has taken the trouble to calculate that on the average every man has living at least sixteen thousand of such blood relations, and that if all kinds of relationships be considered, one million forty-eight thousand five hundred and twenty-six would be the sum total of his little family. John the Twenty-second, who set up that above-mentioned price-list, made so much money, that he, a poor cobbler's son, left sixteen millions of coined gold, and seventeen millions in bullion.

A considerable papal income was derived from the moneys paid for the pallium. This is originally a Roman cloak. The emperors presented with such a garment the patriarchs and some distinguished bishops, as a pledge of their good graces. These palliums were of purple, and richly embroidered with gold. Gregory the First was the first pope who ventured to send such a pallium to bishops, either as a token of his satisfaction with their conduct, or of confirmation in their office, without asking the permission of the emperor; and soon the popes assumed not only the exclusive right of giving such cloaks, but even compelled archbishops and bishops to procure them from Rome, for the small charge of thirty thousand gilders each. John the Eighth even declared every archbishop deposed, who did not get his pallium within three months. In course of time, the popes became so avaricious under this head, that the cost of the cloak became too great for them, and it shrunk and shrunk until nothing remained but a kind of ribbon, four inches wide, ornamented with a red cross. These ribbons were woven, by the hands of nuns, of wool taken from lambs consecrated over the graves of the apostles, and of which the pope kept a small flock. He was certainly the most fortunate sheep breeder going, for he sold his wool at one hundred and seventy-five thousand florins per pound! These palliums brought in a nice round sum, for archbishops are usually rather old gentlemen, and every new archbishop had to buy a new one, even though he was only transferred to some other see. Salzburg had to pay within nine years ninety-seven thousand scudi for palliums; and Archbishop Markulf, of Mayence, had to sell the left leg of a Christ of gold to pay for his.

Archbishop Arnold, of Trèves, was rather perplexed when two rival popes, both infallible, sent him each an infallible pallium, of course with the infallible bill for the article.

No wonder that the popes spent plenty of money. Sixtus the Sixth (1476-84) spent as a cardinal, in two years, above two hundred thousand ducats, and was far more extravagant when a pope; some of his dinners cost twenty thousand gilders. He imposed some taxes so infamous that we dare not mention them.

It is very difficult to calculate the incomes of the popes and the clergy in olden times, and one can form only some idea of their immense amount from occasional revelations. When the convents were abolished during the French revolution, and the possessions of the church were threatened with

confiscation, the clergy offered to compound with the National Assembly for four hundred millions of francs, ready money. The Venetians valued the fortune of their clergy at two hundred and six millions of ducats. From the district of Venice, which had only two millions and a half of inhabitants, were sent to Rome, within ten years, two million seven hundred and sixty thousand one hundred and sixty-four scudi. From Austria, within forty years, one hundred and ten million four hundred and fourteen thousand five hundred and sixty scudi. If these statements be correct, and they are taken from reliable sources, the calculation would seem much too low, according to which, within six hundred years, only one billion nineteen million six hundred and ninety thousand of florins had been paid to Rome by all the Roman Catholics.

ST. PANCRAS IN FLORENCE.

We are the first people on the face of the earth! Everybody knows it. If you look a little closely into the minds of any of the continental people, you will find that the fact is recognised, if not altogether and always admitted. That rumbustious young dog of a son of ours on the other side of the Atlantic, maintains, indeed, that while the Britisher whips all creation, he whips the Britisher. John Bull listens to the boast not quite displeased. The old gentleman, though he growls occasionally, is at heart proud of the vigour, and promise, and dare-devil ways, of his offspring, and feels much as the old Somersetshire farmer did, when to his son's vaunt that "Feather whops all the parish, and I whops feather!" he replied: "Ah! and thee couldstn't ha' done it, lad, if thee'st had ever another feather!"

It is pretty clear, then, that we *are* the first people in the world. But it is also pretty clear, that we are in the habit of so providing for the aged, the infirm, the destitute, and the helpless among us, that constant judicial inquiries are needed to look into the cases of shocking death that result from our method of giving relief.

It may not be amiss to lay before the English public some account of the mode in which these things are managed in a country, which is by no means deemed by anybody to be the first, or among the first, in the world. The Italians, whatever their shortcomings may be, have at least this very promising characteristic; they are by no means self-satisfied. They are fully persuaded that their country is behindhand in the great race of progress and civilisation. They are convinced that they have much to learn in almost every department of social life, and they are very ready to learn from any who can teach them. The present writer was invited, by the director of the Florence workhouse, to visit the establishment under his care. Of course a citizen of that proud country, which is recognised as "marching in the van" of civilisation, was received with a becoming sense of inferiority. It was hoped, perhaps, that he would offer some improving suggestions drawn from the practice of our great metropolitan workhouses: say from the grammatical, humane, and intellectual St. Pancras.

Florence has but one poor-house for the whole city. It is an immense mass of building, covering an area considerably larger, I should imagine, than that of Lincoln's-inn-fields. It differs from almost all the other public establishments of Florence, in that the building, before it was dedicated to its present use, consisted of *two* convents. All the others occupy what was once upon a time one convent only. Museums, colleges, government departments, charitable institutions, all were formerly convents. It is quite a matter of course in the City of Flowers. And Florence points to the fact as a proof that she also has shaken off her long sleep, and is on the march forward.

The huge mass of the Florence poor-house once formed the two convents of Monte Domini and Montecelli. Hence the popular phrase in Florence for being reduced to destitution, is "going to Monte Domini." The building is situated near the old wall of the town, in a very open and airy locality, at the far end of the Via dei Malcontenti; not named so, be it observed, with any reference to the inmates of the great workhouse, but so called in former ages, before workhouses existed, because criminals on the way to execution passed by that route from the prison to the Florentine Tyburn.

The administration of this vast establishment is not entrusted to any "board," nor is the director elected by the rate-payers. He is appointed by the corporation, and is an enlightened and highly cultivated gentleman, whose whole soul is in his work, and whose special fitness for his place is very obviously marked by that infallible characteristic of a zealous and able administrator;

the power of infusing zeal and a pride in their work, and in the establishment to which they belong, into all his staff of subordinates. This gentleman is the Commendatore Carlo Peri. He has held the post for only four years, and has introduced very large and important improvements into the conduct of the establishment.

He has no control whatsoever over the admission or non-admission of any applicant. Applications for relief are made to the corporation. They investigate the case, and, if it be a fitting one, send the applicant with an order to the "Pia Casa di Lavoro"—such is the style and title of this establishment—where he or she is received as a matter of course; the corporation thereupon becoming responsible to the Pia Casa for one franc daily, as long as the person so received remains an inmate. The persons deemed fit objects to be so sent are all who are destitute, and so far infirm as to be unable to obtain their living by their labour; all who are too old, or too young, or too weakly, being at the same time destitute of the means of support. "But what of those," I asked, "who are able and willing to work, but can find no work?" "There are none such," was the reply. "If any man able to work says that he can find no work in Florence at the present day, it is because he has not the will to work. There is work, and to spare, for all." Further, the police have authority, not only to procure admission for all street beggars (of course, after sufficient proof of destitution), but to compel them to enter the "Pia Casa." For these, also, the corporation pays one franc per head per day.

The Pia Casa is essentially a workhouse, and the able-bodied young (who are retained as inmates up to sixteen years of age) and the more able-bodied portion of the adults are all required to work. Certain portions of the building have been turned into workshops for various trades; these are let to masters in such trades, who avail themselves of the labour of the boys, and teach them their business. Sundry branches of manufacture of articles needed in the house for clothing, &c., are made in it by the inmates. And in every case of work done of any sort, half the value of the work, most scrupulously valued, goes to the doer of it and the other half to the establishment. Even the sweeping and cleaning of the wards is thus valued as work done, and is paid for accordingly. Of the half of the proceeds coming to the inmate, the sum of five centimes is given to him daily; the rest is put by at interest for his benefit.

Some small assistance hence accrues to the establishment, but very little. Something is also derived from the letting of the shops above-mentioned, and something from the proceeds of a large garden. But, on the whole, there is very little income over and above the daily franc paid for each inmate. According to the last report, made up to the 31st of December, 1868, the number of the "family" then in the house was five hundred and sixteen. It is now somewhat larger, and must necessarily increase with the rapidly increasing population of Florence.

Of these five hundred and sixteen, there were

From	3 to 9	years of age	... 46
,,	9 to 16	,,	... 108
,,	16 to 21	,,	... 13
,,	21 to 40	,,	... 48
,,	41 to 60	,,	... 105
,,	61 to 80	,,	... 171
	Total	... ...	491

The remaining twenty-five were in hospitals of the city, at the charge of the Pia Casa.

With the five hundred and sixteen francs per diem received for these inmates, assisted by the small matters above mentioned, Signor Carlo Peri has to provide for the following objects:

The inmates are to be clothed, fed, and—as regards the young, and such adults as are in a condition to profit by teaching—instructed. Besides the trade teaching already mentioned, the house provides writing, reading, sewing, drawing, and gymnastic masters. A philanthropic and highly competent singing master, Signor Giulio Roberti, whose name is not unknown in London, strongly persuaded of the humanising influence of his art, gives gratuitous instruction in music; and the writer witnessed some time since, a little trial of the acquirements of the scholars, at which a knowledge of the elements of musical notation was manifested which might have put many a drawing-room singer to the blush.

This is not all that Signor Peri has to do with his five hundred and sixteen francs a day. When he accepted the position of director of the Pia Casa, the establishment was very deeply in debt. This debt had to be provided for. It has already been in great part paid. The amount of its pressure on the resources of the establishment may be estimated by an observation made by Signor Peri to the present

writer. Matters will be easier, said the latter, when the debt shall have been all wiped out. "Ah," said the director, "if I live long enough for that, I shall offer spontaneously to the corporation to take the poor for eighty centimes—eightpence—a head." It may be assumed, then, that eightpence a head per diem supplies all that is needed for the clothing, food, service, medicine, and instruction, of the inmates.

The clothing is very good of its kind. We were invited to visit the extraordinarily extensive magazines, and walked through a long suite of rooms lined by capacious presses on either side, in which were laid out in order, enormous quantities of jackets and trousers, of coarse brown cloth for winter, and striped blue and white linen for summer; shoes, stockings, hempen shirts, and neckerchiefs. Let no one clothed in flimsy cotton turn up his nose at hempen shirts. They are very excellent clothing, quite white, and by no means so coarse as to be uncomfortable. Then followed huge cupboards full of sheets, blankets, and towels. At the time of the last statement of the financial position of the establishment, the mass of property represented by these stores of clothing was ninety thousand francs, or three thousand eight hundred pounds.

In connexion with the clothing department, the baths may be mentioned. Before the incoming pauper is clothed in the uniform of the house, he is placed in a warm bath. There are six baths in the bath-room attached to the men's department. The whole lining of the room and the baths is of white marble; all the fittings are of polished brass; and it is impossible to conceive a bath-room more comfortably arranged, or kept in a state of more spotless cleanliness.

Now, as to the important question of food.

The Italians generally think very little of breakfast. Many persons in easy circumstances take nothing that answers to our notion of breakfast; and many more take only a small cup of coffee without milk. But the inmates of the Pia Casa di Lavoro receive a portion of bread the first thing in the morning. On asking the quantity of the allowance, I was assured that it was enough, and often more than enough. I saw several portions, and found the bread to be of excellent quality. Referring to the printed rules of the house, I found that the exact quantities distributed are as follows:

From 3 to 9 years	425	"gramme"	in the day
„ 9 to 16 „	540	„	„
Above 16 „	640	„	„

The quantity distributed to the women is slightly less. For dinner at midday, all the inmates have a portion of soup of bread, maccaroni, rice, semolina, or other similar materials, of fifty-five gramme in weight when in a dry condition; a plate of meat, weighing one hundred and fifty gramme before cooking, or on fast days a plate of fish, weighing one hundred and twenty gramme; or a portion of vegetables. The children under nine years of age have a somewhat smaller quantity of meat. Wine is served out twice a day—at dinner, and at supper; the tenth part of a litre for children under nine, and the fifth part for all others. This quantity must be considered with a reference to the fact, that the Italians almost invariably take their wine with water. For supper, the family, as they are always called, have with their bread something "tasty;" a bit of sausage, anchovies, sardines, cheese, or fruit. To use the expressive Italian phrase, they have bread and "compagnatico;" something to accompany it, something to make it go down. And this is the bill of fare for every day in the year, with the exception of fast days, when something is provided in the place of meat, in accordance with the rules of the church. Some other small modifications are adopted in the case of the children. They have, for instance, a mess of soup instead of bread in the morning. But no milk, or butter, is used in the establishment. We visited the vast and airy kitchen, and found everything as clean, and bright, and sweet as the most fastidious eye or nose could desire. We saw the dinners for the infirm being prepared. The portions of beef, each about as large as one of those circular beefsteaks which most travellers have had served to them in Paris, looked exceedingly palatable. And though nothing is said in the rules about vegetables with the meat, I observed a great caldron of greens being boiled. The term "infirm" must be understood to mean strictly those who are not in strong health. The really ill are, for the most part, sent to the general hospitals of the city.

The refectory on the men's side of the building is a noble hall, one hundred and eight feet long by forty-two wide, and high in proportion. It was scrupulously clean and sweet. The tops of the tables are of marble.

From the refectory we proceeded to the dormitories. They form a series of huge chambers, the largest of which holds eighty-eight beds, and the smallest that I noticed,

fourteen. The measurement of one, taken at hap-hazard (and there was very little difference between them), was as follows: ninety-three feet long by thirty-six wide, and twelve feet high. In this room there are thirty-three beds. The sleepers, therefore, have more than twelve hundred and seventeen cubic feet of air each. The windows are large and abundant. No daintiest lady's bedchamber could be more free from the faintest taint of foul air than the whole of this vast range of dormitories. Each bed consists of a paillasse, a very good woollen mattress, a pillow, two sheets, and three thick woollen blankets. They were excellent beds. Large lavatories and other conveniences are attached to the chambers.

In some of the rooms we found several of the infirm. Those whom the doctor pronounced to be such, were allowed to remain in their chamber; and were also free to go out at pleasure into the very large yard, with its extensive covered colonnades. They were also free to remain up, or to stay in bed as they would.

The men go to bed at about half-past seven, and get up at seven. The boys do not get to bed till about an hour later, because they are attending the different schools. Lights are burned in all the chambers during the night. Guards go their rounds two or three times during the night; and each dormitory has a small chamber attached to it, in which a guard or inspector sleeps, who can at all times be called to. In the women's department, the arrangements are the same.

The separation of the sexes is complete. In cases where a husband and wife are both inmates of the establishment, they are permitted to see each other on Sundays. In the exercise yards, as well as in the interior of the building, the children are wholly separated from the adults.

On Sundays and other holidays the inmates are permitted to see their friends in a "parlour" devoted to that special purpose. Only in cases where the inmate is so infirm as to be incapable of leaving his or her bed, is a visitor by special permission allowed to see such persons in the dormitories. On holidays, also, the inmates are sent out for a walk in parties, but always accompanied by a guardian, and along a line of route specially indicated by the director. Individual permissions to go out into the town are quite exceptional, and granted only by the director in each particular case.

The punishments for misconduct consist of, first, Admonition; second, Short commons—applied principally as a means of repaying to the administration the value of any articles destroyed or injured by negligence or malice—to be applied not more than three times a week, and to consist in stopping the allowance of meat and that of wine; third, Privation of wine altogether for a time; fourth, "Mortification" on bread and water at a separate table for a period not exceeding fifteen days, and relieved by a day of full diet every third day; fifth, Fines levied on the daily gain of the culprit, and also on the sum of his savings, to the extent of half of the latter; sixth, Committal to labour in the "discipline chamber" without wine or meat, extending to fifteen days in the case of children, and to a month in the case of adults; seventh, Expulsion from the establishment.

One great object with Signor Peri has been to find employment as far as possible for all the members of his "family," with the exception of the absolutely bedridden. Even the invalid women, including the blind, are made useful in some way; either in pumping water, or knitting, or spinning. "For the male invalids," says the director, in his last annual report, "I have, with much advantage, succeeded in opening a bookbinding and paper working establishment, in which nine individuals are occupied at the present moment, producing a profit of three francs a week to the institution, and as much more for themselves.

I will conclude this account of a Florentine workhouse with the only objection that its arrangements suggested to me. The very courteous and intelligent inspector, who at the director's request conducted me through the dormitories, remarked, that few of those who were received there had ever been so well lodged before! It did not strike him that this could be other than a great advantage and source of self-congratulation to the managers of the Pia Casa. But it did occur to me to fear, that that most difficult problem, how to make public charity all that humanity requires it to be, without making it something more desirable than the most lowly placed of those who have to pay for it, enjoy themselves, was not satisfactorily solved here. And it must be remembered that in Florence, even the most miserable of those who are not in the workhouse, contribute to the support of those who are in it. For the franc a day which is paid by the corporation comes out of the general taxation of the taxpayers; to which the poorest man

contributes who smokes a farthing cigar, or tastes a drop of wine.

But people in Italy have not yet learned to look at matters from this point of view. Contrariwise, there would seem to be plenty of room for some of our London boards of guardians to advance a few steps in emulation of Signor Peri, without any danger of trenching on the above principle.

LOVE'S SUNRISE.

The lark leaves the earth
With the dew on his breast,
And my love's at the birth,
And my life's at the best.
What bliss shall I bid the beam bring thee
To-day, love?
What care shall I bid the breeze fling thee
Away, love?
What song shall I bid the bird sing thee,
O say, love?
For the beam and the breeze
And the birds—all of these
(Because thou hast loved me) my bidding obey, love.
Now the lark's in the light,
And the dew on the bough;
And my heart's at the height
Of the day that dawns now.

GIDEON BROWN.

A True Story of the Covenant.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

In the year of Our Lord one thousand six hundred and eighty-seven I, Gideon Brown, of the city of Glasgow, being sound of mind and body, and in the forty-first year of my age, an exile from my home and country, write this true history of my life. Perhaps no eye but my own will ever read it. But if this should be so, I am resigned to cast my bread upon the waters, not again to find it after any days. The act of writing relieves my mind of a burthen; and I need sympathy, even if it be no other than the sympathy of my own pen as it traces my thoughts upon the paper. I begin my task at Newark, in the plantation of New Jersey, at the distance of many thousands of miles from my native land, to which my thoughts continually turn with the hope that before I die my eyes shall once again behold it, and that my arms shall once more be permitted to clasp to my bosom my faithful wife, and the three bonnie bairns that she has borne to me. If any one ever reads these pages who is cast down by sorrow, let him take courage from the records of mine, and learn, as I have done, the nobility of endurance and the dignity of resignation. God has given me a dauntless spirit, which has upheld me amid troubles and perils manifold. I have been cast down, but I have never despaired either of this world or the next. I have seen Death, face to face, and talked with him as a man talketh with his friend. Nay, there have been times when I have been tempted to think that I had no other friend than he; yet even in those gloomy hours I have never lost hold of the abounding consolation that I was in the hands of my Almighty Father, without whose consent not a hair of my head could be injured, and that, until His time came, neither Death nor Hell should prevail against me. Strong in this conviction, I have endured scoffs and scorns without repining, and passed unharmed through the Valley of Dark Shadows.

My father, Hugh Brown, was a tobacco merchant in Glasgow, and carried on a profitable trade with the plantations of Virginia. He was a pious Christian, and as unflinching an enemy of Popery and Prelacy as ever strove to uphold the Covenant. My mother, Margaret Brodie, was a native of Nairn, reported to have been in her youth the comeliest woman in Scotland. When I last saw her, in her seventieth year, she seemed to me, with her snow-white hair, her pleasant smile, her kindly eyes, and her winsome voice, to be bonnier in her old age than other women in their youth. She and my father were one in thought as well as in heart. They had a family of seven children, of whom I was the eldest. I was born in 1646, and at the proper age, after a sound training in the rudiments of knowledge, and in the faith of the Gospel, received at my mother's knee, was sent to the University of St. Andrews. Here I remained until my twentieth year, when my father required my help in the counting-house, promising, if my tastes inclined that way, to make me a partner in his business. I early began to study the affairs of my country, and in 1660, being only fourteen years of age, I remember to have heard my father predict great evil to Scotland from the restoration of "the wicked and ungodly race of Stuart." I also remember the wrath of all our household, which even affected my gentle mother, when, a year later, the news reached Glasgow that the Westminster parliament had ordered "The Solemn League and Covenant" to be publicly burned by the common hangman in Palace-yard. On the night following there supped at our house two worthy ministers of the Gospel, whom I saw for the first time, one of whom was

destined, under God's providence, to exercise a lasting influence over my character and life. The younger of the two was the excellent Mr. Alexander Peden, minister of New Luce, in Galloway, a man of singular piety and earnestness. The other was that pillar of the Covenant, Donald Cargill, of the Barony Church of Glasgow. He was at that time about fifty years of age, a strong, active man, in whose every look there was determination, and in every accent of whose tongue there was power to persuade, or to overawe, and who, to my youthful imagination, seemed to be more like an inspired apostle than any preacher of God's Word whom I had ever seen or read of. The conversation of my father and mother with these two ministers was grave and sad. Mr. Cargill said (and I remember his words as clearly as if he had only spoken them yesterday):

"Dark days are coming for Scotland and for the church. I believe Charles Stuart to be an enemy of the people of God. He is surrounded by evil-minded men, who counsel him to set at nought the laws of our Commonwealth, and to introduce prelacy among us. But he shall not prevail. Scotland, oh, my country! He that dasheth in pieces cometh up before thy face. Keep thy munition; watch thy way; make thy loins strong; fortify thy power mightily. Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! When I fall I shall arise, and when I sit in darkness the Lord shall be light unto me."

Mr. Peden spoke after the same manner, his pale face glowing red, his eyes flashing fire, as he prayed to the Lord that in the day of tribulation, which was near at hand, the Scottish people might prevail against all the foes of their faith, and that from the burning furnace of great sorrow they might come forth triumphant over all heresy, schism, and oppression, even though the sister land of England might bow the knee to Baal. During my sojourn at St. Andrews, when every day had its stent of work, and my mind was fully occupied with necessary studies, these matters did not receive the same earnest thought that I afterwards gave them, though many a time since my entry into the active world these predictions came back vividly upon my memory, and I resolved that I too, though not a minister of the Word, would do battle for the liberty of my faith, even with the sword, if my sword were needed.

The great persecution began in Scotland very shortly after this conversation. In less than a year the king and his wicked advisers had let loose the flood of wrath against Presbytery, hoping to undo the goodly work of the Covenant. But the imagination of his heart was as vain as it was cruel, and though for awhile the ministers of the prelatical church took possession of the manses and the pulpits of Scotland, and it was made a crime to preach the gospel of the covenant to the people; not all the power of Charles Stuart, nor of his priests, nor of his soldiers, nor of his judges and hangmen could daunt the gallant spirit of my countrymen, or compel them to drink the milk of righteousness from the poisoned chalices of prelacy. While I write the great struggle still continues; and the Covenant has been sealed by the blood of many thousands of saints and martyrs. But unto me, even unto me, is given, to see the end, though it be far off, and to know, in this the day of my tribulation, that right shall prevail, and that the perjured and cruel princes of the House of Stuart shall be hurled from the high places where they are unworthy to sit. In this faith I live. In this faith I will die.

It was in the month of August, 1662, when I was in my seventeenth year, that Mr. Cargill, having business in St. Andrews, was asked by my father to take charge of me on the journey, and deliver me to my uncle, Doctor Brodie, a physician in that city, in whose house I was to reside, while I attended college. I should not think it worth while to mention an event so slight as this journey, even although the companionship of Mr. Cargill on the way made it very memorable to me, were it not for the things we witnessed on our arrival. There was a great multitude of people in the High-street and in the road from Edinburgh, so great as well nigh to prevent us from passing to my uncle's house; and on Mr. Cargill inquiring of a bystander what was the reason of such a gathering, we were told, that the Archbishop of St. Andrews, with a brave cavalcade of gentlemen and soldiers, was approaching from Edinburgh to take possession of his see. "Let us stand aside, Gideon," said Mr. Cargill, "that I may look upon the face of James Sharpe, the traitor, in the day of his pride. Such as he are more to blame than Charles Stuart for the miseries that are yet to befall Scotland. If to me were given the power of cursing, upon his head my curse should fall, not because he is a prelatist, but because he has shown himself false to the Covenant which he swore to uphold;

and has taken a bribe, even the bribe of an archbishoprick, as the reward of his perjury." As he spoke a movement among the people, and a clatter as of horses' hoofs, warned us that the cavalcade was drawing near. We stood together at the shop door of a mercer's, who seemed to be acquainted with Mr. Cargill. "These are sore times," said the mercer, "for the people of God." "Aye, sore indeed, my friend," replied Mr. Cargill, "and worse to follow. But behold the traitor." And it was even so. On a prancing horse rode James Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews, a portly man of middle age, with a pleasant smile on his face, and an oily manner like that of a courtier. On either side of him rode a dozen or more of earls, and lords, and knights in gay trappings, followed by a long line of mounted gentlemen. Not a cheer was raised to do them honour, as they rode through the street, and not a cap was taken off to do them reverence. The people looked on curious but stern, and as if wondering what the end of these things should be. Mr. Cargill said nothing more, but seemed to rejoice inwardly, as I judged from the dour satisfaction expressed in his face, that the people had no huzzas to throw away on such as this archbishop, and that all his pomp affected them not. Fifteen years later these things came back into my mind when the haughty prelate met the fate of the persecutor, and was stricken dead in the street.

Having concluded rather than completed my studies, I took my place in my father's counting office in 1666; and resolved, God aiding me, to devote my best energies to his service. His health was not strong, and there were six children younger than myself to be educated and provided for. He had a consciousness that his days would not be many in the land; and it was a comfort to him, he often said, that I was so steadfast to my work, so steadfast also to the faith in which he had nurtured me, and that I was otherwise so well qualified to be the head of the family, when he should have departed to his rest. He lived for seven years after this time, ailing, but cheerful, and expired in 1673, leaving me, at the age of twenty-seven, to regret the loss of a friend as well as a father, and a true Christian gentleman. The business of which I became the head was fairly prosperous, and promised to provide means enough, if prudently managed, for the well-placing in life of my brothers and sisters, and for the sustenance in comfort of my beloved mother. It also seemed after a year or two of close application, that the business was sufficiently profitable to justify me in taking to myself a wife, which I did at the age of thirty, with the consent and approbation of my mother and family, and all the friends of our house. My wife's name was Grace Rutherford. She was the daughter of an advocate in Edinburgh; a man in very good repute, and highly esteemed in his profession. She was five years younger than myself. I had been betrothed to her for six years, not only with my father's consent but with his blessing, though he had cautioned delay, on the ground of my present want of worldly substance. To this delay, strong in the faith of Grace's affection, I willingly but sorrowfully consented. Our hands were joined together in holy wedlock by Mr. Cargill; and from that happy day until this, I never had the smallest cause to regret that I took such a partner to my bosom. If any regret is mingled with her name, it is that I have been separated from her by the arm of oppression, and from the three bonnie bairns that the Lord has given me with her. Nevertheless, even in this blackest hour of my fortune I know that I shall behold her again, if not on this side of Eternity on that other side, where sorrow finds no abiding place.

Had it not been for the persecution suffered by the Presbyterians, my life at this time would have been as happy as any man has reason to expect. I was hale of body and mind. I was prosperous in worldly affairs. I was tenderly beloved at home, and much respected by my fellow-citizens abroad. But being a man of note in Glasgow—one not slow to speak my mind when the truth was in question — and being known even beyond the bounds of my native city as a friend of the Covenant, I early experienced the wrath of the prelatists. The second parliament of Charles the Second had decreed heavy fines against all who withdrew themselves from attendance at the parish churches, and still heavier fines against those who withdrew their wives and children, their servants, or others over whom they had authority. Under this law, I was amerced in sums amounting, at sundry times, to more than the annual profits of my trade. My enemies hoped to reduce me into beggary for my faith. But the Lord withstood them, and it seemed to me as if His finger were in it, for the more I was fined the more I prospered. Three times I was amerced for

harbouring in my house ministers, against whom warrants were out, for having worshipped God in conventicles, or uplifted on the mountain side, by the brae-burn, or on the lonely moor, the voice of praise or supplication. Once I concealed Mr. Peden in my house for eleven days and nights. Search was made for him from cellar to attic, in library, in spence, in parlours, and in bed-rooms, by a party of dragoons, with pistols and swords. But he escaped their vigilance, they knew not how, and I got free with a penalty of three thousand marks. Years afterwards, when Donald Cargill's church of the Barony had been closed against him, I attended his ministrations in secret places, sometimes in the vennels and wynds of Glasgow, in the houses of the faithful poor, and sometimes afar off in the lonely places of the Campsie Hills. It was often sought to entrap both him and me, and all listeners to his word of good tidings, by sending troops of mounted dragoons after us to suspected places. But we escaped harmless. It was not easy to surprise us. The people were with us, and not the humblest shepherd or servant lass would lift a finger or say a word to betray our whereabouts.

It was on the fourth day of May, in the year one thousand six hundred and seventy-nine, a lovely Sabbath as ever shone from heaven, when Mr. Cargill was preaching on the hill-side in Campsie glen, that news was suddenly brought by a shepherd which startled us all. We numbered about three hundred persons, one-half of whom were women and young people. The other half were men of all ages. Every one of them was armed; some having pistols, others swords, and none but Mr. Cargill himself being without a weapon of some kind. Mr. Cargill was an aged man, being near upon threescore years and ten, but there was no sign of old age about him, except his long white hair. His form was erect, his eye was bright, and his voice clear and loud. He was always impressive in his discourses, but on this particular Sabbath he seemed to me to be even more eloquent than was his wont, and to warm the souls of his hearers as with heavenly fire. He was not calm and persuasive, as I had so often heard him, but wrathful, defiant—even vengeful—as he spoke of the oppression of the people of God, by such servants of Satan as Lauderdale, Rothes, and James Sharpe, the Archbishop of St. Andrews. Upon the heads of these three he imprecated the judgments of Heaven for the persecution of the saints, whose only crime was that they worshipped God in their own fashion, and adhered to that Solemn League and Covenant which two out of these three —the Duke of Lauderdale and the Archbishop of St. Andrews — had sworn to uphold. The hands of the young men grasped at their sword-hilts as he spoke, and the eyes of the old men shone with the fire of youth, as they thought of the persecution which they endured. Many of the women wept aloud. He was but in the middle of his discourse, when a man, mounted on a fast-going nag, was observed galloping down the glen from the direction of Glasgow. We all sprang to our feet, and grasped our weapons at the sight; but as he approached nearer, he was observed to be alone, and I recognised him as Archie Cameron, an aged shepherd, and a brave soldier of the Covenant. He bore a letter for me from my uncle at St. Andrews, which I handed to Mr. Cargill, after a hasty perusal, that he might read it aloud to the congregation. It made known that on the yester morn a party of five gentlemen of Fife had set out in search of the sheriff, whose oppression of the people in the matter of enforced subscriptions to the bond, renouncing conventicles, had greatly incensed the whole country, with the intention, it was supposed, of taking his life, should they fall in with him. But their purpose was not known except to themselves. The sheriff had notice of their coming, and escaped, no one could tell whither. Returning from his house, on their bootless errand, they had reached Magus Moor, when, unfortunately, they met the carriage of Archbishop Sharpe—containing himself and daughter — approaching towards them. In a moment, and as if by one consent, the five gentlemen surrounded the carriage, stopped the horses, and ordered the archbishop to alight, for that their quarrel was with him, and not with his daughter. They held their pistols at his head, and he, possibly fearing that his daughter might suffer, obeyed the summons to alight, and, falling on his knees and clasping his hands, entreated them to spare his life. "Think of the martyrs of the Covenant, whom thou hast not spared, thou man of sin," said one of the party, "and commend thy soul to God, for thou hast not two minutes to live." The whole party discharged their shots into his body, and he died shrieking for man's mercy, not for God's, with his latest breath. Such was the letter, and the

tears gathered in many an eye, and in Mr. Cargill's own, as he read it slowly and solemnly to the people. "Brethren," he said, "this is mournful news, and betokens new evil to the unhappy realm of Scotland. It is not thus that I would have had the traitor die. I would have had him die on the scaffold, as an example of man's justice as well as God's. But his murder, I cannot, and I will not, approve, though I have no pity to throw away upon such as he. But take warning, my brethren, and beware of the evil that will assuredly come upon us in consequence of this deed. The savage Highlanders from Stirling will be let loose upon us, and English soldiers will be sent to help them in the work of exterminating the people of the Covenant. You and I, and all of us—every man in Scotland, who clings to the faith, and abhors prelacy and popery—will be held guilty of the putting to death of James Sharpe. Let us be prepared for the dark night. Let every man that hath a weapon see to it that it be ready. Let every man who hath no weapon see that he buy or borrow one for the Lord's service. Deliver us from our enemies, O Lord! Defend us from those that rise up against us! Deliver us from the workers of iniquity, and save us from bloody men! For lo! the mighty are gathered against us, not for our transgressions, and not for our sins, O Lord!" After these words, Mr. Cargill called upon the people to join in singing the Sixty-fourth Psalm, which was singularly appropriate for the occasion.

The clear notes of the people's voices rang far up the glen, as they intoned the solemn psalmody, and repeated the words after their beloved minister. Mr. Cargill would not return with me to Glasgow as I bade him, fearing that my house would not be a safe retreat for him during the next three or four weeks. But he promised that he would let me know of his whereabouts by means of trusty messengers. Before he and I met again, the trouble had come upon Scotland which he had foreseen. The hirelings of Charles Stuart, his soldiers and his judges, had so filled up the cup of oppression, that the brave people—able to endure no longer—had taken up arms and resisted even unto the death. On the twenty-ninth of May—the day of the restoration of the king, when bonfires had been alighted by the order of the malignants to signify the national joy for an event which was a national humiliation—the persecuted saints extinguished the fires, and at Rutherglen, near Glasgow, a party of near upon a hundred made a bonfire of another kind, by publicly burning all the Acts of Parliament against Presbytery. Thence they marched into Glasgow and affixed upon the cross a declaration of their adherence to the Covenant. They then retired into the Lanarkshire Hills, on the borders of Ayrshire, under the godly James Hamilton, many people flocking to them from all parts. Here on the Sabbath following, when they were assembled for the worship of God at Loudon Hills, they were suddenly assailed by a troop of mounted dragoons, under the command of the bloody Claverhouse. But the Lord fought on the side of His people, and Claverhouse was put to the rout, and fell back into Glasgow, our people following.

Great evils ensued. The defeat of Claverhouse, small though it was, inspired the friends of the Covenant with renewed hope, and before many weeks Mr. Hamilton found himself at the head of six or seven thousand men—shepherds, farm-labourers, farmers, gentlemen, and men of character and substance from Edinburgh and Glasgow—determined, if occasion served, to strike a blow in the Lord's cause. The English government despatched in all haste the Duke of Monmouth, the basely-begotten son of the lecherous and treacherous Charles Stuart, to try conclusions between Prelacy and Presbytery on the Scottish Hills. I was not present with Mr. Hamilton's army, not from want of will to aid in the holy cause, but from the occurrence of circumstances which, to my great disappointment at the time, prevented me from uniting my aid to that of my countrymen. But Mr. Cargill was present when the Duke charged the friends of the Covenant at Bothwell Brigg, and inflicted upon them the heaviest loss that the cause had ever yet suffered. I will not attempt to describe a battle which I did not see, though I well remember the wail of lamentation that went up through all the west and south of Scotland when the truth became known, that the Host of the Covenant had been destroyed under the hoofs of Monmouth's horse and at the hands of Monmouth's men. Among the number of wounded at that great Armageddon, was Mr. Cargill, who received many cuts of a trooper's sword upon his head, but who nevertheless escaped from the field and took refuge in my house in the Candleriggs of Glasgow, after wandering in much pain and peril over the country, and hiding in

caves and pits for many nights and days ere he could grasp the hand or see the face of a friend. The prisoners taken on that fatal field were conveyed to Edinburgh, and shut up in the Greyfriars churchyard, to sleep among graves, with no covering but the sky, either in shine or in rain, by night or by day. Here for four months they lay like cattle condemned to the shambles. Two of these, Mr. Kid and Mr. King, ministers of God's Word, were taken thence and hanged, and all who would not sign a bond never again to take up arms against the king, and confess at the same time that the killing of Archbishop Sharpe was foul murder, were sentenced to be shipped off as slaves to the American plantations. Such fate was mine, though not at that time. But let me not march before the years in my narrative.

SAVING A CITY.

All the way from Sooke, on the southern coast of Vancouver's Island, all along the Straits of De Fuca, up the dreary western coast, and down the eastern shores of the colony until you come to the solitary Fort Rupert of the Hudson's Bay Company, there is not one civilised abode, with the single exception of a little block-house in Port San Juan. Here resides, all alone among his savage neighbours, an old Indian trader, who has long ago forgot civilisation and all its amenities, though once upon a time no smarter lieutenant ever shook his epaulets at the balls at Government House in the halcyon days of Captain Sir John Franklin's rule. The shores of every quiet bay are thickly dotted with savage-looking Indian villages; every creek swarms with their war-canoes. Never are they all at peace. No more cruel and vindictive enemies than these people ever prowled out on a night attack.

The Nittinahts are a noted tribe of warriors and pirates; and their grim old chief, Moquilla, looks upon war as the legitimate game of such kings as he. This warlike disposition is strengthened by the condition of their chief village, Whyack, which is built on a cliff, stockaded in front, and at a part of the coast, at the mouth of the Nittinaht inlet, where it is difficult, on account of the heavily rolling surf, to land. Thus defended, they carry it with a high hand over their neighbours. Moquilla's brother died, and he, not knowing what to do to soothe his grief, happily bethought himself one day that some months before, his brother had quarrelled with a man in the tribe, and had threatened to kill him. So Moquilla went off to this man's lodge, and killed him. At this there was a great deal of talking in the village. Many said he did right, but others thought he did wrong; Moquilla himself determined to cut the Gordian knot by following up the course he had begun. The man was married to an Elwha or Clallam wife, whose village lay on the opposite shores of Juan De Fuca's Strait. Casting about for some plausible excuse to go to war with a tribe with which he had been for years at peace, he recollected that long ago a Nittinaht canoe had landed on the Elwha shore, that the crew had been killed, and the canoe broken by members of that tribe. In an Indian tribe there is rarely any doubting on a matter of war, especially when heads, slaves, and plunder are to be got. There was not much in Whyack village that summer afternoon when old Moquilla, his hands wet with the blood of his tribe's man, proposed to go to war against the Clallams. They were, however, rather in want of gunpowder. So they dropped along the coast, a few miles, to Port San Juan, where one Langston was then trading, solitary, among their allies, the Pachenahts. Langston stoutly refused to aid in the destruction of the Clallams, who were also customers of his; and such was the force of this one man's character, that though they begged earnestly for the favour of being permitted to buy powder of him, yet, on being refused, they did not attempt to take it by force. They bade him a gruff good-bye, and, under cover of darkness, sailed, with their Pachenaht contingent, out of the little cove, and over the strait to the opposite shore.

Arriving there, they drew their canoes into the bush, and waited for dawn. Daylight came with all the calm beauty of a North-western summer morning, and the Clallams, suspecting nothing, went out unarmed on the halibut fishing-ground, a mile or two off shore. The Nittinahts drew their canoes out of the bush, and, paddling out, shot the defenceless Clallams in their canoes, and, plundering the village, returned in triumph to Port St. Juan, with slaves and heads. When Langston woke up in the morning, he found seven human heads, stuck on poles in front of his door. The rejoicings were, however, of short duration, for news came that the survivors were gathering allies from far and near, and would soon be over to attack the Pachenahts' village. Collecting their house-

hold gods, they decamped in all haste, sixteen miles along the coast, to the fortified village of their allies, the Nittinahts, at Whyack. Before leaving they endeavoured to persuade Langston to accompany them. The trader had, however, a good store of furs and oil. If he fled, it would be sure to be lost; if he remained, he might save it. So he determined to take his chance and stay where he was. He was soon alone, in the daily expectation of a visit from the Clallams. And he felt rather lonely, and slightly nervous, as he saw the last of the friendly Pachenahts turn the point and leave him lord of the village.

Just then I arrived with a canoe manned by four Indians, on a visit to the beleaguered trader. I was astonished at the quietness of everything around, but soon learned, as I stood on the sandy beach, the state of affairs. I could not leave the poor fellow alone; so, in spite of his protest that the "mess" he had got himself into was no business of mine, I insisted on remaining, in order to help in defending the stores of the trader, on whom the Clallams might not unnaturally be expected to wreak their vengeance, under the supposition that he had sold gunpowder to the Nittinahts. The first thing we did was to load all Langston's "trade" muskets, comprising some twenty flint-lock fowling-pieces, used for trading with the Indians, and to keep watch day and night, turn and turn about. Day after day, night after night, for more than a week did this go on; and still no sign of the Clallam attack.

Langston's spirits, which at first were rather depressed, now began to rise. He would often keep me company for hours on my watch, and relate old-world stories of his early days at sea, of foreign ports he had visited, of "cuttings out," and piratical attacks in which he had been engaged, until he would imagine himself once more a young lieutenant instead of a waif washed up by a curious turn of tortune on the Vancouver shore, and taking his life, as he used to express it, "in penny numbers."

I think it must have been on the seventh night, calm and still, that I was sitting on a log on the beach, with my rifle over my knees, when I was startled by a splash, splash, gentle and regular, coming over the glassy water. There was a little moon, behind a cloud, and as it peered out for a minute, I could see twelve large war-canoes, full of fighting men, cautiously paddling, not a mile from the shore. There was no time to be lost. All our little garrison was roused, and silently concealed behind the dense bush, which grew down to the very water's edge. The clouds, flitting over the moon, allowed us only chance views of the enemy: now we could see them, now they were concealed, now they advanced, now the splash, splash of the paddles was close at hand. We could even hear whispers as they rounded the point at the entrance to our little bay. We now crept back to the house, barricaded the door, and, extinguishing the lights, lay quiet, rifle in hand, watching their movements. One by one the canoes grated on the beach, and we could see a council being held. Two men knife in mouth, now crept up on all fours to the lodges of the Pachenahts and listened at the doors. Hearing no sound, the idea seemed to flash upon them that the people had fled. A noisy talk ensued, and pine torches were lighted, with which some men were proceeding to fire the village. Now was our time. Bang! We fired in the air, in any direction, musket shot after musket shot—anything to make a noise and a rapid firing. Never shall I forget the scene. There was no dignity in the manner in which the warriors proceeded to the canoes. There was no question of standing on the order of their going; to go was the one object. Man tumbled over man into the canoes, and every one laid on to the paddles, out of the harbour, into the bay—Clallamwards. They evidently supposed, as it was our intention they should, that the whole Pachenaht tribe were in ambush, for how otherwise was the repeated firing to be accounted for? An Indian hates firing in the dark, never knowing who is to be hit, and these Indians acted accordingly. Delighted at our success we ran over the point, with three or four trade muskets in our arms, and fired a few parting shots in their direction as they went spinning along, to tell in the Clallam's village the story of their hairbreadth escape from the vile Pachenaht ambush. In a day or two the Pachenahts returned, and for about four-and-twenty hours we were very great men indeed.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A Yachting Story.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IV. THE MARRIAGE.

In due course of time that marriage-day came round. The doctor, in loud protest, objected to the abatement of all the splendour of a marriage ceremony down at St. Arthur's-on-the-Sea when he proclaimed that "my daughter was going to marry a very clever, high-bred young fellow, Con-

way, Lord Formanton's son." They had to proceed to London, and then the ceremony was to take place in the wilderness of an old city church. The noble father and mother of the clever Conway "set their faces" against this alliance. Human natures are never indisposed thus to magnify a matter they slightly disapprove of into a serious outrage, and so Lady Formanton told her fine friends at those fine parties she was now beginning to resume that "she knew literally nothing about the matter," and that she had no scruple in saying publicly that she and Lord Formanton quite disapproved of the matter. This was yet another reason for making the matter quite private.

As the day drew near the little shadows and phantoms which had disturbed the lovers began to clear off. Their approaching happiness, like some sharp stimulant, banished all these dreary recollections and doubts; made them seem indeed foolish. They came even to that frame of mind which made them consider it a duty to put such idle disturbers far away, as the truly just man will turn away from very plausible scruples.

As they walked about the great metropolis, and the doctor stalking in front attracted attention as he affected to be a regular resident, and defeated his aims by loud proclamations and descriptions of very familiar objects, Conway said to her, "Now, indeed, I feel that a new life is to begin for us both. I shall have that rest which I have so long sought, and which is so necessary if there is any scheme to be carried out. There is time for *such* a future, dearest Jessica. Together we shall surprise the world."

She looked at him fondly. Even for her the mere change was a new life after the prison discipline at her father's—that all but convict life where the doctor had literally held little more communication with her than a jailor would with his prisoners.

Only the day before the marriage, Conway and his future wife were walking about in this supreme stage of tranquil happiness—he laying out plans, and expatiating on that new and future life of theirs which she delighted to hear of. "Ah, here," he said at last, "I am so rejoiced that this last day of the old life has arrived, and that the curtain comes down here to shut out the past. To-day is the last day that I shall turn my face backwards and look at it. I shall think of that poor girl now for the last time, and for the last time of that act I was about to do—the only one in my life which I may indeed blush for. And yet even on that last day of her life I felt scruples, and I do think I might have gone to her, finding the struggle intolerable, and have withdrawn. I have searched my heart, and I solemnly declare I would have done this. And yet she loved me; and even when that stroke overtook her she was thinking of me!"

The colour came to Jessica's cheek. "Loved you!" she said, warmly. "I do not believe it. You must not think that. At least part of it came, I fear, from a dislike of me. And as for her last thoughts——"

"Yes!" he said, interested. "Tell me about that; tell me all about her and yourself, as I have told you about myself. Just for this last day, and we have done with the subject for ever. You saw her then?"

Would it not be better to tell him all now, and leave no secret on her soul? And yet how could she explain that mysterious concealment?

When she now recalled, almost with alarm, that she had told no one of having been with Miss Panton when she was seized with that illness, she felt she could not tell it without embarrassment then; at least she must think it over. He saw her hesitation, and said smiling:

"I understand. I am not to know all secrets. I see——"

The voice of the doctor, stentorian and blustering, came in with an intrusive blast, and that opportunity passed away. Never, never, of all the many times when that obstreperous clergyman had interfered had he been so fatally mal àpropos.

Here was the morning. The old church was so lonely, so vast, so white, and sepulchral; there might have been a dozen ceremonies going on without interfering with each other. It might have done duty as a vast ecclesiastical barn, for laying up holy grain, and would have been more useful in that capacity than in the one for which it had been constructed. It might have been the Hall of Lost Footsteps over and over again, and it seemed to be furnished with many fixtures—cupboards and groaning presses, shelves, with a huge packing-case or two lying about, which resolved themselves into galleries, pews, pulpit, and reading-desk.

Here, upon this bright marriage morning, came a small party, as it were, crawling over the pavement of that huge white store like a few mice in a granary. There was

no show of bridesmaids, no filling up of the regular stock parts. The doctor, ruffling in his canonicals like some gigantic cock, came out, and began the rite. His voice echoed sonorously down that vast solitude, and made the decrepit old pew-opener look back and wonder at the needless and unaccustomed noise. She looked round again as she saw Dudley standing at the doorway, and looking in. No one else saw him, or turned round; but as the ceremony came to a close he entered, and advanced nearer and nearer, and as the party went into the vestry he followed them in.

The new Mrs. Conway started as she saw that dark, stern face, not at all coloured with the conventional glow of congratulation. Conway, always tranquil, never surprised, received him with a good-natured nod. Already for *him* the heavy folds of a curtain had dropped over the past. He would never raise even the corner to peep behind. There were the usual formal duties to be done, and while he was away for a few moments Dudley drew near to her and said:

"Ah, poor, poor Laura Panton! Who thinks of her now?"

She turned away from him; the malignancy of that reminder, so it seemed to her, at such a moment needed no notice.

"She almost prophesied this to me," he went on, as it were, to himself, "during those last few moments when I was carrying her to the bank."

Jessica started. "Carrying her to the bank! What, *you* were there?"

"Yes. Oh that I had come up a few moments sooner! That would have saved her. She said her enemy would not cross in the boat, but went round the long way, so that she might die before help came. Her enemy! Whom could she mean?"

"A boat! And there was a boat there!" she faltered. "Oh, good Heaven!"

Here was the happy bridegroom, the routine business done; here the "noble father" out of his robes.

"I am offering my congratulations," said Dudley, looking at her intently, "and congratulate you too, Conway. A new life is beginning for you."

"Yes," said he, pleased; "such as I have never known yet. I have waited for it a long time. You look tired and fatigued. No wonder. Come, dearest. Remember," he whispered, "the curtain is down—that is to be the background."

Unconscious of Dudley, they departed for the great hotel where they were staying. Dudley looked after them long. "This gives life an interest," he said, to himself. "I may leave all now to work itself out for a year and more."

CHAPTER V. A CLOUD.

Two years have passed by since these events, and Mr. Conway and his wife have begun the happiest of lives. Both are so changed—for the better, their friends say—that they seem to have become different people. The family difficulties had been got into something like arrangement. He enjoyed a small allowance from his father, devoted himself to work, chiefly political writing, and was already spoken of as likely to be a promising man, "that would make his mark." How sweet life was to her now—the sun, the flowers, the cities, and pictures; things of quite a different order now. For they travelled a good deal, and saw the wonders of the world. If it would only last. Yes; it must last.

They were coming home after a Welsh tour, and were stopping on the road at a little town called Brookside, with an old-fashioned landlady, who, if you were ill, would nurse you like a mother. There were charming gardens, with a room that opened out on them, excellent living, and a whole treasury of delightful walks up hill and down dale, with a very famous fishing stream within a mile. Here a new and delightful time set in. The weather was delicious; the grass never was so green and luxuriant; all the choice morsels of a pastoral district, whose meat, and milk, and butter are not madly whirled away every morning, was spread out before them. The landlady, too, grew into a friend, liking her two guests, pleasant, and caring for them in every way. Every one has a little experience of this sort, and looks back with a sort of comfort and satisfaction to some such cot, where everything has gone happily, where the flowers have smelt sweetly, and whence he has been loath to depart. Thus a most delightful fortnight passed by. Jessica again found that she had not half exhausted the joys which her new life had promised her. More and yet more were opening out before her. On the last night of their stay—they were forced to return home—she said to him:

"Oh, if this life could go on always! Shall I confess something to you? That one subject always seemed to cast a shadow. It was no wonder that we shrank from it. *Now*, dearest, I am grown so confident and

hopeful and happy, that I should not be afraid to look back."

"You have a brave heart, Jessica, which I knew was in you. I would wager my life that if I had the whole history and details of your struggle with that poor girl, from the beginning to the last day of her life, it would be all to your honour. And for her, I will say if she had had time she would have done you justice also."

A sort of tremor passed over Jessica, but she said nothing. That indeed was the only shadow, and she again thought it might have been wiser to have told him of the last scene.

Next day they were travelling home. A great mail of letters had reached them at the little town, full of good news, of hope and encouragement. One spoke of an opening for the House of Commons. Another said that as the ministry was certain to change, an influential friend would come in with the new one, who was determined that his friend Conway should hold some sort of office. This was all delightful.

They got on to Chester, where they were to stop for the night, and walked through its quaint old streets, new to both. They had come back to their hotel, and were standing on the railway platform, watching the various expresses come up, when Jessica whispered him:

"See that man's face looking out of the carriage? Is it not like Colonel Dudley?"

"Like!" said Conway, laughing. "It is Dudley himself."

Under a fur cap was seen Dudley's face, in a sort of abstraction, much more worn than when they had last parted with him. Beside him were gun cases, hunting saddles, &c. He seemed to be going on up to London. She saw him speaking to Conway at the carriage door, then rise hastily, gather up all his packages, and step down with great eagerness on the platform. With a sort of undefined trepidation she said to Conway, "He is not going to stay?"

"He says he will stay for the night," her husband answered. "He says he is tired. Poor soul! he is as low and dismal as ever, and I suppose is glad to meet some one he knows——"

"Then we need not see him," she said, eagerly; "it will do us no good. Some fate seems always dragging us back to *that* time."

Dudley now came up. He looked at Jessica with a strange glance. "Is it not wonderful how people meet? There were about a million chances against our coming together at this time, and at this place. And yet I was thinking of you both only this morning. Let me come up to you this evening, if Mrs. Conway will give me leave. I find myself the worst company in the world."

"Then you must not be too critical with us, who are the best company in the world for each other."

Dudley looked from one to the other with piercing greedy eyes. Then his face broke into a confident smile.

"Ah, I see. Yours is to be an everlasting honeymoon!"

In the evening he came up to their sitting-room. He told them how he had been in Ireland, shooting, hunting, "trying to get an Irish horse or an Irish fence to break my neck. But they wouldn't do it. That old nightmare is still on me; in fact, it grows heavier every day. I cannot shut out that place. I never see a bridge but it recals that bridge. I was on the banks of one the other day, and so like the spot, that I forgot, and, turning to the bogtrotter with me, said, 'it was a scandal and a shame to have no bridge. Human life might be lost while they were stupidly sending round miles.' The animal stared, as you may suppose."

"Well I think he might," said Conway, glancing at the distressed face of Jessica. "I think it is high time now, for the sake of your own peace of mind, to give over brooding on these things. It can do you no good."

"And may do others harm? Well, you are right; I know you are. But I will tell you this: it may lead to something yet. Perhaps has led. Do you know what is bringing me home? Something about this very matter. I have never dropped it."

Conway shrugged his shoulders. "I still think it folly, but you always took your own course."

"Why," continued the other, "if I were a detective, or like that American fellow, Poe, I could work backwards from that dreadful day, until I landed somewhere. But I am not, and have worked backwards in my poor head till my brains are addled. Some people would say I am mad, on that subject at least. I daresay you thought so when I went on so strangely to you both at the time she was being buried. I saw you were generous enough, Conway, to make allowance. But with all my speculation, one thought certainly has taken possession of me. *She was not alone when she died.*"

Jessica turned pale. A sudden chill feeling seemed to strike upon her heart, as though the end of the delightful paradise in which she had been living so long was now at hand.

"Impossible," said Conway, warmly. "No one could have seen it; unless you mean to say that they had a share in that terrible business."

"Aye, perhaps so," said Dudley. "For if any one *had* been with her, it would be strangely suspicious if they did not come forward."

"It would be, certainly," said Conway. "But have you anything to go upon? Was this mentioned to that poor Sir Charles? Ah, Dudley, I am not without repentance for my part in all that, and have suffered, I can tell you."

"I can acquit you, Conway," said the other. "I say so cordially. There were marks and footprints discovered. If that Edgar Allan Poe were alive—— But come to my room to-night, and I will tell you more."

"But why not go into it now, with Jessica present? Her quick wit will help you. Ah! But I forgot."

"I thought," said Jessica, excitedly, "you promised me that we were not to talk of this?"

"You are quite right. But what Dudley tells us alters the case. It is very strange that we should both, Dudley—you and I—have had the same idea."

"No," said Dudley, "I can understand why Mrs. Conway should not like the subject. I do, though. It is my whole life, being, hope, and comfort. Once that accomplished, and I care not what becomes of me."

He left them.

"A strange being," said Conway. "Yet he will work that out, depend on it."

"Oh, but why should you have to do with it, or with him? He can mean you no good; certainly not to me. Do let us leave him here—leave this place. I tell you misery will come of it."

"But why?" said he, looking at her fixedly. "Give me a reason, Jessica. You are so sensible, it is sure to be a sound one. Is it fancy, or mere feeling, as they call it?"

She hung down her head. Something whispered her: "Now is the time—a full confidence, and it will save much hereafter." But then to let him go from her to that man, then hear his gloss upon it!

Conway waited. "I knew it was only a fancy. No, dearest, I am interested in this, recollect. I owe something to the memory of that poor girl."

He left her. With a sort of terror she followed him with her eyes. Now she had time, and could think calmly what she should do. She must decide before he returned. There was something of meaning in that Dudley's behaviour; his stopping on his journey, his looks at her, and his hints. It did seem as though he wished to raise up some cloud between her and her husband—to get some strong net entangled about her, in which he could drag her back from him. Her old, calm sense came to her aid. Was not all this a mere difficulty of the imagination, in which she was entangling herself of her own act? It was her own foolish finessing.

Conway came back, musing. "That Dudley is wonderful," he said. "It shows what purpose will do for a man of a dull, heavy nature. He has certainly made out some strange things enough to justify him in a suspicion that she died in a different way from what was given out."

"Oh, surely not. You cannot think that—you must not. Oh, it would be too horrible. It is one of this man's morbid, moody imaginings."

"His facts are simple enough. But what is so strange, they bear out exactly the theory I had in my mind. What would *your* theory be?"

"I have none. I don't wish to have any. Oh, you promised me that we were to leave the subject for ever and ever."

Again Conway looked at her with surprise. "My dear Jessica, this surprises me a little in you, who were so firm and rational about all things. Your old, bitter vendetta with this poor girl was too girlish to be elevated into the serious matter that you would make it. Neither would I show this singular repulsion to the subject before people; for you see, Dudley remarked it, and he is morbid enough—as you say—to turn it to some purpose of his own. Now, exert yourself, and your firm self, as of old, and tell me what is your speculation, and I shall tell you ours."

Now was the opportunity. Make a clean breast of it, according to the old phrase, and all might be well. But the deception—he could never forgive that, all she could say or do. Again rushed in her pride, and she uttered words that long after she was to regret. It was the final step into the quagmire.

"I can say nothing. I dislike the subject, and it is unkind to speak of it."

She was hurt. It was as though a new feature in her character had come on him by surprise.

"Well, then," he said, slowly, "what we have reached is this: that there was some one with her when she died. That some one has not revealed herself. We are going to be the Edgar Allan Poes of the mystery."

She was so scared by this announcement that she let him leave the room. Had he stayed a second longer, she had almost made up her mind to tell him. But the opportunity for grace was gone. He sat up some hours that night over books and papers, and the interval was as good as weeks.

CHAPTER VI. "FACILIS DESCENSUS."

They were now back in town again, but they were changed in their relations. Conway with disappointment, for he had begun to perceive a want of firmness—a sort of fretfulness that belonged to a young girl, and which might be no profit to him in the great schemes that were before him. She, with the old decision, which she really possessed, had made up her mind calmly to a distinct course. Dudley had gone his way. This moody dream of his—for it might be such—would lead him in some other direction. It would all pass by. She, too, was concerned at a faint alteration in her husband's manner, which, faint as it was, she had detected. This surprised her. He, too, had avoided the subject. In short, by little and little, and by a process which the parties themselves can take no heed of, so gradual and imperceptible is its progress, is built up that fatal Blue Chamber, to which both parties have a key, but which both go round long passages to avoid, and yet are always coming face to face at its very door.

He had many things now to occupy him. He was fast sliding into politics, which often become the grave of love. There was a political association where he was asked to deliver a speech, and the preparation took up a long time, but the delivery was a success. The speech was talked of, and there were leaders in the journals. He was talked of for a seat, and had to make journeys, and "interview" people of all kinds. Thus, he was gradually being drawn off from any interest in his calm household; and if he felt a scruple, he salved it over with the thought that Jessica had not so strong a mind as he thought, and would not take interest in his politics.

At last it became known that the seat would be vacant, and one evening a gentleman of the party, who "found" eligible boroughs, as a house agent might find houses, came to them mysteriously one night. He was closeted with Conway a long time, who then came up to his wife, very grave indeed. "They have found me a seat," he said. "A man is willing to retire. But who do you suppose—or where do you suppose?"

Again she knew there was something coming—something with a dark shadow to it.

"Bolton is the man, and St. Arthur's is the place."

"But you will not accept?" she said. "You *could* not! A place with such associations for *you*—such associations for *me!*"

"Childish ones, dearest, as I have often told you. Really, Jessica, this amounts to a little folly—like a nightmare. My associations may be painful or unpleasant, but there is nothing, surely, to be ashamed of—nothing, by reason of which I should retreat from such an advantage."

Jessica answered with a flush. "I never thought so, or dreamed of such a thing."

"Not surely because you had a quarrel with that poor girl—kept up rather too long—am I to decline this great opening? No, Jessica, I cannot humour you so far; unless you can tell me some good reason. If, indeed, you tell me that you have something to reproach yourself with in her regard, if you will tell me now there is some secret reason——"

"There is nothing to tell," she said. "Only this—I cannot explain it. But I have a miserable presentiment—that ill-omened place——"

He smiled. "Which brought us together! Is that ill-omened? And as for the presentiment, it will do us no harm. I have had too many presentiments; but they never came out true. There, dear, we must go on to where glory waits us; and, alas! put our feelings in our pockets, or, at least, seem to do so."

Conway was a sort of epicurean worldling. That great oyster, the world, was the chief delicacy he cared for at heart, and all his life he had been striving hard to open it. Now, it would seem he had got his knife well in, and a little more leverage would open it.

Now came the writing an address—the writing of many letters. A few nights later Conway came up quite full of spirits to report progress to his wife. "All goes well. We have an unexpected agent enrolled in our ranks, and who has done me service already. He has saved

me a rebuff; for I had a letter written to Sir Charles Panton, but Dudley tells me Sir Charles is bitter against me."

"What, that Dudley again upon the scene," she said. "Oh, this is becoming wretched!"

"The old nightmare," he said, smiling. "But this quite destroys my scruples, and should yours. Let a man take the line of an enemy, and I am always glad. Then I can take my side. Sir Charles might have heaped coals of fire on my head. But it is a relief that he has taken this course."

"And you will go down there—within sight of that unhappy place, where she who was to have been your wife met with such an end. What will they say even as to the taste, the delicacy of such a proceeding?"

He coloured. "A man who stands for a borough must bid adieu to delicacy. But that is for myself. And your scruples, too, are for myself. Since you assured me you had no other reason, I can take the rest on myself." She was silent. She had walked so far into this quagmire she could not turn round. "Dudley will do his best for us. So, I presume, will your father; he will expect me to get him a bishopric. I can hear him ringing, 'My son-in-law Conway,' like a bell in his steeple. To-morrow—now don't be shocked, dearest—I go down to canvass with Dudley. We shall look up our Edgar Allan Poe business, too, if we have time."

Again lurid shadows—wild and jagged in shape—kept leaping backwards and forwards in a sort of challenge. She made no more protest, but seemed to accept the old "anangke" of the Greeks come back again to the world. Dudley came the next day, and found Conway ready for him.

"Is it not curious," said the former, "the mere accidents that direct the course of a life? He puts in, on board a yacht, at this small port, and he is fortunate enough to find an accomplished lady for his wife, and probably a seat in the House of Commons. He is also able to help a poor broken-hearted creature in what you, Mrs. Conway, would unjustly call his monomania."

"No, she would not," said Conway. "She makes me feel ashamed sometimes that I had so little tenderness about that time."

"And you have none!" said the other fiercely. "Not that you did anything to *her*. Indeed, you behaved wonderfully—I own that. But, I repeat, it seems like another dispensation that you should be drawn back there again with me, to help me with your well-trained wits, to what my poor muddled brains could never reach to of themselves. One look at the ground, the detectives tell us, is worth whole volumes of writing and description."

"Yes," said Conway, "you may count on my putting my whole soul into it."

"Why are you so eager for this?" said Jessica, excitedly. "I should have thought it was a matter we should all be glad to have done with for ever. Why should you be raking up this dismal past? For God's sake leave it so, and leave us alone!"

"Why?" repeated Dudley, coming back from the door whither he had advanced, and gazing fixedly at her. "Do you ask in earnest?" Her eyes flew hurriedly in the direction of Conway, who was putting some papers together. "Ah! I was sure not. Well, one of these days I shall tell you—him too—and perhaps the whole world!"

She felt this was growing unendurable. With a sudden impulse she called aloud, "O George, I should tell you—I must——"

"Tell me what?" he said. "One of your secrets? Ah! you know you have no secrets from me. Good-bye, dearest!"

They were gone. She was left alone to the dismal thought that for every hour of that tedious absence Dudley would be dropping some hint, filling her husband's soul with stray thoughts and reminders, which would set his mind in train to receive that one idea. She dwelt on this till it became a protracted agony, till her heart fluttered, and the days seemed to drag by and the nights to stop short as she thought of this far-off process going on which was destroying her shortlived happiness.

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER VIII. AN AWKWARD IDIOM.

"BUT, I assure you, I suffer unspeakably from nervous depression! You don't know how I sink down like a leaden weight dropped into water sometimes. It is the most dreadful feeling! And besides, I take scarcely anything. A glass or two of champagne at dinner is the only thing that keeps me up!"

"It seems to me that the reaction you complain of feeling ought to be sufficient to convince you that even the small quantity of wine you take is doing you harm instead of good."

"Ah, bah! I don't believe you understand the case."

Veronica threw herself back on her chair with the pettish air of a spoiled child.

Mr. Plew sat opposite to her, very grave, very quiet. He had put aside all her gracious coquetries, and entered into her reason for sending for him, in a manner so entirely unexpected by her, that for some time she could not credit her senses, but kept awaiting the moment when he should go back to being the Mr. Plew of old days. At last when she found he persisted in his serious demeanour, she lost her temper, and showed that she had lost it.

But not even this change of mood availed to shake Mr. Plew's steadiness. And gradually a vague fear stole over her. He looked at her so earnestly with something so like compassion in his eyes! Good God, was she *really* very ill? Did his practised observation discern latent malady of which she was herself unconscious? Was the weariness and depression of soul from which she did in truth suffer but the precursor of bodily disease, perhaps even of——? She shuddered with a very unaffected terror, and her smiles, and archings of the brow, and haughty curvings of the lip, and pretty, false grimaces, dropped away from her face like a mask.

"Do you think I am ill?" she asked, with dilated eyes.

"Do not *you* think so, since you sent for me?"

"Yes, yes; but I mean *very* ill—seriously ill, you know! You look so strange!"

"I do not think you are well, madam."

"What—is—it?" she asked, faintly. "You must tell me the truth. But there can't be danger. Don't tell me if you think so! It would only frighten me. And of course I know it's all nonsense. And you *will* tell me the truth, won't you?"

Her self-possession was all gone. The unreasoning terror of disease and death, which she inherited from her mother, had taken hold upon her.

The egotism which enabled her so effectually to resist the sorrows and sufferings of others, beyond a mere transitory movement of dilettante sentiment, made her terribly, exquisitely sensitive to her own.

"Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Plew, gently. "There is no need."

"Why do you look so, then? And speak so? I have never been ill since I was a child—not really ill. It would be so dreadful to be ill now!"

The tears were absolutely in her eyes as she spoke. In the presence of a stranger she might have succeeded in commanding herself more, but with Mr. Plew she did not even attempt to do so.

It pained him greatly to see her tears.

"There is really no cause for your distress," he said. "You are frightening yourself quite needlessly."

"You said I was not well," she answered, in a tone of peevish reproach.

"You have no ailment that a little care and common sense will not cure. You do not live a healthy life. You do not take sufficient exercise. You were accustomed in your girlhood to walk, and to be out in the open air. There is something febrile and over-strained about you."

"I *can't* walk. You see that I am easily tired—that I want support. I have no appetite. I am not so strong as I was."

"You will never be stronger unless you shake off the habits of inertness and languor that have crept over you."

"I am not languid when there is anything to interest or excite me. But what am I to do when I feel bored to death?"

"Boredom" was not a disease with which Mr. Plew's village practice had made him familiar.

"If you were to get up at six o'clock, and take a walk before breakfast, I am sure you would feel the benefit of it," said he, very simply.

Veronica's panic was passing away. A disorder that could be alleviated by getting up and walking out at six o'clock in the morning was evidently, she conceived, not of an alarming nature.

"My dear Mr. Plew," she said, with a little faint smile, "you are accustomed to prescribe for Shipley constitutions. Now, Shipley people, amongst other charming qualities, are famous for robustness; if I were to say *rude* health, you would think I was malicious. As for me, such violent proceedings as you speak of would simply kill me. Can't you give me something to —keep me up a little? Some—some—what is the proper technicality?—some stimulants—isn't that the word?"

"Fresh air is an excellent stimulant: the best I know."

Veronica looked at his candid, simple face searchingly. She looked once, and withdrew her eyes. Then she looked again, and the second time she waved her hand as though dismissing something.

"Let us talk no more of my nonsensical ailments," she said. "I ought to be ashamed of myself for having brought you here to listen to the recital of them."

"No, Veronica—I beg pardon. No; do not say that. I hope you will send for me whenever you think I can be of use. It would be more to me than, perhaps, you can imagine, to know that I was of real use to you, and that you relied on me."

Her face brightened. This was more like the tone she had expected from her old adorer. Poor little Plew! Yes; she really did like him very much. After all, there was something touching in his humble worship.

She made answer with a soft, liquid, beaming glance of her beautiful eyes: "My dear, good Mr. Plew—we always *were* good friends in the old days, were we not?—I think I gave you proof once upon a time that I relied on you. I have never had an opportunity of saying to you how grateful I was, and am, and always shall be, for your forwarding that letter!"

She held out her jewelled hand to him as she spoke, with a gesture of irresistible grace and spontaneity. Mr. Plew was not in the least graceful. He took the slender white hand for an instant, looked at it as though it were some frail, precious thing, which a too rough touch might break or injure, and then gently let it go again.

He liked to hear her speak so, to hear her allude to the "old days," and acknowledge so candidly her obligation regarding that letter he had sent to Maud (the outer cover, with its few words addressed to himself, was treasured in a little rosewood box, which was the only repository, except the chest in the surgery containing poisons, that Mr. Plew ever locked). It showed a heart still unspoiled, still capable of generous movements. Poor Mr. Plew!

Veronica saw the impression she had made. Without conscious and deliberate duplicity, but from sheer habit and instinct, she assumed the tone most of all adapted to win the surgeon's admiration. He was not quite so meek and so weak, not quite so easily dazzled by tinsel glories, as she had been wont to think him. She had made a little mistake with her airs of "bonne princesse" and spoiled child.

Now she was all feeling, all candour, all ingenuous confidence. She had suffered much, very much. She had too much pride to appeal to the sympathies of the envious vulgar. To strangers she presented a front as cold and impassible as their own. So few had enough nobility of nature to be exempt from love of detraction. Her rank! Well, her husband was of her own kindred. Her mother had been a Barletti. Those who grudged her her social elevation did not know that, in accepting it, she was but assuming the rank of her ancestors. But all that was of

trifling consequence to her. She had married Cesare because he was devoted to her, and because she was grateful and really—yes, really—attached to him. No one knew the real facts of her story. Those were between herself and one who was gone for ever. If she revealed them the world would understand and forgive much that it had judged harshly. No matter. She was incapable of stooping to make such an appeal to those whom her heart did not value. With a true friend it was different. She had never yet spoken to any one as she was speaking then to Mr. Plew.

He took his leave in a state of bewilderment, out of which only three clear convictions arose, namely, that Veronica Levincourt had been more unhappy than culpable, that her beauty was the least of her attractive and lovable qualities, and that few of her sex would be capable of her magnanimous candour.

As he stood for an instant, hat in hand, in the doorway, Veronica resolved to put the crowning spell on her enchantments.

"Do you know what I mean to do, Mr. Plew?" said she, with a smile of mingled sweetness and melancholy. "I mean to drive over to-morrow afternoon and see your good mother. She must not think I have forgotten her."

Mr. Plew almost staggered. If a reservoir of ice-cold water had been opened above his head, he could scarcely have been for the moment more disconcerted.

"Oh, no, no, you mustn't!" he exclaimed, with as hasty an impulse of fright and apprehension as though the Princess de' Barletti had been about to transport herself into his cottage that instant.

"Mustn't!" echoed Veronica, thinking he had misunderstood her. "I must not do what?"

"I don't mean 'must not,' of course. And it is very good and kind of you to think of it. But, I think—I believe—I should advise—in fact you had better not."

"Why?" demanded Veronica, more puzzled than offended by the unceremonious rejection of her proffered condescension.

"Because——Well—my mother is a dear, good woman. No son ever had a better mother, and I love her and respect her with all my heart. But—she is old; and old people are not easily persuaded. And she has some notions and prejudices which cannot be overcome; and I should be sorry to treat them roughly. I would it were otherwise: but—I think you had better not come to see us."

Veronica understood it all now.

"Poor dear old soul!" said she, with a compassionate smile. "I did not know she had grown too feeble to see people."

"She did not comprehend—she misunderstood my meaning about mother," thought Mr. Plew, as he walked slowly and meditatively out of the inn-yard. "Perhaps it is all the better. It would only have hurt her to know the truth."

Meanwhile the subject of his reflections was pondering with knit brows, flushed cheek, and tightly-closed lips, on the incredible and infuriating circumstance that "that ignorant, low-born, idiotic old woman" should dare to refuse to receive the Princess Cesare de' Barletti!

When Cesare returned that evening from Hammick Lodge, and gave his wife an account of Lord George's dinner-party, which he said had been exceedingly pleasant, he appealed to her for enlightenment as to an English phrase which had puzzled him.

"English!" said Veronica, conveying into her voice and manner a skilful mingling of insolence and indifference—for Mr. Plew's revelation had galled her unspeakably, and she was by no means in an amiable mood. "You don't mean to say that you tried to speak English?"

"Yes, I tried!" answered Cesare simply. "But Lorgiorgio speaks French pretty well, and so did some of the others. So I was not embarrassed to make myself understood. And, do you know, signora mia, that I make progress in my English! Per Bacco, I shall soon be an accomplished Cockanì!"

"An accomplished *what*?—Cockney? How ineffably absurd you are, Cesare!"

"Tante grazie! You don't spoil one with compliments! But listen: what do they mean when they say that one wears a tight corset?"

"How can I *guess* what you have in your head? Who says so? I suppose that if any one says so, he means simply what the words convey."

"Niente! Not at all! There is another meaning. You shall judge. There was a young man at dinner named Snō. I remembered that name—Signor Neve! What a comical patronymic! Well, Signor Snō asked me if we had seen much of your friend Miss Desmond since we had been in this place. He spoke in French. And I told him no; we had not had that pleasure, for she was visiting in the house of some friends. Then a man—a great hunter of the fox, Lorgiorgio told me—laughed, and said to Snō in English, 'No, no. They

took Miss Desmond out of the way. They did not want her to have anything to say to the princess. They are too'——I cannot remember the word, but I know it meant——"

"Strait-laced?" suggested Veronica, with flashing eyes, and quickly-heaving bosom.

"Ecco! Precisely! And now what did he mean by saying that the friends in question were too tight-laced?"

"He meant—— He meant to be insolent, and odious, and insulting! How could Lord George permit such audacious impertinence in your presence?"

"Eh?" exclaimed Cesare, greatly amazed. "I had no idea! I thought it was a jest! Lorgiorgio called out to the man to take some wine and stop his mouth. The others did not laugh, it is true," he added reflectively. "And they looked at me oddly."

"I will not stay another day in this hateful, barbarous, boorish den!" cried Veronica. And then she burst into a passion of angry tears.

"Diavolo!" muttered Cesare, staring at her in much consternation. "Explain to me, cara mia, what it means exactly, this accursed tight-lacing!"

"I have told you enough," returned Veronica, through her tears. "Don't for Heaven's sake begin to tease me! I *cannot* bear it."

"Listen, Veronica," said Cesare, stroking down his moustache with a quick, lithe movement of the hand that was strangely suggestive of cruelty, "you *must* answer me. Ladies do not understand these things. But if your red-faced chaser of the fox permitted himself an impertinence in my presence at the expense of my wife—he must receive a lesson in good manners."

"Cesare! I hope you have no absurd notion in your head of making a scandal."

"No; I shall merely correct one."

"Cesare! Cesare! you surely are not indulging in any wild idea of—— Oh, the thing is too ridiculous to be thought of. Entirely contrary to our modern manners and customs——"

"Giuro a Dio!" exclaimed her husband, seizing her wrist, "don't preach to me, but answer, do you hear?"

The sudden explosion of animal fury in his face and voice frightened her so thoroughly, that she was for the moment incapable of obeying him.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Cesare! Don't look so! You—you startle me. What is it you want? Oh my poor head, how it throbs! Wait an instant. Well—the foolish word means—means—I hardly know what I'm saying—it means strict, prudish, collet-monté. What that man was saying—I dare say he was not quite sober—was that the Sheardowns were too prudish and particular to like Maud to associate with *me*. There, I have told you. And I'll never forgive you, Cesare, for behaving in this way to me, never!"

Cesare dropped her wrist. "Che, che!" he said. "Is that all? Diamine, it seems to me that the impertinence was to those others, not to you. Do *we* want the visits of prudes and 'colli torti'! And you cry for *that?* Women, women, who can understand you?"

Veronica gathered her draperies together and swept out of the room with her face buried in her handkerchief. She told her maid that she had a violent headache. And her maid told Dickinson that she was sure "monsieur and madame" had been having a dreadful quarrel; which announcement Mr. Dickinson received with the profoundly philosophical remark; "Oh! Well, you know, they'd have had to begin *some* time or other."

And the prince lit a cigar, and leaned out of window to smoke it, partly penitent and partly cross. And as he smoked, he could not help thinking how very much pleasanter and jollier it had been at Hammick Lodge, than it was in the best sitting-room of the Crown; and how utterly impossible it was to calculate on the capricious and unreasonable temper of his wife.

NUMBER SEVEN.

Number seven is more favoured in the world than any other digit. It is true that, in a certain conventional sense, Number One is said to occupy more of each man's attention; but, this selfish aspect set aside, the palm must certainly be given in all other respects to Number Seven. The favoritism of this number is variously explained: Ingpen, in 1624, satisfied himself of the super-excellence of Number Seven in the following ingenious way: "It is compounded of one and six, two and five, three and four. Now every one of these being excellent of themselves (as hath been demonstrated), how can this number but be far more excellent, consisting of them all, and participating as it were of all their excellent virtues?" Number Seven was largely used by the Hebrew Biblical writers, both in the plain ordinary sense and in a

typical or figurative manner. Besides the seven days of the week, there were Jewish feasts or festivals connected with a period of seven weeks; seven times seven years constituted a jubilee or period of rejoicing; the candlestick of Moses had seven branches, &c. Then there are the many passages relating in various ways, and at different eras in the Biblical narrative, to the Seven Churches of Asia, the Seven Wise Men, the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, the Seventh Day of the Seventh Month, the freeing of bondmen in the Seventh Year, the Seven Mysterious Seals, the Seven Symbolical Trumpets, the Seven Heads of the Dragon, the Seven Angels, the Seven Witnesses, &c. The Roman Catholic Church is rich in Number Seven, in doctrine and in ritual. There are the Seven Deadly Sins, the Seven Sacraments, the Seven Canonical Hours, the Seven Joys and Seven Sorrows of the Virgin Mary, and the Seven Penitential Psalms. The canonical hours here mentioned are the times fixed for divine service in the churches; they divide the ecclesiastical day into seven parts; and besides having a mystical relation to certain sacred occurrences, they are regarded as symbolising the seven days of creation, the seven times a day that the just man falls, the seven graces of the Holy Spirit, the seven divisions of the Lord's Prayer, and other applications of Number Seven. There is in Lambeth Palace library a manuscript about four centuries old, in which the seven hours are connected with the seven periods of man's life, as follows: morning, infancy; midmorrow, childhood; undern, school age; midday, the knightly age; nones or high noon, the kingly age; midovernoon, elderly; evenson, declining. It is interesting to compare this with Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man, as depicted by melancholy Jacques in As You Like It. There is a still older MS. illuminated in an elaborate manner. It represents a wheel cut into seven rays, and composed of seven concentric cordons, which with the rays form seven times seven compartments; seven of these compartments contain the Seven Petitions of the Lord's Prayer; seven others, the Seven Sacraments; seven others, the Seven Spiritual Arms of Justice; seven others, the Seven Works of Mercy; seven others, the Seven Virtues; seven others, the Seven Deadly Sins; and the last seven, the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost—all beautifully written and painted.

Departing from these serious matters, we find Number Seven in favour in all sorts of mundane and social affairs. There were the Seven Stones of the Arabs, and the Seven Tripods of Agamemnon. There were the Seven Wonders of the World, and the Seven Hills on which more than one celebrated city is said to be built. There were the Seven Planets and the Seven Stars—the former, cruelly disturbed in number and put out of joint by modern astronomical discoveries; the latter, applicable either to the seven principal stars in Orion, or to those in the Great Bear, or to the beautiful little Pleiades. There were the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, whose sound nap lasted two hundred and twenty-nine years, and who have had companions in the Seven Mohammedan Sleepers, and the Seven Sleepers of the North. We are told that there are seven liberal arts, seven senses, seven notes in music, and seven colours in the rainbow, neither more nor less. For some special inquiries, there is a jury of seven matrons. There used to be, more frequently than at present, a period of seven years' apprenticeship; and many a malefactor has had occasion to know that seven years was a frequent duration for a sentence of transportation. Some years ago, there was a Septuagenarian Club proposed, in which every member was to be seven times ten years old or upwards: all young fellows between sixty-five and seventy entering it simply as cadets. Seven Oaks have, as we know, given a name to a pleasant place in Kent; and Dean Stanley describes seven oaks standing in a line, at a particular spot in Palestine, associated in the minds of the natives with a very strange legend. When Cain (the legend runs) killed his brother Abel, he was punished by being compelled to carry the dead body during the long period of five hundred years, and to bury it in this spot; he planted his staff to mark the spot, and out of this staff grew up the seven oak trees.

Who can tell us anything about the Seven Sisters; the name of seven elm trees at Tottenham, which have also given their name to the road from thence to Upper Holloway? In Bedwell's History of Tottenham, written nearly two hundred and forty years ago, he describes Page-green, by the side of the high road at that village, and a group of seven elm-trees in a circle, with a walnut-tree in the centre. He says: "This tree hath this many yeares stod there, and it is observed yearely to live and beare leavs, and yet to stand at a stay, that is, to

growe neither greater nor higher. This people do commonly tell the reason to bee, for that there was one burnt upon that place for the profession of the Gospell." There was also some connecting link between the walnut-tree and the Seven Sisters by which it was surrounded. There were seven elms planted by seven sisters, one by each. The tree planted by the most diminutive of the sisters was always irregular and low in its growth. But now comes another legend of the walnut-tree. There was an eighth sister, who planted an elm in the midst of the other seven; it withered and died when she died, and then a walnut-tree grew in its place. But now the walnut-tree is gone, one of the elms is gone, and the others are gradually withering. In Ireland there is a legend connected with a lonely castle on the coast of Kerry, telling, in like manner, of seven sisters. The lord of the castle was a grim and cruel man, who had seven beautiful daughters. Seven brothers, belonging to a band of Northmen rovers, were cast on that coast, and fell desperately in love with the seven ladies. A clandestine escape was planned; this being discovered, the heartless parent threw all the seven lovely damsels down a chasm into the raging surf below. Something more is known about that paradise of bird-cages, that emporium of birds and bird-lime, that resort of bird-catchers and bird-buyers, Seven-dials. Evelyn, writing in 1694, said: "I went to see the building beginning near St. Giles's, where seven streets make a star from a Doric pillar placed in the middle of a circular area." This erection was said to be seven feet square at the top, had seven faces or sides, and seven sun-dials on those seven faces. The seven dials faced seven streets: Great Earl, Little Earl, Great St. Andrew's, Little St. Andrew's, Great White Lion, Little White Lion, and Queen streets. The pillar and its seven dials were removed about three-quarters of a century ago. Were they not taken to Walton-on-Thames, and are they in existence now?

Those friends of our boyish years, the Seven Champions of Christendom, have been a subject of more learned discussion than most boys—even old boys—would suppose. It would seem a daring question to ask whether Shakespeare condescended to borrow any of his beautiful language, any of his rich imagery, from this book. And yet such a question has been asked. Mr. Keightley, author of the Fairy Mythology, started the subject a few years ago in Notes and Queries. It appears that Richard Johnson, the author of the Seven Champions, was one of the contemporaries of Shakespeare, and that the book was published at about the same time as many of the plays of our great poet. Let us cite three passages pointed out by Mr. Keightley. The Champions say: "As they passed along by the river-side, which, gently running, made sweet music with the enamelled stones, and seemed to give a gentle kiss to every sedge he overtook in his watery pilgrimage." Compare this with a passage in the Second Act of the Two Gentlemen of Verona:

> The current that with gentle murmur glides
> Thou knowest, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
> But, when his fair course is not hindered,
> He *makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones*,
> Giving *a gentle kiss to every sedge*
> *He* overtaketh *in his pilgrimage*.

The italicised words in the latter show how many are the points of resemblance in the imagery and language. A second passage runs thus: "Where they found in Duke Ursini, Death's pale flag advanced in his cheeks." With this compare a passage in the Fifth Act of Romeo and Juliet:

> Beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips and in thy *cheeks*,
> And *Death's pale flag* is not *advanced* there.

Once more: "It seemed indeed that the leaves wagged, as you may behold when Zephyrus with a gentle breath plays with them." Now turn to the Fourth Act of Cymbeline:

> As *Zephyrs*, blowing beneath the violet, not
> *Wagging* his sweet head.

We cannot go into the critical questions of bibliography involved here; but may simply state that an opinion is held by commentators in favour of Johnson having had precedence of Shakespeare in these passages. At any rate, Number Seven is very much honoured by such comparisons.

Not the least curious among these associations of Number Seven, is that with the seventh son. Whoever has the good fortune to be the father of seven boys, especially if no girl intervene to break the continuity of the series, is to be congratulated forthwith. Let him not talk about too many olive-branches in his garden, or too many arrows in his quiver, or too many little folks around his table: his seventh boy will be a wonder. In the district around Orleans in France, a seventh son, without a daughter intervening, is called a marcou. His body is (or is supposed by the peasantry to be) marked in some spot or other with a fleur-de-lis. If

a patient suffering under king's-evil touch the fleur-de-lis, or if the marcou breathe upon him, the malady disappears. Or at least there is so great a popular faith that it *will* do so, that the country people will come from places far and wide to visit a marcou. About fifteen years ago there was one of these persons named Foulon, a cooper, at Ormes, who was greatly sought for his reputed healing powers, especially in Holy Week, and more especially on Good Friday, when his patients reached the number of four or five hundred. As to the origin of the name king's-evil, a manuscript in the University library at Cambridge tells us that "The Kings of England and Fraunce by a peculiar guift cure the king's-evill by touching them with their hands; and so doth the seaventh sonne." It is something to say that a seventh son, in this matter, is as good as a king. Mr. Keightley has found among the Welsh folk-lore an account of a family famous in this way. "Jones was their name, and they lived at a place called Muddfi. In them was said to have originated the tradition of the seventh son, or Septimus, being born for the healing art; as for many generations seven sons were regularly born in each family, the seventh of whom became the doctor, and wonderful in his profession." Steele jested at this belief a century and a half ago, in sarcastic relation to another of the troubles with which men are occasionally visited: "Tipstaff, being a seventh son, used to cure the king's-evil, but his rascally descendants are so far from having that healing quality, that by a touch upon the shoulder they give a man such an ill habit of body, that he can never come abroad afterwards."

But if there happen to be a seventh son of a seventh son, the curative powers are much more marvellous. Mr. Carleton, in his story of the Black Prophet, says that the Irish peasantry entertain a very undoubting faith in the reality of these powers. In Cornwall the belief is, in like manner, entertained; the ordeal being that the gifted person should thrice gently stroke the part affected, thrice blow on it, and repeat certain words. At Bristol, some years ago, a tradesman was regularly called Dr. So-and-so, simply because he was the seventh son of a seventh son, and without any relation to his actual trade. Early in the present century, a man perambulated the rural districts of Hampshire to cure the blind, the sick, and the lame. Numerous cures were ascribed to him, and he had quite a large collection of crutches and walking sticks, said to have been left by his patients who had no longer any need for them. How much was deception, and how much due to the implicit faith placed in him by the ignorant, it might have been difficult to decide; but he was held in much awe and respect on account of his claim to be the seventh son of a seventh son. At Plymouth, not very long ago, was to be seen this inscription on a board:

A. Shepherd,
The third seventh daughter,
Doctress.

A Yorkshire lad at a school was purposely intended to study afterwards for the medical profession, because, as he told his school-fellows, "The seventh of the seventh maks the bigg'st o' doctors." Another story is told of an Irish lad who, as an errand boy, was frequently censured for being late in his arrival, and dilatory when on his errands. His excuse on one occasion took the following form: "I'm sure I wouldn't help it, sir, I'm sure I wouldn't. I've only bin on an act o' mercy. Ye see, sir, I'm a seventh of a seventh, an' I touches for sickness, sir, an' I've bin to two childer this morn, sir, a long way." It appeared that he had to touch, fasting, in order that his wonderful properties should be developed; and his palm was crossed by a piece of silver varying in value from a fourpenny piece to half-a-crown, according to the social position of his patients.

THE ROMAN DRAMATISTS.

For the sake of completeness, it has been suggested to us as desirable, that to the succinct account which we have rendered of the Latin poets, some notice of the Roman dramatists should be added. The subject is interesting, and might lead us into much discursive illustration, but we shall restrain all tendency to wander, and confine our remarks within the narrowest limits. We shall seek to give information, not to display the ingenuity of criticism or the felicities of rhetoric. The knowledge we wish to impart is purely elementary.

The first form of literature derived by the Romans from the Greeks was the dramatic; but the regular drama was preceded by rude sports, shows, and recitations, and the singing of national ballads in street processions by the soldiers as they marched, or as they sat at convivial

feasts, and were regaled with instrumental music. Regular dramatic pieces were first exhibited about 240 B.C., but they had to contend with the public shows and spectacles. It is doubtful whether the earliest production, represented at Rome by Livius Andronicus, was a comedy or a tragedy. Whichever it was, the author acted it alone, unhelped by other actors. Being, however, not seldom called upon to repeat certain passages, which caused his voice to become hoarse, he claimed permission of his audience to introduce a boy who should rehearse or sing the lyrical portions to the accompaniment of the flute, reserving to himself only the declamation of the dialogue. Livius Andronicus and Naevius were the first authors of regularly-constructed plays, but it is to Plautus we must look as the father of Roman comedy, and to Terence as the improver. Both imitated the later productions of Greece; indeed, the regular comedy of the Romans was of the kind termed Palliatæ—so called from the Greek habit pallium, which the actors wore—because the personages and incidents were Grecian. Their serious and genteel comedy was named Togatæ, from toga, the Roman gown, the characters being persons of good rank; and sometimes Prætextatæ, when the characters were Roman, from the habit of Roman noblemen. Low comedy was called Tabernariæ, from taberna, a shop or tavern.

Horace has censured Plautus for negligence in the metre of his verses; but the subject is so obscure that it is hard to understand what is meant by the charge. We shall therefore consider the man and his works without reference to the question. Plautus was born at Sarsina, now Sezza—a small town in Umbria, or Æmilia, as it was more recently denominated. The poet was called Plautus from his splay feet; his proper name was Marcius Accius. He was probably the son of a slave named Libertus. He died about 184 B.C., but the period of his birth is unknown; nor can we fix the time when his plays were acted. It is, however, on record that he was handsomely paid for his work; but he risked the proceeds in trade, and lost them. He was, in consequence, so far reduced that, in a period of general famine, he was compelled to work at a mill. While thus employed, however, he contrived to compose three plays. He wrote twenty in all; at least no more are extant, though some say he wrote six more. His humour was peculiar, and considered to be inimitable. His Amphitryo was once played on a solemn occasion to pacify the anger of Jupiter. The poet composed an epitaph for himself, highly laudatory, stating that with him, wit, laughter, jest, and harmony deserted the stage. He was, indeed, by the acknowledgment of all, remarkable for his wit, if not for his elegance. Always lively and entertaining, he was admitted to have "hastened with his characters to the winding-up of his play," in which particular Horace compares him with Epicharmus, a Greek comic writer and a scholar of Pythagoras; but he charges him meanwhile with having overcharged some of his characters and neglected others. As to style, his critics tell us that his sentences have a peculiar smartness, conveying the thought with point and clearness which secures attention and pleases the fancy.

Of the plays of Plautus, the Amphitryo is tolerably well known to French and English readers by the imitations of Molière and Dryden. The characters are gods and princes; and as Euripides wrote a drama under the same title, it may have been partly derived from the Hellenic poet. His next play, Asinaria (the Ass-Driver), was certainly rendered from the Greek of Demophilus. It is supposed, also, that he was indebted to a Greek original for his Aulularia (the Casket), from which Molière took his Avare, and our own Wycherly his Miser.

The first comedy of Plautus represented is supposed to have been the Cistellaria (the Basket), acted the eighteenth year of the Punic war, the prologue of which is spoken by the god Auxilium. This apparent absurdity is, however, justifiable by the nature of the argument. In another play he adopted the same expedient, namely, Rudens (the Cable), translated from the Greek of Diphilus. The prologue is spoken by the god or the constellation Arcturus, whose heliacal rising and setting were reckoned tempestuous. In another play, called Trinummus (the Hidden Treasure), the prologue is spoken by the allegorical characters of Luxury and Penury.

Plautus has had many imitators. Ben Jonson in part copied his Alchymist from Plautus's Mostellaria (the Ghost), and Shakespeare has imitated his Menæchmi (the Twins), in the Comedy of Errors. His Pseudolus (the Cheat) has been variously imitated by modern writers.

The play on which Plautus most prided himself is entitled Truculentus (the Churl). It is, however, a translation from the Greek. His remaining productions are respectively entitled, Captivi (the Captives); Curculio, or the Discovery; Epidicus (the

Litigious); Bacchides, or the Sisters; Miles Gloriosus, (the Bragging Captain); Mercator (the Merchant), and Pænulus, the Carthaginian, with Casina, Persa, and Stichus, all three being the names of slaves, who are introduced among the characters. For the most part, Plautus has observed in these plays the technical unities of time and place.

Terence is a less original and animated but a more elegant dramatist. He was born about nine years before Plautus died. The Romans had already begun to be more learned, and Plautus was, therefore, from his birth surrounded with more favourable influences than Terence had been, and these operated accordingly on his genius. He was probably a Carthaginian of good family, who had been made captive by the Numidians, and purchased as a slave by the Romans. He fell into the hands of a generous master, Terentius Lucanus, a senator, who gave him his education and his freedom. He soon became familiar with the nobility, and was patronised by Paulus Æmilianus and his son Scipio, and adopted also by the son of the elder Scipio Africanus, a young nobleman about nine years his junior, who had distinguished himself in the wars at seventeen years of age. To him and to another of his patrons Lælius, the enemies of Plautus attributed the composition of his plays. Lælius, in fact, is known to have written some verses in the Fourth Act of Heautontimorumenos (the Self-Tormentor).

The Andria is generally stated to have been Terence's first piece, but erroneously. It was, in fact, his second, and acted in his twenty-seventh year (166 B.C.) The Hecyra was performed in the following year, and the above-mentioned Self-Tormentor two years subsequently. The Eunuch and the Phormio date two years later still, and in the next year the Adelphi (or Brothers) was acted.

Terence was now thirty-three years of age, and determined to travel into Greece. He did so, and remained there a year, during which he was engaged in collecting the plays of the celebrated Athenian poet, Menander. Of these he translated many. He then prepared to return home. But the voyage was fatal to him, and he died on the passage, being not quite thirty-five years of age.

Terence was a married man, and had a daughter, to whom he left a house and gardens on the Appian Way; so that the account that he died very poor cannot be accurate. He received, it is said, eight thousand sesterces for his Eunuch the first time it was performed; and it appears that the poets used to be paid every time their plays were acted, the Ædiles employing the chief actor of the company to settle with the author about the price. Many of the plays of Terence were acted more than once, the Eunuch, for instance, twice in one day, and the Hecyra three times.

The commentators and critics have decided that three points of excellence belong to Terence; the beauty of his characters, the politeness of his dialogue, and the regularity of the scene. The differences between him and Plautus are antithetically expressed. Allowance, it is urged, must be made for circumstances. Terence composed his pieces at a villa of Scipio or Lælius; whereas poor Plautus was forced to make some of his at the mill. The vivacity of Plautus's wit triumphs over their hasty birth; whereas, if Terence have produced more mature and timely offspring, we may thank for it the felicity of circumstance as much as his own genius. Plautus is the more gay, Terence the more chaste; Plautus has more genius and fire, Terence more manners and solidity; Plautus excels in low comedy and ridicule, Terence in drawing just characters, and maintaining them to the last. In this fashion, we might multiply similar parallels until they filled several columns. These suffice to indicate the real distinctions between the two poets, both excellent, however various. Lessing, it may be mentioned, has devoted a whole essay to the life and genius of Plautus; and the elder Colman effected a complete translation of the works of Terence.

The most celebrated writer of tragedies among the Romans was Seneca, the philosopher, who was the preceptor of Nero, and perished by the tyrant's order, A.D. 65. Ten dramas are extant with his name, but it is supposed that he was not the author of them all, many of them being by his nephew or son. Two only need be noticed, the Medea and the Œdipus. The former subject, which is now well known through Madame Ristori's superb representation of the character, had already been finely treated by the great poet Euripides in one of the greatest of his tragedies. Seneca has bestowed upon it a weight and a magniloquence of diction, which are peculiarities of his style. In simplicity and pathos he is inferior; and here Euripides will continue to be read when Seneca is forgotten. For the theme of the latter play, the Roman poet, whether Seneca the elder or younger, was indebted to Sophocles. It

is a play founded on a mystery which perplexes all the persons of it until its revelation in the final act. The conduct of the plot in the Greek drama is admirable; the secret being kept to the end, though gradually unfolded during the progress of the play. Seneca has not been equally successful; but the style of the Œdipus is more natural than that of the Medea. Two other tragedies attributed to Seneca, the Octavia and the Thebaid, are of little merit as dramas though not wanting in beauty as poems.

The remaining six may be summarily dismissed. They have, say classical critics, many beauties, the style being generally noble, and the sentiments sublime; but they are irregular both in regard to fable and construction, and therefore but ill suited for representation. Indeed, the tragic writers of the period composed their dramas rather for the sake of rhetorical exercise than with a design to furnish pieces for actual representation in the theatre. Of these P. Pomponius Secundus is mentioned by the younger Pliny and by Quintilian with high commendation. Æmilius Scaurus was the author of a tragedy entitled Atreus; he was put to death by Tiberius, having been suspected of alluding to that emperor in an objectionable passage. Curatius Maternus is cited as a tragic poet of celebrity. Four of his tragedies are entitled Medea, Thyestes, Cato, and Domitius. He was put to death by Domitian, having declaimed against tyranny. Of minor poets and dramatists Rome possessed so many that an account of them would be tedious, and, we fear, uninteresting, though some of them are of remarkable merit. Thus Pollio, a writer of tragedies, is celebrated both by Horace and Virgil as a fine poet, as well as a good orator and a just historian.

Ultimately, the love of the Romans for spectacles and pantomimes ruined the hopes of both the tragic and comic poet. Comedy, indeed, after the time of Terence was still more neglected than tragedy. Both flourished, however, sufficiently to make two actors famous, Æsopus and Roscius. They were friends of Cicero. The former is recorded to have excelled in tragic scenes, and the latter to have gained a wonderful reputation both in comedy and tragedy. The theatres in Rome were so large that it was difficult to perform in them. Indeed, we find it hard to conceive how a speaker, having to make himself heard by forty, or even eighty, thousand persons, was able to preserve the tones and expressions of voice requisite to touch the feelings. The Roman actor, also, was expected sometimes to play a female part, as women never appeared on the stage except as mimes or dancers. The business of a comedian at Rome was very lucrative, and both Æsopus and Roscius acquired immense wealth.

ADVENTURE OF FIVE GOLD DIGGERS.

In the spring of 1865, I got belated by the Mission of St. Peter's in the Rocky Mountains, and there I heard a tale of suffering, which, as a contribution to the history of gold "prospecting," I may relate just as I jotted it down from the lips of one of the adventurers. Five gold diggers of Montana Territory were wintering in a log cabin at Cottonwood, Deer Lodge, but as the winter lagged along they grew tired, and thought that they would try a little "prospecting." Accordingly, on the 10th of January, Joe Shields, Jerry Cross, Joe Wood, Alexander Dorrell and Alexander Grant, started on their winter journey, and after prospecting Carpenters' Bar they crossed the Rocky Mountains to Helena, where they procured the services of an old French Canadian voyageur as guide, and proceeded to explore the country about the head waters of the Mariah, one of the tributaries of the Missouri River. The company were provisioned with six months' supplies, and carried with them all necessary tools and utensils. On the 19th they reached the base of the mountains, and not expecting Indians in a section of the country so remote, they turned their animals loose to graze, and after their usual repast and smoke they laid themselves round the camp fire, to enjoy that sound and refreshing sleep vouchsafed to the hardy mountaineer. On the following morning the horses were not to be found. Presuming they had strayed, the party, after breakfast, started off to find them, and after hours of fruitless search they returned from their several directions, to find their camp stripped of everything they possessed save their buffalo robes. Realising their situation, that their horses and supplies had been stolen by some wandering band of hostile Indians, they started on the morning of the 21st to retrace their steps. They were then eighty miles above the main stream of the Mariah among its tributaries, but weary, hungry, and stripped of horses and provisions as they were, they began their sad march through a drizzling fall of snow, back to the Big

Bend of the Mariah, where they thought they might possibly receive shelter and succour, and certainly wood to warm them. The storm became more severe and violent as the destitute men plodded on their way. On the 25th they reached the Big Bend, when they found wood and built a fire, by which they thawed their frozen limbs, and now became more fully conscious of their helpless condition. The whole party were frozen on the 23rd, but were not aware of the fact till they saw their feet mortifying before their eyes. Thoughts of home crowded on the mind of Cross, and he wept aloud. Shields observed, that they were "all in the same fix," there was no "use crying about it," that they would "all die together," and find "an end to their troubles." The whole company, with the exception of Grant, were now helpless, and it was determined that he should attempt to bring succour to them. Accordingly he, though badly frozen, after receiving directions from the old voyageur, started from the camp determined to bring assistance to the party or perish in the attempt. In four days he dragged his frozen feet over a distance of thirty-five miles, and reached an Indian trading post on the Mariah. A Mexican, accompanied by eleven Indians with horses and supplies, started from the post the following day after Grant's arrival there, to relieve the frozen and starving men.

Nine days elapsed from the time the Indians stole the horses and supplies to the time of the arrival of the rescue party, and during the interval one prairie chicken, shot by Shields with his revolver, was all the food the party had partaken of. None of them were able to walk a step, and had it not been for the unconquerable resolution and perseverance of Cross, they must have all perished. Cross would crawl upon his hands and knees and break and gather twigs, which he would tie together, and taking the string between his teeth, would drag them to the fire which kept warmth and life in his helpless companions. Though still unable to move, they gradually revived under the influence of the food brought them. Stormy weather continuing from the 25th of January to the 8th of April travel was impossible, and exposed to the severity of the weather, the party, now augmented by the Mexican and Indians, were compelled to remain in camp at the Big Bend. On the 9th of April the frozen men were placed on "trivvors," or hand sledges, and hauled to St. Peter's or the Blackfort Mission, where they were received by the Fathers Jurday and Emenda, Italian priests, who extended to them more than hospitality and more than humanity. Some groceries, buffalo meat, and flour constituted their stock of provisions, and though they had been compelled to put themselves on an allowance of bread, they denied themselves, and gave their portion to the invalids. Cross, Woods, Dorrell, Shields, and the French guide all lost their feet. Shields sharpened his butcher's knife (always carried by travellers in a sheath at their belt) on a stone, and cut off his own feet while in camp at the Mariah; the feet of the rest of the party were amputated by the Mexican and the Indians. When I saw Grant his feet were badly frozen, but although some bones had come out, he expected in time to be able to wear boots again. His feet looked as if they had been burned, wounded, and crisped with hot iron. In a few weeks they were able again to travel, and though the good priests refused to accept any remuneration, the unfortunate adventurers—liberal as they were fearless and brave—compelled them to accept the sum of one hundred dollars from each of them, that they might be able again to succour others as they had assisted them. Three weeks after Grant left the prostrate camp, the same Indians who had robbed them massacred a party of nine white men and a negro, engaged in surveying out a town site at the mouth of the Mariah.

THE MAIDEN AND THE LEPER.

Down the green valley, on her ass,
Rideth the maiden Zanitas,
Dews are falling, song birds sing,
'Tis a Christian evening:
Lower, slower, sinks the sun,
The white stars glimmer, one by one.

Who sitteth musing at his door?
Silas the leper, gaunt and hoar;
Tho' he is curst in every limb,
Full whitely Time hath snow'd on him.
Dews are falling, song birds sing,
'Tis a Christian evening:
The Leper, drinking in the air,
Sits like a beast with idiot stare.

How pale! how wondrous! she doth pass,
The heavenly maiden Zanitas!
She looks—she seeth—she shuddereth,
She passeth on with bated breath.
Dews are falling, song birds sing,
'Tis a Christian evening:
His mind is like a stagnant pool,
She passeth o'er it, beautiful!

Brighter, whiter, in the skies
Open innumerable eyes;
The Leper looketh up and sees,
His bitter heart is soothed by these.
Dews are falling, song birds sing,
'Tis a Christian evening:
He looketh up with heart astir,
And every star hath eyes like her.

Onward on her milk-white ass
Rideth the maiden Zanitas,
The boughs are sweet, the grass is pearl'd,
But 'tis a miserable world.
Dews are falling, song birds sing,
'Tis a Christian evening:
All over heaven her eyes can see
The glittering spots of Leprosy!

GIDEON BROWN.

A True Story of the Covenant.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

Three months after the battle of Bothwell Brigg, when I was in my warehouse sorting a shipment of tobacco that I had received from Virginia, a detachment of Claverhouse's dragoons, consisting of six men, stationed themselves at my door. The captain in command entered, and with many brutal words and oaths, arrested me for having been at the battle, and called my wife an ill name, when, rushing in between us, she implored with piteous shrieks and heart-rending entreaties that I should not be taken from her. I was prepared for this arrest; and had taken great and, as I thought, sure, precautions to prove my innocence. I was led off to prison, but as I was a magistrate of Glasgow, it was thought well not to treat me with too much harshness. I lay in prison for five days, when in consequence of representations made by the Provost, and many magistrates and citizens of repute, one of whom, Mr. Wedderburn, was a strong prelatist, who all deponed that I was in Glasgow, attending quietly to my affairs on the day of the battle, and that I had not left the city for a week before or after, I was allowed to return to my family. All this time—though his enemies and mine neither knew nor suspected it—Mr. Cargill lay concealed in my house. He went forth shortly afterwards, I knew not whither, though I learned in about two months by a letter in his own hand, that he had retired into England, where he was not known, until the violence of the search after him should abate. A reward of five thousand marks was offered for him, dead or alive; and many greedy malignants were on his track. He soon returned to Scotland; and both he and the venerated Mr. Richard Cameron preached on the same Sabbath to the people at Dermeid Moor. Mr. Cameron, when preaching at Airs Moss, not long after this, was surprised by the dragoons of Claverhouse, for there was a reward of five thousand marks for his head also—and in the conflict Mr. Cameron was slain. His head and hands were cut off and sent to Edinburgh. Mr. Cargill, nothing daunted by the fate of his brother in the Lord, continued to preach wherever he could safely gather the people together, either on the Sabbath or any other day. On the second Sabbath of September, 1688, he preached to a large congregation in the Torwood, between Falkirk and Stirling. Of this congregation I was one. It was the last time that I was permitted to look upon the face or listen to the words of that apostle of the truth. He never preached better during the whole course of his ministry, and ended by pronouncing sentence of excommunication against the king and his brother, the Duke of York, the base begotten Monmouth, and the persecuting Scottish malignants, Lauderdale, Rothes, Claverhouse, Dalzell, and others. He had a presentiment at this time that he and I would never meet again, and he took leave of me with the tears in his eyes, and a fatherly kiss upon my cheek. His presentiment was a prophecy. After eight months of peril and of hairbreadth escapes he was captured by one Irving of Bonshaw, who tied him tight with cords to the back of a horse, and otherwise despitefully used him, and conveyed him first to Lanark and thence to Glasgow, where he remained one night in the Tolbooth. He was soon thereafter tried for high treason, for having fought at Bothwell Brigg, and for having absolved the people from their allegiance to Charles Stuart on the ever-memorable Sabbath in Torwood. He was tried on the 15th of July, and the judge, the malignant Duke of Rothes, himself an aged man, but no respecter of grey hairs, spoke wrathfully and cruelly to the venerable saint, and threatened him with torture, saying that if he were rolled down-hill in a barrel set with sharp spikes of iron, or fastened to the stake with red-hot chains, such a death would be too good for him. But Mr. Cargill very quietly said, as I was afterwards told by one who was present: "I am in your power, my Lord of Rothes, but you need not threaten me. And die what death I may, *your* eyes will not live to see it." This was thought by many to be a foolish speech. But it came to pass. Mr. Cargill was ordered for execution, and was hanged and afterwards beheaded, at the Nether Bow, Edinburgh, in the afternoon of the 26th of July. In the morning of that same day died the Duke of Rothes. Great are the judgments of the Lord, who yet speaketh by the mouths of His martyrs!

And now the day of my own tribulation

drew near. I had diligently trained up my younger brother, Andrew, to take my place as the head of the family, and to watch over the comfort of my mother, my sisters, and my wife and children, in case the persecuting hand of the foes of the Covenant should be laid heavily upon me. I had so arranged all my affairs that the loss of my liberty, and even of my life, would not reduce the household of my father into poverty, or send the seed of the righteous into the world to beg their bread. And it was well I made these arrangements in time; for my foes were many. They could not prove that I was at Bothwell Brigg; but it was known that I had been a frequent worshipper in the hills when Mr. Cargill preached. It was suspected that I had harboured him when Claverhouse was in pursuit of him; likewise, that I had been present at the memorable preaching in the Torwood. At the beginning of the year 1682 I was arrested on these last two charges, and taken to Edinburgh for trial. I was found guilty, as I foresaw, but was told that my life would be spared, and that I should be transported to the Plantations of America. Lest I and my companions should find our way to New England, whither many friends of the Covenant and the freedom of conscience had banished themselves that they might worship God in their own way; and lest we should there find the comfort and companionship of fellow Christians; we were consigned, as if we had been merchandise, to Virginia—a plantation almost as full of malignants as London, or the court of King Charles. Seventy-three of us were shipped on board a small vessel in the Leith Roads. We set sail the next day for the Thames. The weather was very stormy, and the winds were adverse; after beating wofully about for eleven days, our captain took refuge at Berwick-on-Tweed. It was six weeks before we anchored off Gravesend, where I received letters from my family and my dear wife, who had resolved to follow me with her two youngest bairns to the plantation, or wherever else my evil fortune might lead me. To this I would not consent, and it was well for me that I would not. The English merchant to whom we were consigned, and who was to have the benefit of our labour and services in Virginia, had despatched his vessel to America a fortnight before our arrival. After some hesitation he refused to take charge of and feed us, and said that until the return voyage of his ship he would allow us to go free. Strange to say, he did this without conference with the government, or the exaction of any promise from us to return into captivity when he should be ready for us.

Under these unexpected circumstances, I determined to return to Glasgow. I was well acquainted with a worthy man from Newhaven, near Edinburgh, who was master and part owner of a trading smack plying between London and Leith. I determined to make my case known to him, and solicit a passage in his vessel. I found him at home at his lodgings in Wapping, and he readily agreed to convey me to Leith. All his crew were Scotsmen, and enemies of prelacy, and abhorred the persecution that the Scottish people had so long suffered for the faith. This good man's name was Anderson; and in his little smack I sailed for Leith seven days after my arrival at Gravesend. What became of my seventy-two companions I did not know at the time, but I afterwards met several of them in Scotland. The voyage was favourable, and only occupied us ten days. On the twelfth day, at evening, I stood at my own door in the Candleriggs of Glasgow. My dear mother and my wife wept with joy to see me. The two younger bairns sat upon my knee and prattled merrily, not knowing what had been wrong with me, while the elder boy plied me with many questions, scarcely comprehending the wickedness of those who had torn me away from them, and promising that when old enough, he too would be a soldier of the Covenant. The prayers we all put up to God that evening ascended from grateful as well as contrite hearts, though all of us, save the children, were aware that I might again be snatched from them on my former sentence, and a worse penalty than banishment inflicted. Happily these fears proved groundless; and greatly to my surprise and joy I remained in Glasgow, publicly attending to my affairs without being molested. There was a lull in the persecution, for what cause I know not, unless it were that the English people were becoming as discontented as the Scotch, because an avowed papist like the Duke of York was heir to the throne, and because that if he succeeded to it Protestantism itself would be in danger. For me, I resolved to walk warily, and avoid occasion of offence, though I could not conform to prelacy, even to save my life, or cease attendance at the ministrations of such true servants of Jesus as Mr. Cargill had been, and as the other brave and good men were, who since his martyrdom had been raised up to supply his place.

Everything went very quietly with me for three years, and I sometimes fancied that I had been forgotten by my foes. But their anger was not dead, and broke out very heavily against me and many thousands more in the early summer of 1684. The English government had heard rumours of a conspiracy to excite an insurrection in the country, to raise an army of the Covenant in Scotland under the Earl of Argyll, who was then in Holland. If victory rewarded the movement, the plan was to dethrone the king, and exclude the papist Duke of York from the succession. Charles Stuart and his brother, and all the malignants who supported them, believed that these things would be attempted, and in their fright and fury resolved to make short work of their enemies in Scotland. None was too high and none was too low for their vengeance. Suspicion of enmity to the king's government, unsupported by the slightest proof, brought many an innocent head to the scaffold. Russell and Sydney died upon the block in London; and for some short while before their execution, and for a whole year afterwards, it appeared that the realm of Britain had been handed over to the dominion of devils. After the martyrdom of Donald Cargill and Richard Cameron, I, with many more friends of the cause, had given what aid was in our power towards the sustenance of other preachers, as brave and zealous as they, and I had notably taken to my heart a young man, James Renwick, a true servant of the Lord Jesus. I attended his ministrations with edification. The three years of quiet which I had enjoyed since my escape from Gravesend had doubtless emboldened me to walk less cautiously than I should have done, although I ought to have been warned by the events in England, as well as at home, to take heed of my doings. But to remain calm and contented under oppression is not in my nature, and never was. I ought not to have been a trader, but a preacher and a fighter; yet though a trader, and bound to remain so, in obedience to the will of my father, and to provide for the wants of those he had left under my charge, I could help the cause by my worldly substance in the quiet days, and, if need were, by the sword in my strong right hand in the days of danger.

On the 29th of July, after a frugal supper with my family, and after I had read, as was my custom, a chapter from the Word of God, and pronounced a benediction on my little flock, I went quietly to my bed, unsuspicious of evil. At one hour after midnight, a party of soldiers broke violently into my house, and rushed up to my sleeping chamber. The officer in command presented a pistol at my head, threatening to shoot me dead if I offered the least resistance, and ordered me to follow. Without allowing me to say farewell to my children, and brutally pushing away my wife, who clung despairingly to me, they marched me through the streets, to the Tolbooth of Glasgow. I was informed that the charge against me was that I was present at the brae side in Kelvin Grove, on the previous Sabbath, when Mr. Renwick preached. Though I had often attended the godly ministrations of Mr. Renwick, it so happened that on that particular Sabbath I had been in Campsie Glen to hear Mr. Peden preach. I did not tell the persecutors where I had been, lest they should have been incited thereby to search for Mr. Peden; but simply denied that I had been in Kelvin on the day named. After I had lain three weeks in prison along with thieves and malefactors, I and many other citizens of Glasgow, fellow-sufferers with me in this cause, were offered our liberty, if we would take the oath of allegiance and renounce the Covenant. This I refused to do, as did seven others. On the following morning we eight were marched to Edinburgh, chained together two and two, preceded and followed by a troop of soldiers, who often struck us over our shoulders, and even on our heads, with the flat of their sabres, to compel us to walk faster than our strength enabled us. We were two days and a half upon the road, and, on our arrival at Edinburgh, were thrust into the Tolbooth. We slept upon the damp floor, and were fed with mouldy bread, having no water to drink, but such as was putrid. In this miserable state I and my companions in suffering remained for eleven weeks. At length, on a cold and dark day of November, I was brought alone before the council, and arraigned for having been concerned with Sir James Maxwell of Pollock, and other gentlemen, in fixing the "Apologetic Declaration" on the door of the Barony church of Glasgow. The truth in this case was that I was not acquainted with Sir James Maxwell; had never spoken to, or acted with him; and that alone and unaided, and without concert with any one, I had myself affixed the paper on the door of the church, and had on the following day the great satisfaction of seeing crowds of people gathered around to read it. I was not obliged to confess what I had done,

so I contented myself with denying all knowledge of Sir James Maxwell and of the other gentlemen. The council, however, held that the charge was proven; one member thereof taking it upon himself to say that, even if it were not proven, I was a false traitor, and ought to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. I was told to prepare myself for execution, to be first hanged, and afterwards beheaded, at ten of the clock on the morning of the next day, the twelfth of November.

I made no reply to the sentence, and was taken back to the Tolbooth, where I earnestly endeavoured to prepare myself for death. All the events of my past life passed before my mind, and with a firm reliance on my Redeemer, I looked Death steadily in the face, and feared him not. I loved my life as much as most men do, especially those who have such tender ties to link them to it as I had and have, yet I can truly say that even in those bitter moments preceding that which I believed was to be my last I was not afraid. When I heard the hour of ten boom from the Tron church I was ready for my fate. But no one came to summon me forth to die, and, much to my distress and amazement, not perhaps altogether unmingled with hope, I remained until evening in ignorance of the fact that my execution had been postponed for a week. The week passed over, drearily and wearily, and again the execution of my sentence was deferred. I sometimes thought that my persecutors desired to make me taste the bitterness of death, not once only, but many times; and that their seeming mercy was but malice and cruelty. During many miserable months I fully expected that every hour would be my last, though when, even through my prison walls, there came, in February, 1685, the tidings that the treacherous Charles Stuart had gone to his account, and been succeeded by his papist brother, the Duke of York, I began to entertain an idea that my life would be spared. It appeared to me that the new king would not commence his reign by bloodshed, and that I and other prisoners condemned to death would be set free. But these hopes were vain, and no word of relief or rescue came to my prison door.

Calamities worse even than death were in store for me and my fellow-prisoners. Tidings arrived in Edinburgh of the rising of the Duke of Monmouth in England, and of the landing in the West of Scotland of the Earl of Argyll. It was early in May when this champion of the Covenant appeared on the shores of Lorn and Kantyre, and there being fears that he might be well supported by the people, and advance upon Edinburgh, all the prisoners of the Covenant, to the number of nearly two hundred and fifty, of whom I was one, were marched in the dead of night, handcuffed two by two, and escorted by cavalry as far as Leith, where we were all put on board of a vessel waiting to receive us, and were landed at Burntisland, in Fife. On arrival, we were all crowded into a prison consisting of two small rooms of about twenty feet square, or less, where we remained three days, suffering intolerable agonies for want of air and water, and for want of space to lie down and die in, which many of us would have been glad to do. Many of the unhappy company were suffocated, and died standing; being removed by the guards on duty, they left a little additional room for the wretched survivors. On the fourth day, all who remained of us—and it seemed, though I could never exactly tell, that our numbers were diminished by about seventy souls—were shipped from Burntisland, still chained two by two, to the Castle of Dunottar, on the wild sea coast of Kincardineshire. In this gloomy prison, that had many vaults and dungeons, we were divided into smaller gangs or companies, so that whatever death we might die, we should not die for want of space and air. I and twenty-four others were confined in the great vault, that had a high grated window overlooking the sea. We were told on entering, by the officer in command, a savage and hairy Highlander, named M'Dougall, who could speak but little English, that we were all under sentence of death, and might be executed any morning, without further notification than a word from him. I had within the last few months heard the like threat so often, that I had ceased to look upon death as a foe to be feared.

We had lain in this place about a fortnight, when I suggested to my companions a plan of escape. Having often been hoisted on the shoulders of Allan Leslie, the strongest and tallest man among us, to the one grated window of the dungeon, to breathe the fresh air, I discovered about ten feet underneath it, a narrow ledge of the rock on which the castle was built; and I made up my mind that if we could reach this ledge we might, by careful walking and climbing, both up and down, reach the sea shore. I communicated my idea to the rest, and it was agreed to twist such parts of our clothing—we had no bedding—as we could

spare, into a rope strong enough to bear the weight of a man, and long enough to let him down from the window to the ledge of rock. It took us three days to make our preparations, and by the aid of Mr. Leslie we managed to break the bars of the window, and to be let down one after the other to the rock. Mr. Leslie himself was the last to descend. We began our work soon after midnight, but the sun had risen, and was an hour high on the horizon ere we completed it. Some lasses from the neighbouring village having come to wash their clothes within sight of the rock gave the alarm to the sentinels, and fifteen out of our twenty-five were captured, just as freedom seemed within our reach. The other ten, of whom Mr. Leslie was one, managed to escape. I was one of the fifteen unfortunates brought back to prison. The Highland captain was furious against us. It seemed as if nothing could satisfy him so much as our torture. One after the other we were stripped naked, without other covering than a cloth around our loins, and in that condition were strapped upon our backs to a board, so that we could stir neither hand nor foot. Then with a diabolical cruelty, burning matches were applied between each of our fingers of both hands, and between the toes of our feet, and were left to burn themselves out. One poor sickly creature, named Dalgleish, died under this torture; several lost the use of their hands or feet. I, more fortunate than the others, only suffered from some severe flesh wounds, which speedily healed. We were then put into a darker vault in the interior, and were threatened with death on the following Monday.

The Monday came, but not the death, though to live as we all lived was to die daily. In the first week of August, Captain M'Dougall announced to us, in bad English, that he was sorry to say the merciful government had spared our worthless lives, and banished us to the plantations, on condition that we should never again return to Scotland. About the eleventh or twelfth of August we were shipped to Leith to the number of one hundred and fourteen, where, lying in our ship opposite Musselburgh, twenty-eight of us addressed a letter to our friends, wherein we declared that we left our native land by an unjust sentence, for no other offence than the performance of our duty, the studying how to hold by the Covenant and our baptismal vows, whereby we stood obliged to resist and testify against all that was contrary to God's Word. We furthermore declared that our sentence, first of death, and afterwards of banishment, was pronounced against us because we would not take the oath of allegiance to the king as lord spiritual as well as temporal, which in conscience we could not take, because, if we had done so, we should have denied that the Lord Jesus was supreme or had any power in his own church. I do not know whether this protest was promulgated among our friends, or published for the encouragement of the long-suffering people of Scotland, but it relieved our souls to sign it.

We lay in Leith Roads, waiting for a fair wind, thirteen days. After this, the weather being favourable, we sailed for North America. On the seventh day, when near the Land's End, a malignant fever broke out in our ship, which pressed very heavily on the weakest of the brethren who had suffered from the close confinement of Burntisland, and afterwards of the doleful Castle of Dunottar. Our captain was a coarse and brutal man, who behaved to us with great harshness. Even the fever which broke out among us did not seem to soften his temper, and he declared, with horrid imprecations, that he commanded a doomed ship in having such canting hypocrites, and damnable rebels, and roundheads, aboard, as we were. In one day seven of the poor people died. The next day there died five; the third day there died nine; and as their bodies were thrown into the sea, one after another, I think there were few amongst us who did not envy the dead. But I was not of these. I clung to my life, and prayed to the Lord that I might yet be spared to testify in the flesh to the truth of His Word. In one hundred and ten days thereafter, suffering much all the time, and especially at the last, for want of food and water, and beating about in contrary winds, we caught sight of North American land and the heights of Neversink; with a fair breeze, we passed the Narrows, and sailed into the Bay of New York, greatly rejoiced, every one of us, not excepting our captain, at once again seeing the dry land.

It was in the midst of the winter, on the 23rd of December, 1685, that we landed at Hoboken, a village on the southern bank of the Hudson river, opposite the city of New York. We were unexpectedly told on landing that we were free, and might go where we listed, and do what seemed good to us, except that if we returned to England or Scotland we would render ourselves

liable to be hanged, on the sentence already pronounced against us. The people of the place came out to meet us, and, taking pity on our unfortunate condition, plied us with many questions, asking of us who we were, whence we came, and what we could do to help ourselves in the new land. It happened, in God's providence, that one of the inhabitants, who kept a store for the sale of grocery and provisions, was a Glasgow man, who knew me by sight, having known my father before me, and had voluntarily emigrated fifteen years before. He took me to his house, and treated me kindly, and like a brother, and asked me to tell him all my story, the which I told him. The name of this good man was Patrick Henderson. In his house, and tended affectionately by his wife, a comely Scottish woman from Paisley, I lay nine weeks in a sickness that every one thought would be mortal. But I had a strong body, and a heart that not even a mortal sickness could depress, and, thanks to my inner hope and strength, and to the care of worthy Mrs. Henderson, I began to revive with the early spring. By the month of May, when the buds had bursted into leaves, and the flowers were glinting through the warm covering of the last year's leaves, I was not only able to walk abroad, and enjoy the invigorating sunshine, but to do a fair day's work at felling the forest trees for a clearing in a little farm of Mr. Henderson's, which he had laid out near Newark. Many of the companions of my voyage, and previous sufferings in Dunottar, relinquishing all hope of revisiting their native country, and finding themselves in a land where every man was free to worship God according to his conscience, resolved to stay in the New World. About thirty proceeded to Massachusetts Bay, and as many more to Connecticut and to Rhode Island, and other colonies founded by the saints who sailed from England in the May Flower. I, too, had some thoughts of making America my future home, and wrote to my brother in Glasgow to wind up all my affairs in Scotland, and send over to me my wife and family, with such money as might be due to me, on an equal partition of the business between him and me, after proper provision for my beloved mother. It appeared afterwards that he did not act on my instructions, because of events which were in progress in England, known to him at the time, and not to me; for about eight months after I had written to him I received a reply, in which he bade me be of good cheer, for that King James had alienated and disgusted all parties in Great Britain, and would, in all human likelihood, either share the fate of his father, Charles the First, or be driven from the throne; in either of which happy events it would be both wise and safe for me to return to Scotland. He even thought it would be advisable for me not to wait for events, but to return at the first convenient opportunity. The spirit of the Scottish people, he said, as well as that of the English, was thoroughly aroused, and he was confident that the end of the persecution was drawing near.

Boston, Massachusetts, April 27th, 1689.

It is nigh upon two years since I wrote the last words in the foregoing history of my life. These words form a prediction that has been verified. During the last year I have resided in the near neighbourhood of this city, occupying myself with such affairs as have fallen in my way; cultivating a little farm and garden on the Charles River; and making the acquaintance of many good men and true servants of Christ. It seemed to me at times that even here there was to be no real peace for the people of the Covenant, and that the hands of the papist James Stuart could reach across the ocean. The governor of New England, one Sir Edmund Andros, sent over from England in a royal frigate, soon after the death of Charles the Second, with full powers to enforce various acts that were obnoxious to the colonists, and to remove and appoint members of the council at his pleasure without reference to the will of the people, made both himself and the British government odious throughout New England, and created a discontent as great as had ever existed even in Scotland. But four weeks ago good tidings, and very unexpected, arrived in Boston. It was announced that the Protestant Prince of Orange had landed at Torbay; that James the Second had fled; and that William the Third and his consort Mary had been recognised by parliament and people as sovereigns of England. The messenger that brought these tidings from New York to Sir Edmund Andros was thrust into prison without being allowed to say a word in his defence, for bearing false news, or, as the governor profanely called it, for telling "a damned lie." Further tidings arrived from New York in a few days, and on the eighteenth, Governor Andros, seeing the gathering wrath of the people, fled to the fort for safety. A boat that came from a royal frigate in the

harbour to convey him on board was taken possession of by the militia of Boston, and the guns of the battery being turned against the fort, Andros surrendered at discretion, and was forthwith committed to the same prison whither fourteen days before he had sent the messenger. The aged Simon Bradstreet, a trusty servant of the Lord, was proclaimed governor by the people, and all New England was alive with praises to God, and heartfelt rejoicing that the people of the colonies and plantations, as well as those of Great Britain, had been freed from the yoke of Popery, and were, under a new king, to enter into the full enjoyment of the civil and religious liberty of which they had long been deprived. To me these days were days of ample recompense for all my past sufferings, and I forthwith determined to return to my own people, and pass the remainder of my days in Scotland.

Glasgow, April 27th, 1690.

It is exactly a year this day since I added a short chapter to my history. I take up the pen to complete the record, that my children, and all who come after me, may learn from my own hand the story of my happy return to my home and family. On arrival in London from Boston, in July last, after a voyage in which our ship was many times in great peril from icebergs, far more terrible than storms, I learned to my infinite satisfaction that the Revolution of 1688 had ended in the happy though not unquestioned establishment of the throne of William the Third, whom may God long preserve for the government of these realms! Also, that all the wicked laws of Charles and James Stuart, levelled against Presbytery and the Christian people of Scotland, had been repealed. I learned at the same time, to my exceeding sorrow, that my sainted friend, Mr. Renwick, had fallen into the hands of the Philistines, had been tried before the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh on an indictment charging him with denying the king's authority in the Church of Christ, refusing to pay the cess, and maintaining the lawfulness of defensive war against civil and religious oppression. It did not surprise me to learn that he was found guilty, and, when found guilty, that the malignants rejoiced at the infliction of his doom. But he was the last of the martyrs, and one of the bravest and best. He sealed his faith with his blood, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and left no successor to fight his good fight, inasmuch as the fight was ended, and a truce, if not a peace, was allowed to Scotland and the upholders of the Covenant. On reaching Glasgow, I learned with much grief, but no surprise, that my venerated mother had been gathered to the blessed company of the just in heaven, and that almost her last words were a prayer for me, her banished son. I also learned—and the blow was indeed very hard to bear—that the Lord had taken to himself the youngling of my little flock, my wee daughter Jeanie, who died when I was at sea, coming home with the yearning hope to press her to my bosom. All else was well with me—in mind, in body, in family, and in estate. For all which blessings, with a humble, a contrite, and a grateful heart, I here, in closing my narrative, return thanks unto the Lord God of my salvation.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A Yachting Story.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VII. BREAKING DOWN.

Conway wrote every day full of hopes and anxieties; but everything seemed to be going well on the whole. These letters gradually grew warmer and more hopeful.

Dearest, I know now that I am quite certain; and when I return to you next week I shall be M.P. for St. Arthur's-on-the-Sea. *Then* what a world before us! . . . . . You write to me not to be anxious about certain matters, but trust to you. Trust to you, dearest! Why there is a melody for me in these words. You little know the confidence I have in you. It was one of the charms that drew me to you. Your very look has been enough for me, and a mere motion, a glance of your eye, I accepted as an assurance. Indeed, your whole life for me has been such—always true—though there has been a little foolish cloud between us of late. Dudley I see little of, and he is of no use to me.

There was something in this letter that gave her a hope and peace she had not had for long ages. He had never paid her so candid or so just a tribute before, and it made her face glow all over. It seemed to dispel the noxious vapours which had been rising about her. Her spirits began to rise.

The next day passed without a letter from him; the nomination was to be on the following morning. It was now known that the other candidate had but a poor chance. In the afternoon she went almost treading on air, she was so happy, when she met an elderly friend.

"So glad to meet you," he said. "You can tell me the meaning of all this."

"Of what?" she said.

"About your husband. What on earth made him do that? It seems incomprehensible; with the ball at his foot——"

"I know nothing," she said, excitedly. "What can you mean?"

"Oh, then you have not heard." And he pulled the evening paper out of his pocket. He held this paragraph before her eyes. A film seemed to come over them as they read:

"St. Arthur's, noon.—Mr. Conway, one of the candidates, has withdrawn. No reasons assigned for this unexpected step. The other candidate walks over."

She hardly knew how she got home; but now, indeed, the old shadow seemed to be cast before her for all time—a dreadful presage of evil. She waited for his coming as it grew dark. At the hour she had guessed he entered, and hurriedly embraced her, all as usual.

"Well," he said. "There, I am out of all that. The bubble is burst for ever!"

She was quite calm. "But why? What does it all mean?"

"It looks like a mystery, a madness, does it not? and so it is. To-morrow I might have been member—my life and hope; a few months later have held office; later on—but that is all finished, and for ever."

"But why—why? Ah, tell me, I implore you."

"There is good reason for it, at least in *my* mind, whom it most concerns. As a favour I ask you not to press or worry me about this act. I could not tell you; to make such a terrible sacrifice I must have had a terrible necessity of some kind. I am fretted and disappointed, and it will add to my trouble if I have to face any importunity. There was a real and substantial reason. Can I depend upon you for this?"

Gazing at him like one just stunned with a blow, she said "Yes."

"Then now adieu to that dream of folly which I wrote to you of. That romantic life, the one in which I had such hopes, is done with for ever. Oh!" and he covered up his face, "what a fall! What a wretched miserable fall! Ah, Jessica, that St. Arthur's was an ill-omened place for us all."

Thus ended that episode of his life. He did not come back to the subject, nor did her old pride venture to approach it. For the public it was a nine days' wonder. His money had fallen short; he had "broken down;" there was a very awkward business which wanted clearing up. But between him and Jessica there seemed to be a widening gap. He was the same to her, and yet she felt there was a fatal alteration. Do what she would, arm herself in what way she would, she could not shut out the dim idea that this strange sacrifice was in some way connected with her. Yet not a word or a look of his pointed to this, beyond a gaze of hopeless disappointment, a miserable dejection, as he sat with his eyes fixed on her. As he would not trust her, she disdained to ask his confidence; and she was wretched, worse: she felt that this was but the beginning of a wretchedness that was to last all their lives.

He had a restless and feverish eagerness, as she noted, about Dudley, always writing to him, waiting for letters from him. At last she saw him receive one with a foreign postmark, in Dudley's writing, and which made him start. "Gone to India. Was there ever such treatment?" he muttered. "Oh, it is cruel to leave me in this way!"

Another letter came that seemed to promise an early return, and he grew calm again. His wife's quick sense noted also a certain discomfort, lasting only for a second, in his manner, when she first entered the room; and the same eager sense noted also a sort of devotion to her that seemed forced, and almost acted, that fretted her and drove her almost to madness.

He was getting ill. His heavy sacrifice preyed on his mind, and within the week he was lying in a nervous fever, with a squadron of doctors about him. These gentry gave him over, with, of course, a saving clause, "unless some extraordinary turn took place."

Jessica watched and waited on him with a sort of frantic devotion that took pride in every sacrifice and suffering. For her there was no rest; for her no sleep. When the doctors passed their sentence—for as such the patient's friends look on it—that he was not to live unless he *did* live, she received it with an icy insensibility. Her thoughts that night went back to her own life, which might as well, it seemed to her, end with his—that weary penitential course which, with the exception of a few weeks of happiness, had been the pattern of her existence. She was weary. He had been dead to her many weeks now; morally, his heart had been turned from her; the rest would make little difference, save to him.

It was getting towards midnight, and her eyes were on the ground reading all these things fiercely in the very pattern of

the carpet, when she was roused by his voice calling to her gently. His senses had come back. She flew to his side. He asked the conventional questions, "Had he been long ill?—had he been very bad?—what had been his illness?" Then with some hesitation, "Had he lost his senses?—had he raved or talked?"

"No, dearest, no; not a sentence."

"Not a word, Jessica?"

"Not a word."

"I am glad. I am satisfied. And the doctors—do they give me over? Come. You know me well, Jessica. Disguise to me would only have the effect of telling the naked truth to a weak mind."

She knew this, and she told him.

"I hope so—I trust so," he said, with a sigh. "If my old ill luck does not come in the way to force me to live on and bear my burden."

She dropped on her knees beside him. "But why burden?" she said; "oh, let us be happy again! Lay it down now, and be well once more. Tell me here, at this moment, what it is. Have I to do with it? Tell me."

"It is no use now," he said. "The judges have sentenced me, and I shall be out of the way. You will be free then. You have seen some change in me? Well, let us put that down to the same cause."

"What! and leave me," said Jessica, passionately, "without this explained, as though I had done some crime—some injury to you. Not a word; not a look even. Oh, how cruel and unjust!"

He grew excited. "I can tell nothing now, for I know nothing. Later, if I live.—Ask your conscience then. I mean," he added, hurriedly, "there is no use now in dealing with it. If I have been wrong or mistaken I cannot cure it now. But I have not been. What are all these letters? Read them out for me, and put me in communion with the world again!"

Fearful of exciting him she did so. They were a motley collection. One was from her father. There was an archdeaconry really about to be vacant. "Surely something could be done now. Strange that with this much-talked-of interest some trifling exertion could not be made. He must really ask Conway to try and put his shoulder to the wheel." With more in this strain he passed on to St. Arthur's. "This place is going to the dogs. I am sick of it. They are wretched creatures—not fit for gentlemen to be with. And but for the season time I should not be an hour here. I suppose you have heard about the man Dudley. He went off on some mad outlandish excursion in India, and was torn in pieces by a tiger. A most rude, ill-conditioned fellow."

"Dudley dead!" said the patient, starting up. "What! gone and left me in this way. Nothing certain—nothing known; and I may die without anything known or anything certain. Oh, Jessica, Jessica!" he added, turning on her. "What are you? *What have you been?*"

"Then you do suspect something of me? And I knew this man was my enemy. Tell me all now. I am entitled to it."

He paused. "Yes. I must be just, and at such a time as this, I ought to tell you; and as Dudley is gone, who was to bring all home——"

"To me?"

"Yes, Jessica, you deceived me. You were with that girl at her death; you alone, and no one else! Deny it if you dare."

She saw it all now. "I do not deny it," she faltered.

"No, you could not. You heard me again and again speculate over that poor victim's last moments, wonder how strange and mysterious it all was. Yet you never spoke. Never."

"I own it. But——"

"You cannot deny it. It came up again and again. Dudley had his suspicions, and named them. You still said nothing. He raised mine. You still said nothing. Jessica, there was a reason for that silence!"

"There was," she went on, hurriedly, "and if you would only listen——"

"Never. I have done more than I meant in telling you so much. I tell you this solemnly, Jessica: no explanation, however ingenious, could clear it up for me now. I shall die believing what I believe——"

"O God!" she started back. "You do not suppose *that*—— Oh, that would be too horrible!"

"Yes. You were with her, and were seen with her. Your quarrel, your angry voice, and your threats, were heard. There were two witnesses. Dudley one——"

"To what—to what?" she repeated. "Oh, does any one say I had to do with her death? Oh, not *you*. In Heaven's name there is no thought of that in your mind?"

He was silent.

"Speak, or this will kill me."

"What can you deny of all this; the quarrel, or the threats? But denial could do nothing."

"I deny nothing. I own it all, and yet you have such poor faith in me, you can believe these horrors? Is it not your disgrace rather than mine, that you have no confidence?"

"It is because you deceived me," he said, fiercely, "and organised a deceit. Were I sworn solemnly before Heaven to give a verdict, what could I do, were I conscientious? Dudley is dead. Were he living, indeed——"

"Enough," she said, calmly. "After this never word more shall pass my lips. But be just to the living. There was another witness of this—crime."

"Dudley went to India to search for him. His death was unfortunate for us. Think not that there is any idea abroad of this. This spectre has risen between you and me alone. There is no idea of violence, or of a blow, as that brutal Dudley would have it. There was the refined and more deadly vengeance of delay, of making the removal of that fatal bridge an instrument by which to kill her. Oh, it was cruel to let her lie there, her poor heart's blood welling out while you took the long round to fetch help."

She was so aghast at this minute, fearful, and specious charge, she could not say a word. It seemed to quite crush her. She saw that denial was hopeless; that with one of his sensitive mind defence was idle.

"I wished to forget the whole thing," he said, after a pause, "to leave it behind for ever. I was prepared even to own that I had been a little harsh in judging—though warranted, after the ordinary rules of evidence, by the facts."

"But what facts? I demand on this spot to know them fully and fairly."

"You know them already. You disdained to refute them."

"Because you should have disdained to receive them."

"Can you answer me this one question? Did you not hear her call out for the boat?"

She thought a moment. "Yes, I remember it now. I did hear her."

He started and stood up. "*You did!* Then that man was right in all! And do you admit this *also*," he went on, with a look almost of alarm, "that you said aloud as you saw her lying there, 'There is retribution—all through your own act'?"

Again Jessica thought a moment, and aghast at these revelations, answered, "Yes, now I recal it."

"Then it is true; and you let that girl lie there to die, to carry out the idea of her being punished through her own act—you that knew there was a boat there. Ah! Jessica, I know your nature well. Not all the reasoning in the world could explain that away."

"Nor shall I explain it ever," she said with bitterness and pride. "Not one word shall pass my lips after this night. Not if I were to lose your good opinion for ever—and yourself for ever. I see what is passing in your mind, and it is unworthy of you and of me."

"It is not my work," he said coldly. "It was unworthy of you to conceal your share in that business."

"Once more," she asked, "and for the last time, do you acquit me?"

"Why did you conceal it from me?—explain that first."

"Never!"

"Be it so, then."

After that it was as though a high barrier had been raised up between husband and wife. The old affection seemed to have gone out for ever, and instead there came a resentful defiance on one side, and on the other a sort of shrinking terror. Yet he speedily recovered; got back fast to good health and strength; but he had a sort of morbid repulsion to her, as she well saw. Every day, every hour she had to drag this lengthening chain, until life grew all but insupportable. At last she found she could endure it no longer, and one morning came to him to say she wished to go on a visit to a friend. She noticed a curious excitement in his manner.

"It will relieve you of the presence of one whom you think to be at least a moral murderess."

"Then you say," he replied eagerly, "you are *not!* Say so, Jessica, explicitly, in solemn terms, and I will go down on my knees and ask your pardon."

"It is enough that your own heart should say it for me. It is idle asking me—and an insult."

"Oh! there is the subterfuge again. How can I ask my heart anything, when it answers—when facts answer?"

"Enough," she said; "let it be as it is. I will take an oath, but not the one you ask me to take. As I stand here I swear, that after this, not a word shall ever be uttered to clear myself. If you wish me to be as I was you must clear me."

He shook his head. "I can do nothing. And nothing else can help you. See, here is news. You are going on this visit?"

"Yes."

"I am glad of it. This letter tells me that Dudley is not dead, but——"

She turned pale. "Not dead!"

"No. He will give us more trouble still. He is in England. He went to search for a boy labourer, who had enlisted. That boy had seen you with her, too. Who knows what he could tell?"

"And he found him?"

"You may be easy—no. He had died from a sunstroke, and his story with him, whatever it was. It would not tell against you, for your share took place in your own heart."

"This is fiendish," said Jessica.

"Deny it—swear!"

"You shall acquit me first from your knowledge of me."

"I cannot."

She went away, torn with a secret struggle. A cold kiss was their parting salute. As he sat there alone on that evening, it came back on him suddenly how much a failure his pompously-planned life had turned out; with all his magnificently-planned schemes, which were to regulate events to *his* ends, as a sort of providence; even that boasted choice of a wife made with such a flourish! How *this* had broken down. A miserable failure indeed—he and his works.

Inaction of this sort, and with such thoughts, he could not endure: and suddenly a strange idea came into his head, and he felt himself irresistibly drawn down to that old fatal St. Arthur's-on-the-Sea, to be in its atmosphere, wander about those scenes, and perhaps stumble on something that might quiet his uneasy soul. In a moment he had decided, hurriedly packed a few things, and was presently in the train.

By the time he reached St. Arthur's it was evening. He had a dismal, weary journey down, with no company but his own thoughts, and when he arrived the place had a strange look, as if he had not seen it for years. As his eye fell on the church, he thought of the monument within; and it suddenly flashed on him that that was the very anniversary week of the death of the young heiress of Panton. This seemed to him very strange and singular, and the same fascination which had brought him down drew him out to those pleasant grounds near the river, which he had never yet had courage to visit.

It was a beautiful evening, and the sun was just setting as he reached the bank of the river, at the point where the bridge—that fatal Bridge of Sighs, as he called it to himself—had once stood. There was the little stone cross which marked the spot where the young girl had fallen. As he stood there looking at it, the struggle of the two women, developed foolishly out of trifles, and closed by such a catastrophe, opened out before him. The more he thought of it, the more he looked back, the more it was rung in his ear, like the jangling of some hoarse bell: "Yes, she did it. It was beyond one of her character to resist. She would have said to herself—I can hear her saying it—'This is the chastising hand of Heaven. Why should I interfere? She herself has cut off the means which might have saved her, I shall make no extra exertion.' I asked her to swear, but no, that could not clear her. An eye-witness alone would convince me."

He lingered on until it darkened gradually. Below, in the town and harbour, he saw lights beginning to twinkle. Then he thought it time to return. As he advanced to go, he said, half aloud: "It is a deserved punishment, and I shall never see it cleared up."

A low voice near him said: "No clearing up is wanting. What more clear proof do you require?"

He knew that voice, and saw Dudley standing near him. Dudley, much changed, grown aged, and worn, and hollow cheeked, with fires burning in his eyes, and a strange, wild, and fitful manner, that alarmed Conway. "You wonder where I have come from. Not from that earth"—pointing to the cross—"where I wish I was laid. I have been spirited across from that house, where we all had so much happiness. What would you say if I crossed on that bridge, a spectral one, which led to such misery? I tell you I see it there now, its lines and network, as plainly as I see you. This was a fitting opportunity for us to meet here. If not, I was going to look for you. We only want *her*, and then, with the spirit of that poor saint, which, I believe, never deserts this place, our company would be complete!"

In a moment the other saw that Dudley was under some excitement, that looked like derangement. Yet he continued to speak collectedly. "You see, I have come back. I would not miss this anniversary. Yes, I have returned unsuccessful. I searched everywhere, but could not find what I wanted. At last I discovered that he was dead, else I would have brought that witness home, and made him confront her—your wife—on this very spot. Where is she now?" Conway was silent.

"I understand," said the other. "We understood each other before. You have

come to see the light at last, to know her in her true colours! Oh, it was a black crime! She is as guilty as any wretch that has been sentenced and suffered punishment. Is it fair or just that she is to escape? Tell me that!"

"You take too harsh a view of Jessica's behaviour."

"It is your view also. You know it, and cannot deny it. Her proud spirit knows it also, and she will not stay with you because you will not acquit her. And I tell you, Conway, you must not; you *dare* not. It is the only expiation we can offer now. She must be punished now, and by you. By-and-by I will reckon with her."

Every instant he was growing more and more excited, and his hand clutched Conway's arm with fiercer and fiercer energy. The latter saw that his companion was scarcely safe company at that hour and place, and tried to soothe him.

"Let us go back now," he said, "it is growing late."

"Leave this spot, and on this day—the day she died! Don't you remember it now? It must be consecrated by some offering. Oh, if she were here. Murderess! murderess!"

Conway, growing more and more alarmed every instant, tried to calm him. The other went on, with a sort of fury:

"You had your part in the business also, and you have only your escape by sacrificing her. Up to this you have done well; but if I see you attempt to interfere between me and her, it will be your turn next. She is a murderess. You know she is!"

"We shall settle all that later. You will judge her more generously yet. We may have done her wrong."

"Take care, take care, Conway," Dudley said, turning furiously on him. "You are not secure yourself. And if she tells me to reckon with you, it shall be done, and nothing shall save you. Do you think that *you* are innocent? You, with your heartless trafficking with her dear affections; you that were going to patch up your battered fortunes by sacrificing her happiness. It amused you, and profited you, and in a man of lower birth would be called the act of a scoundrel."

The other's face flushed up. "You can scarcely know the force of what you are saying. She knew very well the mixed motives that led me to that choice, and a share of her preference for me was owing to dislike of Jessica."

"You slanderer! You low slanderer! This finishes it. What you say is false—false as your own double dealing self. You dare add this to the rest; finish all by meanly libelling her who you and yours drove into the grave. Curses on you! Curses on myself, that I stood by and let all this happen! It will drive me mad."

Conway drew back hastily; he saw that Dudley was in a paroxysm. Foam was on his lips, his eyeballs bursting from his head, his arms struck out. As Conway walked away, Dudley's hands clutched at him, and then tottering, he muttered, "Help! help across the bridge!" and fell slowly and stiffly to the ground. His head struck against the base of the little cross, and from a gash blood began to flow. Conway saw with terror that the unhappy madman was lying at his feet motionless, and apparently lifeless.

All was still. No one was near, and it was now perfectly dark. What was he to do—where rush for help? Dudley had gasped out something about the bridge; but it was a spectral one across his own brain. Conway knew not what to do. Help could be got from the house; but how was he to cross? All that was left for him was to start off with all speed for the village, and there get assistance. As he hurried along, strange thoughts came upon him, which alarmed him not a little. What if Dudley should be dying there, and it should be known that he had been with him? The dislike of Dudley to him and to Jessica, the incautious language he would use, and his strange, ill-regulated temper, would give the idea that a quarrel had taken place. The blood—the cut! And the idea made him shrink. Should he go back, or go on? At that moment the unhappy Dudley might be dead, or dying. And then he recollected that he had not taken even the most ordinary steps of precaution; that he had not raised him, or even loosed his collar. He stopped again and again irresolutely, but still hurried on after a moment's delay, and at last got near the village which was at the gate of Panton Castle.

He crossed the stone bridge, and stopped there a moment to take breath, looking up the river, which stretched away in a straight line for a mile and more. As he leaned against the parapet, it all flashed upon him in a moment. SHE WAS INNOCENT! By some strange coincidence, the very incidents of her crisis had been almost exactly repeated in his case. He almost gave a cry of joy at the thought. Others might surely judge him as he had judged her: there might be no earthly witness on whom he might call to come and

clear *him*, as there was none to clear her. Though circumstances might be against *him*; though all the world might point to him and denounce him; though he might at least have to journey through the rest of his life with a cloud of dark suspicion attending him, and the black shadows of imputed guilt cast behind him, still would he disdain to justify himself, to say a single word in his defence, precisely as she had done.

He had pitilessly called on her for proof, which she could not give, and disdainfully rejected the proof from her own noble and magnanimous soul; and he felt humiliated to think that should any suspicion or embarrassment come of what had taken place, or should she take the place of his silent accuser, he could only justify himself by appealing to his own conscience and to his own character. Still, Heaven be thanked for sending him this revelation, and for letting him see—as clearly as he now saw those stars shining in the heavens above him, and that moon which was now stealing far behind a cloud—that Jessica was innocent, and that she was his again. Whatever befell him, he longed to cast himself at her feet, and own the injustice that he had done her.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

When they returned with assistance they found Dudley alive, but still insensible, and one of the men, casting about as to where it would be best to take him, reported that there was a boat moored close by under the bank, in which he must have come across from the castle. The doctor of the place said, quickly:

"We should have gained a precious half hour if you had just rowed across and fetched some one from the castle yonder."

Again a silent reproach struck into Conway's heart like a sword, for he himself, but more sternly and pitilessly, had made the same speech to another.

"I did not know of it," he all but faltered.

"Why, you can see it actually from this spot," said the doctor, one of the old "scum" of the place, who had before now resented Conway's haughty treatment of him in the old days. "Had you any quarrel with him?"

They placed Dudley in the boat, and carried him across to the castle. There the usual violent remedies were applied, those with which, in such desperate cases, the battle is fought out with the King of Terrors. The struggle went on for hours, and then, about midnight, they told Conway that there was a gleam of hope. By morning it was known that Dudley's life was safe; but there were symptoms of lunacy that seemed incurable.

Conway went back into the town, and there met the doctor. The whole story was by this time all over the place.

"What is all this?" he said, austerely. "A very awkward business, indeed. You should have restrained yourself. We all knew here the man was not accountable for his actions. We all set him down for the past week as unsound in mind. You should have restrained yourself."

Conway would have replied warmly, but he seemed to hear his own voice accusing Jessica, and was silent. He, indeed, longed to go and cast himself at her feet.

By that evening he had found her, and made his confession. By that evening the strange, yet noble nature had accepted that tardy reparation. Together they shaped out plans for a new life. The old, by their own consent, was too humiliating to look back to. They owned to each other that a fatal pride of intellect, a contempt for the average natures about them, with an almost arrogant purpose of shaping the common course of events about them to their ends and purposes, had been the cause of the wretched series of mistakes which had distracted their joint course of life since the day when he had sailed into the little port of St. Arthur's. Any obstinate self-assertion, any violent shaping of the course of events, the natures of others, the diversion of the current of life to their own private ends, this foolish theory had completely broken down, and was gone for ever, with the fatal Bridge of Sighs.

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER IX. A RESOURCE.

THE evening of Lord George Segrave's dinner-party was the first occasion on which Cesare de' Barletti had given his wife a glimpse of the brute fury that was latent under his gentle, lazy demeanour. They had had quarrels before; lovers' quarrels; in which Cesare had protested against Veronica's cruelty, and Veronica had played off her despotic airs, and they had both been vehement, and demonstrative, and childish. And the end of such quarrels had invariably been to bring back Cesare humbly imploring pardon at the feet of the triumphant beauty. But never had his looks and tones been such as met her astonished eyes and ears on that miserable evening.

And there was no deep repentance afterwards, no humble suing for pardon on his part. He approached her the next morning with a smile, and a kiss, and when she drew back in dumb resentment, he merely shrugged his shoulders, lit his cigar, and sauntered off into the stable-yard.

In truth Cesare considered himself to be the injured person. His wife, by her inconceivably absurd temper, had led him into an error, which error had thrown him into a rage. That was no trifle. Cesare was always particularly careful not to fly into a passion if he could avoid it. And his temper was so indolently mild in general that he had no great difficulty in avoiding frequent ebullitions of anger.

To an unaccustomed English eye, indeed, he might have seemed to be in paroxysms of fury on many occasions when his feelings were scarcely stirred. He had the national characteristic of instantly translating slight and superficial emotions into very violent outward expression by means of voice, face, and gesture, and of thus working off excitement at a cheap cost, if the phrase may pass. But whenever angry emotion went beyond the slight and superficial stage with him, it was apt to become very terribly intense indeed; and to assume the form of personal hatred, and a deadly desire of vengeance against the object of it.

To talk to Cesare Barletti about hating a sin, but pardoning a sinner, or to use any phrase involving a similar idea, would have appeared to him very much like uttering meaningless jargon. He never conceived or thought of *anything* in an abstract form. The unseen—the intangible—had no power over his imagination. Hate a sin, indeed! Why should he hate a sin? Che, che! But he could hate a sinner—or a saint either, if need were—with a relentless animosity of which it would be difficult to exaggerate the bitterness.

On the occasion in question, however, his anger had been merely evanescent. It was all an absurdity and a mistake. What if a man did express his opinion that such and such people were too rigid in their notions to desire to associate with Veronica? Well, so much the worse for such and such people, as he had said to his wife. He had all his life heard about English prudery. There were even persons who objected to play cards, and to go to the opera. Was he to distress himself about that? Veronica was Princess Cesare de' Barletti. That was sufficient with persons who knew the world. He would permit no man to insult the Princess Cesare de' Barletti with impunity.

Cesare's quickness of perception was rapidly bringing him to the conviction that it was a far finer thing to be a "prince" in England than in Naples. Veronica, in bestowing her wealth and herself upon him, had not then made an entirely one-sided bargain. The consideration was not an unpleasant one.

He drove over to Hammick Lodge more than once after his first visit to Lord George, and met several guests there, mostly bachelors, and, with few exceptions, active patrons of that noble institution—the Turf. Cesare found these gentlemen pleasant and unaffected; entirely devoid of the insular stiffness which he had kept continually looking for since his arrival in Great Britain, and had found up to the height of his expectation in only one individual—the accomplished Mr. Dickinson.

The "turfy" gentlemen, on their part, found Barletti a charming fellow, and were delighted to make his acquaintance. But the "turfy" gentlemen were greatly disappointed at discovering one singular blemish in Barletti's moral nature, he steadily refused to "speculate" on any coming event whatever, on the extraordinarily naïve plea that he did not understand betting.

"My dear fellow," said one tall, thin gentleman, with a long, sharp chin and dull, fishy eyes, "It's as simple as A, B, C."

"Ah, già!" returned the prince, with much suavity. "But A-a, B-a, C-a is not simple until you have learned it."

Nevertheless, despite this deplorable lack of enterprise on Cesare's part, he was very popular at Hammick Lodge. He played an uncommonly good game at écarté, a very fair one at whist, and that he was no match for his host at billiards did not certainly operate against him in Lord George's good graces.

He had no formal reconciliation with his wife; but the coolness between them—which, in fact, had only existed on her side—passed away in a day or two. Cesare never knew how much it cost Veronica to condone his violent behaviour, without an expression of the deepest penitence on his part. And his ignorance of the sacrifice her haughty spirit was forced to make, rendered that sacrifice, perhaps, a little less difficult than it would otherwise have been. At least there was in his mind no perception of what she deemed a bitter humiliation.

In her loneliness, and she was very lonely—but, as Cesare said, it was she who had desired to come to Shipley; and could he help it if the people would not call on her?—she had recourse to the only human being on whose entire devotion she could rely. She took to writing letters to Mr. Plew. The letters, at first, were short; mere notes, written with the excuse of asking his advice upon this or that trifling point of regimen. She would follow his advice. She had been thinking over it, and she really believed that exercise would be good for her. Could he not come to see her? Why had he not been? The first note brought, not Mr. Plew, but a brief professional recapitulation of the points he had urged upon her consideration. In the second note, she asked again why he had not been to see her. Was it true, as had been whispered to her, that the attractions of a certain meek *dove* had succeeded in engrossing him altogether? No sooner had she despatched this note than she wished to recal it. She was ashamed of it. It was too familiar—too condescending.

The answer to it, however, contained no allusion to her hint; neither denial nor confirmation. It merely stated that Mr. Plew would willingly go over to Shipley Magna if he could be of real service to her; but that, unless she had need of his presence, he must refrain from doing so. His mother was ill, and required all the care and attention he could give her.

This reply of the surgeon reached Veronica on a rainy afternoon. She was dull and dispirited. Her husband was at Hammick. The quiet sorrow in the tone of Mr. Plew's letter chimed in with Veronica's mood at the moment of receiving it. A few slow tears trickled down her cheeks, as she sat with her head leaning on her hand, looking down on the note. She *must* have some sympathy! She must dissipate somewhat of the weight of sadness that oppressed her soul, by confiding to another human heart a few, at least, of her sorrows.

She sat down to write to Mr. Plew. As she wrote on, the half revelations she had intended became whole revelations. She found a relief in the depiction of her feelings—even in that of her faults. She would rather speak evil of herself than not speak of herself at all. She poured forth her complaints and her disappointments without reserve.

Here was one who would listen patiently; who would sympathise sincerely; who would feel her sorrows as his own. Here was a heart that might be trusted to beat

faithfully, let it ache as it would. His judgment might condemn her, but his feelings would take her part. He might preach, warn, reprove her even, but the reproof would have no sting. She could accept such reproof, she could embrace it, for she would know that it came out of the depth of a great love. He would ask nothing, he would expect nothing, he would resent nothing. He could thrust himself aside with a sublime magnanimity, and think only of her.

So she sent the letter.

"What do you write so often to that man for, cara Veronica?" asked Cesare, unexpectedly, on the day following that on which her third letter was despatched.

"So—so often?" she stammered. The question took her by surprise, and she was startled by it.

"Yes; it is often, I think. Two letters in one week. This lying on the table"—and Cesare took up a pink envelope sealed and directed—"is the second that I *know of*."

"It is kind of you not to recollect that I told you I had consulted Mr. Plew about my nervous headaches! I write to him partly about them; and, besides, he is one of my oldest and most intimate friends. I have known him from a child."

"Ah, Benissimo!" replied Cesare, carelessly. And the next minute he seemed to have forgotten the whole affair.

But when in the course of two more days a reply arrived from Mr. Plew, Cesare, playing with the Spitz dog in one corner of the sofa, watched his wife when the letter was delivered to her—watched her while she opened it and began to read it, and finally asked, "Is the letter from our good papa, il reverendissimo Signor Vicario?"

"No; it is from Mr. Plew."

The instant directness of the answer seemed a little unexpected by him. He looked up at her for an instant, and then began to stroke the dog in a more caressing way than he had used before.

"Where are you going, dearest?" he asked, presently.

"To my own room."

"To read your letter in peace? May I see it?"

"See it? See this letter?"

"Yes; is it indiscreet?" he asked, showing his white teeth in a smile that flashed for a second and was gone.

For a scarcely perceptible space of time Veronica hesitated. Then she tossed him the letter disdainfully.

"You are as curious as a baby!" she said.

He took the letter and pored over it gravely. Then he brought it back to her and kissed her hand.

"I can't read it," he said. "What a devil of a writing!"

Veronica had fully reckoned on this inability of Cesare's. Between his imperfect knowledge of English and the cramped characters of Mr. Plew's handwriting, that looked as though it were expressly invented and adopted for the purpose of scrawling the hieroglyphics familiar to our eyes in doctors' prescriptions, she had been tolerably sure that Cesare would fail to glean much information from the letter, let it contain what it might.

"Why should Cesare have wanted to see that letter?" she asked herself when she was alone in her own room. "It must be from the mere suspicious dislike that anything, however trifling, should pass between me and any one else with which he is not fully acquainted. I have noticed this trait in him lately—only lately. He used not to be so in Italy."

Veronica forgot that in Italy Cesare had been himself her sole possible confidant.

When she had perused Mr. Plew's letter she felt glad that Cesare had been unable to decipher it. There was no word in it which should have made him justly discontented with Mr. Plew; but there were many words which would have roused his anger against his wife.

"The account of your unhappiness cuts me to the heart," he wrote in one place. "I am not at all skilful with my pen, nor able to express what I feel. But I am so sure you are wrong in giving way to these morbid feelings; and yet I pity you so much for having them. I had hoped that you were at last happy and contented. God knows that there is nothing I would not give to see you so."

And again: "I am solemnly certain that your first duty now is to try to gain your husband's whole confidence and affection. Remember you chose him freely, and he loved you when there was no one else, whom you knew of, to love you!"

And once more: "I wish I was clever and could write like you. But I cannot. I can only beg and beseech you to cast off gloomy and repining thoughts. There is one thing we can all do—try to be useful to others. Think of their sorrows more than your own. Even in my humble way I find that this soothes my pain of mind as

nothing else soothes it. And you who are so rich, and so young, and so clever, might do a deal of good. You don't know the suffering there is in the world that a few copper coins would lighten. I feel your confidence in writing to me very much. But I wish for your sake that you would have no secrets from your husband. You ask me to come and see you. I cannot just at present. My mother is very ill; and there is an epidemic fever in the parish. My life is not altogether a bed of roses."

Within a week after the receipt of that letter, Mrs. Plew was dead. And the Prince and Princess de' Barletti had gone away to London in great haste; for a malignant form of typhus fever was raging in Shipley Magna.

CHAPTER X. A FRIENDLY TEA-DRINKING.

It was near the end of a very sultry summer day in London—a day in the quite late summer. The people who were able to leave town next week pronounced that the season was over. The people whose business, or interest, or impecuniosity obliged them to linger a while longer, declared that there was so much going on still, they positively didn't know how to keep all their engagements.

It was, however, near enough to the period styled by London tradesmen "the fag end of the season" to bring it to pass that Miss Betsy Boyce had no dinner invitation for that day, and no invitation to any later assembly, and that she was consequently drinking tea at about half-past seven o'clock in Mr. Lovegrove's house in Bedford-square.

Betsy Boyce was quite free from any vulgar prejudices on the score of fashionable or unfashionable hours. She would drink tea at seven o'clock, or dine at eight, or breakfast at any hour from nine A.M. to two P.M. with perfectly accommodating good humour.

"It matters very little what you call a meal," she would say. "If you eat between eight and nine o'clock at night, and like to call that dinner, I'm quite content. If you have your real solid dinner at two or three, and your old-fashioned tea at five or six, and like to call that lunch, or kettle-drum, or anything else, I'm equally content. When one lives in the world one must do as the world does in those matters. I have heard papa say that when he was at Vienna, and knew the old Prince Metternich, he has seen him often at a grand banquet, playing with a plateful of brown bread-and-butter, and tasting nothing else. Well, he ate his wholesome food at a wholesome hour, of course. But he never thought of changing people's manners and customs. No more do I."

Something of this kind she had said in answer to Mrs. Lovegrove's ostentatiously humble apology for inviting her to tea at seven o'clock.

"It is not," said Mrs. Lovegrove, with a kind of virtuous, self-denying severity that would have exasperated any one less genuinely tolerant and good-natured than Betsy Boyce, "it is not that I do not understand the usages of the circles in which you habitually move. It would be strange, bred up as I was at our place in the country among the élite of our country society—you won't mind my saying that country society is, as a general rule, more exclusive, and more rigid, on the score of birth, than the mixed and ever-varying circles of the metropolis?—it would be strange if I did not understand those usages."

"To be sure," said Miss Boyce, pleasantly. "What good cake this is! Thanks; I *will* have a piece more of it."

"But when I married Mr. Lovegrove I put all that aside at once, and for ever. I looked my position in the face, and accepted all its conditions."

"And a very comfortable position it is, too, Mrs. Lovegrove. And excessively delighted a good many ladies of my acquaintance would be to jump into such another."

It will be perceived that the acquaintance between Mrs. Lovegrove and Miss Boyce, begun in Mrs. Frost's drawing-room, had advanced towards something like intimacy.

Betsy Boyce was, as she herself declared, eminently a social being. She was just as cheerful and content in the solicitor's house in Bedford-square as at my lord duke's in Carlton-gardens. And whilst she regaled the lawyer's wife with stories of the Olympian feasts she shared with the gods and goddesses, whose mythology (carefully edited with a view to its meeting the public eye) is contained in Sir Bernard Burke's red volumes, she never offended her hosts by appearing to despise their earthlier hospitality.

Mr. Lovegrove considered Miss Boyce to possess extraordinary spirits and an immense fund of anecdote. Mrs. Lovegrove said she had a pensive pleasure in her conversation, as it reminded her of the old

times passed at her papa's place in the country. Augusta asked her serious opinion as to the spread of High Church doctrine among the aristocracy, and was it true that a certain illustrious person was going over to Rome? Altogether she was a general favourite with the whole family.

One frequent topic of her conversations with Mrs. Lovegrove was the lamentable state of affairs in the household at Bayswater, as she designated Mr. Frost's residence. Things were going on there from bad to worse; that is, between husband and wife, she meant. Georgina was an old friend of hers, but she must say Georgina was to blame. She was so indifferent to Mr. Frost's comfort; so neglectful of his home; so careless to please him; and so indifferent about displeasing him. She on her side complained of her husband's meanness and parsimony. He grudged her this, and declined to give her that. Which, said Miss Boyce, was certainly odd in a man who had always been so lavishly indulgent a husband.

"Perhaps he has at last been able to see what a fool that woman has been making of herself by her extravagance, and is beginning to turn over a new leaf. Let us hope so! Let us, at least, *try* to hope so!" said Mrs. Lovegrove, with all the fervour of charity.

"Georgina tells me," said Miss Boyce, "that there is at times something so strange about her husband, that he seems scarcely in his right mind. Something is preying on him, I fancy. It isn't business troubles, I suppose, eh?" It was fortunate for her acquaintances that Betsy Boyce was good-natured; for she was rarely discreet, and not a little curious.

"What business troubles Mr. Frost may have on his private account, I am unable to say," replied Mrs. Lovegrove. "But as to Frost and Lovegrove, there is no cause for anxiety about them; of that you may be quite assured!"

"Ah, then I dare say it is mostly, if not entirely, Georgina's fault. He is desperately fond of her, and she is as hard and cold to him as a block of ice."

"I consider Mr. Frost's infatuated weakness for his wife to be positively culpable! But what, alas! can one expect from a man totally devoid of religious principles?"

In order to avert the stream of Mrs. Lovegrove's indignation from Sidney Frost—for whom the kindly old maid had a real liking—Miss Boyce changed the subject of discourse.

"Ah dear me!" she exclaimed, fanning herself, "it is a queer world! Talk of books! I know much stranger stories than ever I saw in a book yet. There's that Princess de' Barletti, for instance. What a career hers has been!"

"Oh do tell me, Miss Boyce, *is* she received in the highest society? I trust not, for the credit of our aristocracy."

"H'm! Well I don't know that one more or less would much affect the credit of our aristocracy!"

"Eh?"

"However that's neither here nor there. I believe the fact is she is not much received. She might have been taken up at one time by a certain set. But she is devoured by ambition. She wanted to be as great a lady as the greatest, and to play princess; and that wouldn't do."

"Ambition indeed! pretty ambition!"

"Yes; pretty ambition. But yet—it seems a strange thing to say, but I am not sure there is not a grain of perverted good in it."

"Good? How do you mean?"

"Well, I—I think a woman who would have been downright, frankly bad and unscrupulous might have had a better chance."

"My *dear* Miss Boyce!"

"Yes; I know it sounds very horrible. But what I mean is this; this young woman can't be contented with the society of flashy folks of doubtful reputation. She might have got that, having money and beauty, and a certain notoriety. But, you may call it pride, or ambition, or whatever you like, the fact remains that she knows there is something higher and better than that sort of thing, and that she aspires to it. She can't be at peace without the good opinion of persons she can respect, and—she will never get it."

"I should think not!"

"She will never get it, because she has not strength to make any real sacrifice of her vanity and selfishness. And yet, I believe she is eating her heart out with misery and mortification in the midst of all that she paid such a terrible price to gain!"

Mrs. Lovegrove stared at the speaker in surprise. She had never seen such a grave expression on Betsy Boyce's round, rubicund visage. The brisk, lively, old lady had gradually fallen into a serious tone as she spoke, and when she ceased, there was something like a tear in her eye.

Sarah Lovegrove's heart, although it did not beat with remarkable warmth,

was better than her creed. But she repressed a womanly movement of pity by way of asserting the stern purity of her principles, and replied, with elongated upper lip and incisive brevity, "That is the natural result to which such iniquity leads, Miss Boyce."

"Dear me," said Miss Boyce, "I've been making quite a preachment! But it is not altogether my own wisdom that I have been uttering. The fact is that I was yesterday with that sweet creature, Maud Desmond, and she talked to me a little about the vicar's daughter; and when she was out of the room, Mrs. Sheardown talked of her a great deal, and, between the two, I got a pretty clear notion of the state of the case."

"You don't mean to say that Miss Desmond visits her?"

"No, no; their lives are apart altogether. But I do believe that if Veronica needed anything—if she were sick, for instance—Maud would go to her directly."

"Would Mr. Lockwood allow that?" asked Mrs. Lovegrove, with something like a sneer.

"Yes, I think he would. He's not the good fellow I take him for, if he would oppose it!"

Mrs. Lovegrove had not quite forgiven Maud for preferring Hugh to her son. As Maud had not turned out to be an heiress, the thing was the less to be regretted. But to do Mrs. Lovegrove justice, she had been almost as willing to encourage Augustus's penchant before there was any idea of Maud's being wealthy as after. And her maternal vanity had been ruffled by the young lady's cold discouragement of her darling Gus.

Mrs. Lovegrove's character was not malicious at bottom, however, and, after a minute or so, she said, "I do think Miss Desmond is a really good girl."

"Good? She's an angel! And so clever!"

"Indeed? I did not perceive much—a—much solidity of intellect in Miss Desmond, I confess; but she is very young still. However, it was a very proper attention on her part to call on us directly she came to town. Mr. Lovegrove knew her mother well. He is, indeed, in some sort the young lady's guardian, and he was gratified by her coming."

"Maud Desmond always does the right thing," said Miss Boyce, in serene unconsciousness of Augustus's ill-starred wooing. "It was a good thing that the Sheardowns brought her to town with them on a visit. Very nice people the Sheardowns. I knew them at Shipley. I hear often from that neighbourhood, and I fancy the vicarage was no fitting or pleasant place for the girl."

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Lovegrove, with a strong gleam of curiosity in her grey eyes.

"No, I'm afraid not. Emma Begbie writes to me—there, I've let her name slip out. But you don't know her, and, probably, never will, so it don't much matter. Well, this young lady tells me that the vicar is going to the dogs—that isn't her phrase, but it is her meaning—as fast as he can. He has cut his old friends, and formed low connexions. And he doesn't even attend to the duties of his church, but has got a wretched curate, at twopence a year, to do his duty for him, and, in fact, the whole thing is as bad as it can be. He's no fit guardian, and his house is no fit home, for a young girl."

"A—clergyman—of—the—Church—of—England!" said Mrs. Lovegrove, with portentous slowness, nodding her head at each word.

"Oh, dear, yes! There's no doubt in the world about *that*."

Then the tea-things were cleared away, and presently the Misses Phœbe and Lucy and Dora Lovegrove made some music. And Augustus sang a Latin hymn, accompanying himself; and if the vocal portion of this performance were almost inaudible at the other end of the drawing-room, the pianoforte part was attacked with unsparing vigour. Then Miss Boyce's cab was sent for, and she went home, having passed as she protested a very pleasant evening.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. BRENNAN.

"This is all very nice indeed, very nice. An excellent house, furniture well chosen. All you now want is, a good, honest, hard-working, faithful creature, who would work, and put her soul into her work." These words were uttered by the Rev. Mr. Wheeder, a friendly but portly and unctuous clergyman; they were half addressed to Olivia and me, and half to a large glass of our new sherry, in one of our newly-purchased wine-glasses.

Olivia and I looked up with enthusiasm; then downward with despondency. Such a beatific vision seemed too remote.

"A woman," went on Mr. Wheeder, as if he were expatiating on some of the ladies in Scripture, "who should be willing; a woman of an age to have experience of London; a woman who could give you advice, and yet not be familiar nor presuming; a woman elderly yet strong; I should say that was exactly what was wanting to complete the little household of a young pair just starting in life."

Olivia looked at him wistfully, as if he were an enchanter; could he but raise such a creature with the wand or walking-stick, now on his knees; but for her, poor little soul, to go forth and encounter the tribes of wild London Caribbees, seeking such a paragon, the idea made her heart-sick. I added, with a manly despondency, "Where could one find such a person?"

Mr. Wheeder was looking curiously into the empty new wine-glass, as though it were an enchanted glass in which he saw this paragon. I hastily filled it with the new sherry, as a more suitable reflecting medium. He was not displeased.

"What would you say now, if I should happen to know of such a person?"

I am ashamed to think of the raptures we both broke into. For this servant business, put off to the last, had hung before us, and on us, as some terrible nightmare; something that appalled and crushed. Well-meaning friends had added to our terrors: "You can't take too much care; there is a dreadful race going!"

"When I say I, I mean Mrs. Wheeder. I will speak to her on the matter. I believe we found her quite a treasure of a woman. No more, thank you! You shall have her up in the morning."

When our deliverer was gone, my Olivia and I looked at each other with beaming eyes:

"You see," I said, "how obstacles melt away; and how, to become oratorical, the ice of difficulty thaws before the rays of opportunity."

My Olivia smiled at this moral.

As I was passing through the hall next morning, a very large and corpulent specimen of the servant race stood up to introduce herself. Her face was round and much heated. Being draped in an old-fashioned cloak, various portions of her figure seemed to move upward, in sympathy with every word she uttered, with a sort of peristaltic motion. These symptoms rather scared me.

"Mr. Wheeder, I believe?" I said, hoping faintly, and yet convinced.

"As good and charitable a gent as ever drew breath. He has the good word of the poor man, sir, which is thought little of down here, maybe. Yes, sir, he could do no more than speak well of me, Anne Brennan, and it's what I'd only expect from a gentleman so well knowd and steamed."

"Mr. Wheeder certainly recommended you strongly; but really, I fear, you may be" (it was a delicate matter to convey any objection to her physique) "you may be hardly active enough?"

She shook her head with a mournful pity.

"I know, sir; don't be afraid. They all begin with that, because I look fat. But what I say, sir, is, we'll all have our reward one day, whether the poor man or the rich!"

Look fat! This seemed a disclaimer of an accusation with which the rich seemed to be oppressing their poorer brethren; yet she could not have any object in counterfeiting stoutness.

Here appears my Olivia, who shrinks away from this columnar object.

"Your lady, sir—Anne Brennan, as the Rev. Mr. Wheeder sent. There's a real good man that thinks of the poor! Ask him about *me*, and before back or hind back; he can't have a word to say again me. Or Mr. Hocker, of Lupus-street, a gentleman of the first standing; seven in family, and often fourteen at dinner, once in the week. No, no, sir; and ma'am; I am not afraid of being looked into."

This was what my Olivia was doing precisely at that moment; and, with some alarm and awe, said, "I am sure what you say is right; but there is so much work you know——"

"Oh, I know, ma'am," she cried, with a smile; "that's not the first time that's been said to me by many. Why, when Mr. Hocker, o' Lupus-street, a gentleman beyond dispute, driving his own brougham, was taking me in his front parlour, *he* said, 'Mrs. Brennan, ma'am, I fear you're too large for the place.' Ah no, sir! Give me leave, if you please, and I mean no offence. But you and your lady are new to this, and few knows London beside me, hon and hoff. And let me tell you, a young lady and gent, starting as you are, will find plenty that seems nice and genteel; and there's some of us as seems as ladylike as any born lady; but wait, ah wait!"

I own to thinking there was a rude bluntness about this creature which I

associated with worth. My Olivia, I could see, associated her very obesity with honesty.

"Just put me to something; work is what I want. Ah, ma'am, a true servant won't be asking what is her duty and what is not; but she'll just see the work is to be done, and—do it."

On this she loosened the strings of her great cloak, and revealed a physical structure that suggested the idea of having been put together in compartments, which seemed very insecurely joined. As she moved, separation seemed always impending. After all, there was something almost heroic in a daughter of toil, there in protest against such a serious disability; and there was a gallantry in her thus boldly facing the charge—though, in truth, she could hardly have shirked it.

She was engaged on experiment. She was willing to do anything, accept any terms, "save that we would not ask her to bemean herself:" which seemed to rob the concession of any practical value. In succeeding interviews with the lady and females of the house, she invariably dissolved in tears, and begged to be excused, as she had never thought she would come so low as this. "No blame to you," she added handsomely. "But it came hard on one, who at Mr. Hocker's of Lupus-street had her fourteen copper saucepans about her, and a kitching maid to fetch and carry."

This Belisarius-like reverse caused deep sympathy, and at dinner I heard many remarks pointed with a "Mrs. Brennan thinks," and "now that Mrs. Brennan is here." In an hour or so she had called down the mistress of the house, to exhibit some new arrangement of her kitchen apparatus. "Ah, yes, ma'am! That's what I love and like—to have everything in its own place. Excuse me, m'm; but you're beginning housekeeping, and don't know the ways of this great place—pardon me the liberty of telling you so. But there *are* people going about, and in respectable houses, who have every trick to shirk their work, and it *is* a shame, indeed. I'm not one of those, ma'am."

Mrs. Brennan could not, unhappily, reside with us, as she had to go back every night to her "Phil;" a gentleman connected with the tailoring profession: her "darling boy," as she called him. Her way of putting it was characteristic. "It's a long way and a sore one to Whitechapel; but poor people must walk; and there was One in the Scripters, ma'am, that we all know—how *He* walked, footsore and weary. Ah, yes, m'm. The poor may love their husbands as well as the rich, and I wouldn't give up my darling boy, no, not for all the wealth of the universe! I couldn't do that, low as I'm come to. Ah, no!"

All day long we could hear from below a ceaseless hum and clatter, which resolved itself into Mrs. Brennan delivering shrill and sustained commentaries on the most various subjects. She had made her mark in the house, and at once took a position of command. I had misgivings, but was overborne by the united female voices, who seemed to rejoice in what I saw would be their enslavement, and hugged their chains.

In a few days I noted some other symptoms that disquieted me; one of which was, the little mouse of work which resulted from a vast mountain of words. Like some other clever persons in the world, she had the art of overlaying the most meagre sliver of work with such an incrustation of verbiage, that you were persuaded in spite of yourself. We rubbed our eyes, and fancied we saw.

"These seem very dusty, Mrs. Brennan," I say doubtfully. They were thick with dust.

"Dusty! dusty, sir?" as if she could not have heard. "Where, sir? How?"

"Everywhere, everyhow, Mrs. Brennan."

"Well, sir, I tell you this, and you will excuse me if I speak plain, but you are only beginning 'ousekeeping, sir, and you will pardon me, but I've been in the City sixteen year on end. And I can assure you I have not always been in this way, or come down to this; for when with Mr. Hocker, of Lupus-street, Pimlico——"

I was getting rather tired of this formula and the implied slight to our mansion; and I cut short her reminiscences by firmly requesting her immediate attention to the work in hand. She obeyed smiling.

The period of probation was sliding by. She was sorry to leave, she announced, but she could not be longer separated from her darling boy. The poor had their feelings as well as the rich, &c. Go she must. My Olivia came later with a wistful face. It was a pity to lose such a treasure—to have to begin all over again; such a good cook. Really it was a very good sign to see such affection among the lower classes. Mr. Philip Brennan had already appeared below; had come to partake of tea, and escort his lady home. I could not account for the interest this gentleman inspired, until I

myself was favoured with a private view, and found him to be a man with rich glossy black moustaches, a sad and dignified bearing, a grandeur of speech and manner which he brought from his native Sister Isle. He at once commanded all suffrages; a most gentlemanly man, about eighteen years younger than his lady.

"Ah, indeed! my poor boy! You wouldn't know him in the house any more than that fly. You'd never hear, or see, or know of him. Come in here, Phil, and speak to the lady—a real lady, mind you!"

Phil, introduced, bows.

"You must make allowance for him; he is not accustomed to ladies and gentlemen. Can't you speak up, you big, stupid fellow, you! You've tongue enough at the meetings."

Notwithstanding this defect, Mr. Brennan made a decided impression—a harmless creature.

I made protest. I represented that it was dangerous encouraging outsiders, but we were only starting in our little boat; life seemed a yachting excursion, when it is not worth while bringing a cargo of wisdom aboard. So we all agreed that Mr. Phil Brennan was to be taken in.

Things went on smoothly for some time afterwards, though the unpleasant truth began to force itself on us both, that Mrs. Brennan's measure of work was dwindling every day. She had some extraordinary charm over her assistants, having the knack of throwing more and more of her duties on them. She took a more commanding tone, and introduced her friend, Mr. Hocker, of Lupus-street, at least once a day. She excited a deep feeling of sympathy through the house by fits of "weakness," which she called the "miggerums," and which affected her with the "lows," and caused her to rise as late as nine and ten o'clock. These things I did not like; but, being aboard the yacht above mentioned, I was inclined to wait and see what came of it. The woman's character was really as inexhaustible as a conjuror's bottle; now grand, now mean, now in spirits, now sulky, now full of magnificence as to her previous condition under the Lupus-street dispensation, now bewailing with tears the fatal moment when "she bemeaned herself by marrying a tailor." This she would actually do in the presence of the gentleman himself. Under this dry crust, fires were smouldering. I had my own opinions about Mr. Brennan, who paid great attention to his dress, always wore scrupulous black, and whom I had once seen walking with a lady of almost fashionable exterior. I believe him, in short, to be what Mrs. Brennan had described another gentleman of her acquaintance, "a lad."

By-and-bye strange stories came floating upward from the kitchen, of domestic differences, arising, it was darkly hinted, out of Mr. Brennan's habits of pleasure, to which his personal attributes and attire were fatal temptations. Yet it was impossible not to note the absorbing interest with which he was regarded by the female household, as a kind of Lothario. I must own that his bearing, always collected, grave, and dignified, quite supported the character. He had the vainqueur air. Painful altercations were reported as taking place within the happy and innocent influence of the close range and hot hearth. A week's earnings with Messrs. Moses, known to reach thirty shillings, and not produced, were assumed to have been spent in pleasures incompatible with real connubial happiness.

I must introduce a fresh character; a tall, gaunt, Sister Islander, in a dirty white linen jacket, who was considered to be sufficiently well known for identification as "Barney." Barney effected an entrance under pretext of cleaning windows, and from that time swore himself in as a sort of retainer. He was ready to do any kind of a hand's turn to make an honest penny, glory be to God! He was proud to put those same hands under our feet. All he asked was "to be let to come and go, and sarve us as for nothing." This Eastern way of putting the thing, somehow ended in demand at the week's end of sums that seemed to me quite above the value of his services. These he was repeatedly ordered to discontinue; an order which he put aside by the same fiction of gratuitous service. He particularly attached himself to some flowers and shrubs; carrying pails of water, and trimming them—all as a sort of faithful and chivalric homage to the mistress of the mansion, who was quite gained by him. His wit and stories had gained him other friends below, so "Poor Barney! he is such an honest, amusing fellow," was the invariable answer to any protest. I was beginning to have serious thoughts as to this slowly gathering party below, who really in numbers and personal strength quite outmatched the slender force up-stairs. They were growing bolder and more confident, and all, even the regulars of the house, seemed to be inspired by the loud

and voluble tongue of Mrs. Brennan. The conjugal disputes were renewed under circumstances of publicity with friends invited to tea, who interposed and soothed.

One evening, returning home from an early dinner-party, we were met at the door by a faithful, not "officer of mine," but "own maid" to my Olivia, who, with her hand pressed to her side and with a panting voice, faltered: "Oh, it was shocking! and that we were just in time, and that Mr. and Mrs. Brennan were killing each other below." This news, of course, I knew to be a flourish of such rhetoric as Jane knew; but to our ears was borne a sort of sustained shriek, which seemed like a torrent of expostulation. Anon came subdued remonstrance, as of a mediator (Mr. Barney), and a more feminine appeal belonging to Mrs. Cranley, tea-drinker, trying to soothe her friend. Some flagrant shortcoming on the part of the fascinating tailor had come to light, and the outraged wife could no longer restrain herself. As the storm seemed to die gradually away, it was judged best to adjourn trial and sentence until the morrow; the owner of the mansion (present writer) saying firmly as he strode to his room: "This cannot go on!" which always means that a thing can and does go on.

Tranquilly engaged in my little sanctum, I found the door suddenly opened, and two figures were before me; one, large and broad, flushed and excited; with glaring eyes; her broad fat hands clutched on the arm of the unhappy Mr. Brennan, whom she had in custody, and whose necktie was undone and hung down in ends as limp as himself.

"Oh, this will never do!" I begin, quite indignant at the degrading spectacle. "I can't have this——"

"No, no, no!" says Mrs. Brennan. "You hear that, you low, mean ble-*gard*, disgracing me and yourself! But I told ye I'd expose you——"

"Hush, Anne!" says Mr. Brennan, with great dignity. "Leave this!" As who should say, "do not let us wash our conjugal clothing in public."

Again, I say, "this cannot go on." I add that Mr. Brennan is on a delicate footing in the house, and that I must require him to remove in the morning. I wind up an impressive speech with my favourite remark: "you know, yourself, this cannot go on."

Mr. Brennan acknowledges it with great dignity, and admits that he has been handsomely treated. He also tries to withdraw his lady, who has all this time been wailing, and vociferating, and vituperating. I catch sight of inquisitive faces resting on the bannisters.

"The low, mean vagabone, with his Mrs. O'Brien. Cock him up! a creature that you wouldn't throw a halfpenny out to in the gutter."

"Now, Anne, for shame! Come away, Anne!" says Mr. Brennan, with dignity.

"I'm a poor broken creature; but the Lord wished to try me; and for him to be seen walking down the public street with a low, thieving, sneaking—— Yes, I will!" and the angry lady turned on the unhappy man with a stamp.

"This can't go on," I say, for the last time. "We have nothing to do with your private quarrels. I can't interfere. You must both leave this in the morning. Go away, now."

Leave this in the morning. Bless your heart! There was great radiance and animation through the household, a sort of diffused joy and exultation. Such good news! Mr. and Mrs. Brennan had been reconciled either during the night or in the morning. The past had been forgotten and forgiven. Mr. Brennan had handsomely owned that he had been in the wrong. Everything was to be as before. Mrs. Brennan had owned publicly that he was her own dear boy, Phil, again. She characteristically turned on our Jane, who was sympathising with her.

"Well, and what if he does? I'd just like you to go through the streets of London and find the man that's as straight and regular! Much you know, indeed! What business is it of yours?" added Mrs. Brennan, bursting into fury, "how *dar* you to speak to me?"

To my astonishment I found it was accepted universally that this reconciliation quite took away the necessity for their departure.

"Oh, George!" says my Olivia, "we could not turn them away now, after he behaving so well. If he should relapse, we should never forgive ourselves."

In short, as this was the yacht voyage, and Mrs. Brennan a very good cook—well, I gave way weakly, taking care, however, to utter some prophecies, whose certain fulfilment would add to my reputation as a domestic seer.

Again we rubbed on. About a fortnight passed away, and Christmas-day came round. It was to be a festival of innocent amusement—mistletoe, holly, &c. Mrs. Brennan had devoted herself to the

delicacies that accompany the season—pudding, mince pies, and so forth. To the last, my faith in her cookery never faltered a moment. "*There*," as Lamb says, "earth touched heaven." We allowed them a little light-hearted gaiety—a few friends—Mrs. Cranley, Barney, an admirer of our Jane's. It was to be a little rustic sort of feast, tempered by the holy spirit of the time, on which Mrs. Brennan spoke with great feeling and unction. There was One in the "Scripturs" who had shown an example for *that*, and surely the poor man, as well as the rich, should enjoy their little recreation that came only once a year — an unnecessary protest, as it was we who had proposed the plan for the poor man's enjoyment.

On this occasion we held our little festival at a friend's, and were in a pleasantly attuned frame of mind; the brave old Christmas — joy-bells, forgiveness, peace, goodwill, roast beef, and the rest of it.

"Our attached domestics," I said, as we came to the door, "have *their* little night's pastime too. Well, well! They don't get it too often."

We were startled by loud shrieks and a crash, as of people falling together among chairs. Then arose the din of voices, and the hoarse yell of some one, who gave me the idea of being held down. I rushed in, on the door being opened, and in the hall ran against the flushed Jane; as usual, holding her side.

Oh, there was murder going on. Mr. Brennan and Mr. Findlater had quarrelled, and were killing each other!

Louder rose the shrieks. At the foot of the stairs I encountered Mrs. Cranley, with hands clasped and hair "down," and uttering:

"O Lord, Lord! Oh, bring in the polis!"

From the kitchen-door, the scene that revealed itself was Mr. Brennan in his shirt sleeves, squaring at his friend Mr. Findlater. The wretched wife was hanging on her "boy's" shoulder, and greatly interfering with any chance of success he might have in the conflict. Both grounded their arms on my appearance.

Mr. Brennan approached me at once, declaring that he had been "shlandered" by his friend Mr. Findlater. Mr. Findlater (until then entirely unknown to me) was arrayed in a massive emerald-green tie, and had that day been burying an eminent patriot who belonged to a Society wherein Mr. Findlater was a wearer of the Green, and who had been interred with all the honours of a procession and band. To Mr. Findlater—who, with his friend Brennan, had attained to the honours of a captaincy in the brotherhood—I at once gave a summary command to depart. The ferocious leader yielded. He had the highest respect for me—he knew my name and lineage—all he wanted was—was—his hat. This was found for him (in the boiler, I believe), and he departed. Mr. Brennan was led halting to bed, and came down several times with a candle in his hand, to explain: to "prevent mishconstruction," he said.

"You see," I said to him, "after this, things cannot go on as they are."

He owned it, and the curtain fell. The spell was shivered. No one had a word for the outcast Brennans. At an interview with Mrs. Brennan next morning, on sternly giving her until evening to remove, I was amazed to find her tone changed to this:

"Well, never mind. There is One over all, looking down on rich and poor. Maybe, those who are well off now, may be wanting favour themselves before a twelvemonth is out!"

Amazed at, yet almost admiring, this Protean versatility, I said:

"Surely, this is all your own doing. Had you behaved even decently, you and your husband might have remained. A disorderly character of that sort——"

"He! There wasn't a better or more well-conducted creature in the city till he set foot in this house. Oh, it was an ill day for us when we broke up our little home to come into such a place! But, sure, there's One in Scripter, and didn't He lie in a manger at this blessed time?"

This effrontery and profanity mixed made me an oppressor.

"Not a word more, Mrs. Brennan. Out you go without an hour's delay. Take your menial beak," I might have added, "from out my heart, and your unwieldy bust from off my door."

She retired that same night, accompanied by Captain Brennan, who graciously owned that "he had no fault to find with the way he had been treated."

A STOLEN VISIT.

When you are wrapt in happy sleep,
I walk about your house by night,
With many a wistful, stealthy peep
At what I've loved by morning light.

Your head is on the pillow laid,
My feet are where your footsteps were;
Your soul to other lands has strayed,
My heart can hear you breathe and stir.

I seat me in your wonted chair,
And ope your book a little space;
I touch the flowers that knew your care,
The mirror that reflects your face.

I kiss the pen that spoke your thought,
The spot whereon you knelt to pray,
The message with your wisdom fraught,
Writ down on paper yesterday.

The garment that you lately wore,
The threshold that your step goes by,
The music that you fingered o'er,
The picture that contents your eye.

Yet when you wake from happy sleep,
And, busy here, and busy there,
You take your wonted morning peep
At what is good and what is fair.

"She has been here," you will not say,
My prying face you will not find;
You'll think, "She is a mile away,"
My love hath left no mark behind.

THE WHITE CAT OF DRUMGUNNIOL.

THERE is a famous story of a white cat, with which we all become acquainted in the nursery. I am going to tell a story of a white cat very different from the amiable and enchanted princess who took that disguise for a season. The white cat of which I speak was a more sinister animal.

The traveller from Limerick toward Dublin, after passing the hills of Killaloe upon the left, as Keeper Mountain rises high in view, finds himself gradually hemmed in, upon the right, by a range of lower hills. An undulating plain that dips gradually to a lower level than that of the road interposes, and some scattered hedgerows relieve its somewhat wild and melancholy character.

One of the few human habitations that send up their films of turf-smoke from that lonely plain, is the loosely-thatched, earth-built dwelling of a "strong farmer," as the more prosperous of the tenant-farming class are termed in Munster. It stands in a clump of trees near the edge of a wandering stream, about half way between the mountains and the Dublin road, and had been for generations tenanted by people named Donovan.

In a distant place, desirous of studying some Irish records which had fallen into my hands, and inquiring for a teacher capable of instructing me in the Irish language, a Mr. Donovan, dreamy, harmless, and learned, was recommended to me for the purpose.

I found that he had been educated as a Sizar in Trinity College, Dublin. He now supported himself by teaching, and the special direction of my studies, I suppose, flattered his national partialities, for he unbosomed himself of much of his long reserved thoughts, and recollections about his country and his early days. It was he who told me this story, and I mean to repeat it, as nearly as I can, in his own words.

I have myself seen the old farm-house, with its orchard of huge mossgrown apple trees. I have looked round on the peculiar landscape; the roofless, ivied tower, that two hundred years before had afforded a refuge from raid and rapparee, and which still occupies its old place in the angle of the haggard; the bush-grown "liss," that scarcely a hundred and fifty steps away records the labours of a bygone race; the dark and towering outline of old Keeper in the background; and the lonely range of furze and heath-clad hills that form a nearer barrier, with many a line of grey rock and clump of dwarf oak or birch. The pervading sense of loneliness made it a scene not unsuited for a wild and unearthly story. And I could quite fancy how, seen in the grey of a wintry morning, shrouded far and wide in snow, or in the melancholy glory of an autumnal sunset, or in the chill splendour of a moonlight night, it might have helped to tone a dreamy mind like honest Dan Donovan's to superstition and a proneness to the illusions of fancy. It is certain, however, that I never anywhere met with a more simple-minded creature, or one on whose good faith I could more entirely rely.

When I was a boy, said he, living at home at Drumgunniol, I used to take my Goldsmith's Roman History in my hand and go down to my favourite seat, the flat stone, sheltered by a hawthorn tree beside the little lough, a large and deep pool, such as I have heard called a tarn in England. It lay in the gentle hollow of a field that is overhung toward the north by the old orchard, and being a deserted place was favourable to my studious quietude.

One day reading here, as usual, I wearied at last, and began to look about me, thinking of the heroic scenes I had just been reading of. I was as wide awake as I am at this moment, and I saw a woman appear at the corner of the orchard and walk down the slope. She wore a long, light grey dress, so long that it seemed to sweep the grass behind her, and so singular was her appearance in a part of the world where female attire is so inflexibly fixed by custom, that I could not take my eyes off her. Her course lay diagonally from corner to corner of the field, which was a large one, and she pursued it without swerving.

When she came near I could see that her feet were bare, and that she seemed to be

looking steadfastly upon some remote object for guidance. Her route would have crossed me—had the tarn not interposed—about ten or twelve yards below the point at which I was sitting. But instead of arresting her course at the margin of the lough, as I had expected, she went on without seeming conscious of its existence, and I saw her, as plainly as I see you, sir, walk across the surface of the water, and pass, without seeming to see me, at about the distance I had calculated.

I was ready to faint from sheer terror. I was only thirteen years old then, and I remember every particular as if it had happened this hour.

The figure passed through the gap at the far corner of the field, and there I lost sight of it. I had hardly strength to walk home, and was so nervous, and ultimately so ill, that for three weeks I was confined to the house, and could not bear to be alone for a moment. I never entered that field again, such was the horror with which from that moment every object in it was clothed. Even at this distance of time I should not like to pass through it.

This apparition I connected with a mysterious event; and, also, with a singular liability, that has for nearly eighty years distinguished, or rather afflicted, our family. It is no fancy. Everybody in that part of the country knows all about it. Everybody connected what I had seen with it.

I will tell it all to you as well as I can.

When I was about fourteen years old—that is about a year after the sight I had seen in the lough field—we were one night expecting my father home from the fair of Killaloe. My mother sat up to welcome him home, and I with her, for I liked nothing better than such a vigil. My brothers and sisters, and the farm servants, except the men who were driving home the cattle from the fair, were asleep in their beds. My mother and I were sitting in the chimney corner, chatting together, and watching my father's supper, which was kept hot over the fire. We knew that he would return before the men who were driving home the cattle, for he was riding, and told us that he would only wait to see them fairly on the road, and then push homeward.

At length we heard his voice and the knocking of his loaded whip at the door, and my mother let him in. I don't think I ever saw my father drunk, which is more than most men of my age, from the same part of the country, could say of theirs. But he could drink his glass of whisky as well as another, and he usually came home from fair or market a little merry and mellow, and with a jolly flush in his cheeks.

To-night he looked sunken, pale and sad. He entered with the saddle and bridle in his hand, and he dropped them against the wall, near the door, and put his arms round his wife's neck, and kissed her kindly.

"Welcome home, Meehal," said she, kissing him heartily.

"God bless you, mavourneen," he answered.

And hugging her again, he turned to me, who was plucking him by the hand, jealous of his notice. I was little, and light of my age, and he lifted me up in his arms, and kissed me, and my arms being about his neck, he said to my mother:

"Draw the bolt, acuishla."

She did so, and setting me down very dejectedly, he walked to the fire and sat down on a stool, and stretched his feet toward the glowing turf, leaning with his hands on his knees.

"Rouse up, Mick, darlin'," said my mother, who was growing anxious, "and tell me how did the cattle sell, and did everything go lucky at the fair, or is there anything wrong with the landlord, or what in the world is it that ails you, Mick, jewel?"

"Nothin', Molly. The cows sould well, thank God, and there's nothin' fell out between me an' the landlord, an' everything's the same way. There's no fault to find anywhere."

"Well then, Mickey, since so it is, turn round to your hot supper, and ate it, and tell us is there anything new."

"I got my supper, Molly, on the way, and I can't ate a bit," he answered.

"Got your supper on the way, an' you knowin' 'twas waiting for you at home, an' your wife sittin' up an' all!" cried my mother, reproachfully.

"You're takin' a wrong meanin' out of what I say," said my father. "There's something happened that leaves me that I can't ate a mouthful, and I'll not be dark with you, Molly, for, maybe, it ain't very long I have to be here, an' I'll tell you what it was. It's what I seen, the white cat."

"The Lord between us and harm!" exclaimed my mother, in a moment as pale and as chap-fallen as my father; and then, trying to rally, with a laugh, she said: "*Ha!* 'tis only funnin' me you are. Sure a white rabbit was snared a Sunday last, in

Grady's wood; an' Teigne seen a big white rat in the haggard yesterday."

"'Twas neither rat nor rabbit was in it. Don't ye think but I'd know a rat or a rabbit from a big white cat, with green eyes as big as halfpennies, and its back riz up like a bridge, trottin' on and across me, and ready, if I dar' stop, to rub its sides along my shins, and maybe to make a jump and seize my throat, if that it's a cat, at all, an' not something worse?"

As he ended his description in a low tone, looking straight at the fire, my father drew his big hand across his forehead once or twice, his face being damp and shining with the moisture of fear, and he sighed, or rather groaned, heavily.

My mother had relapsed into panic, and was praying again in her fear. I, too, was terribly frightened, and on the point of crying, for I knew all about the white cat.

Clapping my father on the shoulder, by way of encouragement, my mother leaned over him, kissing him, and at last began to cry. He was wringing her hands in his, and seemed in great trouble.

"There was nothin' came into the house with me?" he asked, in a very low tone, turning to me.

"There was nothin', father," I said, "but the saddle and bridle that was in your hand."

"Nothin' white kem in at the doore wid me," he repeated.

"Nothin' at all," I answered.

"So best," said my father, and making the sign of the cross, he began mumbling to himself, and I knew he was saying his prayers.

Waiting for a while, to give him time for this exercise, my mother asked him where he first saw it.

"When I was riding up the bohereen," —the Irish term meaning a little road, such as leads up to a farm-house—"I bethought myself that the men was on the road with the cattle, and no one to look to the horse barrin' myself, so I thought I might as well leave him in the crooked field below, an' I tuck him there, he bein' cool, and not a hair turned, for I rode him aisy all the way. It was when I turned, after lettin' him go—the saddle and bridle bein' in my hand—that I saw it, pushin' out o' the long grass at the side o' the path, an' it walked across it, in front of me, an' then back again, before me, the same way, an' sometimes at one side, an' then at the other, lookin' at me wid them shinin' green eyes; and I consayted I heard it growlin' as it kep' beside me—as close as ever you see—till I kem up to the doore, here, an' knocked an' called, as ye heerd me."

Now, what was it, in so simple an incident, that agitated my father, my mother, myself, and, finally, every member of this rustic household, with a terrible foreboding? It was this that we, one and all, believed that my father had received, in thus encountering the white cat, a warning of his approaching death.

The omen had never failed hitherto. It did not fail now. In a week after my father took the fever that was going, and before a month he was dead.

My honest friend, Dan Donovan, paused here; I could perceive that he was praying, for his lips were busy, and I concluded that it was for the repose of that departed soul.

In a little while he resumed.

It is eighty years now since that omen first attached to my family. Eighty years? Ay, is it. Ninety is nearer the mark. And I have spoken to many old people, in those earlier times, who had a distinct recollection of everything connected with it.

It happened in this way.

My grand-uncle, Connor Donovan, had the old farm of Drumgunniol in his day. He was richer than ever my father was, or my father's father either, for he took a short lease of Balraghan, and made money of it. But money won't soften a hard heart, and I'm afraid my grand-uncle was a cruel man—a profligate man he was, surely, and that is mostly a cruel man at heart. He drank his share, too, and cursed and swore, when he was vexed, more than was good for his soul, I'm afraid.

At that time there was a beautiful girl of the Colemans, up in the mountains, not far from Capper Cullen. I'm told that there are no Colemans there now at all, and that family has passed away. The famine years made great changes.

Ellen Coleman was her name. The Colemans were not rich. But, being such a beauty, she might have made a good match. Worse than she did for herself, poor thing, she could not.

Con Donovan—my grand-uncle, God forgive him!—sometimes in his rambles saw her at fairs or patterns, and he fell in love with her, as who might not?

He used her ill. He promised her marriage, and persuaded her to come away with him; and, after all, he broke his word.

It was just the old story. He tired of her, and he wanted to push himself in the world; and he married a girl of the Collopys, that had a great fortune—twenty-four cows, seventy sheep, and a hundred and twenty goats.

He married this Mary Collopy, and grew richer than before; and Ellen Coleman died broken-hearted. But that did not trouble the strong farmer much.

He would have liked to have children, but he had none, and this was the only cross he had to bear, for everything else went much as he wished.

One night he was returning from the fair of Nenagh. A shallow stream at that time crossed the road—they have thrown a bridge over it, I am told, some time since—and its channel was often dry in summer weather. When it was so, as it passes close by the old farm-house of Drumgunniol, without a great deal of winding, it makes a sort of road, which people then used as a short cut to reach the house by. Into this dry channel, as there was plenty of light from the moon, my grand-uncle turned his horse, and when he had reached the two ash-trees at the meering of the farm he turned his horse short into the river-field, intending to ride through the gap at the other end, under the oak-tree, and so he would have been within a few hundred yards of his door.

As he approached the "gap" he saw, or thought he saw, with a slow motion, gliding along the ground toward the same point, and now and then with a soft bound, a white object, which he described as being no bigger than his hat, but what it was he could not see, as it moved along the hedge and disappeared at the point to which he was himself tending.

When he reached the gap the horse stopped short. He urged and coaxed it in vain. He got down to lead it through, but it recoiled, snorted, and fell into a wild trembling fit. He mounted it again. But its terror continued, and it obstinately resisted his caresses and his whip. It was bright moonlight, and my grand-uncle was chafed by the horse's resistance, and, seeing nothing to account for it, and being so near home, what little patience he possessed forsook him, and, plying his whip and spur in earnest, he broke into oaths and curses.

All on a sudden the horse sprang through, and Con Donovan, as he passed under the broad branch of the oak, saw clearly a woman standing on the bank beside him, her arm extended, with the hand of which, as he flew by, she struck him a blow upon the shoulders. It threw him forward upon the neck of the horse, which, in wild terror, reached the door at a gallop, and stood there quivering and steaming all over.

Less alive than dead, my grand-uncle got in. He told his story, at least, so much as he chose. His wife did not quite know what to think. But that something very bad had happened she could not doubt. He was very faint and ill, and begged that the priest should be sent for forthwith. When they were getting him to his bed they saw distinctly the marks of five finger-points on the flesh of his shoulder, where the spectral blow had fallen. These singular marks—which they said resembled in tint the hue of a body struck by lightning—remained imprinted on his flesh, and were buried with him.

When he had recovered sufficiently to talk with the people about him—speaking, like a man at his last hour, from a burdened heart and troubled conscience—he repeated his story, but said he did not see, or, at all events, know, the face of the figure that stood in the gap. No one believed him. He told more about it to the priest than to others. He certainly had a secret to tell. He might as well have divulged it frankly, for the neighbours all knew well enough that it was the face of dead Ellen Coleman that he had seen.

From that moment my grand-uncle never raised his head. He was a scared, silent, broken-spirited man. It was early summer then, and at the fall of the leaf in the same year he died.

Of course there was a wake, such as beseemed a strong farmer so rich as he. For some reason the arrangements of this ceremonial were a little different from the usual routine.

The usual practice is to place the body in the great room, or kitchen, as it is called, of the house. In this particular case there was, as I told you, for some reason, an unusual arrangement. The body was placed in a small room that opened upon the greater one. The door of this, during the wake, stood open. There were candles about the bed, and pipes and tobacco on the table, and stools for such guests as chose to enter, the door standing open for their reception.

The body, having been laid out, was left alone, in this smaller room, during the preparations for the wake. After nightfall one of the women, approaching the bed to

get a chair which she had left near it, rushed from the room with a scream, and, having recovered her speech at the further end of the "kitchen," and surrounded by a gaping audience, she said, at last:

"May I never sin, if his face bain't riz up again the back o' the bed, and he starin' down to the doore, wid eyes as big as pewter plates, that id be shinin' in the moon!"

"Arra, woman! Is it cracked you are?" said one of the farm boys, as they are termed, being men of any age you please.

"Agh, Molly, don't be talkin', woman! 'Tis what ye consayted it, goin' into the dark room, out o' the light. Why didn't ye take a candle in your fingers, ye aumadhaun?" said one of her female companions.

"Candle, or no candle; I seen it," insisted Molly. "An' what's more, I could a'most take my oath I seen his arum, too, stretchin' out o' the bed along the flure, three times as long as it should be, to take hould o' me be the fut."

"Nansinse, ye fool, what id he want o' yer fut?" exclaimed one, scornfully.

"Gi'e me the candle, some o' yez—in the name o' God," said old Sal Doolan, that was straight and lean, and a woman that could pray like a priest almost.

"Give her a candle," cried one.

"Ay, give her a candle," agreed all.

But whatever they might say, there wasn't one among them that did not look pale and stern enough as they followed Mrs. Doolan, who was praying as fast as her lips could patter, and leading the van with a tallow candle, held like a taper, in her fingers.

The door was half open, as the panic-stricken girl had left it; and holding the candle on high the better to examine the room, she made a step or so into it.

If my grand-uncle's hand had been stretched along the floor, in the unnatural way described, he had drawn it back again under the sheet that covered him. And tall Mrs. Doolan was in no danger of tripping over his arm as she entered. But she had not gone more than a step or two with her candle aloft, when, with a frowning face, she suddenly stopped short, staring at the bed which was now fully in view.

"Lord, bless us, Mrs. Doolan, ma'am, come back," said the woman next her, who had fast hold of her dress, or her "coat" as they call it, and drawing her backwards with a frightened pluck, while a general recoil among her followers betokened the alarm which her hesitation had inspired.

"Whisht, will yez?" said the leader, peremptorily, "I can't hear my own ears wid the noise ye're makin', an' which iv yez let the cat in here, an' whose cat is it?" she asked, peering suspiciously at a white cat that was sitting on the breast of the corpse.

"Put it away, will yez?" she resumed, with horror at the profanation. "Many a corpse as I sthretched and crossed in the bed, the likes o' that I never seen yet. The man o' the house, wid a brute baste like that mounted on him, like a phooka, Lord forgi'e me for namin' the like in this room. Dhrive it away, some o' yez? out o' that, this minute, I tell ye."

Each repeated the order, but no one seemed inclined to execute it. They were crossing themselves, and whispering their conjectures and misgivings as to the nature of the beast, which was no cat of that house, nor one that they had ever seen before. On a sudden, the white cat placed itself on the pillow over the head of the body, and having from that place glared for a time at them over the features of the corpse, it crept softly along the body towards them, growling low and fiercely as it drew near.

Out of the room they bounced, in dreadful confusion, shutting the door fast after them, and not for a good while did the hardiest venture to peep in again.

The white cat was sitting in its old place, on the dead man's breast, but this time it crept quietly down the side of the bed, and disappeared under it, the sheet which was spread like a coverlet, and hung down nearly to the floor, concealing it from view.

Praying, crossing themselves, and not forgetting a sprinkling of holy water, they peeped, and finally searched, poking spades, "wattles," pitchforks, and such implements under the bed. But the cat was not to be found, and they concluded that it had made its escape among their feet as they stood near the threshold. So they secured the door carefully, with hasp and padlock.

But when the door was opened next morning they found the white cat sitting, as if it had never been disturbed, upon the breast of the dead man.

Again occurred very nearly the same scene with a like result, only that some said they saw the cat afterwards lurking under a big box in a corner of the outer room, where my grand-uncle kept his leases and papers, and his prayer-book and beads.

Mrs. Doolan heard it growling at her

heels wherever she went; and although she could not see it, she could hear it spring on the back of her chair when she sat down, and growl in her ear, so that she would bounce up with a scream and a prayer, fancying that it was on the point of taking her by the throat.

And the priest's boy, looking round the corner, under the branches of the old orchard, saw a white cat sitting under the little window of the room where my grand-uncle was laid out, and looking up at the four small panes of glass as a cat will watch a bird.

The end of it was that the cat was found on the corpse again, when the room was visited, and do what they might, whenever the body was left alone, the cat was found again in the same ill-omened contiguity with the dead man. And this continued, to the scandal and fear of the neighbourhood, until the door was opened finally for the wake.

My grand-uncle being dead, and, with all due solemnities, buried, I have done with him. But not quite yet with the white cat. No banshee ever yet was more inalienably attached to a family than this ominous apparition is to mine. But there is this difference. The banshee seems to be animated with an affectionate sympathy with the bereaved family to whom it is hereditarily attached, whereas this thing has about it a suspicion of malice. It is the messenger simply of death. And its taking the shape of a cat—the coldest, and they say, the most vindictive of brutes—is indicative of the spirit of its visit.

When my grandfather's death was near, although he seemed quite well at the time, it appeared not exactly, but very nearly in the same way in which I told you it showed itself to my father.

The day before my Uncle Teigne was killed by the bursting of his gun, it appeared to him in the evening, at twilight, by the lough, in the field where I saw the woman who walked across the water, as I told you. My uncle was washing the barrel of his gun in the lough. The grass is short there, and there is no cover near it. He did not know how it approached; but the first he saw of it, the white cat was walking close round his feet, in the twilight, with an angry twist of its tail, and a green glare in its eyes, and do what he would, it continued walking round and round him, in larger or smaller circles, till he reached the orchard, and there he lost it.

My poor Aunt Peg—she married one of the O'Brians, near Oolah—came to Drumgunniol to go to the funeral of a cousin who died about a mile away. She died herself, poor woman, only a month after.

Coming from the wake, at two or three o'clock in the morning, as she got over the style into the farm of Drumgunniol, she saw the white cat at her side, and it kept close beside her, she ready to faint all the time, till she reached the door of the house, where it made a spring up into the white-thorn tree that grows close by, and so it parted from her. And my little brother Jim saw it also, just three weeks before he died. Every member of our family who dies, or takes his death-sickness, at Drumgunniol, is sure to see the white cat, and no one of us who sees it need hope for long life after.

PAUL JONES RIGHTED.

Our old conception of Paul Jones as a bearded ruffian with a pistol in each hand, and four more in his belt, striking an attitude on a flaming quarter-deck, must, we fear, be thrown into the dust heap, to which so many other historical bogies are daily being consigned.

By recent American writers, Paul Jones, whom we English have long since branded as a mere mischievous pirate, ranks as a great and successful naval commander, patriot and hero, a Bayard indeed, without fear and without reproach. The interesting letters and documents on this subject collected some years ago by Colonel Sherburne, then Registrar of the Navy Department in Washington, go far to prove that Paul Jones was a much more honest, a much more intellectual, and a much more important person than we have hitherto given him credit for being.

The American version of the life of this singular man deserves attention. John Paul Jones, the son of a gardener, who lived in Artigland, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, was born in 1747. As a child Paul began to show predilections for the sea, his favourite haunt being a grassy eminence, from whence he could shout what he called his orders to vessels entering the port in Carse Thorne. Born on the edge of the Solway Firth, the boy took to the water as naturally as a duck does to the pond, and at twelve years old was sent to Whitehaven and bound apprentice to a merchant who traded with America, where Paul had an elder brother already married and settled. The death of this well-to-do brother in 1773

enabled Jones to carry out a scheme he had long entertained of spending a quiet and studious life in the country of his adoption. But the war just then breaking out roused his old spirit of enterprise, and induced him to seek command under the new flag. In 1775 he was appointed first lieutenant of the Alfred, then lying before Philadelphia, and he hoisted the flag of Independence, as he always boasted, with his own hands, the first time it was ever displayed. We soon find him at work, taking forts at New Providence, and exchanging blows with English men-of-war. His first great difficulty was to get seamen, the sailors having for the most part joined the army when the war had first thrown them out of employment. Being placed in command of the sloop Providence, after helping to convoy vessels, Paul, in an incredibly short time, took, sunk, or burned sixteen sail (schooners and brigantines), destroyed part of our Newfoundland fisheries, and planned a chivalrous expedition to release the American prisoners employed in our coal pits at Cape Breton, a plan which only failed from the want of co-operation in a colleague. At the same time the zealous young adventurer made many valuable suggestions to the naval department, suggesting that all officers should pass an examination before appointment, urging a parity of rank between sea and land officers, and giving it as his opinion that a commander in the navy should be "a man of strong and well-connected sense, with a tolerable education; a gentleman as well as a seaman, both in theory and practice; want of learning, and rude, ungentle manners, being by no means characteristic of an officer." He also urged on Congress an imitation of English naval discipline, and advised liberality in the distribution of prize-money. After waiting long for a larger ship, in 1777 he was appointed to the Ranger, and despatched on an adventurous privateering cruise. It is supposed that this vessel was the first to bear the new national flag to Europe, touching at Nantes to obtain five hundred louis from the American Commissioner in Paris.

Paul now planned a descent on Whitehaven, to retaliate on us the injuries we had done on the American seaboard. We take Paul Jones's own version of the descent. He landed at night at Whitehaven with thirty-one volunteers in two boats. Unfortunately for the foragers, day began to dawn just as they reached the outer pier. A boat was, however, instantly despatched to set fire to the shipping on the north side of the harbour, Paul himself undertaking to burn that on the south. The walls were soon scaled; the cannon spiked in both forts, and the astonished and drowsy sentinels secured in the guard-house. To the commander's vexation, however, the party sent to fire the shipping on the north side returned in confusion, having failed to carry out their purpose, and having burnt out all their lantern candles. Jones, furious at this, set fire to a large ship that was aground, surrounded by at least one hundred and fifty others. A barrel of tar was poured upon the flames, and the conflagration soon spread. The Whitehaven people gathered at this, buzzing and angry; but Paul, pistol in hand, standing between them and the burning ship, drove them back in a frightened crowd. Releasing all their prisoners but three, as the boats could not carry them, Jones's men re-embarked without opposition. The moment the boats were well off, the Whitehaven people ran to the forts, but the thirty cannon lay all spiked, and there were only two dismounted guns on the beach which were available. With these the Cumberland men commenced a hot but ill-directed fire on the boats, Paul's men replying in bravado by discharging their pistols. Only one of Jones's men was missing, and in the descent no one on either side had been killed or wounded.

Standing over now for the Scotch shore, Paul arrived at noon at St. Mary's Isle, in hopes of capturing Lord Selkirk, and using him as a hostage to secure a fair exchange of prisoners during the war. He landed with one boat only, and a very small party. Lord Selkirk being absent, Paul, according to his own despatch to Franklin, was on the point of leaving the island, when his officers began to complain of getting no plunder, whereas in America the English had not only destroyed rich men's houses, but burnt hovels, and carried off poor men's cows. The American captain, seeing no other means of gratifying his turbulent men, compelled Lady Selkirk to surrender family plate valued at six hundred and fifty pounds. This plate Paul afterwards purchased, and returned to the countess, with a romantic gallantry worthy of the days of chivalry.

About this time also Paul Jones went round to the Firth of Forth, and suddenly made his appearance off the "lang town of Kirkcaldy" to the horror of the Fifeshire people, who looked upon him as a

devouring sea monster. While the people crowded the shore, watching the dreaded vessel, an eccentric old Presbyterian minister came pushing through the crowd, carrying an old arm-chair, which he jammed down close to low-water mark, the tide coming in, and commenced a prayer for a change of wind.

"Dinna send, O Lord," he said, "this vile pirate to strip the puir folk o' Kirkcaldy, for ye ken they are a' puir enough an' hae naething to spare. The puir women are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns are shrieking after them. He'll be here in a jiffy, and wha kens what he'll do? He'll burn their houses, tak awa their duds, even to their very sarks, and wha kens but the bluidy villain might tak their lives? I canna thole; I canna thole. I hae been lang a faithfu' servant to ye, O Lord, but gin ye wunna turn the wind aboot, and blaw this scoondrel out o' our gate, I'll nae star a fut, but will joost sit here until the tide comes in and droons me. Sae tak yer wull of it." Luckily for the worthy minister the wind changed, and Paul Jones disappeared from the Fifeshire coast.

It was during this swoop along the English, Scotch, and Irish coasts that Paul Jones was attacked, off Carrickfergus, by an English ship of war, the Drake, of twenty guns. The action lasted one hour and four minutes, when the English called for quarter, having lost their captain, lieutenant, and forty-two men. Their sails and rigging were entirely cut to pieces. Jones lost only three men, while five were wounded.

At this very time Paul Jones's bills were being dishonoured in France, while his officers and men wanted clothes, and he scarcely knew where to look for the morrow's dinner for himself and crews. Nevertheless, at this very juncture, Jones's restless and ambitious mind projected many daring expeditions to alarm our coasts and injure our trade. He offered, with three frigates, to burn Whitehaven, and so stop the winter's supply of coal to Ireland. He wished to attack and destroy all the shipping of the Clyde, and also to burn Greenock and Port-Glasgow. He planned the destruction of the Campbeltown fishery, and of the coal shipping of Newcastle, and offered to intercept the English, West India or Baltic fleets, or to assail our Hudson Bay ships and Greenland fishery. Paul was always complaining to the French and American governments of the shameful inactivity in which he was kept for want of money and ships.

After months of painful suspense, chiefly occasioned by the jealousy of the French officers, the French Minister of Marine at last gave this intrepid man a ship, of forty-two guns, then lying at L'Orient, and this slow, half worn-out vessel Paul re-christened Le Bon Homme Richard, in compliment to Franklin's Poor Richard. There also sailed with him the Alliance, thirty-six guns, Pallas, thirty guns, Cerf, eighteen guns, and Vengeance, twelve guns. Jones, eager to fly his hawks at our Jamaica fleet, was also anxious to land at Leith, and levy a contribution of one hundred thousand pounds. This last daring scheme being prevented by a contrary wind, Paul Jones, after sweeping many prizes into his nets, fell in with our Baltic convoy (forty-one sail) off the Yorkshire coast. He instantly closed with our frigate, the Serapis (forty-four guns), by moonlight off Flamborough Head, which was crowded with spectators. At the same time the Pallas grappled with the Countess of Scarborough (twenty guns), the companion of the Serapis. This was the great moment of Paul Jones's life. The crew of the Serapis were picked men, and the ship just off the stocks. The crew of the Bon Homme was a motley one, consisting of Americans, English, French, Maltese, Portuguese, and Malays. The Serapis and the Bon Homme were so close together that the muzzles of the guns almost touched each other. The first hour it went badly for Paul Jones, according to his own account, and he writes, with evident honesty, the Bon Homme received several eighteen-pound shots below the water line, and her chief dependence, a battery of twelve-pounders, was silenced and abandoned. Six old ten-pounders on the lower gun-deck proved useless, and half of them burst, killing almost all the men stationed by them. Colonel de Chamillard, and twenty soldiers in the poop, deserted their station. The purser, who commanded the guns on the quarter-deck, being dangerously wounded, Paul Jones had to take his place. The tops alone seconded the fire of his three small nine-pounders, and his efforts, with double-headed shot, to disable the masts of the Serapis. Three of Paul's under officers, the gunner, carpenter, and master-at-arms, began to talk of surrender, and even called to the English sailors for quarter. Two of these men were wounded, and dispirited the third, the carpenter, who was terrified because he knew the pumps of the Bon Homme were shot away, and believed the ship to

be sinking. The gunner tried to strike the American colours, but a cannon ball had already shot them away. There were now five feet water in the hold, and fire had broken out in several parts of the ship, and even near the powder magazine. In the meantime, however, the Serapis was also on fire, and some hand grenades, dropped from the main-yard of the Bon Homme, fell on a heap of eighteen-pound cartridges, left by the powder-monkeys of the Serapis on the half-deserted upper deck. The explosion blew up about twenty English gunners and officers, stripping the clothes from their bodies, and scattering them here and there dangerously wounded. In less than an hour afterwards Captain Pierson, with his own hands, struck his flag, which had been nailed to his mast, none of his people daring to encounter the fire from the American's tops. The stubborn fight had lasted three hours and a half. Le Bon Homme could not have borne much more. She had three hundred and six men, out of three hundred and seventy-five, killed or wounded. The vessel was in great distress, and terribly mauled and battered. The counter and quarter on the lower deck were driven in; all her lower-deck guns were dismounted; she was on fire in several places, and there were six or seven feet water in the hold. She sank the next day, with many of her wounded, in spite of all Jones's efforts to bring her into port. The Countess of Scarborough was also taken, and brought into the Texel. The English convoy escaped safely into Scarborough.

Our government instantly memorialised (in vain) the Dutch government to surrender "the Scotch pirate and rebel" Paul Jones, and soon afterwards, for this and other grievances, declared war against the offending power. Light squadrons were sent to intercept Jones, and twenty men-of-war were employed in scouring the coast, but he returned safely to France in spite of all these efforts of his enemies. On arriving in Paris, Paul was loaded with honours, the king presenting him with a superb sword, and decorating him with the order of military merit. The Serapis had cost our government fifty thousand pounds.

Soon after his return to America in 1782, Congress bestowed a gold medal on "the Chevalier Paul Jones" for his brilliant services at sea; and he was sent to solicit justice from the court of Denmark, which had detained two American prizes at Bergen and restored them to the English; but the Danish court denying his full powers as ambassador, Paul Jones returned to Paris.

In 1788, the restless knight-errant solicited from Congress the rank of rear-admiral, intending to enter the service of Russia, then at war with the Turks, and eager for naval volunteers of all nations. In writing to Mr. Jefferson to announce this intention, Jones says, "I have not forsaken a country that has had many disinterested and difficult proofs of my steady affection, for I can never renounce the glorious title of a citizen of the United States:" and he goes on to hint that the knowledge he would gain in Russia of conducting fleets and military operations might hereafter render him more useful to his adopted country. On his way to Russia, Paul Jones displayed his old energy. Finding the Gulf of Bothnia partly barred with ice, after several fruitless attempts to thread it in an open boat, he made the Swedish sailors steer for the Gulf of Finland, and after four hundred or five hundred miles of navigation landed at Revel. Such a voyage, and in a small fishing boat, had never before been made. At St. Petersburg all went well. The empress instantly made him rear-admiral, he was feasted for a fortnight at court, and welcome in the first society.

In the war against the Turks, Paul Jones seems to have distinguished himself, particularly at Oczakoff in 1788, where the Turks had resolved, if the wind had favoured them, to grapple with the Russians, then set fire to their own vessels, and perish with their enemies. As it was, half the Turkish fleet ran aground, and was burnt by Prince Nassau, while Oczakoff was taken by storm soon after. A rather too blunt and honest report of this victory led to Paul Jones's disgrace with Potemkin, who at once got him removed to the Northern seas, where he soon planned an expedition to the Mediterranean, to cut off the Turkish communication with Egypt and Spain and stop the supply of corn, rice, and coffee. He also wrote to the American government to induce them to chastise the Algerines, and by an alliance with Russia to obtain a free navigation of the Black Sea.

In a final memorial to Prince Potemkin, whose face was now averted from Paul Jones, the brave adventurer recapitulates his services against the Turks with more arrogance than was wise, when writing to so proud a favourite. He claims a victory over the Captain Pasha on the 7th of

June, 1788, and another still more complete on the 27th. "It was I," he says, "who chased ashore two of the large Turkish galleys before the flotilla was ready to fire a shot. It was I who gave Suwarrow the idea of establishing a battery and breastworks on the isthmus of Kimbourn. It was I who saved Cherson and Kimbourn, and made the enemy in their terror lose nine vessels of war in a precipitate flight. It was I who towed the floating batteries and boarded the Turkish galleys in advance of the line, whilst gentlemen, since over-rewarded, remained with the stragglers at the tail of their regiments, sheltered from danger. I alone," he continued, "was neither promoted or rewarded; while my enemies and rivals reaped all the honour, though they merited rather to have been punished for having burnt nine armed prizes with their crews, which were absolutely in our power, having previously run aground under our guns." The bold writer ends with honest indignation: "In fine, time will teach you, my lord, that I am neither a mountebank nor a swindler, but a man true and loyal. I rely upon the attachment and friendship which you promised me. I rely upon it, because I feel myself worthy of it. I reclaim your promise, because you are just, and I know you are a lover of truth." But it was of no avail. The intriguers conquered, and finally Paul Jones left Russia in disgust.

Returning to Paris, Paul Jones, indefatigable as ever, wrote to the American government, announcing his wish to embark in the French fleet of evolution, to acquire a wider knowledge which might make him more worthy of serving his adopted country. At Paris, Paul Jones seems to have been honoured and courted.

Paul's American biographer has taken due care to preserve and publish many fantastically sentimental love letters and love verses written by him. In one of his letters Paul says: "I am extremely sorry that the young English lady you mention should have imbibed the national hatred against me. Many of the first and fairest ladies of that nation are my friends. Indeed, I cannot imagine why any fair lady should be my enemy, since, upon the large scale of universal philanthropy, I feel acknowledged to bend before the sovereign power of beauty. The English nation may hate me, but I will force them to esteem me too."

This somewhat Gasconading manner characterised all the despatches and letters of Paul Jones, about whom it must be allowed there was a little theatrical self-consciousness. The latter part of the life of the chevalier was spent in Holland and France. He died in Paris, of water on the chest, in 1792; although a Calvinist, his funeral was attended by a deputation of the National Assembly, and an oration was pronounced over his grave. The last will of Paul Jones describes him, as found by the two notaries employed, in a parlour on the first story above the entry in Tournon-street, in the house of M. Daubergue, tipstaff of the Third Precinct. He was sitting in an easy chair, sick in body, but was of sound mind, memory, judgment, and understanding. He left all his property to his two sisters. In 1851 the remains of Paul Jones were removed from Paris, and sent to America in the United States frigate, St. Lawrence, to be interred in the Congress Cemetery at Washington.

In looking over some government documents relating to Paul Jones, Colonel Sherburne, his biographer, discovered that on the eve of his return to America Paul Jones had paid into the hands of Mr. Jefferson, then minister in France, the sum of fifty thousand dollars—prize money due to the officers and men of the American squadron that had served in Europe. This sum was kept lying by from 1799 till 1839, when, after advertisements in the papers, various claimants came forward and received their shares, but without the thirty-seven years of interest properly due. It has been often wondered at why the American government never named a ship in honour of the memory of Paul Jones. It appears, however, that in 1834, Congress did vote a large sum of money for the building of a frigate to be called the Paul Jones; but the vessel was never built.

That Paul Jones was a captain of great courage, promptitude, and energy, there can be no doubt; but whether he could have manœuvred a fleet, and conducted more extended enterprises, is doubtful. His enemies always held that he was only useful as a sort of guerilla captain at sudden dashes, and touch-and-go attacks. The really great men of America and France, however, thought otherwise. Washington, delighted at the capture of one of England's crack frigates, wrote to Jones, speaking of the action as "the admiration of all the world." Lafayette was eager to crowd Jones's vessels with marines, to collect under his flag every available vessel, and to give him carte blanche to harass the

English coast. Adams, too, writing in 1782, says: "If I could see a prospect of half-a-dozen line-of-battle ships under the American flag, commanded by Commodore Paul Jones, engaged with an equal British force, I apprehend the event would be so glorious for the United States, and lay so sure a foundation of their prosperity, that it would be a rich compensation for a continuance of the war."

Paul Jones was never defeated, and never wounded. He seems to have had great acuteness in seeing what was possible and what was impracticable. His leading principle, evidently, was to revenge upon England the cruelties wrought by her soldiers in America. Money and plunder do not appear to have been the inducements that led Paul Jones to accomplish what he did. The American government was then poor, and not exact in its payments. Writing to the American commissioners in 1778 he says, with honest indignation: "I hope you do not mean to impute to me a desire to receive presents of the public money, or even to touch a dollar of it for my own private use. On the contrary, I need not now assert that I stepped forth at the beginning from nobler motives. My accounts before I left America testify that I am more than fifteen hundred pounds in advance for the public service, exclusive of any concern with the sloop of war Ranger; and as for wages, I have never received any." The Americans take a great pride in the fact that Paul Jones treated his men with kindness, seldom using the cat, and to this circumstance they attribute his constant successes. There is no doubt that he had some spy in our Admiralty; for among his papers was found a complete tabular list of every vessel, large or small, in the English navy, with its men, guns, tons, draught, and even the number of its boats stated.

Mischievous as Paul Jones was once to us, we can now afford to say that he was an indefatigable, chivalrous sailor, of clear, quick vision and sound judgment, who, with greater advantages, might have become, if not a Nelson, at least a Rodney or a Howe.

We have, we hope, written enough to show that Paul Jones was not the mere brutal pirate he was once supposed to be. He was rather one of those generous, fanatical adventurers whom the American Revolution aroused to fight for its cause. In a letter to Lafayette, Jones gives us his political creed with evident sincerity. "I am," he says, with the romantic enthusiasm of his nature, "a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little, mean distinctions of country or of climate, which diminish or set bounds to the benevolence of the heart. Impelled by principles of gratitude and philanthropy, I drew my sword at the beginning of the American Revolution, and when France so nobly espoused that great cause, no individual felt the obligation with truer gratitude than myself. As an American officer and man I affectionately love and respect the character and nation of France. His most Christian Majesty has very few of his own subjects who would bleed in his present cause with greater freedom than myself. At the same time I must lament the calamities of war, and wish, above all things, for an honourable, happy, and lasting peace. My fortune is not augmented by the part I have hitherto acted in the revolution, although I have had frequent opportunities of acquiring riches."

These are not the words of a murderous, unprincipled privateersman, but the calm utterances of a high-spirited, intrepid gentleman. The British government did not perhaps much over-estimate the man when, after the moonlight fight off Flamborough Head, they offered ten thousand guineas for the capture of Paul Jones.

LEFT BEHIND BY THE SEA.

Left behind, not only by the waves, but by the tide of life and social progress, are two quiet little towns on the coast of Sussex, Winchelsea and Rye.

Winchelsea, twice swept away by the fierce invasion and rude washings of the sea, is now left behind, a melancholy wreck, looking down upon the vast and lonely marsh whence the capricious waves have receded. In former days crowned with military glory, commercial, aristocratic, strongly fortified, adorned with beautiful buildings, wealthy and populous, Winchelsea is now little more than a village, deserted by all but a few inhabitants. A century and a half ago grass grew in the streets and squares, so that the herbage was let for four pounds a year, and sheep and cows wandered about among the ruins of the town.

Winchelsea, with its lands and churches, was given, by Edward the Confessor, to the abbey of Fécamp in Normandy, and the abbots of Fécamp held it until the reign of Henry the Third. In Henry the Third's reign it became the pro-

perty of the crown, and the prey of the sea, which in 1250 flowed twice without ebbing; its roaring was heard far inland; it made havoc with houses and churches. It retired only to come back two years afterwards with increased rage, and this time submerged the remnant it had spared in its former visitation. Last of all, a final and terrific inroad of the sea, in 1272, swallowed up the whole town remorselessly, excepting only the monastery of the Grey Friars.

Edward the First, conscious of the immense advantages of the situation of Winchelsea from its easy intercourse with France, determined to rebuild the town; not, however, in its low situation, exposed to the ravages of the sea, but higher up, "on the hangyngs of the hille on a ground where conies do mostly resort." One hundred and fifty acres did the site of this new town comprise. It was laid out in thirty-nine squares, or quarters, after the fashion of many of the towns in Guienne and Acquitaine. Three fine churches, St. Giles's, St. Leonard's, and St. Thomas-à-Becket's; the monastery of Black Friars, the preceptory of St. Anthony, the monastery of Holy Cross, the hospital of St. Bartholomew, many convents, and other religious houses sanctified the place. Fortified walls surrounded it, and three gates, also strongly fortified, gave access to the town —Strand-gate, Land-gate, and New-gate.

Then commenced the short period of Winchelsea's prosperity. Edward frequently visited it in person, directing and overlooking the works with interest. No other port in the kingdom was more frequented for the embarcation and disembarcation of troops and for the despatch of ships. Twenty thousand people swarmed in this busy hive; pirates ran in and out of the harbour; merchants stored the choicest French wines in the vaults (grand, lofty vaults with groined and sculptured roofs, still to be seen under many of the houses to this day); saints prayed and fasted; fair Norman ladies went to mass, and flirted; nobles sported and quarrelled, hunted and hawked; church bells tolled: wedding peals rang; and for thirty years or more all went well with Winchelsea.

Evil times were, however, at hand; the French and the Spaniards, but especially the French, soon wreaked their vengeance upon Winchelsea. For years they came at intervals, taking the place by surprise. Once, on a Sunday, when all the inhabitants were at mass, they stormed, burnt, pillaged, defaced, and annihilated houses, churches, gates, and monasteries. No sooner was the damage repaired, and repose secured, than some unfortunate chance made way for another successful attack of ruin and desolation.

In the reign of Henry the Sixth the French ceased their attacks, probably because there was nothing left in the place worth fighting for.

The sea, ever bent on the ruin of Winchelsea, began gradually to recede; the merchants followed its example, and deserted the town, which became weak and lean in the reign of Henry the Seventh. In the days of good Queen Bess it had scarcely any flesh left on its bones; and now in the reign of Queen Victoria it is a skeleton. But one square remains of the thirty-nine, and only one church, that of St. Thomas à Becket.

The monastery of Grey Friars, which had withstood the wars and the waves, fell a victim to the Reformation, leaving only the beautiful ruin of the chapel of the Virgin to tell the tale of its ancient grandeur. Grass still grows in the streets. Many of the houses are closed as if deserted, and a death-like stillness pervades the place. Winchelsea, in fact, is fast fading away like a faint shadow on the stream of Time. The very local colour of the place is toned down to neutral tints. The roofs are of a dusky red; the walls are softly toned with grey, so are the ruins, the ancient gates, the very paths and roads that lead to the old town. In spring time, behind the dusky roofs, rise pyramids of snowy pear-tree blossoms, and the flowers of the white cherry creep under the broad overhanging eaves. Laurustinus, delicate monthly roses, countless thousands of star-like daisies besprinkling the churchyard—a great idea of space and air, as if there were too much of the ethereal sky and too little of the real church and houses; the glistening of the now distant sea; a faintish blue haze from the marsh; dimness, indistinctness, a mysterious veil let fall upon material objects, thus appears the ghost of ancient Winchelsea to travellers on their way.

Much of the early history of Rye is identical with that of Winchelsea. They were, in fact, twin towns. Rye equally belonged to Fécamp; Rye was also burnt and pillaged; Rye had its fortified gates, but was never so grand a place as Winchelsea; and yet Rye retains some vigour, while Winchelsea is withered and sapless.

As you cross the dreary marsh between Winchelsea and Rye, you will see gulls

flying over from the sea, and hear the rushes rustling and shivering in the broad open ditches. A few straggling labourers are at work, an aroma of tar meets you from the river side; you see a bridge, the ribs of a small schooner on the stocks, another vessel and yet another. Signs of business, of life, of colour, begin to meet you; boys and girls trooping back to school with hands and pinafores full of daffodils, primroses, and wallflowers; you see a bright red house over which a peach tree is blossoming; you climb a steep little hill; you pass under a grand old gateway, studded with tufts of golden wallflowers, and you are in Rye. As well might you have stepped across the Channel into some little French town—the pavement, the gateway, the outside shutters, all is French in form and tone, and, to complete the illusion, occasionally a French name is conspicuous over the shop windows.

The sea once broke against the cliff on which to this day stands the tower built by Guillaume d'Ypres, Earl of Kent, in the reign of Stephen, with its four grey towers and its modern additions of a red-brick roof and a tall chimney; this old fortress being now the common gaol, while the name of its martial founder lingers enigmatically on the lips of the natives who call it the "Whyprees tower." A dreary extent of marsh now lies between this tower and the sea, now nearly two miles off.

In the town are many quaint points and mediæval relics; queer old merchants' houses with deep doorways, porches, and fantastic mouldings, grim little windows, crypts and vaults and low-roofed passages, where smugglers stored away their ill-gotten wealth and fought hand to hand with the revenue officers. Very French was Rye after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, when it numbered no less than fifteen hundred and thirty-five refugees among its population.

There is a street called Watch Bell-street—does not that sound a ghost in itself?—and there also is the ruined chapel of the Eremite Friars near the old gateway, surrounded by a garden, where the old monks hid away their treasures, and where, at last, they were themselves hidden away, as the bones and skulls which are occasionally dug up fully testify.

Such are Winchelsea and Rye, interesting to archæologists and historians, interesting to many who are neither archæologists nor historians, but to those who may remember that it was here Mr. Thackeray drew the scene of his last work—Denis Duval. Alas! only the fragment of a story so sadly and so fatally interrupted! Even that fragment has infused a fictitious life into Winchelsea, reviving from out of the dust a forgotten generation to walk before us in their own dress, speaking their own language, and making us familiar with their habits, mixing in their society, and carrying us back, as it were, a hundred years in the world's history. This is the charm with which Thackeray has invested the towns of Winchelsea and Rye. He has resuscitated them from the grave, peopled the locality with characters once known and actually moving there. His curious research picked up incidents, his genius wove them into narrative, and his keen glance took in and adapted every spot to the texture of his tale. No spot more fit than weird, lawless Winchelsea for a plot such as he had conceived and laid, in times bristling with foreign wars and domestic feuds. Very many of the personages introduced into his story were living facts. The wicked Squires Weston, gentlemen, smugglers, and highwaymen actually resided in Winchelsea; the old glebe house still stands, as it did when Denis Duval used to drink tea with kind Dr. and Mrs. Barnard; a lovely and unfortunate French countess really lived, died, and was buried there, in the manner so graphically described; the ancient gates, which the little Denis pointed out to the French chevalier as he trotted by his side, are still standing; in fact, all Winchelsea is now much as it was at the time of the story, 1769, with this difference, that Thackeray has quickened it into life and motion.

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER XI. TEMPEST.

THEIR life in town, however it may have proved to be dust and ashes in Veronica's mouth, was mightily to the taste of her husband. One great drawback to his pleasure at first, was Veronica's perverse determination to be discontented, as he deemed it. What could she desire that she had not? They were rich, young, fond of one another—he at least still loved her, although she seemed resolved to try to cure him of his fondness!—and surrounded by companions who asked nothing better than to be merry and enjoy themselves! What though this dowager had declined to be introduced to her; or that dowdy countess refused her invitations; or that it had hitherto been impossible to find a lady to present her at court? Were not the ladies whom she did know incomparably more lively and amusing than these dull persons? And was it not an incredible perversity in Veronica to long for that which, had it been offered to her—or so Cesare thought—she would have loathed? The husband and wife had many a sharp discussion on this score.

When Veronica now told Cesare that he did not understand this or that, he would argue the point with vivacity. Indeed but he did understand: quite as well as she did; perhaps better! She was but a woman. And if he *were* a foreigner in England, he yet knew the world, it might be that he even knew the English world, a great deal more thoroughly than she thought for! His friends mauvais genre? Bah! Mrs. Douglas De Raffville was one of the most fashionable women in London. Lord George, who had introduced her to them, said so! She was at any rate very handsome, very brilliant, and very good-natured: that they could see for themselves. Per Bacco! These simagrées on her part were too amusing! Did she know the history of the withered little duchess with the pearls, to whom she had been so civil at Naples? Then for a day, perhaps, Veronica would break out into wild gaiety. She would be all ablaze with excitement, until even the rather noisy mirth of the society that surrounded her would grow dumb, and its members would stare at her uneasily, or indulge in expressive shrugs and grimaces to each other. These fits of feverish spirits were invariably followed by prolonged depression and gloom; sometimes even by attacks of illness that obliged her to keep her bed for a day or so. But she would see no physician. Her husband, more and more separated from her companionship, and absorbed in his own pursuits, gradually ceased to disquiet himself about these strange fluctuations of health and spirits. There was no one at hand who cared for her. Her father wrote rarely and briefly. Maud was separated from her as though the thickness of the globe were between them.

One afternoon Veronica was lying half asleep on a couch in her boudoir. Her Swiss maid Louise entered the darkened room quietly, and stood listening.

"Is Madame la Princesse asleep?"

"Eh? What is it? My head aches," answered Veronica, in a drowsy voice.

"I should not have ventured to disturb Madame la Princesse, but the gentleman was so importunate that the footman begged me to come and speak with madame."

"A gentleman? I can't see the card by this light. Tell me the name."

"Mistare—Mistare Frost."

"Mr. Frost! Well—yes; let Mr. Frost come up-stairs. Give me the eau-de-cologne. Draw that curtain a little more. No light, no light! Ah, Dio buono, how my head throbs!"

In another minute Mr. Frost was ushered into the boudoir.

"Have I the honour of speaking to the Princess de' Barletti?" asked Mr. Frost, to whom the gloom of the chamber seemed at first almost pitch darkness.

Veronica greeted him, and told him where to find a seat. She half rose from her sofa, but fell back again with a murmur of pain.

"You are suffering? I grieve to intrude. But my business is of such importance——"

"Of such importance?"

"To me of the very deepest."

Veronica poured some eau-de-cologne on her hands, and passed them over her forehead. Then she looked steadily at Mr. Frost, and her eyes, more accustomed to the dimness than his, could perceive that he was changed; bent, and thin, and haggard. And that his restless hands wandered constantly to his mouth, and that he bit his nails furiously. He, for his part, could but just discern the outline of her face and figure.

"Madam," said Mr. Frost, "I will not waste your time or my own—minutes are very precious—by useless preamble. In preferring the request I am about to make, I know that I am doing an unusual—some might say unwarrantable thing. But I am hard pressed: temporarily—only temporarily. And I was to-day inspired suddenly with the hope that you might help me."

"In what way can it be in my power to help you?" said Veronica, in a strange, dreamy voice.

"Will you lend me some money?"

"Lend *you* some money? I thought you were very rich!"

"I shall be. I am, virtually. But there is a temporary pressure; a severe pressure." Mr. Frost put his hand to his head, as though the pressure he spoke of were there. "I will be frank with you. Women can be compassionate and generous sometimes. If you will lend me the sum I want, you will save me from ruin!"

"From ruin!" Veronica made an effort, and seemed to rouse herself from a lethargy that had apparently benumbed her faculties. Her voice was more like her own as she said, "But *can* I do this?"

"I think you can. The sum I need is a large one. But I know your means are large. I want two thousand pounds."

"It is indeed a large sum!"

"If I can have that sum by the end of this month, the rest may go. I shall not care. That is—I mean I shall be safe."

"I should like to do good to somebody," murmured Veronica, half aloud.

"You can do good to more than one person. You know young Lockwood, who is engaged to marry Maud Desmond?"

"Yes: is it for *him?*"

"You love Maud Desmond, do you not? I have heard that you loved her so much as to offer her a part of your fortune!"

"I do love her. But what——"

"I cannot explain particulars. But I will swear to you by any solemn oath you choose, that in lending me this money you will be serving them. If I cannot induce you to believe that—believe at least that as I said, you will be saving me from ruin. God is my witness that that is true!"

The manner of the man—so different from the self-possessed, easy, dignified air she remembered in him—impressed her greatly.

"I should like," she said again, "to do good to somebody."

Mr. Frost gathered all his energies to plead his cause. His words were eloquent. But more eloquent to Veronica were his trembling lips, his wrinkled brow, his eager and restless hands.

"If I can do this thing I will," she said at length.

He sprang up and took her hand. "I cannot thank you in words," he said. "It was a good inspiration that made me think of applying to you!"

"But—I shall need my husband's consent."

"Your husband's only?"

"Certainly. Whose else?"

"You have no marriage settlement? No trustees?"

This was the first time that the idea of having her money settled on herself had occurred to her. Her marriage had been hurried and private. There had been no one to watch her interests or advise her. And, lest it should be supposed that Cesare had purposely taken a dishonourable advantage of her confidence or imprudence, it must be explained that marriage settlements are unknown in his country; and that he was too ignorant of English customs to be aware of their existence here.

"No," she answered, after a moment's pause. "I have no settlement; no trustees. I have no one but Cesare."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Frost, looking at her for an instant with his old searching keenness. "Fortunately for me," he added, "your influence over Prince Barletti is unbounded. I remember noting that."

"Do you?"

"Yes. If I have your promise, I am secure about the prince. But he may require more explanations than you have asked for. You have been generous in refraining from questioning me. I feel it. I shall not forget it. But he will say perhaps, 'Why did not this man apply elsewhere? to his partner, for example? to those connected with him by business ties?' I reply that in certain circumstances to be seen to need a thing is fatal. The very urgency of the case excites mistrust and apprehension. And the small sum which divides ruin from security cannot be obtained, *because* it is so essential to obtain it. But I will see the prince. I will speak with him. I will give him any guarantee in my power. Only let me have your promise. That is sufficient. One word more! I rely on your generosity and honour to keep this application a secret."

"If I can do this thing, I will," said Veronica once more.

Then Mr. Frost took his leave, scarcely daring to believe in his success; and yet feeling as though a mantle of lead, such as Dante gives to certain wretched souls in purgatory, had been lifted from his head and shoulders since entering that house.

Cesare returned late in the afternoon from his ride. Cesare's riding, though better than his driving, was yet not altogether satisfactory to insular eyes. There was a wooden rigidity about his legs, and a general air of being keenly alive to the possibility of his horse having the best of it in case of any difference of opinion arising between them inimical to grace. Nevertheless as he had good horses, and was willing to lend one of them now and then to a friend, he found companions content to join him in equestrian excursions to places in the neighbourhood of London; or even—though of this his friends were more shy—in a canter in the Row. On the present occasion he had been honoured by the society of two ladies, in addition to that of his friend Count Polyopolis, a Greek gentleman of very varied accomplishments, which were apparently not duly appreciated in his own country, but for the exercise of which he found a favourable field in London, after having exhausted Paris and Vienna. They had all been very merry, and Cesare entered in high good humour.

"You were wrong not to come, ma belle princesse," said he, gaily. "It was very pleasant. We alighted at a village inn, and had beer! Figurati! And there was a garden to the inn, where there was a target. We shot at the target with bows and arrows. Nobody could hit the mark. It was immensely amusing!"

Veronica's headache had apparently passed off. She was dressed with care and elegance. Her voice was gentle, and her manner conciliating, as she said to him,

"Come here and sit down by me, Cesare mio! I have a word to say to you."

"Must I not dress for dinner?"

"There is time enough. Come here for a moment."

He obeyed. Seating himself beside her, he pressed her hand to his lips. It was very thin, and burnt with a feverish heat.

"Cara!" he said, touched with a vague pity as he looked at the wasted little fingers on which the sparkling rings sat so loosely. "If you would always be kind to me, I would rather stay here with you, than divert myself with those others!"

"Ah, you would get tired of staying here with me, Cesare! and I do not wish you to do so. But I like to hear you say so. Do you really love me, Cesare?"

"Ma si!"

"I had a visitor whilst you were out this afternoon; an unexpected visitor."

"Il Vicario? No? It was not that accursed doctor?"

"Oh, Cesare! Why should you speak so of poor Mr. Plew? What reason on earth have you to dislike him?"

"How can I tell? It is an antipathy, I suppose. With his insipid face, and his eyes like your English sky, neither blue nor grey! He attacks my nerves. Well it was *not* he?"

Veronica made an effort to suppress an angry reply.

"It was Mr. Frost," she answered, shortly, not trusting her self-control to say more at that instant.

"Mr. Frost! Davvero!—Mr. Frost! Ah il povero Frost! He was très bon enfant at Naples; and what was better, a very good lawyer!"

"He is in trouble."

"Si, eh?" said Cesare, whose interest in this announcement did not appear to be keen.

"And I have promised to help him."

"Oh! that was very kind of you," observed Cesare, with a shade of surprise, that yet was not lively enough to rouse him to any great demonstration of caring about what Veronica was saying.

"Yes; I have promised to lend him some money."

"*What?*" He was not indifferent now. "You are jesting! Lend Mr. Frost money!"

"I, too, was surprised at his request."

"What was it? How was it? Oh!" exclaimed Cesare, struck by a sudden idea, "perhaps he had forgotten his pocket-book, and wanted a few pounds. Were you able to give them to him?"

"Then you would not have objected to my doing so?"

"*In that case*, no."

"I am glad of that," said Veronica, ignoring the words in italics, "because I promised to assist him. It is a large sum he wants. But we can afford it, I suppose. I never enter into the details of our fortune, but I make no doubt that it will not be difficult for us. In serving him, I shall be indirectly serving others in whom I am interested. I do not exactly understand how; but if you were to ask him he might tell you more explicitly. I was greatly struck by the change in Mr. Frost's appearance. He seems to have been harassed nearly to death. But if you had seen the light that came into his face when I said 'Yes'! It gave me quite a new sensation. I promised to lend him two thousand pounds!"

Cesare had sat silent, listening to his wife with growing uneasiness in his face. At these last words he jumped up and uttered a loud ejaculation. But in the next instant he burst into a mocking laugh:

"What a fool I am! You made me believe you were in earnest."

But even as he said the words his angry face belied them.

"I am in earnest, Cesare."

For all reply he laughed again, and began to walk up and down the room, switching his riding-whip right and left with a sharp, vicious motion.

Veronica proceeded to recapitulate Mr. Frost's words as well as she could remember them. She spoke earnestly and eagerly. At length, finding that she made no impression on her husband, she began to lose patience. "It would be somewhat less grossly ill-bred and discourteous," she said, "if you were to favour me with your objections, if you do object, instead of sneering and strutting in that intolerable manner."

"My objections are that the whole idea is contrary to common sense. Tu sei pazza—you are mad, mia cara."

"How contrary to common sense? I do not think it at all contrary to common sense."

"You do not see, for example, that this man must be at the last extremity before he would attempt such a desperate forlorn hope as this? That he must be as good as ruined already? Tu sei pazza!"

"But if we could save him—and others?"

"Pazza, pazza, pazza!"

"Cesare, I gave him my promise."

"You must have been bewitched, or—*dreaming* when you gave it," he answered with a singular look.

"After all, the money is mine, and I choose to claim the disposal of it," she cried, her long-repressed resentment blazing out on her cheeks and in her eyes.

Cesare wheeled sharp round in his walk, and looked at her.

"Do you know," he said, slowly, "I begin to be afraid that you really are not in possession of your senses."

"I am in full possession of my senses. I despise your sneer. I despise *you*; yes, I despise you! I will not forfeit my word to please your grudging, petty meanness! The money is mine, mine, I tell you. And I *will* have some share in the disposal of it."

Then he let the demon of rage take full possession of him. From between his clenched teeth he hissed out such words as speedily made her quail and shudder and sink down, burying her head among the cushions of the couch. He had learnt much during the past three months, both of her position and his own in the eyes of the world; and he spared her no detail of his knowledge. He knew his privileges; he knew that there was nothing in all the world which she could call her own; and he also knew that his name and title were looked on as more than equivalent for the surrender of herself and all she possessed. He had lately had increasing reason to be displeased with her. His new friends did not love her. They resented her pride, and ridiculed her pretensions. A hundred taunts which, but for the accidental firing of the long train of discontents, and spites, and vexations, might have remained for ever unspoken, leaped from his tongue. His passion grew with speech, as a smouldering fire rushes into flame at the contact of the outer air. He turned and twisted the elastic riding-whip ferociously in his hands as though it were a living thing that he took pleasure in torturing. And at length, approaching nearer and nearer to Veronica as she cowered on the sofa, bending closer and closer over her, and hissing his fierce invectives into her ear, he suddenly drew

himself upright, whirled the twisted whip with a crash into the midst of some porcelain toys that stood on a distant table, and dashed headlong from the room.

HURRICANES.

Michael Scott, in his delightful West Indian novel of Tom Cringle, gives a very graphic picture of the approach of a tropical storm which would almost pass for a description of the commencement of one of those tremendous convulsions of nature which we still call by the old aboriginal name of "hurricane." First, says the writer referred to, comes a black cloud that slowly spreads like a pall over the entire face of nature. One by one the cattle hurry to sheltered places; the huge carrion crows alone brave the open sky; the jewelled humming-birds disappear; the parrots, pigeons, and cranes retire into the deepest coverts; the wild ducks, migrating to some calm region outside the storm, shoot past in long lines with outstretched necks and clanging wings; the negroes hurry silently from the cane patches with their hoes over their shoulders. There is a lull of expectancy and dread, then the storm bursts in all the blindness of its fury.

One of the most tremendous hurricanes that has ever devastated the West Indies, since 1783, was that of August, 1831. On the night before, at Barbadoes, the sea and air seemed restless and troubled, there were many signs of unsettled weather and an impending gale; but still nothing unusual was anticipated. The wind kept gusty and fitful, and about ten P.M. there was a shower of rain, which was succeeded by a treacherous calm. After this a dense mass of black cloud gathered over the horizon, and hung there in deep gloom. About midnight a severe squall burst forth from this darkness, and fierce and sweeping rain followed, the wind blowing hard from the north-east, and every moment increasing in violence. Louder and louder it grew, till by three o'clock it had increased to a hurricane that raged over the whole island till five o'clock, the lightning every few minutes cleaving the darkness with keen blades of blue flame. Wherever the hurricane spread the houses were levelled to the earth, or the roofs blown off. The largest trees were torn up from their roots, or were snapped in two like reeds. Many persons were buried under the ruins of the houses and huts, and the survivors cast forth to the storm and rain, at the same time being exposed to instant death from the ceaseless and dangerous drift of scattered boughs and timbers. The wind blew alternately from every point of the compass. After veering to east it went back to north-west, shifted fiercely to east, veered to south-east, and about six o'clock in the morning broke from the south-west with tenfold fury, accompanied by a perfect deluge of rain. This continued for two hours, and during all this time the houseless suffered both bodily and mental torture. In many cases delicate women, risen from a sick bed, and half naked, had to remain in the open fields, separated from their husbands and children. Many infants, too, lost by their mothers, were left exposed to the storm. When day broke through the dreadful gloom, the wrecked country was a heartrending sight. As the howling of the wind and the incessant crash of ruins ceased, there arose the shrieks of the affrighted and the groans of the wounded and dying. The island was like one huge battle-field, and the end of the world seemed come. Then commenced the sorrowful and eager search for the missing, and the extracting of crushed bodies from the ruins. The fields a few hours before so luxuriant, were now deserts. The canes and the corn had both been destroyed. The houses still standing were generally so shaken as to be dangerous. Everywhere was desolation, mourning, and woe. Those churches that were left were converted into hospital depôts for the wounded; the dead were piled in heaps till graves could be dug. There was fear of a famine, and indeed there would have been one but for the generous exertions of some of the merchants, who refused to raise the price of provisions, and distributed large quantities of flour, &c., among the sufferers. A pestilence, too, was dreaded from the shoals of fish cast on shore, and from the negro bodies that began to putrefy before they could be removed from under the ruins. The neighbouring colonies generously sent immediate supplies of provisions and money, and the Governor admitted all such supplies free of duty. Very few vessels rode out the storm, and the southern beach was lined with wrecks, only four or five of which were got off. The streets were strewn with masts, spars, hen-coops, binnacles, and boats blown from the wrecks. The wind crowned all this destruction by actually blowing over one of the "Keys," or tall isolated rocks which had stood near

the entrance of the harbour. About six thousand persons altogether perished at Barbadoes in this storm.

At Forster's Hall Estate, near Job's River, the phenomena were, by many, attributed to an earthquake. Several of the buildings sank into the earth, and a house in which a flock of sheep and some cattle were lodged was swallowed up, and entirely disappeared. A wood adjoining moved down to where the house stood, and a field of young canes took possession of a spot previously occupied by a field of potatoes. At St. Thomas, too, the same convulsions occurred, and the house of a Dr. Brown was partially buried.

Lieutenant-Colonel Reid, amid all the roar and desolation, found a few calm moments to make some scientific observations on the course of the hurricane. He decided that the progressive rate of these terrific storms is not greater than that of the ordinary atmospheric currents, and that hurricanes appear to owe their destructive power chiefly to their rotatory velocity. The distance between Barbadoes and St. Vincent is nearly eighty miles. This storm began at Barbadoes a little before midnight; but it did not reach St. Vincent until seven o'clock next morning; its rate of progress, therefore, was only about ten miles an hour. A gentleman of the name of Simons, who had resided for forty years in St. Vincent, had ridden out at daybreak, and was about a mile from his house when he observed a cloud to the north of him, so threatening in appearance that he had never seen any so alarming during his long residence in the tropics; he described it as appearing of an olive green colour. In expectation of terrific weather he hastened home to nail up his doors and windows; and to this precaution attributed the safety of his house, which was situated on the Upper Adelphi Estate.

A very careful observer at Bridgetown described the hurricane as having been preceded by a morning of cloudless weather and a gentle breeze. This in a few hours gave way to high winds from the east, which soon subsided. With occasional puffs only from the east the heat increased about two P.M. to eighty-eight degrees, and was unusually oppressive and sultry. At four the thermometer sank two degrees; at five dense clouds gathered from the north; then came a shower of rain followed by an ominous stillness, with a dismal blackness gathering all round, a dim circle of imperfect light appearing towards the zenith: at six and seven the sky was cleared, and the air was calm; at seven the wind again blew from the north; at half-past nine it freshened, and showers of rain fell; at half-past ten distant lightning was seen. Then till midnight came squalls of wind and rain with intermediate calms, the thermometer varying with great rapidity. After midnight the gale increased from the north-east, and the lightning was more vivid and frequent. At one A.M. the wind changed to the south-west, and blew harder than ever. When the hurricane first began, so capricious was the storm, that some houses were levelled to the ground, when the residents of others not a mile off were scarcely sensible that the weather was unusually boisterous. Just before the full madness of the storm broke forth, the sky was incessantly in a blaze with quivering sheets of lightning, but these were surpassed by the bolts of electric fire that kept exploding in all directions. The hurricane was at its height about two, but at three the occasional outbursts were tremendous. When the lightning ceased for a moment the pitchy darkness that wrapped the town seemed inexpressibly awful to the frightened watchers. Many meteors, and one in particular, were noted by our observer. It was of a cylindrical form, like a lamp shade, and globular at the bottom. It was of a deep red hue like red-hot metal, and fell perpendicularly, as if by its own gravity, and not as if shot or propelled from any other aërolite. On approaching the earth with increased velocity it assumed a dazzling whiteness and an elongated form, and on striking the earth in Beckwith-square splashed to pieces as if it had been molten metal or boiling quicksilver. A few minutes after this phenomenon the wind suddenly lulled to a low distant roar, and the lightning, which had scarcely ceased to flash and dart, played fiercely between the clouds and the earth, casting down blazes of flame which seemed answered and returned by gushes of fire from the earth's surface. The moment after the hurricane burst forth again from the west with tenfold violence. No thunder was distinctly heard; but there was one horrible roar of wind and waves, mixed with the ceaseless clattering of tiles, the snapping of glass, the falling of roofs and walls, the shouts of men, the groans and screams of the wounded and dying, and the shrieks of the women and children.

At dawn, the observer we quote made his way to the wharf though the rain was painful to the face, and was so dense as to veil every object beyond the head

of the pier. Gigantic waves were there rolling in as if threatening the town with destruction. The beach was entirely covered with wrecks, and an undulating mass of lumber, shingle, staves, barrels, trusses of hay, and every kind of buoyant merchandise. Only two vessels were afloat within the pier, all the rest were capsized or on their beam-ends in shallow water. From the cathedral tower, a picture of universal ruin presented itself at every point of the compass. The whole face of the country was laid waste, no sign of vegetation was apparent, except here and there small patches of a sickly green. The surface of the ground seemed as if scorched by fire. The few remaining trees, half stripped of their boughs, looked forlorn and wintry. The merchants' houses around Bridgetown were no longer hidden by groves, but stood out, desolate and exposed ruins. The trees, by the direction of their fall, showed that they had been for the most part blown down by the blasts from the north-west.

At the Barbadoes Government House the hurricane had not altogether been unguarded against. The calm, but fiery, evening sky of the 9th had been followed by a storm that had driven twenty-five large ships in the bay to sea, and the doors and windows of Government House had then been barricaded, as a precaution against the now inevitable storm. This was at six P.M., but by ten the wind had forced a passage through the house from the north-west. The tempest increasing every minute, the family took to the centre of the building, imagining, from the building being circular, and the walls a good three feet thick, they would withstand the wind's utmost rage. However, by half-past eleven, half the roof being torn off, they retreated to the cellar, from whence they were soon driven by the water, which, finding a vent there, rose to the height of four feet. There was only one refuge—the fields, though trees were falling in all directions. The family then huddled under the ruins of the foundation of the flag-staff, which, however, soon after gave way, and dispersed the fugitives. The Governor and the few that remained with him were thrown down by the wind, but eventually gained the shelter of a cannon, and crowded under the carriage, dreading every moment lest it should be dismounted and crush them by its fall, or lest the powder magazine close by should blow up. The armoury, not far off, was soon levelled to the ground, and the arms scattered far and near. The fortifications were much injured, and it was particularly mentioned, to show the force of the wind, that a twelve-pounder gun on a wheeled carriage was driven by degrees all the way from the south to the north battery, a distance of one hundred and forty yards.

This storm only touched a part of St. Lucia; after a few hours the wind there went entirely down, and the evening was beautiful and calm. At St. Vincent's every building was blown over and the town destroyed. At Granada nineteen sail of loaded Dutch ships were stranded and beaten to pieces. Four ships foundered off Martinique. In the town of St. Pierre more than a thousand persons perished. At Fort Royal, the cathedral, seven churches, and fourteen hundred houses were blown down, and the hospital of Nôtre Dame, in which were sixteen hundred sick and wounded, fell and crushed the greater part of the inmates. Altogether, about nine thousand persons perished in Martinique alone. Tortola, too, suffered severely. The whole town of Rood Harbour was demolished, two-thirds of the sugar houses, and all the negro huts were destroyed, and one hundred persons perished. The president of the island lost his wife, and was himself severely injured; but he instantly called a council to open the ports for six months to all lumber and provisions sent from the United States. The furniture, plate, cattle, &c., engulfed or destroyed were valued at four hundred thousand pounds. The planters looked with horror on lands where no crops could be expected for years, even if the sugar works had not been destroyed. At St. Eustatia seven ships were driven on shore, and all the crews were drowned. Nearly all the houses of the town were washed into the sea, and between four and five thousand persons lost their lives. At St. Martin's everything was blown down but the boiling houses, and about one hundred and forty-seven persons perished in the ruins of the fallen buildings.

This hurricane sweeping all round the Leeward Islands, wrecked or shattered every ship it met; at Antigua it sank a sloop of war, and dashed several merchantmen and about thirty small vessels on shore. At St. Bartholomew forty vessels went on shore at the same time.

The details of a small hurricane at Rarotonga, one of the South Sea Islands, in December, 1831, are curious, as exemplifying some minor peculiarities of these tremendous visitations. The Reverend Mr. Williams, a missionary, describes this storm as beginning with a very heavy sea, which

threatened the destruction of his vessel in the harbour of Avarna. He, therefore, employed natives to build a rough breakwater of stones round the vessel, and to fasten the chain cable to the main post of a large school-room, which stood on a bank ten feet high, forty or fifty yards from the sea, to which room all the timber and ship's stores were removed for safety. The next day the storm raged with great violence, and the rain poured down without ceasing. Trees began to split and houses to fall. The luxuriant groves and neat white cottages were soon mere ruins, and the screaming women were everywhere running wildly with their children, seeking places of shelter or dragging their property from the wreck. The chapel fell in, and the natives were driven to the mountains. The lightning streamed from the black clouds, and the thunder seemed to shake the island to its very centre. The water for a mile from the shore was several feet deep. This was the crisis of the hurricane. The wind shifting suddenly a few points to the west, the sea almost instantly receded. To the astonishment of the missionary his vessel was found carried over a swamp and lodged in a grove of chesnut trees, which had stopped her being hurled into a bog several hundred yards beyond.

In our brief record of tropical hurricanes, the hurricane at sea must not be forgotten. The log of the Calypso (Mr. Wilkinson, master) furnishes us with some interesting particulars of a storm of this kind in August, 1837. The vessel was, by observation at the time, in latitude twenty-six degrees forty-seven minutes north, and longitude seventy-five degrees five minutes west. The wind was about east-north-east. The wind freshened till only double-reefed topsails, reefed foresail, and mizen could be carried. Next day the wind increased, the ship laboured much, and the pumps had to be constantly kept going. The day after, the sea stove in the fore scuttle, and, it being impossible to stop the leak, the chief mate got a small axe, which he had carefully sharpened a few days previous, and began to cut away the mizen-mast. All at once the vessel heeled over so that fourteen men and the brave captain only saved themselves with difficulty. The ship was sinking fast. Some of the survivors instantly began cutting the weather lanyards of the rigging, while others called to God for mercy, or remained stupefied with despair. The moment, however, the lanyards were cut, the three masts went by the board, and the vessel righted, though but slowly. The boats were gone, the main hatches were stove in, the planks of the deck were everywhere starting, the hold was full of rum-puncheons, which were dashing about loose, the shattered gunwales were only a few feet from the level of the sea, which broke over the vessel as if she were a mere log. When the hurricane lulled, the pumps were mended, and set constantly at work, and the wreck of the masts cut away. When the water in the hold sank to nine feet, a spare spar was rigged for a jury-mast, and a sail set on it. On the second of September the crew, after undergoing fearful hardships, got the ship into Wilmington safely. There was never, perhaps, an instance of a vessel so completely disabled by a hurricane, so entirely stripped of masts, sails, and ropes, reaching a distant port in safety. Only the promptitude and energy of the captain, and the untiring exertions of the crew could have saved a ship all but water-logged.

The European hurricane, in comparison with such storms as these, is but as a child compared to a giant. The worst it can do on land is to hurl down chimney-pots, strike down trees, and now and then blow down a steeple. Perhaps one of the most sudden and violent European storms known was that of July, 1786, when a raging wind, driving before it clouds of hail, or rather blocks of ice of great size, hard as diamonds, and so elastic that they rebounded from the ground, swept over the greater part of France. Between St. Germain and Marly, the lumps of ice, weighing from eight to ten ounces, destroyed every growing crop, and nearly all the fruit trees. All hopes of a harvest were in a few minutes entirely ruined. These ice missiles cut to pieces a forest of chesnut trees near Marly, so that it seemed to have been fired at with cannon. The lucerne, the pulse, the corn, and the vines were all beaten to pieces or driven into the ground. Houses and cottages were unroofed, windows everywhere destroyed, cows, sheep, and lambs killed, and many of the poor, on their way to mass, wounded or maimed. The steeple of a church at Gallandon fell, crashing in the roof of the choir at the very moment of the elevation of the host. The frightened people fell backward in terror, crying out with one voice, "The Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" No one was, however, injured. A church at Tours was blown down by the storm. Luckily there was no one in it but the curé, who, though almost frightened to death, saved himself under the arch of a fountain in the choir. Three windmills in another district were

blown down, and three persons who had taken shelter in them killed on the spot. At Pontoise, out of sixty-six parishes, forty lost every crop, and the rest half, two-thirds, or three-quarters. This storm, though not very destructive to human life, had more of the suddenness and irresistible violence of a tropical hurricane about it than any other on record.

One or two scientific facts about hurricanes should not be overlooked. It is a singular fact that, though they rage with the greatest fury in the torrid zone, they never touch nor cross the equator. In the polar regions they are entirely unknown. A hurricane first observed at the Windward Islands in October, 1858, spread almost or quite to the shores of Europe. Hurricanes are always preceded by an aërial wave that gives notice through the barometer of the coming danger. English and American savans, tracking these storms for three thousand miles, have proved them to be progressive and rotatory. Their progress varies from four to forty-four miles an hour; but their rotatory movement is greater near the centre than in the outer whirls. The hurricanes of the South Indian oceans are estimated to range from one hundred and eighty to six hundred miles in diameter. The most established theory of the origin of these storms is that certain winds set in motion by some mysterious agency towards the poles experience an opposition from inert masses of air they meet in their course, as well as from opposing trade winds, and so are spun by the conflict into whirls. It is to be hoped that in time the telegraph, by its swift warnings, will disarm hurricanes, and render them almost entirely powerless.

ROTTEN HUSTINGS.

In the autumn of last year the columns of the newspapers were filled, day after day, with reports of the evidence taken before certain Commissioners appointed to inquire into the existence of corrupt practices in certain boroughs. Two, at least, of the edifying histories that were at that time disclosed are well worth consideration, now that the facts are presented clearly and concisely. The reports of the Beverley and Bridgwater Commissioners disclose so remarkable a state of things, and those towns hold so infamously distinguished a place in the annals of bribery, that it would be a pity to allow the deeds done in them to remain unchronicled. Let us see what the Commissioners have to tell us about the first of these very rotten boroughs.

Beverley, the capital of the East Riding of Yorkshire, has had considerable experience in the profitable business of electing members of parliament. Its electoral privileges date from as remote a period as the twenty-third year of the reign of Edward the First, and ever since the fifteenth year of Queen Elizabeth this favoured spot has returned two members. At the date of the last election, which took place in 1868, and was the immediate cause of the visit of the Commissioners, the population numbered some twelve thousand, and the registered electors two thousand one hundred and one. Before the passing of the last Reform Bill, in 1867, the constituency was only some eleven hundred strong. Of this body about eight hundred were notoriously open to bribery and corrupt influences. Of this eight hundred, some three hundred were free lances, without political principles or prejudices one way or the other; half the remaining five hundred were determined to be paid, whenever money was going (and money always was going at Beverley elections), by the candidate whose political views they favoured, if possible; if not, then by his opponent. If the money came from a candidate of their own colour it was not considered a bribe; if it came from the other side it *was* called a bribe, but that circumstance made very little difference.

Two-thirds of the gentlemen of Beverley who recorded their votes in the elections of 1857, 1859, 1860, and 1865, received (so think the Commissioners) bribes in some shape or other. In 1854, owing to accidental causes, there was actually a pure election in Beverley: a circumstance, no doubt, productive of great discontent among the inhabitants. The next election, which took place in March, 1857, was, however, conducted on strictly corrupt principles, and was followed by the unseating of one of the successful candidates, on the ground of want of qualification; thus securing for the borough a fresh election without the annoyance of inconvenient questions as to bribery, on the part of a Committee of the House of Commons. This second 1857 election took place in August, and from it may be said to date the history of the palmy days of Beverley bribing. And it was on this occasion that the master spirit who has ever since ruled over political Beverley came to the front. The candidates were Major Edwards, who polled five hundred

and seventy-nine votes, and Mr. Wells, who only scored four hundred and one. The borough was absolutely deluged with corrupt money. Mr. Wells, who had been defeated in the first election in 1857, had to pay nine hundred and seventy-three pounds for the privilege of being twice defeated and of once petitioning; but it appears that this gentleman was not privy to any illegal proceedings of his agents. Major Edwards, whose agent returned his expenses to the auditor as amounting to four hundred and twenty-two pounds three shillings and a penny, expended, in point of fact, the comfortable little amount of two thousand seven hundred and eighty-five pounds and some odd shillings for the August election alone, that being his first appearance in the character of Jupiter to the Beverley Danaë. For a beginner there was singularly little embarrassment or hesitation in Major Edwards's way of setting to work. Mr. Cronhelm, the cashier and manager of the candidate's business in Halifax, arrived one day quite openly in Beverley. Before his departure from home, some kind soul had furnished this gentleman with two thousand pounds, and of this he brought five hundred pounds with him to Beverley. Sharp and decisive, a man of business, and a hater of shilly-shally, Mr. Cronhelm went straight to the point. He had, it appears, the advantage of an acquaintance with one Mr. Champney, a leading Beverley solicitor, and before commencing operations sought that astute person's advice. "Now, I must put a very plain question to you," says Mr. Cronhelm to his friend. "I am a stranger in Beverley, and am ignorant of the inhabitants and of their mode of proceeding, in the elections and everything. Now will you tell me candidly, as a friend, and as a friend of Sir Henry Edwards, whether you think it possible for Major Edwards to carry this election without bribery?" The reply was not to be mistaken, although Mr. Champney might as well have said "no" at once. "I am afraid not, I think not," was the form in which he preferred to express his opinion of the probability of honest voting in Beverley. It was enough, however, for Mr. Cronhelm. "Well," he said, "if that is the case, I am prepared with money power to any extent; will you put me in communication with the gentleman who really has the management of the bribery?" It is scarcely necessary to add that the individual in question, who happened to be a cowkeeper, was promptly sent for, and that Major Edwards's two thousand pounds speedily irrigated the thirsty constituency. The exact details of the expenditure could not be arrived at, even by the insinuating questions of the Commissioners. Actuated by a wise discretion, and not without suggestions from party managers in London, the head bribers in Beverley carefully destroyed all books, memoranda, or other documents of a compromising nature, as soon as it became evident that the Royal Commission would issue. The two thousand seven hundred and odd pounds which we have mentioned as having been Major Edwards's expenditure will no doubt appear a very large sum; but even that amount is but an incomplete total of the moneys really expended, inasmuch as from the autumn of '57 up to the general election of 1859 remittances of money were forwarded regularly from Halifax to the Major's local election agent, one Wreghitt, a linendraper, in Beverley.

Mr. Wreghitt's accounts of the expenditure of these moneys would have been interesting, but in face of the expected Commission, and acting under the same advice, this political draper followed the example of his brother bribers. In March of last year he destroyed all the books and papers relating to his bribery transactions, which extended over a period of twelve years, from the election in 1857 to 1869, and it was only by searching and persevering inquiry that the Commissioners were enabled to trace out the course of action by which Mr. Wreghitt succeeded in buying the constituency of Beverley literally by wholesale.

There are, in and about Beverley, some twelve hundred acres of land, valued at over four thousand pounds a year, and known as the Beverley pastures. The management of these lands is, by act of parliament, vested in a body of twelve pasture-masters, who must be freemen of the borough, and the electoral body by whom they are chosen consists of freemen, resident within the ancient limits of the borough, and placed on what is called the pasture-freemen's roll. In addition to the patronage exercised by the pasture-masters, they have the disposal, under the will of a Mr. Robert Walker, of a fund producing an annual income of about ninety pounds. This money was left to be distributed among such poor freemen, their widows and children, "as may require the same by reason of any losses they may have sustained by death of their horses, sheep, or pigs, or in order to enable them to purchase stock, or carts, or other necessary things of the like nature, or otherwise to help them

on in the world." Furthermore, the testator expressly enjoins the trustees to make these payments in substantial sums, sufficient to secure the object he had in view, and not to fritter the fund away in small sums. The chances of successful bribery afforded by the existence of such a body as these pasture-masters, were too obvious to escape the watchful eye of the astute draper. He proceeded at once to secure the pasture-masters, and so judiciously did he manipulate the funds with which he was supplied, that in 1860 all the pasture-masters were Conservatives. These persons, who had secured their elections by the aid of Conservative bribery, and who were themselves, to a certain extent, bribed by the very fact of their elections, naturally enough set about keeping the ball a-rolling, and, with the trust funds at their disposal, took to bribing in the Conservative interest with all their might. It was a small matter to them that, on their election, they were compelled to make a declaration to the effect that they would faithfully, impartially, and honestly discharge the pasture-masters' duties without favour or affection. The clearly-expressed wishes of the deceased donor of "Walker's Gift" mattered nothing to them. The gift was, there can be no manner of doubt, systematically distributed with a view to political interests, and it very soon became noticeable that staunch Conservative voters invariably succeeded in obtaining the largesse, to the exclusion of partisans of the other colour. And it was not particularly necessary to possess any qualification, except that of steady party voting. Thus, in three cases cited by the Commissioners, it is clear that the necessities of the applicants were not taken largely into account. One Duncum, owner in fee of twelve cottages, of the annual value of thirty pounds, applied for, and received, the gift; another, named Gawan, the owner of two houses, living in a house the rent of which was eighteen pounds a year, and earning upwards of two pounds a week, received six pounds from the "gift." This person had lost nothing, and was clearly ineligible as a recipient of the bounty of the late Mr. Walker; but then he had voted straight at the previous election. Another person, named Lancaster, adopted a more circuitous mode of obtaining some of the good things that were going about. This individual, a mechanic employed in the Beverley Iron and Waggon Company's works, and earning twenty-two shillings a week, applied for, and received, the charity under the pretence of having lost a horse. The actual fact turned out to be that, having Walker's gift in view, he had bought a horse on Saturday, nominally for three pounds. The animal died, (as was probably expected) on Sunday, and on Monday the bereaved proprietor sold the carcase for fifteen shillings. Without loss of time, he applied to the pasture-masters for the bounty, and received three pounds. When the gift was awarded, the business was completed by the original owner of the horse returning thirty shillings of the purchase money to Mr. Lancaster, who thus made a profit of two pounds five shillings on the transaction. It was a curious circumstance that when the Commissioners endeavoured to get explanations of these and similar cases from the clerk to the pasture-masters, that gentleman's memory entirely failed him as to all points of importance.

That bribing money should have been forthcoming at the elections of town councillors was a matter of course, and Mr. Wreghitt, who was chairman of the Working Men's Conservative Association, made, with the assistance of that body, all necessary arrangements. The result, of course, was that in a short time the town council, as well as the pasture-masters' board, was in the hands of the Conservative party. But this was not all. Mindful of the importance of beginning at the beginning, and of training up a voter in the way in which you wish him ultimately to walk, Mr. Wreghitt directed his attention to the young men entitled to their freedom, and willing to accept the funds required for the payment of the necessary fees, amounting to two pounds ten shillings. It will be seen that to be a freeman of Beverley was, to a person of easy conscience, to occupy a post of considerable profit. Besides the grand occasional bribery at parliamentary elections, all sorts of smaller bribes were constantly going about the town at elections of town councillors and of pasture-masters, and then there was always a chance of getting something from "Walker's Gift"—a ludicrously appropriate name. So it is not by any means surprising that plenty of young men were to be found willing to be introduced to this profitable guild, and to be bribed in limine by the payment of fees. The only question that appears to have been asked was, whether the candidate would support the major. If not, there was nothing for him, it would only be wasting the major's money. If the reports of the candidate were satisfactory,

the cash was immediately forthcoming. In one such case, a witness stated, "A young man was desirous of taking up his freedom. I spoke to Mr. Wreghitt about him, and fetched his uncle, and his uncle pledged his word that he (the apprentice) would support them if they would take up his freedom. *The uncle was a man of property*, and promised me ten shillings if I would get the two pounds ten from Wreghitt. I was present when the money was given to the uncle." From this it will be seen that the infection of corruption with which the borough reeked was not confined to mechanics with two-and-twenty shillings a week. Men of property, well-to-do tradesmen, Tom, Dick, and Harry, middle-class and lower class, almost all Beverley in fact, seethed in the great pot of bribery which head-cook Wreghitt kept continually simmering, to overflow in a genial stream of sovereigns at such times as Beverley should be called upon to send a member, or two, as the case might be, to represent her in the pure atmosphere of the House of Commons. With the modesty of true genius the mainspring and head of this gigantic system of corruption disclaims the whole credit of having invented it. It was but the continuation of a thing long known before in Beverley. But he is obliged to add that before he took matters in hand Conservatism in Beverley was nearly extinct; "therefore, as far as it exists here now, I must have a certain amount of the credit or blame, as it may be."

The money required for these operations was supplied, the Commissioners say, by Major Edwards alone, up to the general election of 1859. From that year to 1868 his colleagues in the representation of Beverley shared the expenses (and the results of the expenditure) with him, and, indeed, the gentlemen in question fully admitted the fact.

So far we have dealt with bribery on the Conservative side. It is not for a moment to be supposed that the occupants of the Liberal glasshouse can afford to throw any stones. It does not appear that their general tactics savoured so much of systematic corruption as those of their opponents, but then it must be borne in mind that agents gifted with the Napoleonic qualities of the major's energetic draper are unfortunately rare. But when a parliamentary election was actually in progress, bribery went on as merrily among the Liberals as among the Conservatives. In 1859 there was a contest, and an utter stranger to the town, entirely undistinguished in public life, was put up against the Conservatives. This gentleman spent fifteen hundred pounds in bribery, and so well were his arguments appreciated that at the close of the election he was found to be at the head of the poll, the redoubtable major having to be content with the position of junior member, and the second Conservative being nowhere. Somebody, however, had the impudence to challenge the return of the Liberal, and a committee of the House of Commons not only unseated him, but ordered sundry prosecutions for bribery. The major kept his seat (he had been petitioned against also), as the committee found that, although corrupt practices had prevailed on his side, they had been committed without his sanction, or that of his agents. This election took place in April, and it is a curious circumstance that, in addition to the amount of expenses submitted to the election auditor, another bill of upwards of two hundred pounds was sent in to the Conservative candidates in September. In 1860 a new writ was issued, and another "merry little mill," as sporting newspapers say, took place for the vacant seat. The defeated Conservative candidate at the preceding election was one of the parties engaged in this contest, and was this time successful by a majority of a hundred and twenty-one, notwithstanding that the Liberals spent thirteen hundred and seventy pounds. This money was distributed by a stranger to Beverley, it being dangerous to entrust anybody known in Beverley with the management of the bribery business, as the prosecutions for bribery ordered by the House of Commons were still pending. This stranger was introduced to the borough by Mr. Walters, the gentleman who had headed the poll at the previous election, and had afterwards been unseated, and was known as "the man with the hairy cap." This hirsute individual passed his time on the polling day in a room at the Pack Horse Inn, where he occupied himself until a late hour in paying voters two pounds a head, and bribed, the Commissioners think, about four-fifths of the four hundred and seventy-three electors who voted the Liberal "ticket." But the Conservatives carried too many guns. Not only had they the advantage of all the general bribery that had been going on in the town since August, 1857, but to make assurance doubly sure they brought a barrister down from London with a bag of sovereigns in his pocket. This legal luminary handed the

money over to a subordinate, and, at the Cross Keys, the amount, variously stated at two hundred and three hundred pounds, was given in sums of forty and fifty pounds to a select staff of bribers who were then let loose on the town. Votes were not expensive, for one of these rank and file bribers says, "I commenced at one pound, and it extended to two pounds till about dinner time, when the tariff dropped down to a pound again." The defeated candidate announced from the hustings that it was not his intention to petition—a statement which, as he remarks, "appeared to be the most gratifying thing I had ever said during the whole election, for they cheered that immensely." But somebody petitioned, unsuccessfully, it being the opinion of the committee that the victorious candidate and his agents had not been parties to the acts of bribery which were proved. At this election the bill passed by the auditor was three hundred and thirty pounds odd—a supplementary amount for four hundred and one pounds making its appearance some time afterwards. This document contained some suggestive items, such as "Ramshaw's band, sixty pounds;" "Ringers, ten guineas;" "Mr. Hind for refreshments, nine pounds eighteen shillings," and was duly paid.

From 1860 to 1865 Beverley rejoiced in no parliamentary election, but the little game of bribery was kept up with great spirit during that interval. In 1861 there was no contest at the pasture-masters' election, nevertheless each of the members for the borough had to pay thirty pounds on that head. The total expense of that year to each member was one hundred and eighty-four pounds, not including Mr. Wreghitt's salary. This was an expensive year, as the municipal contest was severe, and one hundred pounds had to be spent in bribery. The money must have been well laid out, for Conservatives were elected to all the vacancies. In the following year another hundred pounds were required for the council election, and sixty for the pasture-masters. In 1863 there was a split among the pasture-masters, and the election of Mr. Wreghitt's men could not be secured for less than sixty-five pounds from each member. On the other hand, in 1864, the remittances fell to one hundred and forty pounds each, including the fixed salary. Early in 1865 the junior candidate declined to have anything more to do with Beverley, and another colleague for the major had to be found. This was not difficult, and the battle was begun under the most favourable circumstances. Wreghitt was, to all intents and purposes, master of Beverley. "Magistrates, aldermen, town councillors, and pasture-masters, bankers, and tradesmen were working with him, and for the same ends. He had been unceasingly labouring for eight years to extend and widen the sources of corruption throughout the borough, and prevent freedom of choice in all the local elections." In these words, and in others yet stronger, the Commissioners describe the Conservative position, and probably no one knowing the facts would have ventured, even with bribery to back him, to attack the citadel. The Liberals, however, found a candidate who had been induced to believe that an expenditure of five hundred pounds beyond the limit of the legitimate expenses would secure the seat. A considerably larger sum was, as a matter of fact, required in the way of bribes, and even then the Conservatives were both elected by considerable majorities, the invincible major at the head of the poll. But the Liberal candidate, who polled four hundred and ninety-five votes, and who expended eight hundred and forty-six pounds in bribing four hundred and seventeen electors, was badly used even by his own bribees, inasmuch as forty-two of them voted for his opponents, while ten philosophically absented themselves from the polling-booths altogether. At this election the price of votes was one or two pounds, according to circumstances. A petition was threatened, but nothing came of it. Of course, when there was no further danger of a petition, supplemental accounts began to come in freely. A sum of one thousand and seventy pounds was illegally spent, as the Commissioners discovered with the greatest difficulty, on behalf of the Conservatives. Eleven hundred voters, or thereabouts, were polled at this election, and it is stated that about eight hundred of these were bribed. The petition did not go on, because "at that time there was very great danger of disfranchisement." Beverley's time was, indeed, nearly come!

From 1865 to 1868, local bribing was brisk in Beverley. On one occasion, Wreghitt's nominees for the town council, who had been elected by large majorities, were ousted from their seats by the Court of Queen's Bench, owing to an informality in their election. The little bill for the law proceedings (nearly four hundred pounds) was handed over to the sitting members by Mr. Wreghitt, and paid in due course. In 1868, Beverley was the scene of another

election; the last, it is to be hoped, which that hotbed of corruption will ever see. Two Liberal candidates and two Conservatives solicited the sweet voices of the constituency. The Liberals are pronounced by the Commissioners free from all taint of bribery whatever. The Conservative bribery was on the usual scale, and was done at the election of town councillors, which took place only a month before the parliamentary election. Matters were this time managed with a surprising absence of concealment. The traffic was carried on openly in the streets and market-place. Voters were brought to shops, opened for the purpose, to be paid. One agent gives evidence that he knew at one o'clock that his party had won, and remarked the fact to another briber. "Pay on" was, however, the order. It was necessary that plenty of money should go about. Nearly one thousand persons were bribed on this occasion. A month after came the parliamentary election, and both Conservative candidates were returned by large majorities. The Commissioners connect this result with the bribery at the municipal election in the following words:

"The municipal contest, in which bribery had been so undisguisedly and extensively practised, was treated as a prelude to the parliamentary election, if not as a part of it; and the bribes were given, and in many cases received, as an earnest of what was to come. But we experienced great difficulty in discriminating, in individual instances, between those who took bribes for the municipal election only and those who, to use a local phrase, took them for the 'double event.' The large extension of the franchise under 'The Representation of the People Act, 1867,' made the municipal roll nearly identical with the parliamentary register, within the limits of the municipal boundary; so that it was reduced almost to a certainty that the man who voted under the influence of a bribe in the council choosing, would also have a vote in the election of members of parliament."

Finally, the Commissioners conclude their admirably lucid report by finding that corrupt practices prevailed in Beverley at the election in March, 1857, and that similar practices extensively prevailed at the elections of 1859, 1860, 1865, and 1868. A list of bribers and bribees, some of whom were implicated in more than one election, follows the report, and this black list contains some six hundred names.

This is the recent political history of Beverley, as shamelessly corrupt and disgraceful a borough as can be imagined. It may be urged in arrest of judgment that there are other towns almost as bad, but which have as yet escaped detection. Possibly. But we have got Beverley in the toils, and it will be a national disgrace if its inhabitants are ever again allowed to have a voice in making the laws which they have so long and so systematically broken.

HOPE DEFERRED AT SEA.

At the time when this page is being put to press (Thursday, March 24th) the fate of a noble ship is the subject of anxious and painful suspense on both sides of the Atlantic. A grand ocean steamer, well built, well engined, well equipped, is missing; and men are speculating on the probable causes of her non-appearance.

If we search the records of the past, we find numerous instances of missing ships coming to light after a more or less lengthened delay. Omitting examples of actual foundering and actual burning, there are various disasters which still leave to a vessel a chance of returning to port. Sometimes the wind blows from an adverse quarter during so long a period that the ship (especially if unprovided with steam power) has no resource but to remain in some place of shelter until a favourable turn takes place. A calm, on the other hand, has been known to prevail on the Atlantic for weeks together, bringing whole fleets of sailing ships to a complete standstill. A single example will suffice to illustrate this kind of ocean trouble. One day last autumn the war-steamer Topaze found herself suddenly becalmed in the Atlantic, and around her were no less than sixty-six sailing ships perfectly helpless. They could neither advance nor recede. One of them, the Agra, had been thus situated for at least a fortnight; and if the Topaze—which, as a steamer, could laugh at calms—had not supplied her with provisions, the result might have been serious to those on board.

We shall presently adduce reasons why modern steamers are not so likely as the sailing ships of past generations to suffer famine through any unwonted detention at sea; and why the route between Liverpool and New York is much more likely to afford succour in time of distress than almost any other that can be named. Certainly, in olden time, when ships were few and far between, the narratives presented were often very sad. In the case of the Trinity

and the Minion, in the time of Henry the Eighth, the troubles were chiefly on dry land; but they arose mainly from the insufficient victualling of vessels sent out on an exploratory voyage to new regions. There were strange notions in those days about the American coast, and the probability of a short and easy passage round northward to the great Pacific. Men of station often fitted out expeditions, with dreams of untold wealth as a possible reward. One of them, Mr. Hore, a gentleman of London, inducing others to join him, fitted out the ships above named, engaged a crew, and provided a certain inadequate supply of food and other stores. The ships started from Gravesend in April, 1536, worked their way round the southern coast, and then steered boldly across the Atlantic. What knowledge they possessed of the latitudes of any places in the far north regions of the American continent, is not now ascertainable; but after two months' absence from land of any kind, they found themselves on the coast of what is now called Cape Breton. Impelled by the rapid exhaustion of their provisions, they shot penguins, and ospreys, and bears whenever they could, and tried whether the sea would yield them fish; but somehow these resources failed, and the men grubbed up herbs and roots along the coast. Hunger and discontent bred insubordination; and the officers found that, of the boats' crews who landed each day, one after another disappeared. At last the terrible truth became revealed, that some of the men had been shot by others, and appropriated as food. The captain exhorted; but the sailors, desperate with hunger, resolved to cast lots who should die next. Providentially, a French ship hove in sight, and supplied Hore and his companions with sufficient food to enable them to return to England. One of the sailors lived to narrate this story to Hakluyt, fifty years afterwards.

In the case of the Jacques, the troubles arose out of the general unseaworthiness of the ship. She left Brazil for France, in January, 1558, with a cargo of dye woods. Twenty-five officers and crew, and twenty passengers, were on board. Seven days after the start, a leak was discovered, and was patched up in a temporary way with grease, lead, and cloths. After a consultation, five of the passengers resolved to make a boat voyage back to the coast; the carpenter urged the captain to take the ship back also, as being too old and worm-eaten to brave the ocean in her present state; but this being refused the voyage recommenced. The ship was tossed about, during the remainder of January and the whole of February, with difficulty answering her helm, and entailing much labour in pumping to keep down the leakage. One day, a quarrel occurring between the pilot and the mate, both neglected their duty; the ship went over on her beam-ends during a squall; and although she righted again, some of her planks started, the water rushed in, the passengers ran to the boat in terror, and all was confusion. The pilot, cutlass in hand, prevented any one from lowering the boat—possibly foreseeing that drowning would be the almost inevitable result of such a proceeding. The carpenter kept at work, stopping the leaks as well as he could. So passed March, and so passed April, by which time almost every scrap of food on board was gone, notwithstanding short allowance and great economy. Parrots and monkeys, brought by the passengers as curiosities from Brazil, were killed and eaten; the sweepings of the bread room were made into dirty dough for cakes; and all the skins and furs of animals on board were carefully husbanded. Old leather jackets and shoes, old horn-plates of lanterns, old coverings of trunks, bits of candle, and drops of oil, were converted into food in some form or other. The rats and mice were so hungry that they left their holes to forage about the ship; and the people hunted them with the avidity of cats. One of the passengers gave a sailor four crowns for a single mouse. The surgeon, who had caught two mice, refused a new suit of clothes in exchange for one of them. There was no wine, no water; the only beverage was a little cider, of which a wineglass was given to each person per day. When rain occasionally fell it was collected with much care on sheets and tarpaulins, hollowed down in the middle by a few shot. Two of the crew died early in May. Lèry, one of the passengers, who lived to write a narrative of the voyage, said: "When Philip, the chief of the passengers, was thus employed," [trying to gnaw bits of Brazil wood] "he said, with a deep sigh, 'Lèry, my friend, four thousand livres are owing to me in France, which I would gladly relinquish for a loaf of bread and a glass of wine!' Peter Richer, our minister, had now almost expired of want; stretched out in his cabin, he prayed as long as he was able; at length his voice ceasing, life departed a short time afterwards." At last the joyous cry, "Land!" was heard; the coast of Brittany was reached; and

the poor Jacques found a safe harbour. Some of the exhausted crew killed themselves with ravenous eating, on finding themselves suddenly furnished with abundant food.

The Dolphin, in more recent times, bound from the Canaries to New York, was a hundred and sixty-five days at sea—an inordinate period, as any one may see by tracing the route on a map. Seventy-five days after the start, the food was nearly all gone; and the remaining ninety were days of misery indeed. A dog and a cat were cooked and eaten; the old shoes were eaten; then the appalling ordeal of casting lots was talked about. The captain, remembering an old pair of breeches of his, lined with leather, succeeded in deterring the crew from their dread purpose, by giving them a small piece of leather each, as a daily allowance, with some grass which had by that time begun to grow on deck. He was rewarded for his forethought and humanity; the Andalusia, Captain Bradshaw, hove in sight, and saved the small crew of the Dolphin from starvation.

The story of the Peggy, again, excited much attention a century ago. This vessel, commanded by Captain David Harrison, after a successful voyage from New York to Fayal, one of the Azores, took in a cargo of wine, brandy, and other commodities, and started back for New York on the 24th of October, 1769. November storms tore the rigging, and loosened the old timbers. As the provisions were getting low, Harrison put all hands on short allowance on the 1st of December. Each man's daily ration was reduced to a quarter of a pound of bread, a pint of wine, and a quart of water. As wine was the principal item in the cargo, drink was obtainable throughout the voyage; but the scarcity of water led to distressing results. Two ships passed within sight, but the weather was too rough to render approach safe. When the food was absolutely gone, the crew took, in frenzied eagerness, to the wine; the captain urged them to more caution, but was unheeded. He himself took special care of two gallons of dirty water, found at the bottom of a cask. Christmas Day came, and with it the sight of a vessel, which, at first, seemed inclined to render help; but it would have been better if she had not been sighted at all, for she sailed on without coming near. Nevertheless, the poor fellows did manage to get something extra for Christmas fare; two small pigeons made a dinner for the whole of them. Having one cat on board, poor puss was killed on Boxing Day, and divided into nine parts; Captain Harrison taking the head as his share, and giving the remaining eight portions to the eight men. On the following day, the outside of the vessel was scraped for barnacles, but they were too low down for the weakened men to get at them. The ship was in such a helpless state, that the crew could hardly have navigated her, even had they been in average health and strength; but, as matters stood, they were almost too exhausted to labour; and, having little or no solid food, their only resource was wine. They were all half intoxicated, and the mate much more than half, during the rest of the sad voyage. Captain Harrison adhered to his modicum of dirty water, with a few drops of medicinal balsam in it, for days. As all the candles and lamp oil had been taken for food, the long, dark, winter nights added to the misery of all hands. The last bit of ragged sail was blown away by a strong wind; the tobacco was gone; the leather of the pumps, and the horn coat buttons, were boiled or softened and eaten; at last came the day which Harrison had long foreseen and dreaded. The mate and the men asked permission to cast lots. He refused; they determined to do it without him; and a poor negro became the victim. He was eaten; another man died three days afterwards; the captain, living on nothing but his drop of water, lay prostrate in bed with weakness. The remaining six men demanded another casting of lots; it fell upon David Flatt, who happened to be the favourite of the whole ship. The wretched men were agonised; they resolved to wait until eleven o'clock, on the following day, to see whether, by any possibility, help would come to them. They had their reward. At eight o'clock on the eventful morning, a vessel was descried. The men could hardly believe their eyes; one had gone mad, the mate was nearly mad with wine, two were dead, the captain was lying helpless, and the other five had only strength enough to make signals of distress. These were seen. The succouring ship was the Susannah, of London, Captain Thomas Evans, on her return voyage from Virginia to England. Three of the crew of the poor Peggy, worn out with their prolonged sufferings, died on the homeward voyage, leaving only four of the original nine remaining, when the Susannah reached England early in March.

In one remarkable instance, the detention of a fine ship was due to the loss of her rudder—a loss which was braved in a noteworthy manner. Her Majesty's ship Pique

left Quebec on the 17th of September, 1835, having on board Lord Aylmer, ex-governor of Canada, with his family and suite. Captain Rous, her commander, instead of going round south of Newfoundland, took the northern route, through the Straits of Belleisle, for reasons satisfactory to his judgment. During a dense Newfoundland fog, the ship ran upon some rocks on the night of the 21st. Again and again did Captain Rous try to get her off, again and again did the waves baffle him, until—after sending overboard a hundred tons of water and several heavy guns and shot, to lighten the ship—he deemed it necessary to wait till daybreak. They were on a rocky bit of the Labrador coast, and all could have landed. Ought they to land? On the one hand, they had food for four months, with economy; they could make some sort of dwellings with tarpaulins, and a few huts which cod-fishers and curers were accustomed to use in the summer months; and they could use dwarf pine trees for fuel. On the other hand, it was a frightful thing to land three hundred persons, some of them ladies of gentle nurture, on a desolate and rocky spot, with no inhabitants, and no fishing vessels likely to pass that way until six months of a rigorous winter had passed. They decided to dare the ocean rather than the land, and having at last got clear of the rocks, started again on the 24th. But the rudder snapped short off on the third day afterwards, and floated away; while the ship was at the same time letting in two feet of water per day. The carpenters made a new rudder by the evening of the 28th; it would not work; so it was cut adrift, and the ship was steered by sail only. Tossed about, driven hither and thither, failing in getting aid from other ships, and lightened by throwing overboard one gun after another, the poor Pique struggled on. On the 1st of October, a little aid was received from the Suffrein, of St. Malo, in dragging the Pique round to place her prow in the homeward direction. For four days and nights some progress was made, during which time the carpenters were busily engaged upon another rudder; but they were again unlucky: this third rudder snapped and disappeared. The ship was shaky, the chronometers were shaky, and Captain Rous feared, from the calculations of his dead reckoning, that he was dangerously near the rocks off the Scilly Islands. To the great joy of all, land was descried on the 11th, and the Pique safely anchored at St. Helen's on the 12th, after voyaging fifteen hundred miles without a rudder. Not a soul of the three hundred was lost.

The sad story of the Diamond shows that, even on the much-frequented route from Liverpool to New York, the sail alone is but an uncertain reliance in case of mishap. This vessel, commanded by Captain Trale, left the great English port on the 7th of November, 1836, with an ample supply of food and water for a voyage across the Atlantic to New York, thence down the American seaboard to Charleston, and finally back to Liverpool. But on Christmas Eve, when well on towards the place of her destination, the Diamond encountered a storm which carried away all the three top-masts, and these in falling snapped off the main and fore-yards. So severe was the shock, that the timbers were in many places loosened, the cargo shifted about, the water casks started, the provision casks were stove in, and the vessel shipped much water. The wind was then favourable for a week; but on New Year's Day it turned dead against them, and the Diamond was drifting about during the whole of January. So early as the first week in December, Captain Trale had foreseen the probability of a tediously-prolonged voyage, and had warned all on board to be prudent, and careful of the provisions. The occurrence of the disaster on Christmas Eve led to a reduction of the chief cabin rations to a level with those of the steerage passengers. There were a hundred and eighty passengers, and a crew that raised the number of souls to considerably more than two hundred, in a ship under-provisioned; for nearly all the passengers were to land at New York, and the calculation as to food had been based on the supposition that there would be few persons beside the crew on the coasting voyage to Charleston, and the home voyage to Liverpool. The crew were placed on very short allowance, till they reached port. But the steerage passengers were distressingly placed. The Diamond was one among many vessels in which, at that time, the emigrants had to rely pretty much on their own resources for food. When these resources were getting low, all scraps of food were eagerly treasured up; potato peelings and cabbage stumps were prizes; flour was sold by the shilling, the crown, and at last by the half sovereign, per pint, to some of the passengers who had money to spare. Matters went at length so far that a pound sterling was offered and refused for a roasted potato! No wonder that, after a

voyage of a hundred days from Liverpool, when the Diamond entered New York in the first week of February, Captain Trale had to report the death of some of his passengers through insufficiency of food.

Now, in all these sad narratives, and others of similar kind, it is observable that they were sailing ships which suffered; ships, moreover, mostly in old and battered condition. The mishaps of maritime venture might have happened to better vessels, in regard to winds, storms, striking on shoals, and running against rocks; but the better vessels would have borne more buffeting before planks, and masts, and rudders gave way. A steamer without sails presents much less surface to be torn and rent by storms than a sailing ship spreading a wide area of canvas. It is quite true, as we know in the cases of the President, the Amazon, and other noble ships, that steamers are lost by wrecking or burning; but it is equally true that, in regard to the detention of "missing" ships, there is much more ground for hope now, than at any former period of nautical and maritime history: because, firstly, there is a larger proportion of the shipping afloat, fitted to battle against storms; secondly, there is a shorter duration of voyages generally, and greater chance of succour at hand in case of disaster. We know that, quite recently, the fine Cunard steamer, Samaria, broke her shaft on her way from America; she was "missing" for some days; but help came, and help would very likely have come had she been out in mid-ocean instead of nearing the Irish coast. In February and March of the present year, whole fleets of corn-laden ships were "missing" at Liverpool; that is, were long overdue; but they came in one after another, as the weather moderated. And so of any great ocean steamer, not until every vestige of hope is gone will she be treated as a lost ship.

THE GREAT MAGYAR.

IN FOUR PARTS. CHAPTER I.

The rightful owner of this title is not Louis Kossuth, to whom it was assigned in 1849 by the enthusiasm of the English and American public. It is Count Stephen Szechenyi, whose imperishable claims to it are embodied in the enduring monuments of his beneficent genius, and on whom it has been deliberately conferred by the grateful admiration of his countrymen.

It happened to the writer of the following sketch to be present on the occasion when Louis Kossuth was introduced, as The Great Magyar, to the American Senate. The celebrated Daniel Webster, who, as secretary for the state department, then conducted the foreign affairs of the American Union, was subsequently invited to preside at a banquet given to Kossuth. He declined the invitation, on the ground that it would not become the representative of the foreign relations of the Union, to propose toasts in honour of a man charged with high treason against a sovereign with whose government the United States were on terms of peace and amity. Mr. Seward represented to Mr. Webster that his refusal to attend the Kossuth banquet would cost him the loss of the Presidency for which he was then a candidate. This argument prevailed. The invitation was accepted: and "The Independence of Hungary," coupled with the name of "Louis Kossuth, the Great Magyar," was proposed by the American minister for foreign affairs. We ourselves, calidâ juventâ, had what we then esteemed the high honour of being presented to the pseudo Great Magyar, at the hotel where he was sumptuously lodged and boarded at the national expense, together with his fellow-refugees; nor has time entirely effaced the vivid impression made upon our youthful fancy by the quaint costumes, and wild, unwashed faces of those hairy and hungry heroes. The quantity of champagne and tobacco which they consumed in the course of a month appeared prodigious, when their hotel bill was presented for payment to the nation.

Meanwhile, broken in health and hope, and tortured by the most terrible martyrdom which a morbidly sensitive conscience can inflict on a proud nature and a powerful intellect, the real Great Magyar was languishing in an Austrian madhouse, of which he had become the voluntary inmate. Many years afterwards we visited that establishment. Times and things had greatly changed since 1848. M. Schmerling had produced his new nostrum for the salvation of the Austrian empire; consisting of a central legislature, to which the whole kingdom of Hungary refused to send deputies. Some of the ablest organs of the English press were extolling the wisdom of the new political régime in Austria. But, already, every man adequately conversant with the social and historical conditions of this complicated empire perceived its unpractical and futile character. Every month rendered more and more apparent the necessity of promptly pacifying Hungary, and the utter impossibility of inducing her to swallow M. Schmerling's

constitutional sedative. It was then that Count Rechberg, the imperial chancellor, sought an interview with the recluse of Döbling; who submitted to his excellency the detailed project of a complete policy for the constitutional government of Hungary, in harmony with the rights and interests of the Austrian crown. "Count Stephen Szechenyi," said Count Rechberg, when he returned from this interview, "has done well to select a lunatic asylum for his place of residence. His ideas are purely chimerical." The fortunes of Austria as well as Hungary, divorced from each other, grew rapidly worse and worse; and not long afterwards Count Stephen Szechenyi perished by his own hand. Had he lived but a very few years longer, he would have had the satisfaction of contemplating the complete realisation of those ideas which were considered so chimerical in 1862.

The works of Count Stephen Szechenyi are now eagerly read; and a literature, consisting of notices and biographies of the Great Magyar, has sprung into existence. A detailed journal of the daily life of the recluse of Döbling has been preserved, and lately published by an intelligent witness of its sufferings and its hopes.* Still more recently, one of the most accomplished men of letters in France, M. Saint-René Taillandier, has devoted to the character and career of Count Stephen Szechenyi a considerable portion of his interesting work on Bohemia and Hungary. By the aid of these ample materials, and of others derived from private sources, we now propose to reconstruct the image of the Great Magyar.

Stephen Szechenyi was born at Vienna, September 21, 1792. He was therefore only seventeen years of age when, in 1809, he fought in the Austrian army, against the French. In 1815 he was one of the gayest, idlest, and most popular, of those young officers who helped the fine ladies of Vienna to amuse themselves while the great Congress was remaking the map of Europe. Shortly afterwards he started on the grand tour which was, at that time, an important part of every young nobleman's education. After travelling over the East, and passing years in Greece, he visited Italy, France, and England. He ever afterwards spoke of this country with the most affectionate and reverent admiration; and, throughout the whole of his political career, nothing is more constantly evident, than the powerful impression made upon his mind by the industrial activity and good sense of the English people. The death of his father, Count Franz Szechenyi, recalled him in 1820 to his own country, and placed him, at the age of twenty-eight, in possession of estates which have since become very valuable and the representation of an illustrious family. At that time the chief rivalry between the great nobles of Hungary and those of Austria was a rivalry in pleasure, frivolity, and fashion. The prizes for which they contended were those of the boudoir, the salon, and the coulisses. The wealth of the magnates of Hungary was lavished on the amusements of Vienna. Pesth was a miserable provincial town. The Hungarian language was despised by the Hungarian nobility. None of them spoke it, and it is doubtful if many of them knew it. Latin was the language for state papers and serious affairs; German and French were the languages for polite society; Hungarian was the language for the stables and the pothouse. One day (it was in the year 1825) the Diet of Presburg was engaged in discussing the question of founding an academy for the cultivation of the national language. "It is impossible," said one of the speakers,* "except by immense pecuniary sacrifices on the part of the great proprietors. For the establishment of such an institution three things are indispensable. The first is money, the second is money, the third is money." As the speaker resumed his seat, a man standing among the spectators in the place reserved for the public, rose and said; "Gentlemen, I have no vote in this assembly, nor am I one of the great proprietors. But I possess estates, and, if an institution can be established for the revival of the Hungarian language, and for providing for the children of our race a national education, I will at once devote to that institution one year of my whole income." The gift was sixty thousand florins (about six thousand pounds). "Who is it?" was the cry from all parts of the house. It was Count Stephen Szechenyi, only known as one of the best dancers and boldest riders at Vienna. So instantaneous and so great was the enthusiasm, that in less than a quarter of an hour the academy was founded.

Stephen Szechenyi was still in the military service of Austria; and Latin was still the only language spoken in the Hun-

* Graf Stephan Szechenyi's staatsmanishe Laufbahn seine letzten Lebensjahre in der Döblenger Irrenanstalt, und sein Tod. By Aurel von Kecskemethy. Pesth. 1866.

* It was Mr. Paul Nagy.

garian Diets. The young count took his seat in the Diet of 1826, wearing the uniform of an officer of hussars. It will be difficult for our readers, at this day, either to imagine, or to understand, how great was the scandal, and how vehement the indignation, when he rose, in this assembly, to address his countrymen in their native tongue. It was the first time that Hungarian had been spoken in an Hungarian Diet. The whole of the Court party, and the immense majority of the Chamber were furious. The count received, the same day, a peremptory order to rejoin his regiment without a moment's delay. He replied by placing his resignation in the hands of his colonel. At the next session of the Diet he appeared dressed in the national costume, and continued to address the Chamber in the national tongue. The indignation of the Magnates, the alarm of the Bureaux, the anger of the Court, at this innovation, enable us to appreciate the wisdom of the excessive caution and patient tact, with which the regenerator of Hungary now began to feel his way, step by step, towards the ultimate attainment of the object he had resolved to achieve. He founded the Casino of Pesth; a sort of conversational lounge for young and old, modelled after the fashion of our English clubs. He started races, jockey-clubs, and various similar means and pretexts for social gatherings. The eyes of the official Argus winked and dozed again. Meanwhile, by such unpretentious means, the count (a consummate man of the world) was gradually drawing the men and minds of his own class and country into a focus on which his personal influence could exert the strongest private pressure. In the same spirit he published in 1831 a little pamphlet, Magyar Sinhaz, on the educational functions of the stage, written in Hungarian. In the following year the subject of this pamphlet was taken up by the Diet, and made the object of a Bill, which encountered much opposition, and was not passed before 1836. In 1837 the Magyar Theatre (the Great Magyar's first great creation) was opened at Pesth.

Meanwhile, the count had sounded his first open war-cry against the ancienne régime; not a frothy proclamation of the vices of the Vienna cabinet and the virtues of the Hungarian nation, but a vigorous attack upon the whole feudal system of Hungarian society. "It is not Austria that oppresses you," cried the author to his countrymen, "it is your own Gothic prejudices and mouldy institutions. No human power can arrest the life of a nation, if the nation be worthy to live. Your regeneration is in your own hands." The excitement occasioned by this publication was immense. Feudalism had hitherto been so strongly associated by the Hungarians with the cause of their national independence, that the condemnation of the one was regarded as an insult to the other; and the Great Magyar was accused by his own countrymen of high treason against the ancient liberties of Hungary. Count Joseph Dessewffy, a Conservative of high spirit and great ability, undertook to defend patriarchal tradition from the author of Credit; whom he denounced as a mischievous iconoclast, in a work entitled Analysis. Szechenyi replied to the challenge in a book which he called The World. Dessewffy, overwhelmed by the tremendous antagonist whom he had invited into the lists, retired from the conflict; and the government, which had hitherto been disposed to view, if not with complete satisfaction, at least with malicious amusement, the discomfiture of an old enemy of its own—the ancient Magyarism—now took the alarm. For it began to perceive that this controversy, past and future, was being watched with ominous interest by a stranger of uncouth appearance, whose attendance had been invoked, as umpire, by the Great Magyar. This new comer was the greatest Magyar of all. It was the Magyar People.

The count's next work, The Stadium, was prohibited by the Austrian censor, and only found its way into Hungary from Bucharest. This work contains the sketch of a system of laws, which are now the basis of Hungarian society. Meanwhile, it was not merely with his pen that the Great Magyar was at work. He knew that example is the best teacher. He had been preaching to his countrymen the magnificent commercial capabilities of their great natural highway, the Danube. "But the Danube is not navigable," said they. "Your fault. You can make it navigable." "Pooh! you forget the Iron Gates," was the invariable reply. The count's answer to this objection was characteristic. On the quay at Pesth he built a little vessel. He launched it, and, pledging himself to steer it safely past the cataracts, embarked. Soon afterwards the whole of Hungary was ringing with applause of the successful navigator. Prince Metternich himself was carried away by the contagious enthusiasm. The success of this

experiment enabled Szechenyi to secure the assistance of English capital; the splendid bridge of Pesth, the tunnel of Buda, the rectification of the course of the Theis, and the explosion of the Iron Gates, are imperishable records of his energetic genius.

CHAPTER II.

Amongst the Magyar nobility, whose feudal supremacy was menaced and shaken by the reform movement which had been initiated in Hungary by Szechenyi, was a certain Baron Vesselenyi, who resolved to obtain from personal popularity the influence he could no longer command from hereditary privilege. Vesselenyi, the descendant of an ancient Palatin, was the owner of vast estates, and a seat in the Transylvanian as well as the Hungarian Diets. In character and person, this man was an exact antithesis of the great rival whom, for a time, it was his evil fortune to eclipse. Szechenyi, eminently high-bred in appearance and refined in manners, was a sincere Liberal in all his feelings as well as opinions, and his temperament was naturally gentle. He was cautious, temporising, reticent; always preferring conciliation to violence, and compromise to conflict; an initiative thinker, with the patience of a practical statesman; a man of heart, with the tact of a man of the world; a sincere patriot, with the acquired self-restraint of a diplomatist. Vesselenyi, with the rude bearing of democracy, combined the supercilious spirit of the old noblesse. Violent, impulsive, huge of stature, slovenly in dress, with the shaggy mane of Mirabeau, and the reckless animal spirits of Danton, men called him the Transylvanian giant.

He deserved the title. He had the limbs of a pugilist, the head of an ogre, and the heart of a wild beast. That head of his was said to be the strongest, the shaggiest, and the blackest head in Hungary. In order that we may not again have to interrupt the thread of our narrative, we will here sketch in a few words the political career of this Hungarian Gracchus. The Transylvanian Diet of 1835, carried beyond bounds by the impetuosity of his insubordinate eloquence, was dissolved by the Austrian government, and he himself was prosecuted for the publication of a seditious harangue. The brutality of his conduct towards his peasants, however, subjected him to a more serious prosecution on the charge of cruelty and personal violence. Condemned on this charge in Transylvania, he removed into Hungary. There, exasperated by the loss of a considerable portion of his fortune, he endeavoured to revolutionise some of the comitats, and was tried for high treason; the charge being founded on one of his addresses to the comitat of Szathmar. On this charge he was condemned, and thrown into prison. The lower chamber of the Diet, opposed by the chamber of Magnates, in which Szechenyi still retained a great influence, protested seventeen times against the arrest of Vesselenyi; and to this protest may be referred the commencement of that hostility between the two chambers, which prepared the anarchy of 1848. The government, however, satisfied with having established the culpability of Vesselenyi before the tribunals, released him from prison, and he retired to Graefenberg. He was comprised in the general amnesty of 1840; and a course of the water cure at Graefenberg appears to have somewhat calmed his effervescent temperament; for we hear and see no more of him until 1848. Then, like a decrepit vulture, recalled to the battlefield by the scent of carrion, and the scream of his kindred predatory fowl, the old giant reappears at Vienna in the factious and fatal deputation of September; blind, broken, dying; and with little of him left but his inextinguishable spirit of mischief.

In 1836, this man became the idol of the crowd. Szechenyi at this time almost entirely withdrew from that political life which his own genius had evoked into activity. To the theatre of his vast industrial undertakings he now confined his activities. There he was incessantly busy; planning, creating, organising. Daily some new obstacle was surmounted, some fresh resource was developed, some further step was made good in the peaceful path of material progress. Meanwhile the popular glitter of the Transylvanian Giant was destined to be, in its turn, obscured by the rising star of a greater genius: a greater genius, but scarcely a wiser man.

In the Hungarian Diets, freedom of speech had always been practically unlimited. But there were no public reports of their debates. About this time, that is to say in 1836, certain Hungarian Magnates resolved to start a journal of which the sole function should be to supply that deficiency. Some of these noblemen had been in the habit of employing, on matters connected with their parliamentary business, a young lawyer, who earned by jobs of this kind a moderate subsistence. Favourably impressed by his intelligence and activity, they selected him for the editorship and practical management

of the new journal. The young lawyer, poor, ambitious, and energetic, soon organised a small staff of scribes whose daily report of the debates in the Diet was sent in lithograph to the comitats. The Austrian government prohibited and seized the paper. Undismayed, the editor and his patrons increased their staff of scribes; and the journal continued to appear in manuscript. When the session was over, the editor, instead of suspending his journal, devoted it to similar reports of the deliberations of the comitats. These reports were of a very inflammatory character. The editor was arrested and imprisoned. The government did not venture to bring him to open trial, but he remained in prison three years. At the end of that time, a general amnesty restored him to liberty; and he immediately entered the lower chamber of the Diet, bringing with him a concentrated hatred of the Austrian government, and remarkable talents for giving effect to it. In a short time he was among the chiefs of the radical opposition in the lower chamber. The influence rapidly acquired by his astonishing eloquence he grasped with a resolute hand, and a vindictive determination to convert into a revolutionary force the liberal movement created by Szechenyi. The name of this man was Louis Kossuth. Great reputations are rapidly worn out by societies which are passing through a revolutionary period; as men wear out their boots on forced marches. Doubtless the greatest benefit conferred by Count Szechenyi on his country was a little group of noble characters formed by him in his own image; men who, like Deak and Eotvas, are at this moment worthily continuing his salutary policy and beneficent example. But the public mind of Hungary, in 1840, was too feverish to follow the orderly leadership of such men. Kossuth (who, having performed nothing was ready to promise everything) became the idol of the hour. And then, for the first and last time in the whole of his blameless career, the Great Magyar was for a moment untrue to his own convictions. No eloquence could disguise from his penetrating intellect the fundamental fallacies of Kossuth's revolutionary doctrine. But he seems, for a moment, to have been intimidated by the overwhelming popularity of the new demagogue; and, only feebly deprecating the form of that doctrine, to have virtually implied his assent to the substance of it. Kossuth was fully entitled to reply, as he did, with indignant impatience: "If we are agreed as to the substance, it is puerile to quarrel about the form. Revolutions are not to be carried on by polite phrases."

Szechenyi fully recognised the vexatious and obstructive character of the connexion, such as it had latterly been, between Hungary and Austria; but he no less clearly perceived that the total severance of that connexion would, even were it practicable, be fatal. His object was, not to sever Hungary from the Austrian empire, but to secure to Hungary the magnificent position which he perceived her to be capable of assuming in that empire; and, by means of that empire, in Europe. His constant effort was to bring about a better understanding between the Hungarian people and the Austrian government. In one of his great speeches he says: "Fairly to appreciate the acts of the government, we must endeavour to place ourselves at its point of view. We shall then perceive that much which we are wont to attribute to Machivelian craft, is only due to deplorable ignorance. Similarly, it is to be wished that the government should be enabled and induced to place itself more often at an Hungarian point of view—the point of view which is furnished by our constitutional régime. Otherwise, the most legitimate preoccupation on behalf of our rights will be misconstrued as seditious!"

Again, he clearly perceived that the true destinies of Hungary could only be worked out by developing the splendid natural resources of the country, and the culture and character of its people. "I have awakened my countrymen," he used to say, "in order that they may walk upright, and conduct themselves like men; not in order that they may throw themselves out of the window." How much he achieved in two short years towards the regeneration and development of Hungary is amazing. He found the national language all but unknown; he made it universal throughout Hungary, and obliged the Austrian government to adopt it as the medium of all official intercourse with its Hungarian subjects. At his creative call, a national literature and a national drama—those two great agents of culture—sprang into active life. "When," says M. Saint René Taillandier, "we compare the moral and intellectual culture of the Hungarians previous to 1830, with what they have become under the influence of Count Szechenyi, the result seems scarcely credible." "Few men," wrote M. Langsdorff, in 1848, "have ever effected more for the welfare of

their country than this illustrious citizen. The life of Hungary for the last twenty years has its source in him." All his instincts were practical; and of the many enterprises in which he engaged the industry of his country, none were chimerical. Kossuth, on the other hand, imagined that the independence of Hungary could be secured by severing her connexion with Austria; and that an inland state could be converted into a maritime power, by throwing public money into the Adriatic from the little port of Fiume.

It is to the genius of Szechenyi that Hungary owes her present commanding position as the governing power of a great empire, of whose future destinies she is mistress. It is to the genius of Szechenyi that the world is indebted for the unimpeded circulation of merchandise, passengers, and ideas, from Ratisbon to Constantinople along that great water highway which, in the event of any general maritime war, would be the only way open to the commerce of the east and west. He had to deal with a suspicious, powerful, and obstructive government; which by tact and patience he converted into an ally, securing its effective co-operation in the cause of practical reform.* Kossuth had to deal with a weak, but friendly and compliant government; and he upset it, as he upset everything else. Szechenyi found the nobility of Hungary entirely exempted from taxation, and the peasantry burdened not only by the whole of the public imposts, but also by a multiplicity of feudal obligations. Without proclaiming a war of classes, he persuaded the nobility to submit to taxation, and spontaneously surrender some of their most obnoxious privileges. The equitable redemption of the remainder was in a fair way of legal settlement when all practical legislation was suspended by the revolution which Kossuth had invoked.

One last and most important particular remains to be mentioned, in which Szechenyi's opinions remain to this day far in advance of those of his countrymen—far in advance, indeed, of the opinions which still prevail in England respecting the treatment of alien races. The great difficulty of Hungary, or, more properly speaking, of the Magyar dominion in Hungary, was, and is, a population of more than eight hundred thousand Slavs, occupying the whole southern portion of Hungary, from the Drave to that point where the Danube, not far from Belgrade, suddenly changes its course. These Slavs, whose chief representatives in Hungary are the Croats, differ in origin, language, character, and religion from the Magyars. But the kindred families of their race (one of the most numerous in Europe) extend far beyond the limits of Hungary, occupying the whole of Servia, and the greater part of Bohemia; not to mention that vast empire which stretches across Europe from the White to the Black Sea.

Now, Szechenyi, alone of all his countrymen, saw two things very clearly. First, that the perfect amalgamation if possible, but in any case the harmonious co-existence and undisturbed co-operation of the Magyar and Sclavonic populations of Hungary, is absolutely necessary for the safety and unity of the kingdom. Secondly, that the supremacy of the Magyar element in Hungary could only be secured by conciliation and political tact. While his natural justice and humanity revolted from the idea of forcibly suppressing the Sclavonic nationality in Hungary, his strong common sense enabled him to perceive how plausible a pretext any such attempt would afford the Austrian government, for crippling the development of the Magyar nationality by reverting to its old policy of divide et impera, and setting the Croats against the Hungarians. In one of his speeches, a speech which might be studied with advantage by every Englishman who shares the inherited responsibility of governing Ireland and India, there are some words which appear to us to be of rare political sagacity and moral elevation. "What method shall we adopt for communicating to the different races established on Hungarian soil the sentiment of our own nationality? There is only one way in which we can, or ought to, induce others to recognise our superiority, and that is by making ourselves their moral and intellectual superiors. Remember, therefore, that your salvation depends, not on the assertion of political power, but the cultivation of personal virtue. The success of the national policy depends on the character and conduct of each individual. Above all things it is necessary to acquire the gift of pleasing, and to cultivate the faculty of attracting, others. The secret of power is sympathy. We may impose the Magyar language upon unwilling lips,

* Prince Metternich used to say, "the Hungarians imagine that they have invented the Danube." He was, however, one of the first shareholders in the company formed by Szechenyi for its navigation.

we may thrust the Magyar costume upon alien races, and float our national colours from one end of Hungary to the other; but pray what shall we have gained if we have not gained the hearts and affections of those whom we aspire to rule? And, trust me, the art of gaining hearts is the art of governing men. He who lacks sympathy lacks wisdom; and we are unfit for the noble task of government if we are unable to respect in others the sentiments and aspirations which we respect in ourselves; most unfit for such a task if, in dealing with sensitive and generous adversaries, enthusiastic, like ourselves, for the traditions of their race, we treat with supercilious contempt emotions which we have not endeavoured to understand."

Unhappily for Hungary, these wise warnings were neglected. One of the first uses to which Kossuth put the power entrusted to him by the Revolution, was the forcible extinction of the Sclavonic nationality in Hungary. In the name of the Hungarians, who had so recently extorted from Austria the free use of their own language, he prohibited to the Slavs the use of *their* language —a language to which they were passionately attached. The treatment of the Slavs in Hungary by Kossuth was, in almost every respect, worse than the treatment of the Hungarians by Metternich and Schwartzenberg.

If Count Szechenyi's loyalty to his own principles had been for a moment shaken by the enthusiasm which greeted the enunciation of a policy essentially antagonistic to them, it was *only* for a moment. In 1847 he addressed to the nation and its new tribune these remarkable words:

"The nation will be shaken to pieces. And in that day the faithful and serious servants of her cause, remembering how great was the height to which she might have risen, and beholding how deep is the abyss into which she has been thrust, will have no refuge from despair, save in prayer to God. And you, Kossuth, you in whose heart and honour I will yet believe, what anguish must be yours when, amidst the ruins of a monomaniac's hopes, your conscience compels you to make this confession: 'I believed myself filled with the wisdom which establishes states; but I was filled only with the dreams of a disordered imagination. I deemed myself a prophet, yet have I foreseen nothing, and failed even to comprehend the simplest events which were passing under my eyes. In my infatuation I mistook myself for a creative genius. I was but a feverish schemer. I aspired to command others. I could not govern myself. It was my boast to be the benefactor of my country. It is my shame to have been only the puppet of all her popular passions. I proclaimed myself the Messiah of a new political gospel, and I was but a well-meaning and unwise philanthropist, encouraging idleness and misery by gratuitous distributions of bread-crumbs. With the power which should have regenerated and consolidated a nation, I have but organised a huge national hospital.' When that miserable hour is come (and come be sure it will; for the imaginary world you are now building upon chaos has no more reality than the mirage), what consolation will remain to you in the memory of your work? O hasten—in the sacred name of our common country, I beseech you—hasten to leave this perilous path of revolutionary agitation! You will not hear me? The voice of popular favour is loud and sweet! Well, then, when that voice has become the voice of those that mourn, you shall not be able to assert, 'the entire nation shared the error of my dreams.' Here and now, I summon you to remember in that hour, that one voice of expostulation was raised, and raised in time, but that you would not listen to its warning cry."

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER XII. IN TIME.

MR. LOVEGROVE was very uneasy in his mind. A small circumstance had put the climax to a heap of doubts and suspicions which had long been accumulating. It may be remembered that Mr. Lovegrove had expressed to his partner his desire to have a little confidential talk with him, and that his partner had expressed himself perfectly willing that the confidential talk should take place. It had not yet taken place, however. Mr. Frost always found some excuse for postponing it.

On the same day on which Mr. Lovegrove had first spoken of this desire on his part, it may also be remembered that a sum of money just received by the firm had been taken away by Mr. Frost, to bank, as he said. Mr. Lovegrove had asked him about it later, and Mr. Frost had answered, Oh yes; it was all right. And there the matter had dropped. But two days after Mr. Frost's visit to the Princess de' Barletti, Mr. Lovegrove made the very disagreeable discovery that the money in question had never been paid into the bank at all! The sum was an insignificant one after all; and could he have looked upon the circumstance as a mere instance of carelessness and forgetfulness on the part of Mr. Frost, he would have been irritated and annoyed by it, certainly, but he would have felt no more serious distress than those epithets might convey. But Mr. Frost, when questioned, had not clapped his hand to his forehead and exclaimed that the matter had slipped his memory: he had not even acknowledged that he had not paid the money, and promised that he would remedy the omission. He had answered with composure that the matter was all right. Mr. Frost, then, had told his partner a lie. Mr. Lovegrove was more hurt by this discovery than he would willingly have acknowledged. He had a very strong attachment to Sidney Frost. He had the habit of looking up to his talents and character with much the same admiring delight with which a little boy contemplates the cock of his school; though at the same time Mr. Lovegrove understood very well what were the solid plodding qualities in which he himself excelled his partner, and which were especially useful to the success of their joint affairs.

Mr. Lovegrove had no sooner made the discovery above-mentioned than he resolved, with an inflexible resolution, to lose no more time in coming to an explanation with his partner. The discovery was made after office hours. Mr. Frost had already left Bedford-square. The junior partner debated with himself what measures he should take in order to carry out the purpose he had formed. Mr. Lovegrove having once formed a purpose, never permitted himself to discuss whether or no he should carry it out; he merely considered *how* he should fulfil it, which was one of the results of the smallness of his faculty of imagination—and also one of the secrets of his success in life.

"Sarah, my dear," said he to his wife, after tea, "I am going over to Bayswater this evening."

"To a party?" demanded Mrs. Lovegrove, with a rapid, jealous notion that her long-nourished suspicions of Mrs. Frost's intention to insult her unmistakably had at length been confirmed.

"To a party! My dear Sarah, what are

you dreaming of? Do I ever go to a party without you? And is it likely that the Frosts would invite me alone?"

Mrs. Lovegrove, a little ashamed of her too hasty conclusion, murmured something to the effect that there was no knowing what "that woman" might not do.

"But I am not going to see 'that woman;' I am going to see 'that man.' My visit is solely on business."

"It's a strange hour to have a business appointment. I think, Augustus, that you might consecrate your evenings to domestic peace! I'm sure you work hard enough in the day, poor old Gus!" said Mrs. Lovegrove.

The lady's sudden descent from the regions of lofty severity to undignified and familiar affection, was due to the pressure of her husband's arm encircling her waist, and the touch of her husband's lips on her forehead.

"You know I never want to leave you and the girls, Sally. But I want to speak to Frost particularly. I must speak with him. Give me a kiss, Sally. I don't go because I like going, and I shan't spend a pleasant time, you may depend on it."

Mrs. Lovegrove was very sincerely fond of her husband; and, as she marked his face and gauged the tone of his voice, she perceived that there was, as she phrased it, "something on his mind." And she refrained from saying another provoking word to add to the burden. Mr. Lovegrove walked part of the way towards Bayswater, meaning to pursue his journey from a certain point in the omnibus. But the night was fine, and the walk was agreeable to the lawyer after his day spent busily in a hot, close office; and he therefore strolled on and on, until he found that he might as well proceed to his destination on foot. Thus, as it turned out, it was close on ten o'clock by the time he reached Mr. Frost's house in Bayswater. He had no need to knock or ring for admittance. The street door was open, and a couple of servants—a man and a woman—were lounging on the steps enjoying the evening air.

"Is Mr. Frost within?" asked Lovegrove, almost fearing to be answered in the negative.

"*Mr.*—not *Mrs?*" asked the man, who did not at first recognise Mr. Lovegrove. The visits of the latter to Bayswater were not frequent enough to render his face very familiar to the servants there.

"*Mr.* Frost. I wish to see your master if he is at home."

"Oh, Mr. Lovegrove! I beg pardon, sir, I asked because my mistress is gone. I suppose you know."

"Gone! Good Heavens, not dead?"

"Oh no, sir; but she has left master, sir. I shouldn't say anything only you're of course so intimate, and such a friend."

"I had heard nothing! I had no idea! Perhaps you are mistaken. Mrs. Frost has merely gone on a visit—for a time. It *can't* be!"

"Well, sir, I'm afraid you'll find it is true. As for our knowing it, why, we couldn't help ourselves. The next-door neighbours might have known it—very likely they do." (The speaker had already discussed the affair in its minutest details with half the servants in the neighbourhood.) "And I'm glad you've chanced to come up to-night, sir, for master's in a awful state—indeed, I thought that was what you come for."

Mr. Lovegrove was in consternation.

"Do you think I had better try to see him?" he asked, doubtfully.

The very fact of his asking the servant's opinion would have sufficed to prove to any one who knew Mr. Lovegrove the extraordinary perturbation of his spirit.

"I think you had, sir. Some one ought to see him. He's shut hisself up in his study since six o'clock, and wouldn't take food, nor do nothing. Half an hour ago he opened his door and called to us that we might go to bed, and shut up the house as soon as we liked. We weren't to go near him again. He wanted nothing."

"I will go in," said Mr. Lovegrove. I don't want you. I know my way."

The door of the little room behind the dining-room, which Mr. Frost occupied as his study, was shut. Mr. Lovegrove approached it and paused, hesitating whether or not he should knock for admission. But after a moment, he turned the handle and went in.

Frost was sitting at a table with writing materials upon it. A tumbler with some brandy in it stood by his right hand. On the other side was placed a polished wooden box of peculiar shape. Before him lay two or three sheets of letter-paper closely covered with writing. At the opening of the door he looked up quietly, and tossed some papers over the box that stood on the table. He had expected to see the servant merely. When he recognised Lovegrove, his face changed, and he looked at him fixedly. Lovegrove had no need to ask a question. The haggard countenance that

met his eyes, with the light of the lamp falling full on it, was confirmation stronger than words that the servant had not exaggerated the state of matters.

"Frost!" he said, and held out his hand.

The other did not take it. "So you have heard!" he said, hoarsely.

"Only this instant! I was more overwhelmed—more amazed than I can say. I—I had some hope that the man—your servant—had misstated in some way. But I fear—— My dear Frost, I feel for you if ever one man felt for another. I do, upon my soul."

"Why did you come here then?" asked Mr. Frost, in the same hoarse voice.

"I came—no matter now for the business that brought me here. I cannot harass you with it now. But, Frost, you must not break down in this way! For all sakes you must take courage!"

"Break down!" echoed Frost, in precisely the same tone and manner as before, "no; I have not broken down."

"This," said Lovegrove, pointing to the brandy, "is a bad comforter, and a worse counsellor. You should take food; and perhaps a glass of sherry when you have eaten. God bless my soul, I—I—feel like a man in a dreadful dream! When did it happen? I mean when did—did she——"

"She went away this afternoon. She was gone when I came home from the office. She took her maid, and her jewels, and her clothes. She was very fond of her clothes. They were the only objects that ever touched her affections." Sidney Frost laughed a short laugh as he said the last words: a laugh that made the man opposite to him shiver.

"For Heaven's sake, man, don't—don't laugh! If that hideous sound can be termed a laugh. Then she—Mrs. Frost—did she go *alone?*"

"I tell you she was accompanied by all that she loved in the world! But you mean, did she elope? Did she leave me for a lover? Did she disgrace herself? Oh no! Not so. I would have you to understand that Mrs. Frost is a woman of spotless virtue—spotless, spotless virtue! She only breaks her husband's heart; but in nowise tarnishes his honour."

And again the horrible laugh sounded through the room.

"Here is her letter. She left a letter. That was very considerate, was it not? Would you like to read it?"

Frost tossed a letter across the table to his partner, and then, leaning his elbows on the table, buried his face in his hands. Mr. Lovegrove read the letter slowly and attentively. When he had finished it, he threw it down with an expression of disgust, and an oath rose to his lips.

"By G——! such heartlessness is incredible!"

Georgina Frost had left her home as her husband had said, taking with her her jewels and the greater part of her costly wardrobe. She wrote that her life had long been intolerable to her; that her husband was either a ruined man, or was growing rapidly to a pitch of parsimony which threatened to become a monomania.

In the first case he would be relieved by her absence; in the second, she must decline to make herself a victim to his avarice and his temper. She was going to her mother and her widowed sister, who resided abroad. They would willingly receive her. Her mother's property would eventually be hers, and she had no scruple in accepting a home with her parent. If brighter days should come, they might meet again. But Sidney must be aware that his conduct and temper during the past three months had been such as to alienate her affection to a great extent. Indeed, there were moments when she had feared personal violence. He would scarcely be surprised—if indeed he were at all surprised—at the step she had taken. And she remained his affectionate and unhappy wife.

"Frost," said Mr. Lovegrove, laying his hand on the forsaken husband's arm, "you said something about a broken heart. You are not going to break your heart for a woman who could write such a letter as that!"

Mr. Frost looked up at him with a ghastly face. His features writhed and worked convulsively, but no tears fell from his hot eyes.

"What is the use of your talking?" he gasped out. "You did not love her. She was not your wife, your life, your idol. All these years that she lay in my bosom I loved her more and more day by day. I had not a thought, or a hope, or a wish that did not tend to her pleasure, and comfort, and happiness. I knew she did not love me as I loved her. How could she? How could any woman have the strength to love as I loved her? But I thought she had some gleam of kindness for me—some human pity! Not break my heart! It *is* broken, and crushed, and dead. The light has gone out of my life."

"Sidney Frost!" exclaimed Lovegrove, suddenly springing up and laying his hand on the wooden box, the significance of which had at that moment flashed on his mind for the first time, "I thank Almighty God that I came here to-night to save you from an awful crime. Give me the pistol-case. I will have it. I am not afraid of you. Sit down. Sit down, and sit still, and listen to me!"

After a brief and unavailing struggle—for his strength was worn out, and he was, although a powerfully-built man, no match just then for the other's cool, determined energy—Frost obeyed. He sank back into his chair, and a great burst of tears came to relieve his overcharged brain. Then Lovegrove talked to him gently and firmly. Mr. Lovegrove was not a man of commanding intellect; and he used many arguments at which Sidney had been accustomed to scoff, less from conviction, than a careless, irreverent tone of mind to which cynicism appeared a short and easy method of cutting sundry Gordian knots that could not be unravelled. But Lovegrove possessed the enormous advantages of thoroughly believing what he said, and of speaking with a heartfelt interest in the man he addressed. Gradually Frost grew calmer. He said nothing, but he listened at least with patience: and once he put out his hand, with his face turned away, and pressed the other man's for a moment.

"You—you do not know all," he faltered at length, when Lovegrove paused.

"Confide in me, Frost, I beseech you! We have known each other many years. We have always been friends, have we not? Confide in me fully. You will not repent doing so."

"I had written to you—a farewell letter—a letter of explanation. I had thought it would meet no human eye until I should be out of reach of—— Well, I had made a clean breast of it. You may see it, if you will. It matters little. I am past caring for anything, I think. But I have a dull, dim sense of your goodness, Lovegrove. I think you are a good fellow."

Poor Mr. Lovegrove had little conception of the revelations that awaited him. His first act was to ring for the servant. He stood at the door of the room to prevent the man from entering it. When the servant appeared he bade him bring a tray with food: cold meat, or whatever could be had, he said, and a little wine and bread. This tray when it was brought, he received at the door, and set before his partner with his own hands. Then he shut the door, and standing over Frost commanded him peremptorily to eat. Having seen the latter reluctantly swallow one or two mouthfuls, Mr. Lovegrove sat down with the pistol-case under his elbow, to peruse the closely-written sheets of his partner's confession. More than once, during the perusal, Mr. Lovegrove wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and breathed hard, like a man undergoing severe bodily exertion. But he read on, with a steady, silent perseverance, little less than heroic. Frost had, indeed, as he had said, made a clean breast of it.

The reader is already acquainted with the main points of the confession. He acknowledged his fraud in depriving Hugh Lockwood of his rightful inheritance during so many years, merely suppressing—with a lingering trait of the generous honour he had once possessed, and which he had forfeited for the wife who had deserted him—Zillah's part in the deception of her husband and her son. Then came a record of disastrous speculations, recklessly entered into, in the spirit of an unsuccessful gambler, who throws one stake to bring back another, and with the object of supplying the extravagant expenditure of his household. Debts pressed on every side. Latterly, there had been the threat of disgrace and exposure should he fail to refund Hugh Lockwood's money. There had been a temporary gleam of hope when his attempt to borrow from Veronica had seemed crowned with success. The affairs of the wretched Parthenope Company had also, just at that time, flickered up into brightness. But a few hours had wrested this last hope from him. He received from Cesare a note, couched in the most courteous and almost affectionate terms, regretting much that the Principessa had been led by an impulse of sympathy (which Cesare begged to say he thoroughly shared) into promising that which it was out of their power to perform. Their expenses had been very heavy. And Mr. Frost was aware that the fortune inherited by Sir John Gale's widow represented only a comparatively small portion of the late baronet's wealth. In brief, Prince Cesare was deeply afflicted, but he could not lend Mr. Frost a guinea; and he trusted with all his heart that the latter would speedily tide over his embarrassments.

After getting this note, Frost confessed that he had almost despaired. There was but one motive left to induce him to

struggle on—Georgina. He reached his home, and found that she had fled from the falling house. Her letter, proving beyond all possibility of self-delusion that her heart was entirely hardened against him, had broken down the last remnant of his courage, and he had resolved, to die by his own hand. Mr. Lovegrove thought long and anxiously as to the course it behoved him to follow; and at length, after a conversation which lasted far into the night, he made the following propositions to Mr. Frost. First, that the latter should retire from the partnership, giving up his share of the business to Augustus, who was now qualified to take it. For this concession, Mr. Lovegrove would undertake at once to settle Hugh Lockwood's claim, and to make such other advances as might be agreed on hereafter. Secondly, Frost was to give his word that he would, as soon as his retirement from the firm of Frost and Lovegrove should be announced, call a meeting of his creditors, and lay his affairs candidly before them. If a composition were found to be impracticable, he must then become a bankrupt; but in an open and upright manner, giving up whatsoever property he had without reserve.

Thus the disgrace of having the name of one of its members in the gazette would be averted from the firm, which point weighed a good deal with Mr. Lovegrove. Finally, Mr. Lovegrove would undertake to assist his former partner in any way that might seem on due consideration to be advisable, and within the limits of what he (Lovegrove) considered compatible with justice to his own family. All this Mr. Lovegrove set forth at length, and with a clearness of statement which, even in that depth of misery and despair in which he found himself, impressed Frost with a conviction that he had hitherto a little under-estimated his partner's powers of mind.

"I am not in the least a sentimental man, you know, Frost," said Mr. Lovegrove; "and I do not pretend that in proposing these arrangements I am not, as far as is fair and practicable, consulting my own interests."

Nevertheless, the fact was that the junior partner was willing to make more than one sacrifice for the senior, and to treat him with generosity. But Mr. Lovegrove would have been much angered had he been taxed with any such weakness as a tender desire to spare Sidney Frost's feelings at the expense of solid advantage to himself. Frost was broken down in mind and body. He had no will to oppose to that of his friend. And he knew in his heart that the other man was using his position with forbearing kindness. He agreed to all.

Mr. Lovegrove deemed it his duty to admonish Mr. Frost once more with some sternness on the fatal intention he entertained.

"Suicide," said he, "is not only criminal, but cowardly. A man of your sort has better things to do than to die like a dog, because he finds life hard."

He extorted from Frost a solemn promise that he would make no further attempt on his own life. And he did not leave him until he had seen him prepared for his night's rest.

"I think he will sleep," thought Mr. Lovegrove. "Nature is wearied out. And I believe there is no further fear of—*that!*"

Nevertheless, before quitting the house, Mr. Lovegrove took the precaution of plunging the loaded pistols into a basin of water, and then locking them up in the case damp and dripping as they were.

MASQUERADING IN CUBA.

It is the twenty-eighth of December, and the thermometer stands at ninety-two in the shade. I rise with the garza grulla—my bird chronometer—a wonderful creature of the crane species, with a yard of neck, and two-feet-six of legs. Every morning at six of the clock precisely, my grulla awakens me by half-a-dozen gurgling and metallic shrieks, in a tone loud enough to be heard by his Excellency the Governor, who is a sound sleeper, and lives in a big palace half a league from my abode. I descend from my Indian grass hammock, and don a suit of the flimsiest cashmere, in compliment to the winter month, and because there is still a taste of night air in the early morning. I have to manufacture my own café noir to-day, for my servants—a stalwart Ethiope and a youthful mulatto—are both abroad, and will not return for the next three days. It is a fiesta and Friday. To-morrow is la ñapa, or day of grace "thrown in" to the holiday-makers, to enable them to recruit their exhausted frames, which they do by repeating the pleasurable excitement of the previous day. Then comes Sunday, another fiesta, which, in most foreign climes, is another word for day of restlessness.

The leading characteristics in a Cuban

carnival are the street comparsas, or companies of masqueraders—mamarrachos as they are called in the creole vernacular—and the masked balls. Here you have a comparsa comprised of pure Africans; though you wouldn't believe it, for their flat-nosed faces are illumined by a coat of light flesh colour, and their woolly heads are dyed a blazing crimson. The males have also assumed female attire, though their better halves have not returned the compliment. Here is another and a better comparsa, of mulattoes, with cheeks of flaming vermilion, wigs of yellow tow, and false beards. Their everyday apparel is worn reversed, and the visible lining is embellished with tinsel, paint, and ribbons. They are preceded by a band of music; a big drum, hand tambours, basket rattles, conch shells, and a nutmeg-grater. The members of this goodly company dance and sing as they pass rapidly along the streets, occasionally halting in their career to serenade a friend. Now, they pause before a cottage, at the door of which is a group of mulaticas francesas, or French mulatto girls. The maskers salute them in falsetto voices, and address them by their Christian names as a guarantee of their acquaintanceship. The girls try hard to recognise the disfigured faces of their visitors. At last:

"Holá! Musyer Fransoir, je vous conóse!" cries a yellow divinity in creole French.

"Venici! Monte!" calls another; at which invitation, Musyer Fransoir, who has stood confessed, ascends the narrow side steps which give entrance to the cottage and vanishes through a diminutive door. He appears again, hatless, and beckons his companions, who follow his lead with alacrity. Soon, a hollow drumming, rattling, and grating, is heard, varied by the occasional twang of an exceedingly light guitar making vain efforts to promote harmony. A shuffling of slippered feet, and voices singing, signify that a dance is pending. Everybody—meaning myself and my neighbours — moves towards the scene. Everybody passes up the perilous steps, and endeavours to squeeze into the spare apartment. A few succeed in establishing a permanent footing in the room, and the rest stand at the doorway and window, or burst through the chamber by a back door into an open yard. In carnival time, everybody's house is everybody else's castle.

There is a perfect Babel at the French criolla's. Some are endeavouring to dance with little more terra firma to gyrate upon than "La Nena" had on her foot square of table. Others are beating time on tables, trays, and tin pots. Somebody has brought a dismal accordion, but he is so jammed up in a corner by the dancers, that more wind is jerked out of him than he can possibly jerk out of his instrument. The man with the faint guitar is no better off. Every now and then a verse of dismal song is pronounced by one of the dancers.

There is a pause—an interval of ten minutes or so for refreshments. English bottled ale at two shillings the bottle is dispensed, together with intensely black coffee, which leaves a gold-brown stain on the cup in proof of its genuineness; and this is followed by the indispensable nip of the native brandy called aguardiente. Stumps of damp cigars are abandoned for fresh ones, and the air is redolent of smoke, beer, and brown perspiration. If you remain long in this atmosphere, which reminds you of a combination of a London cook-shop and a museum of stuffed birds and mummies, you will become impregnated by it, and then not all the perfumes of Araby will eradicate it from your system.

I need not go far to witness the street sights in carnival time. Many of them I can enjoy from my position on my balcony. "Enter" the shade of an Othello in false whiskers. He is attired in a red shirt, top boots, and a glazed cap. In his mouth is a clay pipe; in his hand a black bottle: both products of Great Britain. He is followed by a brother black, in the disguise of a gentleman, with enormous shirt collars and heavy spectacles. In his arms rests a colossal volume, upon which his attention is riveted, and against the brim of his napless hat is stuck a lighted taper. He stumbles along with uneven step, and occasionally pauses for the purpose of giving tongue to his profound cogitations. The crowd jeer him as he passes, but he is unmoved, and the expression of his copper-coloured countenance is ever grave and unchangeable. His eyes—or more correctly speaking, his spectacles — never wander from the mystic page, save when he trims his taper of brown wax, or exchanges it for another and a longer. One cannot help remarking how on all occasions the "oppressed" negro preserves his natural gravity. Whether it be his pleasure or his pain, he takes it stoically, without any observable alteration in his sombre physiognomy. How do you reconcile the singular anomaly of a nigger

with his face painted black? Here is one, whose face and bare arms are besmeared with soot and ink. His thick lips start out in bright scarlet relief, his eyebrows are painted white, and his spare garments (quite filthy enough before) are bedaubed with tar and treacle. This piece of grimy humanity is worthy of note as showing that the despised nigger is really not so black as he is painted; if the truth were known, perhaps, the man himself has adopted this disguise with a view to prove to the meditative world that there may yet be another, and a blacker, population!

It is not wise to be too contemplative and to stay at home on a carnival day in Cuba. All the world recognises you in the character of a moralising recluse, and all the carnival world will surely make you its victim. As I sit, despising these frivolities, as I call them, a great comparsa of whites, the genuine article, comes rushing along in my direction. Out of the carnival season, the dramatis personæ of this comparsa are respectable members of society in white drill suits, and Spanish leather boots. To-day they are disreputable-looking and unrecognisable. Their faces are painted black, red, and mulatto-colour. Their disguise is of the simplest, and withal most conspicuous nature, consisting of a man's hat and a woman's chemise; low-necked, short-sleeved, and reaching to the ground. They dance, they sing, and jingle rattles and other toys, and are followed by a band of music of the legitimate kind. In it are violins, a double-bass, a clarionette, a French horn, a bassoon, a brace of tambours, and the indispensable nutmeg-grater, performed upon with a piece of wire exactly as the actual grater is by the nutmeg. The musicians, who are all respectably dressed blacks, hired for the occasion, play the everlasting Danza Cubana. This is Cuba's national dance, impossible to be described as it is impossible to be correctly played by those who have never heard it as executed by the native. In a country where carnivals are objected to by the police, I have heard but one pianoforte player who, in his very excellent imitation of the quaint music of La Danza, has in the least reminded me of the original with its peculiar hopping staccato bass and running and waltzing treble; but he had long been a resident in the "Pearl of the Antilles."

The comparsa just described has halted before my balcony; as I guessed it would from the fact that its members were white people and possibly friends. Oh, why did I not accept José Joaquin's invitation last evening to make one of a comparsa of wax giantesses! Here they come straight into my very balcony with their "Holá Don Gualterio. No me conóces?" in falsetto voices. Do I know you? How should I in that ungentlemanly make-up? Let me see. Yes, Frasquito it is, by all that's grimy! What! and Tunicú, too, and Bemba? I feel like Bottom the weaver when he summoned his sprites. Que hay amigos? By this time my amigos have taken unlawful possession of my innermost apartments. It's of no use to expostulate. I must bottle up my indignation and uncork my pale ale. I do the latter by producing all my English supply of that beverage; but it proves insufficient. The thirst of my burglarious intruders is not easily sated. The cry is still: Cerveza! Convinced that I have exhausted all my beer, they are content to fall back upon aguardiente; which very plebeian liquor, to judge from their alcoholic breath, my guests have been falling back upon in a variety of ways ever since the morning!

Musica! Vamos á bailar! The chemised cavaliers propose a dance. Musica! The musica strikes up with a deafening echo under my spacious roof. At the inspiring tones of La Danza, a dozen spectators from the pavement, consisting chiefly of mulatto girls and white neighbours, invite themselves in. Here's a pretty thing! An extemporised public masked ball in my private dwelling in the middle of the day! If this were Cornwall-road, Bayswater, I'd have every one of them prosecuted for trespass. Music—a! Aguardiente! They combine singing with dancing, and mix these with cigar smoking and aguardiente drinking. To save my credit, the genuine white brandy I provide is diluted to ten degrees of strength, and costs only two dollars and a quarter the garafon! I find myself suddenly whirled round by one of my uninvited visitors. I would not have selected such a partner, but I have no choice. Smoke is said to be a disinfectant; so I smoke as I dance. For the closeness of the atmosphere, and the muskiness of mulatto girls, are not congenial to one's olfactory and respiratory organs. At last the final drop of aguardiente is drained, the music ceases, and my friends, and my friends' friends, and the strangers that were without my gate, take their not unwelcome departure.

This has been a warning, which, as I live, I'll profit by. I extemporise and

assume a home-made disguise. A strange sensation of guilt, of going to do something wrong, comes over me and makes me quake from the top of my extemporised turban to the sole of my sandal slippers. Whither shall I wander, forlorn pantomimist that I am? I loiter about the least frequented neighbourhoods, until the shades of eve—which in this climate come with a rush—have fallen, and then I mix fearlessly with the throng, among whom I am but as a drop in a Black Sea. In my peregrinations I meet a company of negro masqueraders, who, without the least ceremony, are entering the private dwelling of an opulent don. The illustrious family are tranquilly seated in the elegant sala; but what care their visitors? It is carnival time and they, serfs of that same house, are licensed to bring themselves and their friends. They bear between them a painted screen, which they unfold and plant in the middle of the saloon. It forms a theatrical proscenium on a small scale. An orchestra of tambours, tin-trays, and nutmeg-grating güiros opens the performances, and then the actors proceed to saw the air. They perform this operation in turn, by reason of the limited proportions of their stage; and one very tall negro, who appears to have been altogether omitted in the carpenter's calculations, has to speak his speech behind the top drop. He speaks it trippingly too; for in the middle of a most exciting monologue, he upsets the whole paraphernalia and himself into the bargain. The entertainment, including refreshments, has lasted some fifteen minutes, when the itinerant troupe (who derive no benefit from their labours save what honour and self-enjoyment yield) pick up their portable proscenium and walk away.

By far the gayest region of the city during a carnival is the Plaza de Armas, a spacious square, with wide promenades, gardens, and trees, in a railed enclosure. Here are the governor's house, the residences of Cuban Belgravia, the cafés, and the cathedral. Myriads of masqueraders, in every variety of motley and domino, congregate in the plaza after their day's perambulations, and dance, sing, or bewitch each other with their disguises. There is a party of masqued and dominoed ladies: genuine whites all; you can tell it by the shape of their gloveless hands and the transparent pink of their finger nails; endeavouring to hoax a couple of swains in false noses and green spectacles, both of whom have been already recognised. The perplexed youths try their hardest to discover their fair interlocutors by peeping at their profiles through their wire masks, but in vain. At the next quiet tertulia these same ladies will have rare fun with their puzzled victims of the night of the masquerade. Within earshot of where I am standing are a small crew of ancient mariners, Britons every one of them; unless they happen to be Americans from Boston: it does not matter which to a Cuban. They belong to the good ship Mary Barker, lately arrived from Halifax, in quest of Cuban copper. Jack has come ashore to-night to see the sights and collect material for a new yarn, which he will deliver at his native fireside one of these odd days. Some masker has approached the group, and has brought them the astounding information that he—the unknown—belongs to the Mary Barker. Jack turns to his messmates with a bewildered air. Then, addressing the masker, "What, Joe?" says he at a venture.

"No, not Joe," says the man behind the mask. "Try again."

"Shiver my timbers!" exclaims Jack, "I give it up. Here, Tom," says he to a shipmate of that name, "you're good at conhumdrums; just step for'ard and tell this here lubber who he is."

Tom tries and fails, but arrives at the possible conclusion that it is "some o' them 'ere Cubeyans a-making game on us."

Refreshment stalls stand at intervals along the pavement of the plaza. Each table has a white tablecloth, and is dimly illumined by candles sheltered from the wind by enormous stand-shades of glass, or lamps of portable gas. Leather-bottomed chairs are placed invitingly around, and charcoal braziers for warming drinks keep their respectful distances. Egg-flip, bottled ale, café noir, and a kind of soupe à la Julienne, called by the natives aijaco, are dispensed by negress vendors, who charge double for everything, and drive a roaring trade. Approaching one of the tables I call for a plate of aijaco, and am perfectly understood by the dark divinity who places before me a pot-pourri of yams, green bananas, cut pumpkins, aguacates, chicken, and broth of the same. I do full justice to this rich and substantial repast, and, by way of dessert, conclude with a very small cup of properly made café noir and a genuine Yara. I then betake myself to the nearest coffee-house. After black coffee, cometh what is popularly termed plus-café, and this being an unlicensed spirit cannot be had in the street. The coffee-saloon is well patronised, and the air of carnival is

here very strong. Everybody and everything seem to follow the masquerade lead, the very furniture forming no exception to the rule: for the gas chandeliers are encased in fancy papers, the walls and pictures are adorned by tropical leaves and evergreens, the chairs are transformed into shapes of seated humanity, the marble slabs of the little round tables are partially disguised in robes of glass and crystal. As for the white-jacketed proprietor and his myrmidons, including Rubio, the mixer of liquors, behind the counter, they all wear smiles or holiday faces, while they carefully conceal their natural sleepiness.

Mozo! Garçon! Una copita con cognac! The waiter hears, but does not obey, having already too many copitas on his mind. "Allá voy, señor!" he, however, says; and as it is some consolation to know that he will come eventually, I forgive his procrastination, and bide my time. Meanwhile, I watch a group of maskers who surround a guitar-playing improvisatore, who assures his audience in song that he is expiring because of the faithlessness of his mulatto, who has rejected his advances with ridicule. In an opposite corner are a pair of moralising Davids gravely descanting upon the frailty of woman to the accompaniment of a windy accordion and a nutmeg-grater, something after this fashion:

> Women there are in this world, we see,
> Whose tongues are long enough for three;
> They bear their neighbours' skins about,
> And twist and turn them inside out.
> Pallejo ajeno! lo viran all reves.

This is the whole song, and nothing but the song; for negro melodies, of which the above is a specimen, are essentially epigrammatic.

A rush is made to the big barred windows and open doors of the café. An important comparsa of Congo negroes of both sexes is passing in procession along the street. They have just been paying their respects to no less a personage than his Excellency the Governor of Santiago: in the long reception-room of whose palace, and in whose august presence they have dared to dance! The troupe is headed by a brace of blacks, who carry banners with passing strange devices, and a dancing mace-bearer. These are followed by a battalion of colonels, generals, and field-marshals, in gold-braided coats and gilded cocked-hats. Each wears a broad sash of coloured silk, a sword and enormous spurs. These are not ordinary masqueraders be it known, but grave subjects of his sombre majesty King Congo, the oldest and blackest of all the blacks: the lawfully appointed sovereign of the coloured community. It seems to form part of the drilling of his majesty's military to march with a tumble-down, pick-me-up step, for as each member of the corps moves he is for ever losing his balance and finding his equilibrium; but whether on the present occasion this remarkable step proceeds from loyalty or liquor I cannot say. In the rear of his Congo Majesty's officers are a crowd of copper-coloured amazons, in pink muslins trimmed with flowers and tinsel, who march trippingly in files of four, at well-measured distances, and form a connecting link with each other by means of their pocket-handkerchiefs held by the extreme corners. Each damsel carries a lighted taper of brown wax, and a tin rattle, which she jingles as she moves. The whole procession terminates in a military band, composed of musicians whose hard work and little pay are exhibited in their uniforms, which are confined to buttonless shirts and brief unmentionables. Their instruments are a big drum, hand tambours, huge cone-shaped basket rattles, a bent bamboo harp with a solitary string, and the indispensable güiro or nutmeg-grater. There is harmony in this outline of an orchestra, let him laugh who may. No actual tune is there, but you have all the lights and shadows—the skeleton, so to speak—of a tune, and if your imagination be musical, that will suffice to supply the melody. The peculiar measure adopted in negro drum-music, and imitated in La Danza and in church chiming, has an origin which those who have a taste for natural history will do well to make a note of. There is an insect—I forget the name, but you may hear it any fine night in the wilds of a tropical country—that gives out a continuous croak, which exactly corresponds with this measure.

Al fin y al cabo, I have taken my plus-café; and now that it is very early morning, I take the nearest way to my virtuous home. On my way thither, I pause before the saloons of the Philharmonic, where a grand bal-masqué of genuine, and doubtful, whites is being held. From my position on the pavement, I can see perfectly well into the salon de bal, so I will not evade the doorkeeper, as others do, by introducing myself in disguise as somebody else. I observe that the proceedings within have already begun to grow warm.

There is no lack of partners in carnival time, as everybody, save the black musicians, is dancing the everlasting contra-danza. Some of the excited toe-trippers have abandoned their masks. One of these, an olive-complexioned señorita, wears a tell-tale patch of blue paint on her left cheek: condemning testimony that at some period of the evening she danced with that mamarracho whose face is painted like an Indian chief! In a dark corner of the billiard-room, where two gentlemen attired in the garb of Philip the Second are playing carambola against a couple of travestied Charles the Fifths, are seated a snug couple —lover and mistress to all appearance. The dominoed lady is extremely bashful, her replies are brief, and all but inaudible. The fond youth has proposed a saunter into the refreshing night air, where a moon, bright enough to read the smallest print by, is shining. His proposal is acceded to. His heart is glad now; but what will his feelings be when he discovers that the beloved object is a bearded brute like himself! The orchestra is playing one of Lina Boza's last danzas. Lina Boza is a negro composer and clarionette player of great renown in Cuba, and this particular danza is one of the pegajosa or "irresistible" kind. You have heard it played all over the town to-day, and to-morrow you will hear it sung with a couple of doggerel rhymes in creole Spanish, which fit into the music so well as to "appear to be the echoes of the *melody*." The way in which Lina helps the dancers in their favourite gyrations by his inimitable and ever-varied performance on the clarionette, should be a warning to protecting mammas! The step of La Danza is difficult for an amateur to conquer, but when once it is achieved, and you are fortunate enough to secure a graceful partner, the result is highly satisfactory. I am almost tempted to trespass upon the early hours of the morning for the sake of the music of La Danza and those open-air refreshment stalls where everything looks hot and inviting. The night breeze is, moreover, cool and exhilarating, and, after all, it is not later than nine P.M.—in Europe. I lead on, nevertheless, in the direction of the Heights of El Tivoli, where I reside; stopping not in my upward career, save to pay a flying visit at a ball of mulattoes. A crowd of uninvited are gazing, like myself, between the bars of the huge windows; for the ball is conducted upon exclusive principles, and is accessible only with tickets of admission. Two policias, armed with revolvers and short Roman swords, are stationed at the entrance-door, and this looks very much like the precursor of a row. Mulatto balls generally do end in some unlooked-for compromisa, and it would not surprise me if this particular ball were to terminate in something sensational.

I am home, and am myself again, ruminating upon the events of the day and night, and I arrive at the conclusion that the despised and oppressed negro is not so ill off as he is made out to be, especially in carnival time. As I enter, my grulla thinks it must be six o'clock, and essays to shriek that hour, as is her custom: but I startle her in the middle of her fourth chime, and she stops at half-past three. Then I climb into my aërial couch, in whose embrace I presently invoke that of the grim masker, Morpheus!

HAND-SHAKING.

Many people read character by the shape of the skull; almost everybody intuitively and instinctively reads it in the countenance; some affect to be able to discover it in the handwriting of persons whom they have never seen; while a few are of opinion that it may be ascertained by the manner in which a man shakes hands. Of all these modes of studying character that of physiognomy is the most to be depended upon. Nevertheless—as an aid to, and not a substitute for, physiognomy—there is much to be said for hand-shaking, as a means of deciding whether he or she who offers or accepts this act of friendly courtesy, is cold or warm-hearted, indifferent or cordial, sincere or hypocritical, or whether he is really glad to interchange courtesies with you, or only pretends to be so.

How did people first get into the habit of shaking hands? The answer is not far to seek. In early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own lawgiver, judge, soldier, and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, two friends or acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each to the other the right hand—the hand alike of offence and defence, the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon

of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well stab another while he is engaged in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he be a double-dyed traitor and villain, and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left, while giving the right and pretending to be on good terms with his victim. The custom of hand-shaking prevails, more or less, among all civilised nations, and is the tacit avowal of friendship and goodwill, just as the kiss is of a warmer passion.

Ladies, as every one must have remarked, seldom or never shake hands with the cordiality of gentlemen; unless it be with each other. The reason is obvious. It is for them to receive homage, not to give it. They cannot be expected to show to persons of the other sex a warmth of greeting, which might be misinterpreted; unless such persons are very closely related to them by family, or affection; in which cases hand-shaking is not needed, and the lips do more agreeable duty.

Every man shakes hands according to his nature, whether it be timid or aggressive, proud or humble, courteous or churlish, vulgar or refined, sincere or hypocritical, enthusiastic or indifferent. The nicest refinements and idiosyncrasies of character may not perhaps be discoverable in this fashion, but the more salient points of temperament and individuality may doubtless be made clear to the understanding of most people by a better study of what I shall call the physiology or the philosophy of hand-shaking.

Some people are too "robustious" to be altogether pleasant. They take the offered hand with the grasp of a vice, and as if they had, with malice prepense, resolved to squeeze all the delicate little bones of your knuckles into pulp or mince meat. And while the tears of agony come into your eyes, and run down your cheeks, they smile at you benignantly, like gentle giants, unconscious of their strength, and of the tyranny with which they exercise it. Many of them are truly good fellows, and mean all the cordiality of which their awful squeeze is the manifestation. They would exert all the strength that goes to waste in such hand-shaking in rescuing you from danger, if you were in it, or in doing battle against your enemies, if you were assailed by superior numbers. Yet when such seemingly cordial good fellows manifest the same cordiality towards people whom they met for the first time yesterday, and towards those with whom they may have been intimate for a half or a quarter of a century, it is impossible to avoid a suspicion that they act from habit, rather than from the ebullition of heart. But of all the men to be avoided, he who squeezes your hand in this excruciating fashion, on a false pretence, is the worst. He dislocates your joints to convince you that he loves you very dearly, and as soon as you are out of sight forgets you, or thinks that you are no "great shakes" after all, or, worse still, abuses you behind your back to the next acquaintance whom he meets. Him, in his turn, he serves in the same manner, and gradually establishes for himself the character, which he well deserves, of being a snob and a humbug of a particularly offensive type.

Another, and even more odious kind of hand-shaker, is he who offers you his hand, but will not permit you to get fair hold of it; one of whom it has been sung:

> With finger tip he condescends
> To touch the fingers of his friends,
> As if he feared their palms might brand
> Some moral stigma on his hand.

To be treated with the cool contempt, or supercilious scorn which such a mode of salutation implies, is worse than not to be saluted at all. Better a foeman, with whom you feel on terms of equality, than an acquaintance—he cannot be called a friend—who looks down upon you as if he were a superior being, and will not admit your social equality without a drawback and a discount. It sometimes happens, however, that this result is due to the diffidence of the shakee rather than to the pride of the shaker. If a timid man will not hold his hand out far enough to enable another to grasp it fairly, it is his own fault, and betrays a weakness in his own character, and not a defect in that of him who would be friendly with him.

Another hand-shaker whose method is intolerable, and with whom it is next to impossible to remain on friendly terms, is the one who offers you one finger instead of the tips of the whole five, as much as to say, I am either too pre-occupied in myself, or think too little of you, to give you my whole hand. With such a man the interchange of any but the barest and scantiest courtesy is rendered difficult by any one who has a particle of self-respect.

To present the left hand for the purpose of a friendly greeting is a piece of discourtesy — sometimes intentional on the

part of superiors in rank to their inferiors, and an act that no true gentleman will commit. There is no reason why it should be considered more discourteous than it would be to kiss the left cheek instead of the right; but, doubtless, the custom that makes the right hand imperative in all sincere salutation dates from those early times when hand-shaking first began; and the hand that shook or was shaken in friendship was of necessity weaponless. The poor left hand that one would think ought to be of as much value and strength as the right, just as the left foot or leg is as strong as the right foot or leg, because they are both used equally, has fallen into disrepute, as well as into comparative disuse, until it has become an accepted phrase to say of any proceeding that is inauspicious, artful, sly, or secretly malicious, that it is "sinister"—that is, left-handed.

To shake hands without removing the glove is an act of discourtesy, which, if unintentional and thoughtless, requires an apology for the hurry or inadvertence which led to it. This idea would also seem to be an occult remnant of the old notion that the glove might conceal a weapon. Hence true courtesy and friendship required that the hand should be naked as a proof of bonâ fides.

To refuse pointedly to shake hands with one who offers you the opportunity in a friendly manner amounts to a declaration of hostility. And after a quarrel—or act of open hostility—the acceptance of the hand offered is alike the sign and the ratification of peace.

The nations of continental Europe are scarcely so much addicted to hand-shaking as the English, while the English in this respect are far less demonstrative and apparently cordial than the Americans, who shake hands with one another from morning to night, if even the slightest excuse or opportunity arises. "Since my arrival in the United States," wrote the late Mr. Smith O'Brien, "I have been surrounded by crowds of well-wishers, whose greatest desire seemed to be to shake hands with me. In Ireland this practice does not prevail, but here it seems to be a universal custom." All travellers are equally struck with the undue prevalence of this custom, as they cannot fail to be after they have been a few days in the country. The stranger, if of any eminence or renown, is often introduced to forty or fifty people in a string, and to omit to shake hands with any one of them would be an act of disrespect. And even the Irish and German waiters at the great hotels expect you to shake hands with them, on your second arrival, if they happen to remember your face or name, or have received a gratuity at your hands for their previous services or attentions.

One of the greatest penalties attached to the by no means enviable office of president, is the stupendous amount of hand-shaking which that functionary has to undergo. The late good-natured President Lincoln was a serious sufferer, though it must be confessed that he often took his revenge and gave some too importunate hand-shakers such squeezes of his powerful grasp as made them remember him with pain for a few hours after the infliction of his cordiality. Both he and other occupants of his uneasy and thankless office have, on New Year's Day especially, and on many other occasions, to undergo an amount of hand-shaking, sufficient almost to wrench the arm off, or at least to make it ache for a fortnight afterwards. Five or six thousand people of all ranks and classes of men, from the polite European ambassadors and diplomatic agents at Washington, and the legislators, bankers, merchants, lawyers, newspaper editors and reporters, the military and naval officers, down to the common soldiers and sailors, and, lower still, down to the very roughs of the street, who are all admitted without the intervention of a Gold Stick or any other kind of stick, or a Black or a White Rod, or any kind of usher or introduction, and in any costume they please, even in that of the navvy with his heavy boots and his working jacket, or the sweep with the soot still on his face (though it must be admitted as a rule that the rowdies, the sweeps, and the navvies, put on their best clothes on such great occasions) pass through the reception hall, each of them expecting to shake hands with the chief magistrate.

I have nothing to say against hand-shaking. It is pleasant to touch the hand of an honest man or woman, and to be on such terms of acquaintanceship with either of these masterpieces of creation, as to justify you in the thought that you are their equal, and that a moral sympathy may flow from you to them, or from them to you. Even to grasp the paw of an honest and intelligent dog, who holds it up for you to shake, on being asked to do so, is something. For the dog, unlike some

men, would scorn to give his paw to one, in whose eye, and in whose face, he, by his fine instinct, in some respects the equal, if not the superior, of reason, discovered treachery or evil.

METEORS.

In a paper headed The Universe,* we put on record facts proving that the great whole (of which our solar system is but an infinitely small fraction) is one in material constitution. The spectral analysis of light has shown that the most distant visible heavenly bodies contain substances exactly the same as those which make up the solid crust of the earth. Thus, Aldebaran (the star marked 8 in the Bull) has soda, magnesia, hydrogen, lime, iron, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and mercury. Sirius, the Dog Star, likewise confesses to soda, magnesia, hydrogen, and probably iron; and not only the stars but many of the nebulæ have been made to avow their possession of similar, if not exactly identical elements.

In the Annuaire of the Bureau des Longitudes, for 1870, M. Delaunay confirms the theory of the unity of the constitution of the universe by a different set of facts and arguments which have all the charm of novelty. For ages, nobody knew what they meant; and we read his lucid explanation with the pleasure enjoyed in guessing a riddle which has long puzzled our brains, if we may compare the solution of a play on words with the satisfaction of obtaining the grandest views of nature. In the present "notice" he treats of what we may learn from the various kinds of meteors—a term which, in its Greek original, means merely something hanging aloft.

Spectral analysis has enabled us to study the material elements of the heavenly bodies; but this is not the only means we possess of discovering directly the secrets of the constitution of the universe. Certain phenomena, now to be examined, put it in our power to make a close inspection of a considerable number of bodies distributed in space. We can even handle some of these bodies, and analyse them by the various processes which our laboratories have at their command. The results have been valuable, from their verifying, directly and undeniably, the notions already derived from other sources respecting the condition and nature of the matter dispersed throughout celestial space.

* See All the Year Round, New Series, vol. ii., p. 10.

While gazing at the starry heavens, we often see a bright point dart rapidly across the constellations, and then disappear without leaving any trace. This is what we call a shooting star. Sometimes the brilliant point marks the line of its passage by leaving behind it a luminous train, which lasts a few instants, but vanishes soon afterwards. The path of the shooting star is usually rectilinear or straight, or rather it would coincide with the arc of a great circle traced on the celestial hemisphere. In a few cases, which are very rare, the path presents successive sinuosities, or takes a decided bend, making an angle, sometimes very large, with the direction it followed at the outset. In other words, the shooting star seems to travel in a serpentine course, or rapidly to change its direction, and even, in certain instances, it seems to go back again, returning towards its starting-point. Shooting stars constitute a special class of luminous meteors, which appear at all times and seasons. Not a night passes without several of them being observed. The frequency with which they show themselves, as we shall see by-and-bye, is more or less great, according to circumstances.

From time to time, but much less rarely, there occurs a phenomenon, the same in kind, but much greater in intensity. A luminous body of considerable and appreciable dimensions rapidly traverses the heavens, shedding a bright light in all directions. It resembles a ball of fire, whose apparent magnitude is often comparable to that of the moon. This body generally leaves behind it a very visible luminous train. Often, during or immediately after its appearance, an explosion takes place, and even occasionally several explosions, which are heard at different and widely distant places on the surface of the earth. Frequently, also, the explosion is accompanied by the bursting of the ball of fire into luminous fragments, which seem projected in different directions. This phenomenon constitutes what is called a meteor proper, or, by French naturalists, a bolide—a word we might well naturalise, as it is used in that sense by Pliny, and is derived from a Greek verb to throw, to shoot out. The phenomenon occurs by day as well as by night—only in the first case the light it emits is very much diminished by the light of the sun, and, in fact, is only perceptible when developed with considerable intensity.

On the other hand, on the earth's sur-

face we sometimes find solid bodies of a stony or metallic nature, which appear to have nothing in common with the soil on which they lie. From time immemorial the vulgar have attributed to these bodies an extra-terrestrial origin. They were believed to be stones fallen from the sky. They have been designated pierres de foudre, pierres de tonnerre, thunderbolts, because they were regarded as matter shot by lightning to the surface of the earth. Many of these pretended thunderbolts have been recognised to derive their origin from the soil itself in which they were found. Such are the ferrugineous pyrites, so commonly occurring in chalky strata. But, for a certain number of them, their extra-terrestrial origin has been indisputably ascertained. The name of aërolites (stones of the air) is given to them as a reminder that they fell to the earth from the depths of the atmosphere which envelopes our globe.

What relationship can possibly exist between shooting stars, bolides, and aërolites? A variety of opinions has been held on this subject. What strikes us most is the vagueness and indecision with which they have been offered, the slight actual knowledge possessed respecting the phenomena under consideration, and at the same time the incredulity with which philosophers have received the accounts furnished to them by the public.

First, as to their incredulity. In Kepler's Ephemerides, we read, "7—17 November, 1623.* A fiery meteor, or globe of fire, was seen throughout almost the whole of Germany, flying rapidly from the west to the east. It is affirmed that in Austria something like a clap of thunder was heard. Nevertheless, I do not believe it; for nothing of the kind is to be found in the accounts that we possess."

In the Memoirs of the Académie des Sciences for 1700, Lémery writes: "We cannot reasonably doubt that the matter of lightning and thunder is sulphur, set on fire and shot out with great velocity. As to the lightning-stones with which the vulgar will have it that the thunder is always accompanied, I take their existence to be very doubtful, and am even inclined to believe that there never have been any real ones. None of these stones are to be found on the spots that have been struck by lightning; and even if we had found one, we should sooner believe that it came from some mineral matter melted and formed by the burning sulphur of the thunder in the earth itself, than that the stone had been formed in the air or in the clouds, and shot out together with the thunder."

Next, as to the vagueness and indecision of their views. Halley several times directed his attention to meteors, and the causes by which they may be explained. In a note, published in 1714, in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 341, he relates the occurrence of two remarkable meteors, one of which was seen in Italy on the 21st of March, 1676, the other in England, in the neighbourhood of London, on the 31st of July, 1708. He demonstrates that, from the directions in which the latter meteor was seen at different places, its height above the earth may be estimated at from forty to fifty miles. Then he adds, "I have deeply reflected on these circumstances, and I consider them the most important facts that have come to my knowledge relating to the phenomenon of meteors. I am inclined to think that there must exist a certain quantity of matter in ethereal space formed by the fortuitous concourse of atoms, and that the earth meets it while travelling along her orbit, before it has acquired a great rate of speed in the direction of the sun." Here he "burned," as children say; he was within a step or two of what is now held to be the truth.

Some years afterwards, on the appearance of an extraordinary meteor, seen in England on the 19th of March, 1719 (whose height above the earth Halley reckoned at seventy-three miles), the great astronomer put forth a different explanation, to the effect that the matter constituting the meteor had emanated from the earth, through the effects of the preceding unusually hot summer. Sulphurous vapours, he thinks, have no need of air to sustain them, but mount by a sort of centrifugal force; they then form a train, like a train of gunpowder, and, when inflamed by spontaneous combustion, the fire runs along it from one end to the other. And that was the best explanation Halley could give of meteors and bolides.

Mussenbrock, in his Course of Experimental and Mathematical Physics (translated into French, 1769), in like manner attributes a terrestrial origin to the materials of which fire-balls consist. "All bodies," he says, "which form part of the universe, emit different emanations, which rise in the air, mingle with it, and are the matter and cause of meteors." And after-

* 7, Julian date; 17, Gregorian.

wards, "As these globes of fire spread, wherever they pass, an odour like that of burning sulphur, I can scarcely doubt that they are clouds principally composed of brimstone and other combustibles issuing from volcanos which have opened fresh mouths amongst the mountains, and have discharged large quantities of sulphurous vapours before they have caught fire."

The opinion of the learned in the second half of the eighteenth century respecting stones fallen from the sky, may be gathered from a report made to the Académie des Sciences, in 1769, by the celebrated chemist Lavoisier, in the name of a commission appointed to give an account of a phenomenon of the kind which had lately happened in France. First, he expresses his scepticism. "In spite of the notions accredited amongst the ancients, true philosophers have always regarded as very doubtful the existence of these thunderstorms. And if it was considered suspicious at a time when philosophers had scarcely any idea of the nature of thunder, it must appear still more so at the present day, now that it is known that the effects of lightning are the same as those of electricity."

He then proceeds to relate the facts. On the 13th of September, 1768, at about half-past four in the afternoon, there appeared in the direction of the Château de la Chevallerie, near Lucé, a little town in the Maine, a stormy cloud, inside which was heard a short, sharp thunder-clap, very like the firing of a cannon. Then, throughout the space of two leagues and a half, without any fire being perceptible, there was heard a considerable noise in the air which sounded so like the lowing of an ox that many people were deceived by it. Finally, several individuals who were doing harvest work in the parish of Périgué, about three leagues from Lucé, hearing the same noise, looked up, and saw an opaque body which described a curve and then fell on a strip of grass on the high road to Mans, near which they were working. They all ran up to it quickly and found a sort of stone, about the half of which was buried in the earth; but it was so burning hot that they could not handle it. Then they all took fright and ran away; but returning some time afterwards, they saw that it had not stirred, and found that it had cooled sufficiently to admit of a close examination. This stone weighed seven pounds and a half. It was triangular in shape; that is, it presented three rounded protuberances, one of which, at the moment of its fall, had entered the sod. All the part of it which was in the ground was grey or ash-coloured, while the rest, exposed to the air, was extremely black.

We have here all the circumstances of a meteor, with explosion, and the fall of a solid body to the earth, but without any luminous appearance, in consequence of its happening in broad daylight. Lavoisier, after mentioning the existence on its surface of a very thin coating of black, swollen matter which appeared to have been fused, came to the conclusion that the stone had not been exposed to a considerable degree of heat, nor for any length of time; in fact, it decomposed before it became red-hot: consequently, that it did not owe its origin to thunder, had not fallen from the sky, nor had been formed by mineral matters fused by lightning. The commission gave their opinion that the stone, which perhaps had been slightly covered with earth or turf, had been struck with lightning, and so laid bare; the heat had been sufficient to melt the surface of the portion struck, but had not lasted long enough to penetrate the interior, which was the reason why the stone was not decomposed. It is clear they were determined not to believe the evidence of the persons who saw it fall. The uncertainty respecting the nature and the cause of meteors is further shown in a letter addressed, in 1784, by Charles Blagden to Sir Joseph Banks, and published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London. His conclusion is that the sole known natural agent, to which the production of these phenomena can be attributed, is electricity.

Such was the state of opinion respecting meteors and stones fallen from the sky, when Chladni (whose portrait is given as the frontispiece to Tyndall's admirable treatise on Sound) published, in German, in 1794, Reflexions on the Origin of Divers Masses of Native Iron, and notably of that found by Pallas in Siberia. With wonderful acuteness he maintained the thesis that everything seemed to prove that these masses of iron are no other than the substance of bolides or globes of fire; for all that was known of those meteors proved they were formed of heavy and compact materials which could not be projected in the air in a solid shape by a terrestrial force, nor be composed of diverse substances disseminated in the atmosphere. Moreover, the lumps found where these bolides have fallen, bear so striking a resemblance not only amongst themselves but to those of

Siberia and elsewhere, that it suffices to make us adopt an opinion which is further confirmed by numerous proofs.

His reasoning respecting the origin of bolides reads almost like second sight. It is known, he urges, that our planet is composed of various elements—earthy, metallic, and others—amongst which iron is one of the most widely distributed. It is also conjectured that the other heavenly bodies are made of analogous materials, or even quite identical, although mingled and probably modified in very various ways. There ought likewise to exist in space much solid matter collected into small masses, without belonging to any of the heavenly bodies properly so called, and which, set in motion by projective or attractive forces, continues to advance until, arriving within the sphere of the earth's (or any other heavenly body's) influence, it falls upon it by the action of gravity. The motion of those masses of matter, extremely rapid in itself, being accelerated by the earth's attraction, causes such friction with the particles of the atmosphere as to heat them to incandescence, and make them throw off vapours and gaseous fluids, ending with the explosion of the mass.

It is a remarkable fact that aërolites are principally composed of iron. But, urges Chladni, if the above theory is correct, we must believe that other substances found in stones fallen from the sky—such as sulphur, silex, magnesia, &c.—are not peculiar to our globe, but are among the elements which enter into the composition of all the heavenly bodies. This opinion coincides, as near as may be, with the discoveries made by the spectral analysis of light. Shooting stars are also referred by Chladni to the same cause as meteoric fireballs or bolides, with which view philosophers of the present day do not exactly agree. What they do hold would occupy too much space to be included in this paper.

A lucky circumstance hastened the adoption of Chladni's ideas. News of the appearance of a magnificent meteor in the neighbourhood of L'Aigle (department of the Orme) having reached the Académie des Sciences, and some stones fallen from the sky on that occasion being submitted to it for examination, one of its members, the young Biot, was requested to proceed to the spot and ascertain all particulars respecting the meteor.

It appears that on Tuesday, 6 Floreal, year XI. (26th of April, 1803), about one in the afternoon, weather calm, there was seen from Caen, Pont-Audemer, and the environs of Alençon, Falaise, and Verneuil, a very brilliant ball of fire, which darted through the atmosphere with great rapidity. A few instants afterwards they heard in the town of L'Aigle and around it, throughout an area having a radius of more than thirty leagues, a violent explosion, which lasted five or six minutes. At first there were three or four shots like those of a cannon, followed by what resembled a discharge of musketry, after which there was a frightful rolling like that of drums. The air was calm and the sky serene, with the exception of a few clouds.

The noise proceeded from a small cloud, rectangular in shape, which appeared motionless during the whole duration of the phenomenon, except that the vapours composing it bulged out for a moment at different points, through the effects of the successive explosions. Its elevation in the air was very great; for the inhabitants of La Vassolerie and Boislaville, hamlets situated more than a league apart, beheld it simultaneously over their heads. Throughout the whole canton above which the cloud was hovering, they heard hissing noises, like those of a stone shot out by a sling, and at the same time they beheld the fall of a multitude of solid lumps, exactly similar to the bodies known by the name of meteoric stones.

If the meteor had burst at one single instant, the stones would have been scattered over a nearly circular area; but, in consequence of the successive explosions, they were strewed over a long strip of ground answering to the meteor's course. The largest found weighed eight kilos five grammes (about seventeen pounds); the smallest, which M. Biot brought away with him, not more than seven or eight grammes. The total number of stones which fell may be estimated at two or three thousand.

After this inquiry, it was no longer possible to entertain the slightest doubt as to the reality of stones falling from the atmosphere subsequent to the explosion of meteors or bolides. M. Delaunay has collected similar instances, wonderfully agreeing in their details, ranging from the year 1819 to 1868, inclusive; from which he deduces the consequence, that the fact of stones falling from the sky cannot be questioned. They are not darted by lightning, as the vulgar long believed, but they proceed from meteors or bolides, which suddenly appear in the atmosphere,

and usually fall after the explosion of the bolides. Those meteors, moreover, are occasioned by the rapid passage through our atmosphere of solid bodies existing in space, and which the earth encounters along her orbit.

Aërolites, touched immediately after their fall, are found to be burning hot. But they cool with very great rapidity; a proof that their high temperature was merely superficial, and had not penetrated their entire mass. As to their form, it is coarsely polyhedral, with irregular sides and edges. The flat portions of their surfaces often present hollows like those produced by pressing a round body, as a marble or an apple, on a layer of paste or dough. They are also covered with a thin, black crust, usually dull, but sometimes shining like a varnish.

The merely superficial heat of aërolites at the moment of their fall, and the thin, black crust which covers them, clearly demonstrate that they have been subjected, for a very short time, to intense heat, which has melted their outer shell without penetrating to any depth within. On breaking an aërolite and exposing one of its fragments to the flame of a blow-pipe, you produce on the surface of the fragment a crust exactly similar to that which covered the entire aërolite. Doubt on the subject is no longer possible. Besides which, the black crust is often wrinkled, owing to the rapid passage of the air over the melted surface.

And now, what is the cause of the intense but short-lived incandescence of bolides? Chladni, we have seen, thought it owing to the *friction* of the air; Benzenberg, in 1811, supposed it rather due to the *compression* of the air. M. Regnault, after experiments on gases flowing with great rapidity, made in 1854, came to the same conclusion, namely, that the temperature of bolides is solely owing to the heat disengaged by the compression of air. When a body moves through the atmosphere with a velocity greater than that of sound, the air's elasticity is neutralised, and compression takes place as if it were enclosed in a vessel. The violent heating of the bolide, during the short lapse of time occupied by its passage through the air, is the necessary consequence.

Showers of iron are much rarer, at least at the present epoch, than showers of stones. Meteoric iron presents itself in masses quite free from stony matter, and sometimes sufficiently pure to be forged immediately. It has even been employed in the fabrication of tools and weapons. Meteorites also contain many other materials of great terrestrial importance, such as oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon. They hence lay claim to a community of origin with the planets which revolve round the sun; which is confirmed by the recent discovery of numerous extremely small planets and the probable existence of others smaller still, which remain invisible in consequence of the trifling quantity of sunlight they reflect.

Of late years, great pains have been taken to form collections of stones fallen from the sky. We may specially cite those in the British Museum, in the Mineralogical Museum at Vienna, and in the Museum d'Histoire Naturelle, at Paris. The last contains specimens of two hundred and thirty-five falls, that is of nearly all; since the number of stone showers represented in collections does not exceed two hundred and fifty.

ALL SORTS.

THERE is held in the northern outskirts of the metropolis, every Friday afternoon, a market which is not recognised among the regular markets noticed in guide books and directories. It is a sort of interpolation, an irregularity, an unintended adjunct, an unexpected growth; and yet it is very useful notwithstanding. When London would no longer be tormented with Smithfield, the authorities built a new market out in the fields; and a first-rate market it is. Not that there are any fields near it now; the builders have taken good care to prevent that. The market was opened for trade, fourteen or fifteen years ago; and there has been plenty of bellowing and bleating in it ever since. Mondays and Fridays were at first adopted as market days; Thursday was then substituted for Friday; and there is nothing now for butchers, or salesmen, or graziers to do there on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, or Saturdays. A horse market used to be held once a week at Smithfield; and this, in like manner, has been transferred to the new establishment, where it is held on Fridays. Now, the growth, the adjunct, is in another part of the area, but held at the same time as the horse market. The space being thirty acres in extent, there is ample room for something besides horses. And so a singularly strange miscellaneous market has sprung up; a market which we

cannot better characterise than by the title given to this paper; for you can there purchase literally almost everything, all sorts and all sizes.

We might suppose that if there were twenty dealers selling the same kind of commodities at the same time in the same place, they would eat one another up by competition; but experience teaches otherwise. The truth is, that when many traders of one kind live near together, the workmen in search of employment know whither to go, the masters in search of workmen find an equal convenience, while buyers can be sure of being suited on account of the large variety to choose from. And so, when dealers in many kinds of commodities crowd into one spot, there is a well-founded supposition on their parts that customers will be attracted in large numbers, being able to make useful purchases of many things in a very short time at the cheapest prices. Look at the New Cut on a Saturday evening, or at Shoreditch, or at the west side of Tottenham Court-road and the Hampstead-road, or at Whitechapel High-street, or at Upper-street, Islington. The working men and their wives flock to these places, well knowing that their weekly earnings can be laid out there to the best advantage. And so it is with the dealers in all sorts, at the Friday market where Copenhagen House once stood.

As we have implied, the difficulty of deciding in this omnium gatherum is, not what it does comprise, but what it does not. We must not be sure that anything is "conspicuous by its absence," until we have ferreted out the collection from side to side, and from end to end. From living quadrupeds, down to tin-tacks; from cart-wheels, to children's socks; from pieces of floor-cloth, to baked potatoes; from old bedsteads, to old boots; from wheel-barrows, to envelopes; from saddles and harness, to sugar-stick and hardbake—here these articles all are.

Of course, quadrupeds are the chief subjects of consideration at a cattle-market, where live bullocks, cows, calves, sheep, lambs, and pigs, are assembled in their thousands for sale. But these, and the market days relating to them, are not under consideration. Friday is our day up Copenhagen way; and horses and donkeys are our quadrupeds. Oh, such horses! Once now and then we see a tight little cob, trotted out to show his paces; but mostly they are poor creatures, which have had a full share of this world's woes. Here, is a big white fellow, all bones and bumps, with tender red places where the once glossy coat has been worn off by rubbing, or disease, or ill usage. Here, is a dirty brown, blind of one eye, and with little sight in the other. Here, is a rickety black, so queer about the legs as to suggest a doubt whether the horse will carry home the buyer, or the buyer will carry home the horse. Then, the donkeys! The donkeys that won't go, that can't go, that will go, that may perhaps go, that might, could, would, should go! Neddy is looked at with much critical watchfulness; for the costermongers and small tradesmen who make their purchases here, have no money to throw away. It is a matter of earnest business; a few shillings more or less are of importance; and there is good reason to believe that the price actually given is a very close approximation to the real value. In the avenues in the eastern half of the market, during "high change," it is no small achievement to steer a path safely, without being run down by these equine and asinine relics of better days; so wildly are they driven about. Besides horses and donkeys, cocks and hens, ducks and geese, are to be found in our Friday market; also carrier pigeons, cage-birds, rabbits, and guinea-pigs.

While the living creatures are thus bought and sold in the open parts of the market, the inanimates, the commodities, the goods and chattels, are brought together in crowds, mostly under shelter of the roof of the pig market. Every man pays so much rent (of course a very small sum) for the space he occupies during the day, measured by the square foot. Some lay out counters or tables; but mostly a piece of sacking or old carpeting or floor-cloth is spread out on the clean paved ground, and the commodities are displayed upon it. There are scores of carts, a few waggons, many trucks and barrows, in which the articles have been brought to market; and these vehicles are in many instances made to do duty as shops. In the main avenue there is not an inch lost between the rented domains of the several tenants or dealers. Whence the things have been obtained is a puzzling question. Are they brought from the establishments of brokers; or from wholesale places where the stock is getting old and dirty; or from retail shops where ordinary trade is dull; or from those (so-called) marine store dealers who will buy anything of anybody, whether it has been stolen or not? If we look from the wares to their owners, we find various grades represented. There is the hairy cap with

the fustian jacket, unmistakably from some small alley or court. There are all degrees of tidiness and untidiness; there are women, with or without their husbands, some as well dressed as the wives of middle-class tradesmen, even to the degree of a jaunty hat with a feather in it, and with black bugles on the jacket or cloak. The Hebrew element is little if at all present.

It is scarcely too much to say that you could furnish your house with the cheaper kinds of necessaries by dipping here and there among the motley miscellanies. Stoves and small grates in every stage of rustiness; tongs and pokers, fenders and trivets, shovels with and without the edges worn into fringe-work; kettles with new covers or spouts, and saucepans with new handles; flat irons new and old, and box-irons that were rather aristocratic when new; frying-pans, gridirons, crocks, and pots; chairs, wooden and rush-bottomed; plain deal tables, very much the worse for wear; washing-tubs and pans, soap dishes and clothes horses; clothes pegs "four dozen a penny; farden a dozen here!" pepper boxes, salt boxes, funnels, candlesticks, save-alls, extinguishers, strainers, sieves, colanders, snuffers, corkscrews, knives and forks, spoons and ladles, plates and dishes, cups and saucers, basins and jugs. Whatever useful odds and ends you want, here you may find them, very cheap if not very good. A tidy hearth rug; useful pieces of carpeting and floor-cloth; drugget and matting, new and old; a once good-looking eight-day clock (albeit the glass is cracked); ornaments for the mantelpiece, even to the high style of statuettes under glass shades; if not curtains and blinds for the windows, at least some of the adjuncts thereunto belonging; harps and pianos; cheap concertinas; remnants for mending sofas and stuffed chairs; pieces of smart wall paper; a copper tea-kettle once genteel; tea-trays with the most showy of patterns; stamped glass that tries hard to look like cut glass, in the forms of sugar basins, cream jugs, tumblers and wine glasses, decanters and caraffes, salts and cruets; table-covers with and without a gloss; lamps cheap, but not good; lamps that were good in their days of prosperity; work-boxes for the table, and everything necessary for their supply; scissors, bodkins, pins, needles, tapes, threads, thimbles; knitting and netting implements, and those for crochet and tatting; a writing-desk, and cheap packets of envelopes and stationery. And if the bed-room require attention, is not this a stump bedstead, with the worn-out sacking renovated with a few new pieces? And are not these old beds and mattresses, old bolsters and pillows, all very cheap? And is not this a washing-stand, and this an apology for a chest of drawers, and this a looking-glass with some of the silvering gone? Are these not tidy pieces that would make curtains for the bed and the windows? Cannot the husband purchase here his shaving-tackle, and the wife her brushes, and combs, and hair-pins?

As for clothing, the veritable tailors and drapers may not be largely represented; and yet a working man and his family could find wherewithal here to clothe themselves from top to toe. There are a few outer garments, new and old; there are gown pieces, some of them apparently re-dyed, and available to work up into smart forms; there is a hat for John, and there is a cap for Johnny; there are boots and shoes, new and old, men's and women's, thick and thin; leggings, capes, and waterproofs. Whether there are stays, chignons, and other intricacies of women's dress, may be left to women to say; but assuredly here is a cheap-jack hosier, who, with a small cart as his rostrum, and his wife as an assistant, knocks down three pairs of stockings for a shilling, and other articles of men's, women's, and children's hosiery, equally cheap. Umbrellas and parasols in various stages of lameness; articles of common fur; of better fur that was once worn by well-to-do people; of cheap lace, of cheap new velvet, of second-hand good velvet, of haberdashery and millinery, of bead work and braid work, artificial flowers, and well-nigh artificial feathers; serve to swell the list.

There is scarcely a mechanical trade in the metropolis not represented at this curious fair or market, in the tools or implements employed. The bricklayer may here obtain new or second-hand (mostly the latter) trowels, squares, levels, straight-edges, plumb-lines; the carpenter can select from an odd medley of hammers, mallets, saws, planes, pincers, pliers, screw-drivers, bradawls, gimlets, gauges, bevels, chisels, gouges, and baskets to stow them all in; smiths can find anvils, rickety old forge bellows, forge hammers, files, rasps, swages, locks, keys, bolts, latches, bars, rods, wire; ironmongery is busy with its hinges, screws, nails, brads, tacks, rings, hooks, hasps, staples; diggers can meet with pickaxes, shovels, and wheel-barrows; slaters and tilers can pick up many of the materials and tools which help to roof us all in; there are soldering irons and ladles for plumbers;

diamonds and putty knives for glaziers; brushes and colour-pots for painters; veneering tools for cabinet-makers; brushes and paste-pots for paper-hangers. The farrier may be here supplied with horse-shoes and nails, and every wherewithal of his trade; the saddler can buy most of the implements of *his* trade; old harness can be picked up in all stages of preservation and decay, down to a single strap or a single buckle; grooms and ostlers can buy currycombs new and currycombs old; and horse-cloths, and rugs, and bandages for poor bruised horse-knees, are forthcoming if wanted. Then the wheelwright, or the coster who owns a donkey-cart, or the street dealer who acts as horse to his own truck or barrow, or the greengrocer who would try to save a little money by mending his own cart, may here meet with big wheels, little wheels, new wheels, old wheels, mended wheels, tires, felloes, naves, spokes, springs, shafts, axle-trees, tail-boards, seats, and the bits of ironmongery necessary to put them all together. Tailors' shears and geese, thimbles and sleeve-boards; cobblers' lapstones, hammers, and knives; bookbinders' edge cutters and stamping irons; brass-founders' moulds and brazing tools: it would indeed be a long summer's day that would suffice for drawing up a detailed list of all the articles sold at this singular place.

And who are the buyers; who are the persons for whom the sellers anxiously look out? They appear to be chiefly working men and their wives. The men—if they are journeymen who have to find their own tools, or small masters who work at the bench themselves—come here in the expectation of finding useful bargains, and there is fair reason to suppose that, if a man knows how to make the best of what he handles, good bargains can be made. Social reformers say that English working men's wives hardly manage the family dinners quite as well as they might; whether this be so or not, the wives are wonderfully neat and tidy at the——Well, we will call it the Copenhagen Bazaar.

THE GREAT MAGYAR.

IN FOUR PARTS. CHAPTER III.

The explosion of royalty in France was echoed by similar detonations throughout the continent of Europe in 1848. Disturbances at Vienna, which the government mistook for an émeute, proved to be a revolution. Truly or falsely, the Hungarian Radicals claimed the chief authorship of it. In any case, the immediate effect of it was to place Louis Kossuth at the head of affairs in Hungary; and his first act was to send a deputation to the court of Vienna. This deputation was instructed to demand the immediate formation of a responsible and purely Magyar ministry for the kingdom; universal suffrage; and the removal of the Hungarian Diet, from Presburg to Pesth. True to his habitual policy of making the best of every bad business, Szechenyi, though he neither shared all the hopes which accompanied, nor approved all the demands which were confided to, this deputation, consented to join it. It was doubtless owing to his influence that the deputation was authorised to declare the determination of the Hungarian nation to remain indissolubly united with the empire. The enthusiasm with which the deputies were received on their return, to Pesth, was unbounded; and a provisional government was immediately formed in which Szechenyi, from the motives which had already induced him to join the deputation, consented, though most reluctantly, to become the colleague of Kossuth. It was not a moment in which any sincere patriot had the right to remain passive. There is profound wisdom in Solon's law which obliged every citizen, on pain of confiscation and banishment, to take active part with one or other of the contending factions in case of civil tumult. On which Aulus Gelius shrewdly observes that the persons most likely to remain passive on such occasions are those whose active participation in affairs is most to be desired, viz., the wisest and most honest members of the community, who should, therefore, be compelled to throw the weight of their personal influence into the scale of politics, whenever politics are most in danger of falling into the hands of intriguers or enthusiasts.

We cannot more vividly depict the painful condition of Count Szechenyi's mind during these events than by translating the words of a private letter which has been addressed to us on this subject by an intimate friend of the Great Magyar.

"We passed the evening of the 14th of March" (1848), says our correspondent, "with him at Presburg. The air was full of rumours, and the news that reached us from Vienna became more and more alarming, as the night advanced. Confusion at the Burg; revolution in the streets; Metternich flying from the mob. Szechenyi appeared profoundly agitated by the terrible vision which his prophetic ima-

gination already revealed to him. Turning to us, his whole frame quivering with emotion, and in language which seemed to burn with the sarcastic bitterness of a sublime despair, he predicted the miseries which were coming on our country. Massacre in the name of liberty; despotism and disorder in the name of independence; incapacity, folly, and disaster everywhere. The Slavs legitimately and overwhelmingly armed against us; war with Austria; war, perhaps, with Russia; war with our own fellow-citizens; inevitable defeat. We ourselves could not then realise the yet-unheard-of possibility of a nobleman being hanged. Imagine, then, our feelings when we heard him describe, in language horrible from its passionate picturesqueness, how the noblest heads in Hungary would fall beneath the axe of the Austrian headsman, when the government at Vienna had regained undisputed possession of this devoted country. Then, growing more and more excited, he went on to depict to us the appalling scene of a public execution in which he himself should be the victim. Every terrible detail of it was powerfully impressed upon us. We seemed to hear and see it all. The short illegal trial—the hasty condemnation—the desperate efforts of a few devoted friends to obtain a pardon, or at least a reprieve—the impossibility of getting access to the emperor. The hours—the last hours of a life so dear to us are fleeting by—with what agony are we yet watching for the arrival of the courier who never arrives, with the white handkerchief waving over the heads of the crowd, to stay the execution! He ascends the scaffold—he is in the hands of the headsman—there is a shout from those beneath the hideous railing—his head falls, rolls . . . . Even at this distance of time I cannot recal that imaginary scene without a shudder. We were all *present* at it, so strangely did his words affect us.

"The next evening (it was the eve of the departure of the deputation to our King Ferdinand,) Kossuth harangued the people from the balcony of the hotel Grünen Baum. He stood between Teleky and Louis Batthiany; and turning to the latter exclaimed: 'No, we shall not return from Vienna without an Hungarian ministry! and see, here is our future premier!' At those words a thousand eljens filled the air. The next day two vessels conducted the deputation, escorted by a numerous and enthusiastic following, all young men, to Vienna. They obtained everything they asked. Two days afterwards the banks of the Danube were covered with a crowd of people literally drunk with delight. The vessels arrived from Presburg, decked out in the national colours. It was a magnificent day in March, bright, and warm, and clear. Every one was in high spirits. The deputation landed under a cloudless sky, across which, just as they alighted, sprang a splendid rainbow; the finest I ever saw. We all thought it a sign of good omen. Louis Batthiany was the first to land. His head was bowed. Szechenyi came next, sombre, silent, calm. Kossuth, the idol of our youth, seemed transported with satisfaction and full of confidence. He carried his head high, and talked and laughed loudly. The ministry walked to the hotel Grünen Baum, and showed themselves to the people from the balcony. The enthusiasm was immense. Szechenyi received his wife and friends with the air of a man thoroughly fatigued and profoundly discouraged. He had no faith whatever in the promises of Vienna. Moreover, though his nature was singularly lofty and disinterested, I think he could not but feel that the place assigned to him in the new ministry was altogether unworthy of his merits.* He had never liked or trusted Kossuth, and had only joined his government, in the hope of thereby finding some means to withhold the car of Liberty from the abyss into which Kossuth was rapidly driving it. When the ministers reached Pesth, they were received with enthusiastic ovations by a people wild with joy and hope. Szechenyi walked home leaning on the arm of a friend to whom he said, as they passed through the crowd: 'The raptures of this infatuated and ill-fated people fill me with pity. I can liken them to nothing but a herd of cattle which has just been turned loose into a rich pasture, to be fattened up for the butcher.'"

On the 23rd of March, the new ministry was constituted. Louis Batthiany (who a few months later was publicly executed by order of Haynau) now undertook the presidency of the council, at the urgent request of the Archduke Stephen, who was at this time Palatin of the kingdom, and who invoked the assistance of Batthiany and Szechenyi in the desperate attempt to control the revolution which they feared and deprecated no less than the Palatin himself. Prince Paul Esterhazy accepted the absurd portfolio for foreign affairs, which he afterwards resigned when

* It was the Department of Public Works.

it became evident that no loyal subject of the King of Hungary could hold office in the Kossuth cabinet. Meszaros took the ministry of war; Deak, justice; Klauzal, agriculture and commerce; Eotvos, public instruction; Szechenyi, public works; Kossuth (the soul of the new ministry), finance.

The ministry was scarcely formed before it had to grapple with two great difficulties, which forcibly demonstrated the wisdom of Szechenyi. The first was the insurrection of the Italians; the second, the opposition of the Croats.

Should the Hungarian government furnish troops to assist the King of Hungary and the Emperor of Austria, in his war with Charles Albert of Piedmont? If so, would it not be attacking in Italy those rights of nationality to which it owed its own existence in Hungary? Should it then refuse troops for the Italian campaign? If so, that would be a violation of the fundamental pact between the kingdom and the crown, and tantamount to open rupture with Austria. This delicate question was still in debate, when the whole position of the ministry became complicated by the conduct of the Croats, whom Kossuth's attempts to stifle by force the nationality of a population of eight hundred thousand souls had exasperated beyond endurance. The Sclavo-Croatian Diet had just elected Baron Jellachich of Bucszin, to the representation of their national rights and feelings, as Ban of Croatia.

Jellachich refused obedience to the summons he immediately received from Kossuth to appear before the Diet of Pesth. Meanwhile a new revolution had broken out at Vienna, and the Emperor had fled to Innspruck. An understanding was quickly effected between the revolutionary cabinets of Pesth and Vienna; and the Ban of Croatia was summoned in the name of the Emperor to appear at Innspruck and render account of his conduct to his imperial master.

Will Jellachich obey this summons? It finds him installed in his new dignity at Agram, with more than kingly pomp, and far more than kingly power. He is receiving hourly deputations, not only from all parts of Croatia, but from Servia even, and the Sclavonic comitats of the North. His intentions are yet unknown. Myriads of armed men are daily swarming to the standard which he has not yet unfurled. He is the hero of all hearts; he is the chief of a vast tribe who regard him as the armed prophet of their national faith; he is the master of those terrible Croat regiments whose savage valour, splendid drill, and boundless devotion to their leader, have been unequalled since the days of Attila. Such was the position and power of the man who was now invited to surrender himself into the hands of his enemies; in the name of a sovereign notoriously their helpless puppet, and virtually their prisoner.

Early in the month of July, Jellachich was at Innspruck. He assured the Emperor that, if the Croats had not already marched to the defence of the Empire in Italy, it was because they were unhappily still obliged to defend at home their own soil from Magyar usurpation. The Archduke John was intrusted to negotiate a better understanding between the Ban and the Hungarian ministry. Batthiany's hands were tied, however, by the Radical majority in his cabinet, and the pretensions on both sides proved irreconcilable. "Farewell," said Batthiany, when they parted for the last time on the Croatian frontier, "we shall meet again, I suppose, on the banks of the Drave." "No," replied Jellachich, "on the banks of the Danube."

Kossuth became at last seriously alarmed. He began to draw closer to his Conservative colleagues. But it was too late. The Emperor was now implored by the Kossuth cabinet, to negotiate again, as King of Hungary, on behalf of the kingdom, with the Ban of Croatia, and endeavour to obtain terms for the Hungarians from those Croats whom the Hungarians had insulted and outraged. At the same time the levy of Hungarian regiments for the support of Austria in Italy, and one hundred millions of florins for the same purpose were voted, at the demand of the ministry, by the Diet of Pesth. A patriot not in the secret of the minister's anxieties protested against this measure, and demanded the recal of those Hungarian regiments already in Lombardy. "Fool!" said Kossuth, "do you forget that in those regiments there are more Croats than Magyars, and soon enough we shall have the Croats upon us, more than we need?" A stipulation was made, however, that the Emperor, if victorious in Italy, should acquiesce in the autonomy of a Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, under the sceptre of the House of Hapsburg. Whilst Kossuth was still wording impracticable proposals to Austria, the Emperor, victorious in Italy, had made common cause with the Croats against Hungary, and Jellachich with his terrible bands was already on the march.

The Hungarian treasury was empty, and

the nation, without any adequate means of military defence, was menaced on all sides. The situation was frightful. But it had at least the advantage of being definite; and, so far, it must have afforded relief to the mind of such a man as Kossuth. Only one course was now left to him—open rupture with Austria. He adopted it without a moment's hesitation. Envoys were despatched from Pesth to Paris and Frankfort, in the desperate hope of obtaining foreign assistance for the dislocation of the empire. Two hundred millions of utterly worthless paper money were issued, and made forced currency *on pain of death*. Kossuth himself, ill, suffering from acute physical pain and exhaustion, pale, haggard, and so weak that he could not walk alone, was supported in the arms of two friends to his place in the chamber. "Citizens," he exclaimed, "the time for dreaming is over. At this moment we stand alone in the world. Single-handed we are left to combat the conspiracy which has united against us all the sovereigns and peoples by whom we are surrounded. I repeat it. We stand utterly alone. Fellow-citizens, are you ready to fight for your lives and liberties?"

The situation thus described by Kossuth on the 11th of July, 1848, was precisely what Szechenyi had foreseen and predicted as the inevitable result of the policy so vehemently preached to the nation by Kossuth in 1847.

CHAPTER IV.

"I FOUND my countrymen heavily sleeping in the darkness of night. I waked them from slumber. I exhorted them to light their streets and squares, so that they might see clearly, and walk safely. But, instead of lamps, it is torches that they have kindled; and, by way of lighting the town they have set fire to it. None of us will now be able to extinguish the conflagration, and when men ask who was the incendiary, alas, must I not answer, 'It was I,' I, who 'murdered sleep?'"

These words of Count Szechenyi's were repeated to us by a friend of the count's to whom he uttered them. When Szechenyi consented to join the Batthiany administration, he thereby consummated the last great sacrifice which can be rendered by a noble nature to a desperate cause. It was not merely his life that he offered up on the altar of a nation whose leader he had ceased to be. It was not merely the legitimate claims of a great name that he surrendered. It was the fair fame of a blameless life, and the peace of an acutely sensitive conscience. His refusal to enter the cabinet would have been the final abandonment of his country in the moment of her extremest need. The Batthiany administration could not have been formed without him; for he was still the Great Magyar.

Count Edmond Zichi was, in those days, minister of police at Pesth. He had the "petites entrées" to the Archduke Palatine. On the morning which brought to Pesth the news of the revolution at Vienna, the count called on His Imperial and Royal Highness, whom he found before a Psyche glass, waxing his long moustaches with Olympian calm. After listening to the report of his minister,

"Well," said the archduke, "I know all that; but what is to be done?"

"Every thing," replied Count Zichi. "All depends on the firmness and energy of your highness during the next three days. All the respectable men in Hungary are afraid of revolution, and will rally round you (if you give them the means of doing so) to prevent it. The troops are sound. I will answer for the National Guard. You have only two things to avoid. On the one hand, you must not offend public feeling by any appearance of menace; on the other, you must keep the military force from being undisciplined and demoralised by fraternisation with the populace. Concentrate them within their barracks. I will be responsible for all other precautionary measures. Meanwhile, lose not a moment in dissolving, or at least proroguing, the Diet. Until the Emperor's safety is secured, and his authority re-established, our paramount obligation is to save the empire from anarchy."

This advice was warmly supported by the unfortunate Count Lamberg, who arrived during the interview.

"I will think it over," said the archduke. "Call again to-morrow, for orders." But the next day his only orders were, "Call again to-morrow." On the third day, instead of being immediately admitted to the Palatine, Count Edmond was detained for some hours in the archduke's antechamber, tête-à-tête with the afterwards influential Count Grün, then aide-de-camp to the archduke. The aide-de-camp was breakfasting. The minister, who had not tasted food for forty-eight hours, was worn out with fatigue and hunger. At last the door of the presence chamber opened, and the principal Con-

servative magnates of Hungary passed across the anteroom in gloomy procession; like Macbeth's ghastly kings. The first, in silence, made a sign to Zichi indicative of despair and disgust. The second exclaimed, "All is lost! That man is betraying us," pointing to the door of the archbishop's room. The third said, "We are wading knee-deep in mud." And a fourth added, "To-morrow it will be neck-deep in blood."

At last came Stephen Szechenyi, who beckoned to Zichi, and said, "Well, son, what is your opinion?"

Zichi rapidly explained to Szechenyi the advice which, three days before, he had vainly urged on the Palatine. "To-day," he added, "I am aware that all such measures would be too late: and I now propose the immediate arrest of Batthiany, Kossuth, and Teleky."

Szechenyi mused a moment and then answered with a sigh, "That also is too late. Go, my son. You will see." At the same moment, Zichi was called to the archduke's presence.

"Well, count, and what do you advise to-day?" asked his highness. Zichi repeated to the archduke what he had just been saying to Szechenyi. "A grave step," said his highness. "I must think it over. Call again to-morrow."

On the morrow, the men who issued from the audience chamber were Batthiany, Kossuth, and Teleky. Batthiany, pale with rage, went up to Zichi and said: "Yesterday, thou wouldst have arrested us. Take care we do not arrest thee to-morrow, for shouldst thou fall into our hands we will hang thee." The Palatine had betrayed his own minister; by whom the foregoing scene was related to the present writer.

All that now happened Szechenyi had predicted, and vainly endeavoured to avert. He knew that Austria was as necessary to Hungary as Hungary to her; and he had the common sense to perceive that Austria had the additional advantage of being necessary to the equilibrium of Europe, and that Europe would not passively assent to the annihilation of the Austrian Empire. He foresaw that war with Austria could have but one result for Hungary: utter defeat and prostration. He knew that such a defeat would involve the loss, perhaps for ever, of all he had lived, and laboured, and hoped for. It was in the bitterness of this knowledge that he exclaimed to many, by whom his words will never be forgotten: "My life is defeated, my work is destroyed, this nation is doomed, and all is lost!"

Haunted, daily and nightly, by the visions of this fearful *clairvoyance*, he persuaded himself that it was he who stood alone responsible to God and man for the misery he foresaw. It was not Kossuth; for Kossuth wished what he was bringing about. Kossuth was an irresponsible monomaniac. It was not the cabinet of Vienna which had good cause to complain of the Hungarians, and was now struggling for its very existence. It was not the Hungarians themselves; for who but a dreamer would expect a whole people, and a singularly impulsive people, to outspeed time, and pass at one stride, without stumbling, from centuries of feudalism into the most experimental and complex form of modern society? It was not the Croats, who had been wronged by his countrymen. Nor was it Jellachich, who, whilst avenging the wrongs of his race, remained loyal to his sovereign, and stood forth before Europe as the saviour of a great and ancient empire. It was Szechenyi himself; he only who had "murdered sleep." He was the culprit, for he it was who first disturbed the lethargy of the past, without being able to control the activities of the present; and who roused the demon whom he could not command. So he reasoned. The reasoning was erroneous; but its error was that of a noble nature, and he pursued it with unflinching self-torture to its horrible conclusion.

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER XIII. ZILLAH'S RESOLUTION.

"MOTHER!" cried Hugh Lockwood, coming hastily into the little parlour in Gower-street, and taking his mother in his arms, "good news, mother! Let me see your dear face a little brighter than it has been this long time. There is good news for you, little mother, do you hear?"

"Good news for me? *That* can only mean good news for you, my son!" replied Zillah, unconsciously epitomising all her widowed life in the sentence.

"Of course, good for me, good for you, good for Maud. Darling Maud! Kiss me, mother."

Then he told her that Mr. Frost had that day informed him by letter that the sum of money borrowed from his late father—so the note was worded—plus the interest on the capital during the last twenty-five years, was lying at his disposal at Mr. Lovegrove's office in Bedford-square, and that on his personal application it would be handed over to him.

"Why, mother, it is more than I hoped to get out of the fire. Five per cent for twenty-five years! It will more than double the original sum!"

"Oh, thank God! My Hugh, my Hugh, what a weight of remorse is taken from my heart! And he has done well, after all, poor Sidney!"

"Done well? Not at all," said Hugh, whose sense of justice was not obfuscated by his joy as his mother's was. "Five per cent on the capital every year is the very least that could pretend to approach fair dealing—and, in fact, nothing can make his conduct out to be fair. But he has done better than I expected; and I am very glad and thankful, and mean to think of nothing but the bright side of things, I assure you."

When Hugh went to receive his money, he perceived that the brass plate on the outer door, which usually stood open during office hours, had been removed, and a man was painting out the black letters on a drab ground on the door-post, which formed the words, "Messrs. Frost and Lovegrove, Solicitors." Hugh was shown into Mr. Lovegrove's office, and received by that gentleman in person.

"The last time we met in this office, Mr. Lockwood," said the lawyer, "your errand here was to repudiate a fortune. Now you come to receive—well, not a fortune, perhaps, but a sum of money that in my young days would have been looked upon as affording a very pretty start in life. I am glad of it, and wish you every success."

"Thank you heartily."

"You have—ahem!—you have Mr. Frost's acknowledgment for the money lent by your father, Mr. Lockwood?"

Hugh took from his pocket-book a yellow bit of paper with some words in Sidney Frost's bold, clear writing upon it. At one corner of the paper there was a green stain, and near it the impression of a thumb in red paint.

"Here it is, Mr. Lovegrove. My poor father must have been at work in his studio when that paper was written. It is marked with the traces of his calling."

"H'm!" said Mr. Lovegrove, examining the paper gravely. "A sadly informal document. Ha! well, here is the money, Mr. Lockwood. Will you be kind enough to count the notes in the presence of my

clerk? Just step here for a moment, if you please, Mr. Burgess."

"It is all quite right, sir," said Hugh, when this had been done. Then, when the clerk left the room, he said, with a slight hesitation, "I don't know how intimate your knowledge of Mr. Frost's private affairs may have been, but I cannot help entertaining an idea that I owe the recovery of this money mainly to your influence, Mr. Lovegrove."

"As to my knowledge of the state of Mr. Frost's private fortune, it is now, I may say, extremely intimate. But I have only quite recently learned the existence of this debt to you. And, Mr. Lockwood, I make no excuses for my partner. But I—I—I will confess to you that it hurts me to hear any one hard upon him. And there were certain palliations—certain palliations. His domestic relations were unfortunate. Upon my word, when I see the quantity of mischief that women are capable of causing, I feel thankful, positively most thankful, that they don't exercise their power more ruthlessly than they do!"

Hugh smiled. "You have had a happy experience of the sex yourself, sir," said he.

"Why, yes. My mother was an excellent woman, and my wife is an excellent woman, and my girls are good, sound-hearted girls as you'll find any where, thank God! And I most firmly believe, Mr. Lockwood, that the young lady whom you are about to marry is an ornament to her sex. You love her and respect her very much now, I have not the least doubt. But, take my word for it, that you will love her and respect her more when she has been your wife some dozen years! Oh, of course, that seems impossible! Yes, yes, I know. I suppose you will be married very soon now?"

"As soon as possible!" said Hugh, with much energy. "Oh, by-the-bye, Mr. Lovegrove, I see they are painting out the name of the firm on your door-post. Are you going to make any change in the style and title of it?"

"Yes; a considerable change. Mr. Frost retires from the business altogether—the deeds were signed this morning—and the firm will henceforth be known as Lovegrove and Lovegrove."

Mr. Lovegrove proceeded to narrate as briefly as might be the misfortunes that had, as he said, determined Mr. Frost to give up business—so much, that is, of his misfortunes as must inevitably become matter of public notoriety. He spared his old partner as much as possible in the narrative. But he did not by any means spare his old partner's wife, to whom indeed he was inclined to attribute everything that had gone ill, even to the total smash and failure of the Parthenope Embellishment Company, which had become matter of public notoriety within the last week.

Hugh was much shocked. And his good opinion of Mr. Lovegrove was greatly enhanced by the feeling he evinced for his old friend.

"He is really a most superior man, Mr. Lockwood. I don't know a more superior man than Sidney Frost is—or *was*—was, alas! He is a wreck now, sir. You wouldn't know him. I want to send him off to Cannes or Nice, or some of those places for the winter. He has given up everything most honourably to his creditors, and they have not behaved badly. They understood to a man whose door to lay the extravagance at. Anything like that woman——! However, it is unavailing to dilate upon *that*. But when all is done there will be a small—a small annuity remaining, which will suffice to maintain Frost in comfort in some of those southern places. Ah, bless my soul, *what* a superior man he was when I first knew him!"

Mr. Lovegrove did not say that the "small annuity" was to come entirely out of his own pocket, and that its amount caused him sundry twinges of conscience when he looked at his wife and children.

"Well, Mr. Lovegrove, I hope that one of the first transactions of the new firm will be to draw up my marriage settlement. And I shall ask you to continue to look after Maud's interests. Perhaps Captain Sheardown will be the other trustee?"

"I shall be delighted. You intend to have Miss Desmond's little bit of money settled entirely on herself?"

"To be sure I do! I won't detain you any longer. Your time is precious, and I suppose you can guess in which direction *my* steps are to be bent. I long to see Maudie's face flush and brighten when I tell her my news. Good-bye."

Maud's face did flush and brighten in a manner which may be supposed to have been entirely satisfactory to her lover. But it also expressed much pity for Mr. Frost when she heard his story.

Hugh merely informed her that Mr. Frost had at length paid an old debt that had been due to his (Hugh's) father; and that having entertained but slender hopes of ever receiving the money, he had deemed

it best to say nothing about it to her, lest she might suffer disappointment.

"Oh, poor, poor man! How dreadful to be deserted by his own wife! The very one person in all the world he might have hoped to rely on for comfort and sympathy in his troubles. I have seen her. She is a very beautiful woman. But, oh how cruel and heartless she must be!"

"Let it be a warning to you not to suffer your affections to be engrossed by millinery, and to keep your husband in the first place in your heart, Mrs. Hugh Lockwood!"

The Sheardowns were scarcely less delighted than Hugh himself. The captain insisted that the wedding should take place from Lowater House.

"But ought I not—don't you think—what will Uncle Charles say?" Maud asked, hesitatingly.

"Do you think, my dearest, that your guardian will be hurt if you are not married from his roof?"

"I—I'm afraid so," said Maud.

"Well, I will write and ask his permission to let it be from Lowater," said the captain.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Sheardown, thoughtfully, "it would be best, after all, for Maud to be married in London, if she will, and go down to Shipley after the ceremony. Would you consent to that, Maudie?"

Maud thought she would consent to that.

If all had gone differently, she would have liked to be married in the ancient village church that she had worshipped in from childhood. But now there would be too many painful associations connected with St. Gildas! She would miss Veronica's face beaming out from its accustomed corner; she would miss Veronica's voice in the bridal hymn of the choir. It would call up in the vicar's mind all that was sad and terrible in his daughter's fate. No: it would be better to be married in town. And, after all, it mattered very little to herself. Hugh would be there. Hugh would take care of her. Hugh would love her. Could anything matter very much as long as she had Hugh? Mrs. Sheardown took an opportunity of drawing Hugh aside, and explaining to him her reasons for thinking that the vicar of Shipley-in-the-Wold would be rather relieved than offended by getting rid of the spectacle of his ward's wedding. Meanwhile there was much to be done. A letter had to be written to the architect whose business Hugh intended to purchase. A friend in the neighbourhood of Danecester was to be commissioned to look out for a house for the young couple. The house must have a garden, at any rate, and, if possible, a little stable for a pony and pony-carriage, which Hugh intended to purchase for the use of his wife. Though this latter desideratum, he observed smilingly, he could build for himself, if need were. And there must be a cottage found in the neighbourhood for Mrs. Lockwood.

But when he spoke of this to his mother, she met him with a request that he would leave that part of his arrangements which concerned her in abeyance for awhile.

"But, mother, why? Surely you mean to live near us, don't you?"

"Perhaps not, Hugh. Don't ask me any more at present. I may have something to tell you by-and-bye. You need not look uneasy. It is nothing terrible. I will not deceive you—*again*."

At the end of a fortnight, and when the day fixed for the wedding was near at hand, Zillah Lockwood made the confidence she had announced to her son.

"Hugh," said she, "I have become a Roman Catholic."

"A Roman Catholic! Mother!"

"Yes: I humbly hope to find peace and forgiveness in the bosom of the Church. I shall at least be able to make some expiation, and to pray for those whom I love. Rome does not reject the humble, pious efforts after goodness of the faithful, as your stern Calvinistic creed does. I always, when I was a girl in Paris, had a great admiration for the good religieuses, and was attracted by them. The seed of their blessed example has borne fruit in my soul. The price of this house, which your father bequeathed to me, will suffice to gain me admission into a poor order whose members devote themselves to the sick poor. On the day of your marriage I shall become a member—an unworthy and humble member—of a pious sisterhood in Belgium. The good priest, who has been enlightening my dark mind with the comfortable truths of religion, will make all the necessary arrangements for me. I shall pray fervently for you, my son, and for your sweet young wife. And all I ask of you, Hugh, is to make me one promise. If ever you feel your heart drawn towards the ancient and holy Mother Church, do not resist the impulse. It may be that it comes from Heaven, in answer to the petitions of the earthly mother who bore you."

Nor could any expostulations or entrea-

ties shake Zillah's determination. Hugh was greatly distressed by it. But wise, kind Nelly Sheardown consoled and comforted him.

"My dear Hugh," she said, "your mother will be happier in following this life than in any other which you could give her. I do not know Mrs. Lockwood's history; but she gives me the idea of a woman who has suffered much, and who is continually tormented by the contentions of pride with a very singularly sensitive conscience."

"You describe my mother with wonderful accuracy. How could you learn to know her so well?"

"Well, you know, Maud has talked to me of her much. Maud is as clear as crystal, and the impression she received of your mother she faithfully transmitted to me. Your mother has been accustomed to reign paramount in your affections; when you are married, that could, of course, no longer be the case. Indeed, it has already ceased to be the case. Mrs. Lockwood, in living near you, would be continually tormented by a proud jealousy of Maud's influence over you; and equally tormented by a conscientious sense of the wrongness of such a feeling. In her convent, in her care of the sick, and her devotion to good works, she will feel that her life is not useless and wasted, and that if even only by her prayers, still by her prayers she may serve you and yours."

So Zillah had her way without further opposition, and her two children, as she called them, were surprised by the air of serenity and cheerfulness which had succeeded to her old repressed look: the expression of one who had indeed resolved to be calm, but who paid a heavy price for the carrying out of her resolution. But the chief secret of this change in her was, that her new creed recommended itself to her notion of justice, always throughout her life unsatisfied. According to this creed her sufferings would count in her favour. Every prayer, every privation, every penance, would be registered to her credit in the records of the Great Tribunal. She would suffer perhaps; but she would not at least suffer in vain. And this thought conciliated Zillah's rebellious soul with the decrees of Providence, and in it her weary spirit found peace.

CHAPTER XIV. THE LAST PLANK.

VERONICA was more wretched than she had ever yet been after the scene in which Cesare asserted his masterhood over her and her fortune. She had fancied a week before that she could hardly be more unhappy than she then was. But she was doomed to taste a yet bitterer cup. It was bitter, with a bitterness at which her soul shuddered to see herself so treated by one who had been the slave of her caprices, and had sworn that he loved her better than his own life. Men were all tyrants; all base, and fickle, and cruel. All, all, all—— No, stay! Did she not know one man who was none of these things? One obscure, humble man whom she had disdained and derided in her old happy days. Happy days? Oh yes, how happy, how heavenly, in comparison with these! And she had been discontented and complaining then? *How* could it have been? She must have been mad. Why had no one taught her, warned her, helped her? Oh, if the past could but come back!

"Come back, come back, come back!" she cried aloud, with outstretched arms; and then crouched down sobbing and wailing in her misery.

The thought of Mr. Plew, however, came to strengthen an idea that had been vaguely floating in her mind. What if she could be separated from Cesare! She would give him half her fortune—— Give him! Had he not said himself that all she had was his? No; she could give him nothing. But might he not consent to some arrangement being made? She did not love him now. She detested him, and she feared him. It was dreadful so to fear one with whom one lived one's daily life! She could not appeal to her father. He would do nothing. He would reproach her, and would not help her. She doubted even if he could. He seemed to have lost all energy. But Mr. Plew! Perhaps! She would write to Mr. Plew. When she had half finished her letter, she remembered that his mother was recently dead, and that he, too, must be in affliction. She tried to say some word of condolence. But it was flat and unmeaning. She could think of no grief, she could feel no sorrow save her own. Would the fact of his mother's death prevent his attending to her letter? No; surely not. It might even leave him freer to serve her. In any case she must send the letter. It was her last chance. Three days elapsed, and no answer came. She had reckoned that she might receive an answer on the afternoon of the third day. When the time passed, and brought no reply, her heart sank woefully.

"Has he forgotten me?" she thought, and clasped her hands together until her sharp rings drew blood from the soft flesh.

But that night—it was nine o'clock, Cesare was absent, as he was most evenings except when he had company at home, and Veronica, declining to accompany him, was at home in solitude—that same night there came a gentle ring at the bell, and the servant who answered it presently came up-stairs with an insolent, half-suppressed smile of amusement on his face, and announced "Mr. Plew." Veronica by a great effort sat still on her accustomed sofa until the man had disappeared, but no sooner had he closed the door than she rushed to the little surgeon, and almost threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, God bless you for coming! I was fretting that you did not write, but it is better—how much better—that you have come yourself! I did not dare to hope that!"

The tears gathered in his eyes. That she should be so overjoyed to see *him!* The fact, thought Mr. Plew in his unselfishness and humility, was more eloquent than words to express the utterness of her desolation.

"Yes, Princess——"

"Call me Veronica."

"Yes, Veronica. I came, because I could speak to you better than I could write. And I have much to say."

He looked very pale and woe-begone in his black clothes.

"I was sorry to hear of your loss," she said, glancing at his mourning garments.

"Ah, my poor mother! She did not suffer much. And I—I did what I could to make her life happy."

"You have only just arrived. You must want food. Let me get you something."

"I do not feel as though I wanted food, but on principle, and to set you a good example, I will try to eat something. It is not well to fast too long. And if I am knocked up, I can't do any good."

Veronica gave her orders. There was a difficulty in executing them. Wine there was, certainly, of various kinds; but as to supper, Madame la Princesse did not usually take supper. They did not know; they could not say that there was anything provided!

"Get some supper, immediately," said Veronica, imperiously.

Her command was literally obeyed. A nondescript subordinate who served the servants was despatched to buy some cooked meat. It was sent up on a porcelain dish, flanked by two flasks of rare wine, and served with fine damask, and silver brave with the showy crest of the Barlettis. The village surgeon began to perceive that homely comfort and hospitable abundance did not always belong to the mansions of princes. In short, that things meant for human governance had an obstinate habit of declining to "govern themselves"!

"I'm afraid I have given you a good deal of trouble," said Mr. Plew, meekly.

"You see what kind of a banquet it is I am able to set before you," said Veronica. And she added, with a bitter laugh: "When I used to come to your cottage, and have tea with your mother, she was able to give me abundance of sweet, wholesome, appetising food. But she was a poor widow in a country village. I am a princess with a grand retinue! However, here is something that the cottage could not furnish. This is good." And she rapidly poured out two goblets full of foaming wine, and drank nearly the whole contents of one at a draught. Mr. Plew laid down his knife and fork, aghast.

"Take care, Veronica! That is a dangerous experiment! You have tasted no food, I'll be sworn, since dinner. And perhaps you ate but little at dinner? Am I not right?"

"Quite right. I never eat now. I hate eating."

"Good Heaven!"

"Well—not quite *never!* Don't look so. You make me laugh, in spite of everything, to see your horror-stricken face!"

But Mr. Plew showed no symptoms of joining in the laugh. Timid and self-distrustful in most things—on his own ground, in matters pertaining to his profession he could be strong, and decided, and resolute enough. What had contributed to make him so had been that his practice lay neither among educated persons who could in some measure be trusted to understand their own maladies, nor amongst idle, fanciful, imaginary invalids, who took to being "delicate" by way of amusement, and found life uninteresting until they could succeed in persuading themselves that they ran some risk of losing it; but among the lowest ranks of the ignorant poor, who had to be cured in spite of themselves.

"You don't know what you are doing," said Mr. Plew, gravely; and, without the least ceremony, he took the flask away from

the neighbourhood of Veronica's hand, and placed it near his own.

"Ha, mio povero Plew," she said, nodding her head at him, "you little know! This will have no effect upon me. I am past that."

"What do you mean, Veronica?" he said, sharply and sternly. "If you are joking, the joke is a very bad one. I think you are talking without rightly weighing the meaning of what you say."

"Ah, per Bacco, it is likely enough. I often do! But come, you don't eat—and you don't drink! Won't you try this wine? It isn't bad."

"What is it? I am not used to these costly vintages. I think I never tasted that kind of wine in my life before."

"That which I poured out is sparkling Moselle. The other is Hock. Which are you for?"

"Well—a little of this, I think," said Mr. Plew, filling a small wine-glass full of Hock.

"Oh misericordia, don't pour the Hock into that thimble! The bigger glass—the green glass—is meant for the Hock!"

"Thank you, this will do," said Mr. Plew, sipping the wine gravely. "That effervescent stuff I should take to be very heating and unwholesome."

Veronica leaned back on her sofa cushions and looked at him. He was small, common-looking, ill-dressed, unpolished. His boots were clumsy, his hands coarse and ungloved. She saw all this as keenly as she had ever seen it. But she saw also that he was good, and generous, and devoted. The only human being, she told herself, who was true to her—the only one!

"I am so thankful you are come!" she exclaimed. The words broke from her almost involuntarily. Mr. Plew pushed his plate aside. In spite of what he had said, he had scarcely touched the food they had set before him. Then he drew his chair so as to front her sofa, and sat with his knees a little apart, his body leaning forward, his elbows resting on his knees, and his hands loosely clasped together. It was a familiar attitude of his. Veronica had seen him sitting thus a hundred times in the vicarage parlour, listening to her father, and looking at herself.

"Now," said he, "let us talk seriously."

"You must not oppose my wish! You must not! I tell you I cannot go on living this life. I must part from Cesare. He will not care! Why should he? He has the money!"

As he now saw her, looking at her intently, and marking her face, her voice, her attitude, he perceived that she was greatly and deplorably changed. It cut him to the heart to see it.

"Before we speak of that, Veronica, I had best tell you something which I have it in charge to tell you."

"*In charge* to tell me? It is not about yourself then?" An unreasonable suspicion flashed through her mind that he was going to tell her he was married—or betrothed. She forgot how unlikely his very presence there rendered such a suspicion: she forgot his mother's recent death. She only thought, "I shall lose him! He will slip through my fingers!"

Poor, wasted, fevered, clinging fingers, grasping with desperate selfishness at the kind, true hand which offered the only touch of sympathy, the only chance of safety that remained to her!

"No: it is not about myself. It is news that you will, I am afraid, be vexed to hear. Your father—is married."

"Married!"

"I feared it would be disagreeable to you."

"Married! But when? Whom has he married?"

"He was married the day before yesterday to Farmer Meggitt's youngest daughter."

"Cissy Meggitt! *Cissy Meggitt!* It is impossible! Why, in the first place, Cissy is a child."

"She is very young certainly, for the vicar. But she is not exactly a child. She is turned seventeen."

"My father married to Cissy Meggitt!" Veronica repeated the words as though they were unintelligible to her.

"You must not let it afflict you too much. I am sorry for it, I confess. But you must hope for the best."

She remained silent and thoughtful for a few minutes, idly plucking at the lace around her sleeve.

"No," she said, at length. "I need not be afflicted. I don't know that it makes very much difference. In any case my father would not have been likely to do much to help *me*."

"Perhaps not. But I was not contemplating the event from that point of view. I was thinking, when I said I was sorry—of him," answered Mr. Plew, gently.

"Ah, yes—yes—very true—of him. I suppose he will—it will be a bad thing for papa."

Mr. Plew had dreaded an explosion of wrath and mortification on Veronica's part when she should learn her father's marriage. He knew her pride, her social ambition, her notion of her father's superiority by birth and breeding to most of those with whom he was brought into contact at Shipley. Even at Shipley the vicar's marriage was looked upon as a terrible mésalliance. Everybody was offended and disgusted: the gentry, that the vicar should have stooped so low; the farmers, that Cissy Meggitt should have been raised so high. Mrs. Sack made it a text for justifying her secession from orthodoxy, and for prophesying the speedy downfal of the Establishment. The men wondered what could have bewitched rosy-cheeked Cissy Meggitt, a well-grown lass, as might have had her pick in the county, to go and tie herself up to an old man like that, and him as poor as a rat into the bargain. The women pitied the vicar, that they did. He was a fool, well and good, that they didn't gainsay. But Mrs. Meggitt's artfulness passed everything. She'd wheedled the vicar till he didn't know which end of him was uppermost. They had thought it wouldn't never come to good, having a governess, and learning to play on the pianny. And now you saw, didn't you? If the height (a mysterious and oft-reiterated charge) of Mrs. Meggitt had been onbearable before, what did you suppose it 'ud be now? Though what there was to boast on, they couldn't tell. Cissy wasn't a lady, and wouldn't never be made into one, not if she married fifty vicars!

Mr. Plew had been sent for by the vicar on the evening before the wedding, and had had a painful scene with him. Mr. Levincourt oscillated between haughty declarations that he owed an account of his conduct to no man, and that he fully believed the step he was taking would be entirely for his happiness, and peevish lamentations over the misconduct of his daughter, who had left his home desolate and disgraced, and thus driven him to find sympathy and companionship where he could.

"Have you informed Ve—— the Princess Barletti, sir?" asked Mr. Plew.

"Informed her! No, sir, I have not informed her. I am not bound to ask my daughter's permission to take what step I please. She deserves no confidence from me—none whatever!"

But presently it appeared that the vicar very much desired that Mr. Plew should take upon himself the task of communicating the news to Veronica.

"I promised to write to you," said Mr. Plew, finishing his recital, in which he had softened all the points that were likeliest to give her pain. "But then came your letter, and I—I made up my mind to come. Mr. Brown, of Shipley Magna, promised to look after my patients for a day or two. And there is no one else to miss me."

"Then," said Veronica, raising her eyes, and coming out of a black reverie in which Mr. Plew's words had but faintly reached her consciousness, "I am quite alone in the world now!"

"Don't say that! Don't say that, Veronica! Your husband——"

"My husband!"

The accent with which she uttered the words was so heartbreaking in its utter hopeless bitterness, that Mr. Plew was silent for a moment. What could he oppose to that despair? But he presently made a brave effort to speak again.

"Yes, Veronica, your husband! If I cared less for you I should not have the courage to oppose you. But I *must* tell you, I *must* urge you to consider well that your husband is your natural friend and protector. No one can come between you and him. It cannot be that reconciliation is hopeless. You are both young. He loves you. He seemed gentle and——"

She burst out into a storm of passionate tears.

"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do? No one will believe me! no one will understand! Did you read my letter? I ask, did you read it? Gentle! yes, he is very gentle! Oh, very, very gentle! As velvet-footed as a tiger-cat! Would you like to see the mark of his claws?"

With a sudden fierce movement she tore open the long lace sleeve that she wore, and bared her arm to the shoulder. There were on the white, tender flesh two livid marks made by the brutal pressure of a clasping hand.

"Good God! you did not say—you did not tell me that he struck you!"

Mr. Plew's white face grew livid, and then turned crimson. He clenched his hand involuntarily.

"Oh no! He did not strike me! He merely held me down in my chair with gentle violence, endeavouring to make me promise to receive a woman whom he desired to invite, and who had openly insulted me. I cried out with the pain, but

I would not promise. I said he might kill me first."

"Oh, my good Heavens, this is dreadful!"

"I should not have escaped so easily—and perhaps I might have given way, for he hurt me, and I dread pain, I never could bear pain—and—and I am afraid of him. Oh, you don't know what deadly fear I am in sometimes! But a servant came into the room by chance, and I ran away and locked myself up."

"But—but he was sorry—he asked your pardon—what a damned cowardly brute the fellow must be!" cried Mr. Plew, suddenly breaking down in his efforts to preach patience to Veronica.

"When I showed him the marks next day, he said I had provoked him by my obstinacy, and that if I had had an English husband he would have beaten me within an inch of my life for my disobedience."

Mr. Plew got up and walked about the room, wiping his hot forehead with his handkerchief.

Presently he came back to the sofa. His eyes were full of tears. He took her hand in one of his, and placed his other hand on her head.

"Poor child!" he said. "Poor, unhappy child! Veronica, I would lay down my life to bring you comfort."

As he so stood looking at her with a tender compassion that was almost sublime in its purity from any alloy of self, the door was opened quickly and quietly, and Cesare de' Barletti stood in the room.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF PLANTS.

Man in the pride of his reason, which is by no means unerring, has long been accustomed to deny the possession of the same faculty to all inferior animals. He has, however, been graciously pleased to allow that these animals possess something else, which he calls instinct. This answers almost as well as reason for guiding them to the happiness and maintenance of their lives and the propagation of their species. Whatever be the exact difference between reason and instinct (which has been rather a puzzling matter for philosophers in all ages), and however much or however little of either faculty may be possessed by men and animals, be the latter large as elephants, eagles, and whales, or small as mice, butterflies, or animalculæ, man clearly admits that these creatures have a certain degree of intelligence which is useful to them. He will not, however, admit this to be true in the case of plants and vegetables, whether as regards reason, instinct, or any minor degree of intelligence. The great naturalist, Linnæus, although he was the first to declare that plants and flowers, as well as animals, are male and female—a discovery which one would suppose might have led him to acknowledge sensation, if not intelligence, in these living beings—says, in defining the differences between the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms: "Minerals grow; vegetables grow and live; animals live, grow, and *feel*." In other words, he asserts that the members of the vegetable world do not "feel." Another and more recent definition sets forth that "a plant is an organised being, unconscious of its own existence, fed by inorganic substances which it extracts from air or water, according to laws independent of the formulæ of organic chemistry, by the help of a faculty dependent on vital force." Are these ideas just, and these definitions correct? I think not, and have been led by observation to believe that plants *are* conscious of their own existence; and that they are endowed, not only with feeling or sensation, but with intelligence in such degree as is sufficient to make life pleasant to them, and enable them to take proper measures for its preservation.

If the oyster fastened on the rock can feel, why not the rose or the convolvulus, or the great oak tree that is fast rooted in the ground? Of the glow of the sunshine, or the freshness of the rain and the air, are they not pleased recipients? Who can tell? Or who shall deny, and give good reason for his incredulity? Who, however learned he may be, can decide where animal life ends, and where vegetable life begins? What, for instance, is a sponge? And if, as Linnæus says, plants have no feeling, what makes the mimosa, or sensitive plant, shrink so timidly from the slightest touch, and apparently with such pain or terror from a ruder blow? Whether I am scientifically and philosophically right or wrong, I take a pleasure in believing that

> To everything that lives,
> The kind Creator gives
> Share of enjoyment:

and that the possession of life, in however infinitesimal a degree, presupposes in its possessor, whether animal or vegetable, a faculty of sensation that administers to its happiness, and that may consequently administer to its suffering. For, pleasure and

pain are twins, and the one is not attainable without liability to the other. The idea is not new to poetry, though not accepted by science. It blooms and sparkles in the graceful mythology of Greece, and the somewhat less graceful mythology of Rome; as all who remember the Dryads and Hamadyrads; the loves of Apollo for Laura, Daphne, and Acantha; or who at school or college have pored over the metaphors of Ovid; will readily admit. The Oriental poets of India and Persia delighted to animate the flowers and trees, and, according to Hafiz, the rose appreciates the tender melodies of her lover the nightingale. Greek superstition endowed the atropa mandragora with all the sensations of an animal, and believed that it shrieked with pain when its roots were wrested from the ground.

Science may laugh at all such notions, but Science, though a very great and learned lady, does not yet know everything. Her elder sister, Poetry, often sees further and deeper into things than she does. Did not Shakespeare, in the Tempest, foreshadow the possibility of the electric telegraph more than two hundred years before Wheatstone? Did not Dr. Erasmus Darwin, long in advance of James Watt and Robert Stephenson, predict the steamship and the locomotive engine? Did not Coleridge, in the Ancient Mariner, explain the modus operandi of the then unsuspected atmospheric railway?

On the question of the intelligence of plants, my convictions as well as my sympathies go with the poets rather than with the scientific men. I know that the trees and the flowers, inasmuch as they live, are my fellow-creatures, and are the children of the same God as myself. Like myself, they may be endowed with the faculty, though possibly in a much fainter degree than mine, of enjoying the world in which His love and goodness have placed both them and me. They breathe, they perspire, they sleep, they feed themselves, and may be over-fed; they are male and female. If science admits all these facts, how can it logically stop short at such a definition as that of Linnæus, and deny them sensation? Darwin, in his philosophical poem, the Botanic Garden (not much read in the present day), fancifully describes the loves of the flowers, and imagines, not perhaps wrongly, that love-making may be as agreeable to them as it is to higher organisations:

> What beaux and beauties crowd the gaudy groves,
> And woo and win their vegetable loves!
> Here snowdrops cold and blue-eyed harebells blend
> Their tender tears as o'er the stream they bend;
> The love-sick violet and the primrose pale
> Bow their sweet heads, and whisper to the gale;
> With secret sighs, the virgin lily droops,
> And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups;
> And the young rose, in beauty's damask pride,
> Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
> With honey lips, enamoured woodbines meet,
> Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet.

This may be thought an idle dream, unworthy of serious, or, more especially, of scientific, consideration; while some very matter-of-fact person may ask, how there can be sensation without senses. It is true that flowers have no organs of sight, or hearing, or taste, or smell, which man can discover; but they may, nevertheless, possess a very delicate sense of touch. And how much intelligence may display itself, without any other sense than this, is known to every one who has read the remarkable story of Laura Bridgeman. When she was four years old, this unhappy person, after a long illness, was discovered to have lost her eyes, her ears, her palate; every door of the inner spirit leading to the outer world of life and humanity, save the one door of touch. But through that door, by the patient sagacity and untiring kindliness of Dr. Howe, of Boston, Massachusetts, the resident physician of the Blind Asylum to which she was consigned as a patient of whom there was no hope, she was enabled to communicate her wants, her wishes, her hopes, and her ideas, to her fellow-creatures, and to share in the knowledge and civilisation of her time. Though she can neither see nor hear, nor articulate, she can talk with her hand, and she can receive responses through the same medium, and she can write. Though the great world of sound and the joyous world of music are as alien to her as invisible planets on the uttermost verge of sidereal space, yet, by means of the one sense mercifully left her she is able to distinguish her friends and acquaintances the one from the other, and to enjoy music, by means of the vibration through her sensitive and delicate nerves, of the rhythmic pulsations of the air caused by the great organ in the hall of the asylum. These throb through her whole body, giving her a palpable pleasure, possibly as great to her as that which more fortunate persons can derive from the sense of hearing. "Little chinks let in much light," says the ancient proverb; and through the one little chink of feeling, touch, or sensation, the intelligence of Laura Bridgeman can both act and be acted upon. And if it be granted that the

trees, the plants, and the flowers, possess this one sense—and who can prove that they do not?—may we not reasonably suppose that some degree of intelligence and capacity for pleasure and pain go along with it?

Being a systematic man, though a very busy one, I always find that I have time to spare for my amusement. I also find that my amusement often assumes the shape of a new variety of work. In this manner I have become a student of natural history; and whenever I walk in my garden, through the green lanes and country roads, over the meadow path, or through the woods of England, or up the bens and down the glens of Scotland, I always discover something to interest me in the phenomena of Nature, animate and inanimate. I have educated my eyes as well as my mind, in remembrance of the sage maxim, "that in every object there is inexhaustible meaning; and that the eye always sees what the eye brings means of seeing." Last summer in my garden, I made the acquaintance of a very respectable, and as I found reason to believe, a very intelligent plant, and studied its growth and its movements during two or three weeks. The plant was Cucurbita ovifera, known to market gardeners, cooks, and housekeepers, as the vegetable marrow. This, like all of its genus, will creep along the ground if it find nothing up which it can climb; but if there be a tree, a branch, a pole, or a wall, within easy reach, it will infallibly make its way to it, and twine its tendrils round the most available points of support. The vegetable marrow, like the vine, the hop, the briony, and all other varieties of the genus vitis—to use the words of Barry Cornwall, applied to her more renowned sister the grape vine:

> A roamer is she
> O'er wall and tree,
> And sometimes very good company.

I noticed that this particular plant extended its tendrils—let me call them for the nonce its hands and fingers—outward, and away from the trunk of a hazel, and from a box-hedge of about seven feet high, and towards a gravel path. It persevered in extending itself in this direction for three days, after I first began to take notice of it; but on the fourth morning I perceived that it had changed the course which its tendrils were pursuing, and had turned them in the contrary direction towards the box-hedge. In two days more, it had securely fastened itself to the hedge with its vagrant tendrils, and put forth new shoots a short distance higher up, with which also in due time it enveloped the supporting tree, which, for the first portion of its life, it had sought in the wrong direction. Another marrow, further removed from all support, had also put forth its feelers towards the gravel path; but finding nothing to lay hold of, turned them back in a similar manner; but like the first one, only to meet with a disappointment. The marrow, however, made the best of unfavourable circumstances, as a wise man or a wise plant should do, and meeting with the tendrils of a sister or a brother marrow engaged in the like pursuit of a prop, under difficulties, they both resolved apparently that, as union was strength, they would twist around each other. And they did so. After they had been intertwined for a day, I deliberately and very tenderly untwisted them, with such care as not to injure the delicate tendrils, and laid them apart on the ground. In less than twenty-four hours, they had found each other out again, and twisted their slender cords together in a loving, or a friendly, or at least a mutually supporting, union. Much interested in these enterprising marrows, I tried some experiments with another climbing plant, the scarlet-runner. I untwisted one that had grown to the height of about a foot up the pole which had been placed for its reception, and twisted it carefully round another pole, which I stuck into the ground at a distance of about an inch from the old one. The scarlet-runner, however, had a will of its own, and would not cling to the new pole, unless I would tie it, which would have ruined the experiment. I therefore left the plant to itself to do as it pleased; and two days afterwards I found it on its original pole, twined securely around it. I repeated this experiment several times afterwards, with briony and hop, and always discovered that the only means to make a creeper creep, or a climber climb, in a direction different from that which it had already taken, was to tie or fasten it; if left freely to itself, it persisted in carrying out its original intention. Is this intelligence or instinct; or is it merely mechanical action? During the same season, I had occasion to remark that several climbing roses in front of my cottage seemed sickly. On investigating the cause of their ill health, I discoverd that the soil in which they grew was very poor, and consisted merely of a thin layer of earth, over the chalk; that their roots had

reached the chalk, and could not penetrate it; and that they had declined in strength for want of proper nourishment. I had a pit dug, about three feet deep, all along the front where the roses grew; and I filled it up with new soil, manure, and rotted leaves, in which they have since thriven remarkably well. A healthy and luxuriant honeysuckle growing amid these roses, which clambers over my cottage porch, was at the same time laid bare to the roots. I found that the honeysuckle had been wiser than the roses, and, instead of pushing its roots vertically downward to the barren chalk, had extended them horizontally through the thin layer of earth, immediately under the sod, to the distance of no less than eight feet from the stem. Was this instinct or intelligence? Or was it blind mechanical force? My opinion is, that it was intelligence, and the adaptation of means to ends by a will that might have acted otherwise. Every plant growing in a darkened room, bends itself to the chance light that may happen to penetrate through a hole or a chink; every such plant overshadowed by trees of larger growth, endeavours to stretch itself beyond their influence. Is this instinct, intelligence, or mechanical force? I confess my inability to decide; I doubt the ability of any one else to settle the question; and, taking refuge in the idea that every manifestation of God's power and love is illimitable, and may be infinitely small as well as infinitely great, I come to the conclusion that there is no life upon this globe, however humble, which is so wholly unintelligent as to be helpless for its own sustenance and preservation; or unendowed with the capacity of joy or sorrow.

TO-DAY IN PARIS.

I AM slowly recovering from an illness which very nearly conducted me to the retirement of the grave; and every morning I am awakened by an impatient shaking, and a shrill peremptory voice which pipes: "M'sieu, v'la v't café." On opening my eyes, I see, through the light tipsifying Parisian air, a dumpty serving damsel, aged some one thousand Sundays: I reckon her life by Sundays, as Sunday is the only day on which the small creature, in this phase of the world's history, can have ever lived her own life.

She thinks no evil in shaking a slumbering "M'sieu" in bed. She is a resolute, but not an impudent, little person. She has opinions, belonging to her newspaper, which incline, I think, to the doctrine of St. Simon; but she does not practise them obtrusively, and her name is Celestine. In England she would, or might be, called Molly. But it would never answer the purpose of a peaceable man to call this French girl Molly. An admirer of long standing, and high in her good graces, might, in moments of pathetic appeal to her higher feelings, venture upon "Celestine:" or, after a formal betrothal, he might, in hours of familiar social intercourse, while conducting her on a summer afternoon to partake of refreshments at the "barrière," go so far as "Tinette." But all other persons of prudence and experience say "mademoiselle," if they want their coffee hot; and they take their hats off when they meet her on the stairs with her besom.

There seems an inborn sense of personal dignity in French people, whatever their calling or degree; or it may date from the terrible days when France inscribed on her banner that she had risen against Tyrants, for this sense could hardly have existed among a Nation of Serfs. Among the inhabitants of other nations, and especially among the English, there are trades and occupations which appear to obliterate the morality and self-respect of those who follow them. They become identified with vice and squalor in its lowest forms. In France, the souls of the humblest are filled with vast and grandiose conceptions of their part in the world's business. Each individual feels himself or herself necessary to the progress and completeness of the age and country. Every man honestly believes, with all his might and main, that the eyes of mankind are fixed upon his behaviour and pursuits. A domestic servant, taken lately to the watch-house for being noisy and aggressive, said to the policeman, "I protest in the face of Europe." The policeman, himself an important personage, with a sword and cocked hat, thinks this mode of protest simple and natural. A commercial traveller refused to acknowledge that he was sea-sick in crossing the Atlantic, because, as he observed afterwards: "Il fallait sauver l'honneur de la Patrie." A French tradesman is not simply a baker or a candlestick-maker. He says and thinks that "he consecrates himself to the art of perfecting the alimentary productions of nature," or that he "devotes an intelligent study to the discovery of some mechanism by which light may be best diffused." He says these things to his own

brother, and his most intimate friends. He repeats them to his wife and children; they form part of the fabric of his mind.

The other day I saw in a narrow by-street, a glowing picture of Fame; beneath it was written: "A la vraie gloire"—"To true glory." It was the sign over a pork butcher's shop.

The principal changes that strike me to-day in Paris, after an absence of about a dozen years, are, that the whole population of the boulevards have become fat; and that the tripping little grisette, with her pretty cap, and neat inexpensive dress, has disappeared from the streets, and been replaced by the "demoiselle du magazin," who dresses in a yellow-braided jacket and high-heeled boots. In like manner, the brisk little fellows who lived on fried potatoes and vaudevilles, and went humming about their shop work, have become discontented prigs with mutton-chop whiskers, who pass their evenings in organising strikes, and the rest of their time in dreaming of "une sérieuse position sociale." I observe, also, the importation of spurious British manners and customs, on a most extensive scale: ridiculous imitations of the ugliest parts of English dress, such as our hats and ungainly boots; the general use of yellow hair-dye and monstrous wigs; lastly, the decline and fall of French cookery.

This plump people, though they have grown so round, no longer imagine delicate dishes, as in the hungry days before the first revolution when they had all such empty stomachs, and such hungry minds. They have become so satiated with succulent food as to be indifferent to the finer arts of the kitchen. No new culinary invention of world-wide reputation has been discovered in Paris since the "Mayonnaise;" and every recent addition to French fashionable dinners is of foreign importation. There is a grievous list of them, "Rompsteack à la moelle:" a thick chunk of tough beef with clumps of marrow lying in a glutinous lake of brown sauce; hard knobs of roast mutton; hash. Finally, even turtle soup, melted butter, cayenne pepper, and hot gin-and-water, have made their appearance at the best tables. The hot gin-and-water is indeed called "krock," but under this name it is nationalised; and its effect on the lively Parisian temperament is to make it suddenly and wildly boisterous.

The cafés, full of that universal out-of-door life which made Paris so delightful to the passing traveller if he lingered but a day there, are gradually but surely giving place to clubs and more sedentary habits. The government officials, retired officers, professional and literary men, who formerly only slept and dressed at their lodgings, now retire into dark entresols in charge of a nurse who cultivates them like mushrooms. There they dine and live, appearing only on the boulevard towards five o'clock for their absinthe, or, horrible to relate, their "gin and bitters."

One must turn quite aside from the busy quarters of the city, to catch a few glimpses of the pretty old life. I have found one place where I used to dine twenty years ago, and which still seems to be patronised by almost the very same customers I left sitting there when I eat my last "côtelette en papillotes" and cauliflower salad there, in other times. I have been dining at this place for the last few days, behind an English gentleman with a bashful back. He is on a honeymoon trip to Paris, and he and his wife are charming people. Youth and beauty, joy and love, hope and fortune, make the whole world pleasant to them. The gentleman, a fresh-faced squire from one of the midland counties, feels himself so inferior to his bride that hence the bashfulness of his back. But she is very proud of him, proud of his strength, and manliness, and fair name. She has been brought up at home, perhaps in some secluded old priory or manor house, and Parisian ways are so strange to her, that she confronts them with the amazing courage of the frightened. I fancy her dresses must have been made in a small English country town; but she has bought a wonderful Parisian bonnet, and her own mother would be taken aback to see the dashing mode in which she wears it, and to hear her valiant talk in broken French. Every time she produces this astonishing foreign language, and the puzzled waiter confidently looks as if he understood it, I see the squire's bashful back contract with a sort of spasm, and the crimson blood rises till it colours his neck and ears, and he looks like a dahlia all ablow. He seems half gratified and half alarmed.

Opposite this happy pair are a party of French people, come up on some business of settlements or will-making, from Brittany. It is composed of two gentlemen, both very old, and a lady of a rare type of loveliness. Her eyes are sober eyes, full of a sweet and healing beauty. The cares of those two old men look softened and lessened in them. It is easy to see that she leads a good

and quiet life, for, though she is no longer young, Time has not touched her roughly. She has lived in the sunshine which gives birth to leaves and flowers: not in the blight which withers, or the lightning which sears. It is pleasant to notice the chivalrous antique gallantries of the two old men, and her watchful care of them both: a gentle, courteous merriment underlying the decorum of the whole party withal. The lady, exquisitely dressed, sits as a queen between her two admirers, who seem to render equal homage to her. One is thin and wasted: possibly a laborious scholar, bowed by weighty thoughts and grave study. His clothes are worn, but are not shabby, and there is a visible dignity about him. The other is more robust. He has been a successful soldier, and has prospered better than his companion. The strong-handed often push their way upward in the world, higher than the strong-brained. He is the host: a generous, open-handed, free-living man. He is also the lady's husband, and there are still traces of a cavalier grace which might well have left him the power of pleasing, long after duller men grow old. So theirs was a love match, not an uncommon one, when he was forty-nine and she was seventeen. Now, he is full seventy, and she is still in the flush of a ripe and goodly autumn. As they sit together, they form a noble picture of a bygone society of which the thoughts and manners are fast departing: a society somewhat more genial and gracious, more refined and polite, than that uppermost today in Paris.

CHOOSE.

My tender thoughts go forth, beloved,
Upon the pleasant morning hours,
With songs of mated birds, and sighs
From virgin hearts of opening flowers.

Full-laden with love's daintiest store,
Each smallest thought should come to thee,
As from the jasmine's hidden cell
Flies home the richly-burdened bee.

My joyous thoughts go forth, beloved,
Upon the golden airs of noon,
With languid sweets from roses rare
That flush and faint through ardent June.

With all the swiftness of the streams,
That fling out laughter as they run;
With all the brightness of the day,
With all the passion of the sun.

But when, along the cloud-hung west,
The purple lights grow pale and die;
When waves of sunshine roll no more,
And all one shade the cornfields lie;

When twilight veils the hills, and gives
A deeper mystery to the sea;
Then, O beloved! my saddened heart
Yearns through the distance unto thee.

And when the winds come o'er the sands,
To sweep my lonely garden through,
To bow the saintly lily's head,
And spill the violet's cup of dew;

And when they higher mount, and beat
The elm's long arms against the eaves,
Troubling the robin in its nest,
And making tumult in the leaves;

Then, in the dusk, I seem to hear
Strange sounds and whisperings of dread,
And every murmur in the grass
Seems some unfriendly spirit's tread.

I shrink within the shadowed porch;
A nameless fear oppresseth me;
And then my heart, like some lost child,
Calls through the darkness unto thee!

So, dear, of all my life of love,
Choose thou the best and sweetest part:
The glow of day, or gloom of night,
The pride, or terror, of my heart;

The glad exultant hope, that fills
The morning with its joyous strain;
Or twilight's haunted loneliness,
That stretches out its arms in vain.

Would sigh or carol move thee most?
And were thy tenderest kiss bestowed
On eyes that droop with tears, or lips
With careless laughter overflowed?

STORIES OF LOUGH GUIR.

When the present writer was a boy of twelve or thirteen, he first made the acquaintance of Miss Anne Baily, of Lough Guir, in the county Limerick. She and her sister were the last representatives at that place, of an extremely good old name in the county. They were both what is termed "old maids," and at that time past sixty. But never were old ladies more hospitable, lively, and kind, especially to young people. They were both remarkably agreeable and clever. Like all old county ladies of their time, they were great genealogists, and could recount the origin, generations, and intermarriages, of every county family of note.

These ladies were visited at their house at Lough Guir by Mr. Crofton Croker; and are, I think, mentioned, by name, in the second series of his fairy legends; the series in which (probably communicated by Miss Anne Baily), he recounts some of the picturesque traditions of those beautiful lakes —lakes, I should no longer say, for the smaller and prettier has since been drained, and gave up from its depths some long lost and very interesting relics.

In their drawing-room stood a curious relic of another sort: old enough, too, though belonging to a much more modern period. It was the ancient stirrup cup of the hospitable house of Lough Guir. Crofton Croker has preserved a sketch of this curious glass. I have often had it in

my hand. It had a short stem; and the cup part, having the bottom rounded, rose cylindrically, and, being of a capacity to contain a whole bottle of claret, and almost as narrow as an old-fashioned ale glass, was tall to a degree that filled me with wonder. As it obliged the rider to extend his arm as he raised the glass, it must have tried a tipsy man, sitting in the saddle, pretty severely. The wonder was that the marvellous tall glass had come down to our times without a crack.

There was another glass worthy of remark in the same drawing-room. It was gigantic, and shaped conically, like one of those old-fashioned jelly glasses which used to be seen upon the shelves of confectioners. It was engraved round the rim with the words, "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory;" and on grand occasions, was filled to the brim, and after the manner of a loving cup, made the circuit of the Whig guests, who owed all to the hero whose memory its legend celebrated and invoked.

It was now but the transparent phantom of those solemn convivialities of a generation, who lived, as it were, within hearing of the cannon and shoutings of those stirring times. When I saw it, this glass had long retired from politics and carousals, and stood peacefully on a little table in the drawing-room, where ladies' hands replenished it with fair water, and crowned it daily with flowers from the garden.

Miss Anne Baily's conversation ran oftener than her sister's upon the legendary and supernatural; she told her stories with the sympathy, the colour, and the mysterious air which contribute so powerfully to effect, and never wearied of answering questions about the old castle, and amusing her young audience with fascinating little glimpses of old adventure and bygone days. My memory retains the picture of my early friend very distinctly. A slim straight figure, above the middle height; a general likeness to the full-length portrait of that delightful Countess D'Aulnois, to whom we all owe our earliest and most brilliant glimpses of fairy-land; something of her gravely-pleasant countenance, plain, but refined and ladylike, with that kindly mystery in her side-long glance and uplifted finger, which indicated the approaching climax of a tale of wonder.

Lough Guir is a kind of centre of the operations of the Munster fairies. When a child is stolen by the "good people," Lough Guir is conjectured to be the place of its unearthly transmutation from the human to the fairy state. And beneath its waters lie enchanted, the grand old castle of the Desmonds, the great earl himself, his beautiful young countess, and all the retinue that surrounded him in the years of his splendour, and at the moment of his catastrophe.

Here, too, are historic associations. The huge square tower that rises at one side of the stable-yard close to the old house, to a height that amazed my young eyes, though robbed of its battlements and one story, was a stronghold of the last rebellious Earl of Desmond, and is specially mentioned in that delightful old folio, the Hibernia Pacata, as having, with its Irish garrison on the battlements, defied the army of the lord deputy, then marching by upon the summits of the overhanging hills. The house, built under shelter of this stronghold of the once proud and turbulent Desmonds, is old, but snug, with a multitude of small low rooms, such as I have seen in houses of the same age in Shropshire and the neighbouring English counties.

The hills that overhang the lakes appeared to me, in my young days (and I have not seen them since), to be clothed with a short soft verdure, of a hue so dark and vivid as I had never seen before.

In one of the lakes is a small island, rocky and wooded, which is believed by the peasantry to represent the top of the highest tower of the castle which sank, under a spell, to the bottom. In certain states of the atmosphere, I have heard educated people say, when in a boat you have reached a certain distance, the island appears to rise some feet from the water, its rocks assume the appearance of masonry, and the whole circuit presents very much the effect of the battlements of a castle rising above the surface of the lake.

This was Miss Anne Baily's story of the submersion of this lost castle:

THE MAGICIAN EARL.

It is well known that the great Earl of Desmond, though history pretends to dispose of him differently, lives to this hour enchanted in his castle, with all his household, at the bottom of the lake.

There was not, in his day, in all the world, so accomplished a magician as he. His fairest castle stood upon an island in the lake, and to this he brought his young and beautiful bride, whom he loved but too well; for she prevailed upon his folly to risk all to gratify her imperious caprice.

They had not been long in this beautiful castle, when she one day presented herself in the chamber in which her husband studied his forbidden art, and there implored him to exhibit before her some of the wonders of his evil science. He resisted long; but her entreaties, tears, and wheedlings were at length too much for him, and he consented.

But before beginning those astonishing transformations with which he was about to amaze her, he explained to her the awful conditions and dangers of the experiment.

Alone in this vast apartment, the walls of which were lapped, far below, by the lake whose dark waters lay waiting to swallow them, she must witness a certain series of frightful phenomena, which, once commenced, he could neither abridge nor mitigate; and if throughout their ghastly succession she spoke one word, or uttered one exclamation, the castle and all that it contained would in one instant subside to the bottom of the lake, there to remain, under the servitude of a strong spell, for ages.

The dauntless curiosity of the lady having prevailed, and the oaken door of the study being locked and barred, the fatal experiments commenced.

Muttering a spell, as he stood before her, feathers sprouted thickly over him, his face became contracted and hooked, a cadaverous smell filled the air, and, with heavy winnowing wings, a gigantic vulture rose in his stead, and swept round and round the room, as if on the point of pouncing upon her.

The lady commanded herself through this trial, and instantly another began.

The bird alighted near the door, and in less than a minute changed, she saw not how, into a horribly deformed and dwarfish hag: who, with yellow skin hanging about her face, and enormous eyes, swung herself on crutches toward the lady, her mouth foaming with fury, and her grimaces and contortions becoming more and more hideous every moment, till she rolled with a yell on the floor, in a horrible convulsion, at the lady's feet, and then changed into a huge serpent, which came sweeping and arching toward her, with crest erect, and quivering tongue. Suddenly, as it seemed on the point of darting at her, she saw her husband in its stead, standing pale before her, and, with his finger on his lip, enforcing the continued necessity of silence. He then placed himself at his length on the floor, and began to stretch himself out and out, longer and longer, until his head nearly reached to one end of the vast room, and his feet to the other.

This horror overcame her. The ill-starred lady uttered a wild scream, whereupon the castle and all that was within it, sank in a moment to the bottom of the lake.

But, once in every seven years, by night, the Earl of Desmond and his retinue emerge, and cross the lake, in shadowy cavalcade. His white horse is shod with silver. On that one night, the earl may ride till daybreak, and it behoves him to make good use of his time; for, until the silver shoes of his steed be worn through, the spell that holds him and his beneath the lake, will retain its power.

When I (Miss Anne Baily) was a child, there was still living a man named Teigne O'Neill, who had a strange story to tell.

He was a smith, and his forge stood on the brow of the hill, overlooking the lake, on a lonely part of the road to Cahir Conlish. One bright moonlight night, he was working very late, and quite alone. The clink of his hammer, and the wavering glow reflected through the open door on the bushes at the other side of the narrow road, were the only tokens that told of life and vigil for miles around.

In one of the pauses of his work, he heard the ring of many hoofs ascending the steep road that passed his forge, and, standing in his doorway, he was just in time to see a gentleman, on a white horse, who was dressed in a fashion the like of which the smith had never seen before. This man was accompanied and followed by a mounted retinue, as strangely dressed as he.

They seemed, by the clang and clatter that announced their approach, to be riding up the hill at a hard hurry-scurry gallop; but the pace abated as they drew near, and the rider of the white horse who, from his grave and lordly air, he assumed to be a man of rank, and accustomed to command, drew bridle and came to a halt before the smith's door.

He did not speak, and all his train were silent, but he beckoned to the smith, and pointed down to one of his horse's hoofs.

Teigne stooped and raised it, and held it just long enough to see that it was shod with a silver shoe: which, in one place, he said, was worn as thin as a shilling. Instantaneously his situation was made apparent to him by this sign, and he recoiled with a terrified prayer. The lordly rider, with a look of pain and fury, struck at him suddenly, with something that whistled in the air, like a whip; and an icy streak

seemed to traverse his body, as if he had been cut through with a leaf of steel. But he was without scathe or scar, as he afterwards found.

At the same moment he saw the whole cavalcade break into a gallop and disappear down the hill, with a momentary hurtling in the air, like the flight of a volley of cannon shot.

Here had been the earl himself! He had tried one of his accustomed stratagems to lead the smith to speak to him. For it is well known that either for the purpose of abridging or of mitigating his period of enchantment, he seeks to lead people to accost him. But what, in the event of his succeeding, would befal the person whom he had thus ensnared, no one knows.

MOLL RIAL'S ADVENTURE.

When Miss Anne Baily was a child, Moll Rial was an old woman. She had lived all her days with the Bailys of Lough Guir; in and about whose house, as was the Irish custom of those days, were a troop of bare-footed country girls, scullery maids, or laundresses, or employed about the poultry yard, or running of errands.

Among these was Mary Rial, then a stout good-humoured lass, with little to think of, and nothing to fret about. She was once washing clothes, by the process known universally in Munster as beatling. The washer stands up to her ankles in water, in which she has immersed the clothes, which she lays in that state on a great flat stone, and smacks with lusty strokes of an instrument which bears a rude resemblance to a cricket bat, only shorter, broader, and light enough to be wielded freely with one hand. Thus, they smack the dripping clothes, turning them over and over, sousing them in the water, and replacing them on the same stone, to undergo a repetition of the process, until they are thoroughly washed.

Moll Rial was plying her "beatle" at the margin of the lake, close under the old house and castle. It was between eight and nine o'clock on a fine summer morning, everything looked bright and beautiful. Though quite alone, and though she could not see even the windows of the house (hidden from her view by the irregular ascent and some interposing bushes), her loneliness was not depressing.

Standing up from her work, she saw a gentleman walking slowly down the slope toward her. He was a "grand-looking" gentleman, arrayed in a flowered silk dressing-gown, with a cap of velvet on his head; and as he stepped toward her, in his slippered feet, he showed a very handsome leg. He was smiling graciously as he approached, and drawing a ring from his finger with an air of gracious meaning, which seemed to imply that he wished to make her a present; he raised it in his fingers with a pleased look, and placed it on the flat stones beside the clothes she had been beatling so industriously.

He drew back a little, and continued to look at her with an encouraging smile, which seemed to say: "You have earned your reward; you must not be afraid to take it."

The girl fancied that this was some gentleman who had arrived, as often happened in those hospitable and haphazard times, late and unexpectedly the night before, and who was now taking a little indolent ramble before breakfast.

Moll Rial was a little shy, and more so at having been discovered by so grand a gentleman with her petticoats gathered a little high about her bare shins. She looked down, therefore, upon the water at her feet, and then she saw a ripple of blood, and then another, ring after ring, coming and going to and from her feet. She cried out the sacred name in horror, and, lifting her eyes, the courtly gentleman was gone, but the blood-rings about her feet spread with the speed of light over the surface of the lake, which for a moment glowed like one vast estuary of blood.

Here was the earl once again, and Moll Rial declared that if it had not been for that frightful transformation of the water she would have spoken to him next minute, and would thus have passed under a spell, perhaps as direful as his own.

THE BANSHEE.

So old a Munster family as the Bailys, of Lough Guir, could not fail to have their attendant banshee. Every one attached to the family knew this well, and could cite evidences of that unearthly distinction. I heard Miss Baily relate the only experience she had personally had of that wild spiritual sympathy.

She said that, being then young, she and Miss Susan undertook a long attendance upon the sick bed of their sister, Miss Kitty, whom I have heard remembered among her contemporaries as the merriest and most entertaining of human beings. This light-hearted young lady was dying of con-

sumption. The sad duties of such attendance being divided among many sisters, as they then were, the night watches devolved upon the two ladies I have named: I think, as being the eldest.

It is not improbable that these long and melancholy vigils, lowering the spirits and exciting the nervous system, prepared them for illusions. At all events, one night at dead of night, Miss Baily and her sister, sitting in the dying lady's room, heard such sweet and melancholy music as they had never heard before. It seemed to them like distant cathedral music. The room of the dying girl had its windows toward the yard, and the old castle stood near, and full in sight. The music was not in the house, but seemed to come from the yard, or beyond it. Miss Anne Baily took a candle, and went down the back stairs. She opened the back door, and, standing there, heard the same faint but solemn harmony, and could not tell whether it most resembled the distant music of instruments, or a choir of voices. It seemed to come through the windows of the old castle, high in the air. But when she approached the tower, the music, she thought, came from above the house, at the other side of the yard; and thus perplexed, and at last frightened, she returned.

This aërial music both she and her sister, Miss Susan Baily, avowed that they distinctly heard, and for a long time. Of the fact she was clear, and she spoke of it with great awe.

THE GOVERNESS'S DREAM.

This lady, one morning, with a grave countenance that indicated something weighty upon her mind, told her pupils that she had, on the night before, had a very remarkable dream.

The first room you enter in the old castle, having reached the foot of the spiral stone stair, is a large hall, dim and lofty, having only a small window or two, set high in deep recesses in the wall. When I saw the castle many years ago, a portion of this capacious chamber was used as a store for the turf laid in to last the year.

Her dream placed her, alone, in this room, and there entered a grave-looking man, having something very remarkable in his countenance: which impressed her, as a fine portrait sometimes will, with a haunting sense of character and individuality.

In his hand this man carried a wand, about the length of an ordinary walking cane. He told her to observe and remember its length, and to mark well the measurements he was about to make, the result of which she was to communicate to Mr. Baily, of Lough Guir.

From a certain point in the wall, with this wand, he measured along the floor, at right angles with the wall, a certain number of its lengths, which he counted aloud; and then, in the same way, from the adjoining wall he measured a certain number of its lengths, which he also counted distinctly. He then told her that at the point where these two lines met, at a depth of a certain number of feet which he also told her, treasure lay buried. And so the dream broke up, and her remarkable visitant vanished.

She took the girls with her to the old castle, where, having cut a switch to the length represented to her in her dream, she measured the distances, and ascertained, as she supposed, the point on the floor beneath which the treasure lay. The same day she related her dream to Mr. Baily. But he treated it laughingly, and took no step in consequence.

Some time after this, she again saw, in a dream, the same remarkable-looking man, who repeated his message, and appeared displeased. But the dream was treated by Mr. Baily as before.

The same dream occurred again, and the children became so clamorous to have the castle floor explored, with pick and shovel, at the point indicated by the thrice-seen messenger, that at length Mr. Baily consented, and the floor was opened, and a trench was sunk at the spot which the governess had pointed out.

Miss Anne Baily, and nearly all the members of the family, her father included, were present at this operation. As the workmen approached the depth described in the vision, the interest and suspense of all increased; and when the iron implements met the solid resistance of a broad flagstone, which returned a cavernous sound to the stroke, the excitement of all present rose to its acme.

With some difficulty the flag was raised, and a chamber of stone work, large enough to receive a moderately-sized crock or pot, was disclosed. Alas! it was empty. But in the earth at the bottom of it, Miss Baily said, she herself saw, as every other bystander plainly did, the circular impression of a vessel: which had stood there, as the mark seemed to indicate, for a very long time.

Both the Miss Bailys were strong in their

belief hereafterwards, that the treasure which they were convinced had actually been deposited there, had been removed by some more trusting and active listener than their father had proved.

This same governess remained with them to the time of her death, which occurred some years later, under the following circumstances as extraordinary as her dream.

THE EARL'S HALL.

The good governess had a particular liking for the old castle, and when lessons were over, would take her book or her work into a large room in the ancient building, called the Earl's Hall. Here she caused a table and chair to be placed for her use, and in the chiaroscuro would so sit at her favourite occupations, with just a little ray of subdued light, admitted through one of the glassless windows above her, and falling upon her table.

The Earl's Hall is entered by a narrow-arched door, opening close to the winding stair. It is a very large and gloomy room, pretty nearly square, with a lofty vaulted ceiling, and a stone floor. Being situated high in the castle, the walls of which are immensely thick, and the windows very small and few, the silence that reigns here is like that of a subterranean cavern. You hear nothing in this solitude, except perhaps twice in a day, the twitter of a swallow in one of the small windows high in the wall.

This good lady, having one day retired to her accustomed solitude, was missed from the house at her wonted hour of return. This in a country house, such as Irish houses were in those days, excited little surprise, and no alarm. But when dinner hour came, which was then, in country houses, five o'clock, and the governess had not appeared, some of her young friends, it being not yet winter, and sufficient light remaining to guide them through the gloom of the dim ascent and passages, mounted the old stone stair to the level of the Earl's Hall, gaily calling to her as they approached.

There was no answer. On the stone floor, outside the door of the Earl's Hall, to their horror, they found her lying insensible. By the usual means she was restored to consciousness; but she continued very ill, and was conveyed to the house, where she took to her bed.

It was there and then that she related what had occurred to her. She had placed herself, as usual, at her little work table, and had been either working or reading—I forget which—for some time, and felt in her usual health and serene spirits. Raising her eyes, and looking towards the door, she saw a horrible-looking little man enter. He was dressed in red, was very short, had a singularly dark face, and a most atrocious countenance. Having walked some steps into the room, with his eyes fixed on her, he stopped, and beckoning to her to follow, moved back toward the door. About half way, again he stopped once more and turned. She was so terrified that she sat staring at the apparition without moving or speaking. Seeing that she had not obeyed him, his face became more frightful and menacing, and as it underwent this change, he raised his hand and stamped on the floor. Gesture, look, and all, expressed diabolical fury. Through sheer extremity of terror she did rise, and, as he turned again, followed him a step or two in the direction of the door. He again stopped, and with the same mute menace, compelled her again to follow him.

She reached the narrow stone doorway of the Earl's Hall, through which he had passed; from the threshold she saw him standing a little way off, with his eyes still fixed on her. Again he signed to her, and began to move along the short passage that leads to the winding stair. But instead of following him further, she fell on the floor in a fit.

The poor lady was thoroughly persuaded that she was not long to survive this vision, and her foreboding proved true. From her bed she never rose. Fever and delirium supervened in a few days, and she died. Of course it is possible that fever, already approaching, had touched her brain when she was visited by the phantom, and that it had no external existence.

THE GREAT MAGYAR.

IN FOUR PARTS. CHAPTER V.

We must for a moment recal attention to the date in Hungarian history which this narrative has now reached.

From the 16th of March to the 5th of July, the Austrian government, expelled from its capital, disorganised and thoroughly discouraged, submits, without even a semblance of remonstrance, to each condition imposed on its weakness by the growing impatience of Kossuth. Each new concession, however, is secretly recorded as a debt, which Vienna statesmen are resolved that Hungary shall some day repay

with interest, if they, in turn, should ever get a chance of dictating terms. During the months of July and August, the Austrian government begins to recover self-confidence, and secretly encourages resistance in all quarters to the Revolutionary government at Pesth. The two cabinets, however, continue to avoid an open rupture; and the Emperor's authority is assailed under cover of the King of Hungary's. With the first days of September, a new epoch begins. Each government drops the mask, and hostile preparations are pushed forward on both sides. In the first week of that month, the Austrian Lieutenant-General Hrabowsky, who commands the imperial troops throughout the comitats of Croatia and Slavonia, spontaneously surrenders his command to Jellachich: who at once assumes it, in the name of the Emperor, and is forthwith master of a compact and well-organised military power. On the 10th of September, the Hungarian Diet despatches another deputation to the Emperor, who receives the Magyar deputies at Schoenbrun, the Versailles of Austria, the famous residence of Maria Theresa. The language of the deputation is haughty, insolent, dictatorial. It summons the King of Hungary to Pesth, demands the royal sanction to the Hungarian paper money already issued, and claims that the military resources of the Empire shall be placed at the disposal of the Magyar cabinet, for resistance to the Croats. The language of the King-emperor is cold, cautious, evasive. The state of his health will not permit him to visit Pesth at present. As to the paper money, he will consider. He has already advised the Ban of Croatia not to reject any conciliatory overtures which may be addressed to him by the Hungarians. In profound and ominous silence, the deputation withdraws. On quitting the halls and gardens of Schoenbrun, each deputy tears from his hat the Austro-Hungarian colours, and replaces them by the red cockade. The fiction of revolutionary government carried on in the king's name is at an end.

On the 11th of September, the great Ban led his army of Croats across the Drave, advanced without opposition to the Danube, and planted the imperial standard on the fortress of Essig. His march was preceded by a proclamation, in which he declared that he entered the plains of Hungary, not as a foe, but as a friend—not to withdraw from the Magyar race a single privilege to which the royal sanction had recently been given, but to rescue the constitution of Hungary and her sister kingdoms from the tyranny of a rebellious, odious, and incapable faction. Meanwhile, the Emperor refused to sanction the paper money issued by the Hungarian government, and the Hungarian government replied by proclaiming guilty of high treason and to be *punishable with death*, all who refused to accept the new assignats as legal tender. The troops were, at the same time, ordered to the Croatian frontier. Meszaros, the Magyar minister of war, took command of them in person. But a great part of his army was composed of Slavs and Germans, whose disposition he could not trust; and the Transylvanian regiment, composed of Wallacks, mutinied at Szegedin, whither they had been led by forced marches, and returned to their old quarters. Batthiany, at his wits' end, called the cabinet together. It met at the house of Kossuth. Szechenyi was present with all the other ministers. Silent, motionless, his face buried in his hands, he appeared unconscious of all that was passing around him. Suddenly he rose, and left the room, without a word to any of his colleagues. Ten minutes afterwards he returned to fetch his portfolio, which he had forgotten. Seizing it with a convulsive grasp, he then turned to Kossuth, and said: "You won't hang me, will you, Kossuth?"

"Why should I hang you?" asked Kossuth, laughing.

"But promise me, promise me, that I shall not be hanged by your orders!"

"Well; since you insist on it, I promise."

"Thanks! thanks!"

He pressed the hand of Kossuth, thrust his portfolio under his arm, and hastened out of the room again in great agitation.

This anecdote is cited by M. Saint-René Taillandier, from the History of the Hungarian Revolution by Mr. Daniel Iranyi, to whom Kossuth himself related it. "About the same time, perhaps it was the evening of that very day," adds M. Saint-René Taillandier, "some of the count's most intimate friends were met together, and talking with him. The conversation naturally turned on what was then occupying all minds. The count himself, strangely excited, his face bathed in tears, his eyes flashing with prophetic fire, exclaimed: 'The stars are dripping blood. I see blood everywhere, nothing but blood! Brother will massacre brother, race exterminate race. Barbarian hordes will reduce to ashes the entire fabric we have so long and lovingly laboured to build up. My life is overthrown. On the vault of

heaven I see written in characters of fire the name of Kossuth, flagellum Dei!'"

The rumour spread through Hungary, through Europe. For one moment the attention of the civilised world was withdrawn from the fate of empires, and concentrated on the prostrate image of a single man, when it was whispered across Europe, "Szechenyi has gone mad."

The count's family, unprepared for such an event, had quitted Pesth. The calamity was first revealed to the count's servants. The servants imparted their impressions to Dr. Paul Balogh, a medical man of eminence and ability. The doctor besought the count to leave Pesth. He replied, "I am one of the ministers of Hungary; and the enemies of Hungary are at the gates." In a moment of utter exhaustion and discouragement, however, he was borne away from Pesth by the watchful doctor. At Vörösvar the carriage stopped to change horses. The count contrived to escape from it, and was with difficulty recaptured in the endeavour to return to the scene of his long martyrdom. Once, his attendants were only just in time to snatch from his hand the pistol he was about to fire on himself. At Gran, he again escaped from his friendly guardian, and flung himself into the river. The crew of a vessel at that moment descending the stream, succeeded in saving from its waves the creator of the navigation of the Danube. At Wieselburg he, a third time, broke loose from his keepers, and ran through the town screaming in agony: "I am on fire! I burn!"

At last the travellers reached Döbling. It is a quiet pretty little village, so near Vienna that the recent growth of the Austrian capital has now almost converted it into a suburb. It still retains, however, its rural aspect, and is sprinkled with green garden lawns, and enfolded by the sheltering slopes of richly-wooded hills. There, still stands the "asylum" of Dr. Görgen. An asylum it deserves to be called. We have often visited it. There, Dr. Balogh deposited his noble patient; and there Count Stephen Szechenyi was still living when the present writer first visited Vienna, nine years ago. Ah, and at that time the ci-devant great Prince Metternich was still living also! Surely it is not years but ideas which mark the progress of time. From the moment of his arrival at Döbling, the condition of the count's health fluctuated in such precise correspondence with the fluctuating fortunes of his country, that henceforth he may be regarded as the living individualised embodiment of the sufferings of a whole nation.

CHAPTER VI.

Which was the madder world of the two? The world inside, or the world outside, the walls of the Döbling Hospital?

It has been stated in previous chapters that at the commencement of the conflict between Magyar and Croat, the Imperial Government, then completely submissive to the Revolutionary Cabinet of Pesth, openly disavowed and condemned the conduct of its destined saviour, the great Ban.

The Archduke Stephen, when he opened the Hungarian Diet, had been instructed to declare on behalf of the King-emperor, the grief with which the King's paternal heart had been afflicted by the attempt of the Croatians to resist the laws of the Diet, on the pretext that those laws were not the free expression of his majesty's will. "Some persons," added the Palatine "have even gone so far as to pretend that their resistance to the Diet is undertaken in the interests of the royal house, and with the knowledge and approval of his majesty."

Our only comment upon this shall be the citation of a single passage from the correspondence, subsequently intercepted, between Jellachich and the Emperor. The Ban writes, "I entreat your forgiveness, sire; but I am resolved to save your majesty's empire. If the empire must fall, let who will live on. I, at least, will not survive it."

From Essig to Fünfkirchen the Ban had marched without resistance. There, Lake Balaton—an inland sea somewhat larger than the lake of Geneva—forms the base of a triangle, of which the two sides are traced by the Drave and the Danube, Croatia being at its apex. Turning the western corner of the lake, Jellachich reached the castle of Kesthely. From Kesthely to Stuhlweissemburg, the road is guarded, on one side by the waters of Lake Belaton, on the other by the mountain slopes of the forest of Bakony. The whole of that part of the country is inhabited by a mixed population of Germans and Hungarians, through which Jellachich led his army without encountering any opposition; and, possessing himself of the ancient capital of the Hungarian kings and the tomb of St. Stephen, he encamped his forces within a day's journey of Pesth. The excitement occasioned by this alarming intelligence dealt the coup de grace to the moderate

party in the Hungarian Cabinet: already weakened by the loss of Szechenyi, and discredited by the failure of its attempts at compromise and conciliation.

The moment they were relieved of Szechenyi's presence, the radicals had resolved to get rid of all their conservative colleagues at one stroke. They calculated that, if the ministry were broken up, the only persons able to form another would be themselves. They therefore placed their resignation in the hands of the Palatine, fully persuaded that his imperial and royal highness would not venture to accept it. The archduke, however, disappointed that expectation by taking them at their word. The vexation of their partisans, who commanded the majority in the chamber, was excessive, and was so unpleasantly evinced that the Palatine soon afterwards quitted Pesth in disgust. On his way to Vienna he passed the outposts of the Ban's army; and it is said that he there encountered his cousin, the young Archduke Frederick. If so, he could no longer have had any doubt as to the real policy and personal sentiments of the Emperor, in whose hands he placed his own resignation as soon as he reached Vienna.

Batthiany now attempted to form a new cabinet from which Kossuth and all the radicals were to be excluded. In the existing temper of the country such an attempt was, from every point of view, preposterous; but its failure was precipitated by the rejection of a demand brought before the National Assembly at Vienna on the 17th of September by a deputation from the Hungarian Diet; which, with Vesselenyi at the head of it, was charged to solicit assistance against the Croats. The deputation had only just returned empty-handed, when the news reached Pesth that the enemy was within a day's journey of the Magyar capital. Kossuth, borne to the summit of power on the shoulders of an alarmed and intensely excited people, was immediately proclaimed Dictator. The National Guard, under the command of the two Huniadys, was ordered forward to arrest the advance of Jellachich. Meanwhile, Kossuth himself mounted the tribune, and, in one of his most impassioned orations, appealed to every member of the house to work with him "spade in hand at the fortifications of the town," while their wives and daughters were "boiling oil and lead to pour upon the head of the invader."

It was at this critical moment that the Emperor issued a manifesto "to his faithful subjects in Hungary," informing them that, in the absence of the Palatine, and every other constitutional authority, he had invested with full powers Field-Marshal Count Lamberg for the restoration of order throughout the kingdom, and had appointed the count commander-in-chief of the military forces in Hungary.

The modern capital of Hungary consists of two cities, separated by the Danube; or, more properly speaking, it consists of a city and a citadel, between which the broad and rapid current of the great river flows down to its eastern goal. On the right bank of the river, that is to say, on the side first reached by any traveller from the Austrian capital, on the site of the ancient residence of the Turkish pashas, and commanding from its airy eminence one of the most spacious and exhilarating prospects in the world, stands the great modern stronghold of Buda. Beneath it, on the same side of the river, is one of those small towns which in former times the shelter of a strong fortress always created around it. On the left bank of the river, and immediately opposite to this ancient acropolis, is Pesth, the modern capital. The city and the citadel are now connected by a magnificent bridge, one of the creations of Stephen Szechenyi. In 1848, however, they were united only by a bridge of boats, and the two together comprised a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand souls.

Count Lamberg arrived at Buda on the evening of the 29th of September. Kossuth, who had proclaimed the decree of the King of Hungary to be null and void, was resolved to oppose the viceroy's entry into Pesth. During the night of the 28th, scythes and pitchforks were distributed to a mob of peasants who had flocked into Pesth from all the surrounding districts.

Count Lamberg, who desired to confer with the Austrian commandant before crossing the river, alighted at the fortress of Buda. He was unaccompanied by any escort, and was either ignorant of the danger that menaced him, or fatally indifferent to it. Scarcely had he quitted the fortress, when it was burst into by a band of armed ragamuffins, who entered the apartments of the commandant, demanding, with brandished weapons and homicidal yells, that the unfortunate count should be delivered up to them. After searching the fortress, in all directions, they left it in pursuit of their victim. Meanwhile, the imperial plenipotentiary was quietly cross-

ing the bridge in a hackney coach. Before it reached the other side of the river, however, the carriage was encountered and arrested by another band of assassins. One of these ruffians felled the count by a blow upon the head from behind. Another dragged him out of the vehicle. Some National Guards, who had witnessed the assault which they might have prevented, now hastened to the assistance of the murdered man. Lamberg, bruised, bleeding, but still alive, lifted aloft the letters of the Emperor, and waved them in the air: apparently under the delusion that the butchers into whose hands he had fallen, would respect in his person that of their king, whom he represented. At the same time, the wounded man asked to be conducted to the house of Kossuth. While the unhappy man was yet speaking, half a dozen scythes and pitchforks were plunged into his body. The mob then tore every shred of clothing from the mangled and quivering carcase, and dragged it through the streets of Pesth. Meanwhile, the other band of assassins, returning from Buda, dipped their arms in the pool of gore which marked the spot where their prey had already fallen, and dyed in the blood of that viceroy of an hour the banners under which they marched. Thus was the red flag raised in Pesth.

The following is an extract from a manifesto of the Emperor, which was issued on the 30th of October, that is to say, four days after the massacre of Count Lamberg:

"We, Ferdinand, Emperor, and Constitutional King, &c., &c., &c.,—To our great grief and indignation, the Hungarian Diet has suffered itself to be led away by Louis Kossuth and his partisans into a series of illegalities. It has even issued decrees in direct violation of our royal authority, and has recently adopted a resolution against our plenipotentiary, Count Lamberg, in virtue of which, before the count could present his full power, he was attacked and barbarously murdered. In these circumstances it is our duty to decree as follows," &c.

The provisions of the manifesto are then enumerated. Immediate dissolution of the Hungarian Diet, and nullification of all laws passed by that body without the royal sanction. Martial law throughout the kingdom of Hungary. Lieutenant Field-Marshal Jellachich, Ban of Croatia, is appointed commander-in-chief of the forces, and royal commissary-general for Hungary, with unlimited powers. The Ban is charged with the punishment of the murderers of Count Lamberg.

To this decree, the Hungarian Diet replied by declaring itself a national assembly in permanent session, and organising a committee of public safety, under the dictatorship of Kossuth.

CHAPTER VII.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm and affection with which the motley army of Jellachich regarded their great leader. "We will follow thee," they cried, "to the ends of the world; and at Buda we will give thee the crown of St. Stephen." Jellachich had three great qualities for command, two of them rare: youth, genius, and the heroic temperament. He was not only a soldier, but a poet—a poet, because, being a born warrior, and not a military pedant, his actions were the offspring of ideas; a soldier, because all true poets *are* soldiers by the force of manly emotion, and in the cause of noble sentiments.* When he spoke of the Emperor, he said, "our father;" when he spoke to his soldiers, he said, "my children." His personal appearance was commanding solely by force of expression. In stature he was somewhat under the average height; his physical frame was slight; and his countenance, which had that mobility peculiar to the Sclavonic race, was easily affected by the fatigue of anxious thought or bodily effort. But he had the eye of a leader of men—an eye luminous, intense, and deeply caverned under a shaggy brow. His soldiers and his countrymen called him "Father." His sovereign and the empire called him "Saviour." Kossuth called him "Brigand." Posterity will probably remember him as a great, broken-hearted man.

Here—since it is only for a moment that the image of the great Ban passes across the limited field of vision which belongs to our present point of view—here, is the place to mention that the imperial promises on which he implicitly relied were never realised; that as soon as the empire was saved, its saviours were forgotten. The Croats were transferred from King Log to King Stork; and Croatia, instead of being Magyarised by the haughty Hungarians, was Germanised by the Vienna beaurocracy. The intellect of Jellachich did not long survive the betrayal of all he had lived and

* His poems were published at Vienna in 1850.

fought for, and the proved faithlessness of all he had trusted. He died in 1859, like his great contemporary, Szechenyi, a madman.

It is time, however, to return to Stuhlweissemburg. When Jellachich assured the Hungarians that he did not intend to deprive the Magyar nationality of a single constitutional privilege, he spoke the truth. When he assured the Emperor that he was resolved not to survive the empire, he also spoke the truth. To save and restore the empire, in order to establish securely, under the safeguard of its paternal supremacy, the equal national rights of all its constituent populations, was the object for which he was now fighting. He had marched with such rapidity upon Stuhlweissemburg that his heavy guns had been purposely left behind; and in his first encounters with the Hungarian forces—who, though less numerous, had the advantage of superior artillery, and fought with immense gallantry—he experienced heavy losses, and fell back upon Raab.

The Magyars claimed a great victory, and it was reported throughout Europe that the army of Jellachich was in full retreat. The fact is, however, that Jellachich, who was still awaiting reinforcements from Vienna, had wisely resolved not to risk the annihilation of his army by a premature attack on the formidably fortified heights of Buda. On the other hand, to commence the siege of Pesth, it would have been necessary to cross the Danube, and attack the city under the guns of the fortress. The whole of the Illyrian population had risen to join his standards. From Temeswar, Sclavonia, and all the south-eastern comitats, these terrible volunteers were now marching, with the Greek patriarch of Carlowitz at their head, to reach the camp of the Ban. In order to effect a junction with the forces expected from the Austrian capital, Jellachich now moved westward, upon Raab and Commorn, from which he could command the Danube and the communitions between Vienna and Buda.

At this juncture, Kossuth, for the first time, showed real diplomatic ability. He perceived that the combination of Austrians and Croats, once effected, would be overwhelming, and that the safety of Hungary depended on his power to prevent it. The Vienna Radicals formed only a tenth part of the constituent assembly which at that time represented the empire, minus Hungary, Croatia, Transylvania, and Lombardy. But they could count on the co-operation of the Academic Legion: a sort of civic guard, composed partly of students, and partly of young revolutionists from all parts of the empire — Germans, Poles, Italians. Kossuth had the sagacity to see, at a glance, that the fate of Hungary must now be decided at Vienna, that he had not a moment to lose in endeavouring to impose a change of policy on the central government, and that his natural allies were the Viennese Radicals. He immediately entered into negotiations with them, and conducted those negotiations with uncommon skill, rapidity, and courage. The Poles were persuaded to identify Jellachich with their terror of Russian intrigues; the Italians, with their indignant recollection of the Croat regiments, who fought against the independence of Italy upon Italian soil; the Germans, with a reactionary despotism. At the same time the Vienna Radicals were promised the support of a powerful army, which Kossuth was to despatch to their assistance as soon as they had raised the red flag in Vienna. The Academic Legion rose to arms at the call of the forty Radicals in the assembly. Vienna was again revolutionised. The weak Bach administration was dispersed. General Latour, the minister of war, who had promised assistance to the Ban, was hanged on a lamp-post. The troops abandoned the town, which remained completely in the hands of the mob; and the Emperor, once more a fugitive, escaped to Lintz, leaving behind him this proclamation:

Schoenbrun, 7th of October, 1848.

I have done all that a sovereign can do for the public good. I have renounced the absolute power bequeathed to me by my ancestors. Forced, in the month of May, to fly the home of my fathers, I returned to it with no other guarantee than my confidence in my people. A faction, strong in its audacity, has pushed matters to the last extremity. Pillage and murder reign at Vienna, and my minister of war has been assassinated. Trusting in God and my right, I again quit my capital in order to find elsewhere the means of succouring my oppressed subjects. Let all who love Austria and her liberties rally round their Emperor.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE position of Jellachich, deprived of the support from Vienna, on which he had been depending, and shut in between the

Magyar army on the one side, and the Austrian revolution on the other, was now perilous. The destruction of his whole force was universally considered certain. Great, therefore, was the astonishment of Europe when it was reported, immediately after the Emperor's flight, that the Ban, at the head of a compact and well-organised force, was before the walls of Vienna. He soon succeeded in effecting a junction with the forces under Prince Windischgraetz. For, the powerful army promised by Kossuth to the Vienna Radicals existed only in his own imagination, or in theirs. In a few days Jellachich was master of the Austrian capital and master of the Austrian empire. He had only to stretch out his hand and receive from his Croats the crown they were ready and able to place upon his head. Had he then chosen to content himself, merely with the titular possession of Croatia, Sclavonia, Dalmatia, Istria, Carniola, Carinthia, and Southern Styria, he might doubtless have created on the Adriatic a new kingdom, resting, with sufficient strength, on the command of the seaports of Trieste, Zara, Fiume, Ragusa, the enthusiastic alliance of the circumjacent Servian, Bulgar, Bosniac, and Montenegrin populations, the adoration of his subjects, and his own military genius. He aimed, however, at something higher than all this, something higher and (judging by the rarity of it), more difficult. The faithful fulfilment of a promise. He had promised himself and his imperial master that he would save the ancient empire of Austria. He kept his word, and died a few years later.

We should wander too far from the subject of this memoir were we now to dwell upon the events which immediately followed the victory just recorded.

On the 30th of October, 1848, the Magyar army was defeated by Prince Windischgraetz, on the plains of Swèchal, not far from Döbling, where Count Szechenyi was still languishing in Dr. Görgen's asylum.

On the 22nd of November, 1848, Prince Schwartzenberg assumed the direction of affairs, and commenced that political career with which the government of Austria was so long identified.

On the 2nd of December of the same year the Emperor Ferdinand abdicated, and was succeeded by his young nephew the present Emperor Franz Josef.

On the 8th of January, 1849. Batthiany, who, since the fall of his cabinet, had retired from political affairs, and, confiding in his innocence, remained at Pesth, when the Magyar government removed to Debrezcin, was arrested by Prince Windischgraetz, and, on the 5th of October, he was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged. During the night he attempted suicide, and his neck was so fearfully lacerated by the dagger with which he had endeavoured to destroy himself, that the next morning it was deemed expedient to shoot, instead of hang him.

On the 19th of April, 1849, Kossuth proclaimed the dethronement of the House of Hapsburg Loraine.

On the 15th of that month (that is to say, four days previously) the young Emperor had invoked the intervention of the Russian Czar for the suppression of the Magyar revolution.

On the 11th of August (that is to say, four months later) the Hungarian general surrendered his sword to the Russian Prince Paskievitch.

On the 17th of that month Kossuth escaped into Turkey. In the month of February, 1850, he was joined, in Asia Minor, by his wife, Theresa, and shortly afterwards by his daughter and two sons: who left Hungary with the permission of the Austrian government. So ended the Hungarian tragedy of 1848.

We now return to Döbling.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER XV. INFELICE!

CESARE advanced into the room silently, with his eyes fixed on his wife. He was very pale, and his hand plucked at his moustache with the lithe serpentine motion of the fingers that was so suggestive of cruelty. Veronica, when she saw him, started violently, and dropped Plew's hand. The surgeon stood firm and still, and looked at Cesare quietly, neither apprehensive nor defiant. For some seconds no one spoke. The room was as still as death. Cesare's eyes quitted his wife's face, and wandered round the boudoir, looking more than ever like the inscrutable eyes in a picture on which you cannot get a good light. This glance took in every detail of the scene. The preparations for supper, the half-emptied flasks of wine; above all, his wife's torn sleeve, and the wasted arm with its livid bruises. Then he spoke.

"Mille scuse! I intrude. No wonder you preferred to stay at home, cara gioja! But why did you not tell me that you expected a guest? Ha! Quite a carouse—a banquet! Per Dio! It is diverting! Like a scene in a comedy. It is complete! Lelio and Rosaura—and the husband!"

He spoke in Italian, and with an insolent mocking bitterness of irony which perhaps only an Italian can attain. Veronica did not speak. She sat still, with parted lips and dilated eyes, and her heart beat with such suffocating rapidity that she panted for breath as she sat. Suddenly Barletti turned to Plew, and addressed him in English with a total change of tone:

"What do you here?" he asked abruptly.

"I came here, Prince Barletti, because——" He saw in Veronica's face a mute appeal to conceal the fact that she had sent for him. "Because I happened to be in town, and thought that, for old acquaintance sake, I might venture to call on your wife. I am sorry to perceive by your manner — an unnecessarily discourteous manner, you will allow me to say, towards one whom you consider your inferior—that my visit is distasteful to you."

"Distasteful! How can you think it? How distasteful? Schiavo suo! I am your slave."

"I think, Cesare, you—might—be—civil—if not kind—to an old friend of mine—whom—I—so—value," gasped Veronica, with her hand pressed to her side, to restrain the painful beating of her heart.

"Angelo mio diletto! I have a great defect. I confess it with much penance. I am not of those husbands—those amiable and dear husbands—who are kind to the old and valued friend of their wife! Che vuoi? I am made so. Son fatto così."

"You are mad, Cesare!"

"Not at all. Ah no! I have the disgrazia—the disgrace—to be in my sound mind. I have a memory—oh so good memory! Did I tell you of my antipathy—another defect—I am full of them—for a certain person? And did I say that I like him not to come in my house?"

All this while Cesare was standing with folded arms on the opposite side of the table to his wife and Plew. The latter left his position near Veronica, and advanced towards Barletti, still, however, keeping the table between them.

"I shall not trust myself to say what I think of your conduct," said the little

surgeon. "How you treat *me* matters little——"

"It matters nothing. You are right. It matters not that!" returned Barletti, snapping his fingers close to the surgeon's face. The latter stood like a rock.

"You had better take care," said he quietly. "You might chance to touch me if you did that again."

"And if so? Even if so, eh? Maledetta canaglia che tu sei!"

Plew did not understand the words, but the look and tone that accompanied them were intelligible enough. He coloured high, but spoke still in the same quiet manner, that in its unaffected manliness had a certain dignity.

"You have told your wife in my presence that you had an antipathy to me—why, Heaven knows!—and that you had desired never to see me in your house. Even had I known this, I do not think it would have prevented me from coming——"

"Without doubt! Oh, without doubt! He is pleasant, this buffone!"

"But I did not know it. And my errand here to-night was—partly—to deliver a message to your wife from her father."

"You lie!"

"Cesare!" cried Veronica, rising and holding up her hands as though to shut out the words from the surgeon's ears.

"Don't be afraid, Veronica," said Plew, with a quivering lip. "I am not a child to be carried away into passion by a vile vulgar insult from one whom I despise."

"Be silent, then!" cried Cesare, turning on her with savage fury. He spoke now in his own language, and poured out a torrent of opprobrious taunts and invectives with the volubility of an angry lazzarone.

He was jealous of Mr. Plew. Wild and incredible as the idea appeared to Veronica, it nevertheless was so. Some jesting word dropped by the vicar about Mr. Plew's old adoration for his daughter had first attracted his attention to the behaviour of Veronica towards this man. He had been struck by the unexampled fact of her taking the trouble to write letters to him from Shipley Magna. Why should she care to write to Mr. Plew? Friendship? Bah! He was not a fool. What friendship could there be between a beautiful brilliant young woman like his wife, and a man who, however unattractive he might be in Cesare's eyes, was still far from old, and, moreover, had loved Veronica in years gone by? Che, Che! If she did not love him, she allowed him to make love to her. Cesare's jealousy was alert and furious at the thought. Then one night he comes home unexpectedly and finds this man with his wife—with his wife who had refused to go out with him in spite of his urgent request to her to do so. She had been complaining of him, too, to this accursed doctor. Did he not see the torn sleeve, the uncovered arm? There was no reproach that could lacerate a woman's feelings that he did not heap on her in his fury.

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" she cried, pressing her hands to her throbbing temples, "this is more than I can bear. Listen, Cesare. Since you are so possessed with this insanity—yes, insanity! I would say so with my dying breath—I will tell you the truth. I cannot remain with you. I have made up my mind to separate from you and to live apart. You may have all the money—all the wicked, weary money; give me only enough to live on, and let me go. I am broken, and crushed. I only want peace."

"You hear the Signora Principessa!" said Cesare, resuming for a moment his mocking sneer. "You hear her! Cannot you, you valued friend, persuade her to be wise? I am her husband. Ah, I know your English law! I am master, she is slave. Cannot you advise her? But I fear you are not yourself very wise! You gave her wine. Do you not know that she has too great a penchant for the wine? Or did you perhaps teach her to love it, like the rest of the Inglesi?"

"You are more base and contemptible than I could have believed it possible for a man to be. I shall not remain longer beneath your roof. But I would have you to know that this lady is not without friends and protectors, and that the English law, which you profess to know so well, does not permit you to treat her with the gross brutality to which I can bear witness."

"Giuro a Dio!" cried Cesare, in a transport of fury. "This to me—to me! *You* are perhaps her protector—cane maledetto!"

"Don't go!" screamed Veronica, clinging to the surgeon's arm, and cowering away from her husband. "He will kill me when you are gone!"

With a tremendous oath Cesare seized a knife from the table, and made a thrust at the surgeon. At the same instant Veronica threw herself between the two men, and the knife, glancing off Plew's thick coat, was plunged into her side.

"O God! Veronica!" cried the surgeon,

supporting her in his arms, and, as her weight sank, kneeling down upon the round, and resting her head on his knee.

Cesare stood transfixed and motionless, looking at the flowing blood, the dark dishevelled hair that covered the surgeon's knee, the white face of his hapless wife.

"Get assistance! Call for help! You have murdered her. Veronica! Veronica!"

"Is—is she dead?" said Cesare. Then, without waiting for a reply, he rushed out of the room, descended the stairs with headlong vehemence, and was gone. The surgeon's cries presently brought up a crowd of scared servants, most of them heated and flustered with a revel they had been holding in their own domain, and which had preprevented their hearing Cesare rush down the stairs and from the house. There was a chorus of exclamations; a confused Babel of voices. Some of the women screamed murder.

"Be quiet, for God's sake! Help me to lay her on the couch."

He had stanched the blood as well as he could, but it still flowed, and as they lifted her to place her on the couch it broke forth afresh, and left a ghastly trail that marked their path across the gaily-flowered carpet.

"Go for a doctor instantly! Go you!" said Mr. Plew, singling out one man who looked less scared and more self-possessed than the others. He was a groom, and had not long been in the prince's service.

"I am a medical man myself," said Mr. Plew, "but I must have assistance."

The man set off, promising to make good speed. Mr. Plew then asked for water and linen, and, sending the other men away, he made two of the women assist him to do what could be done. They laid a white sheet over her, and put pillows and cushions beneath her head. In a few minutes, she opened her eyes.

"Lord be merciful! She's alive!" cried one of the women.

Mr. Plew checked her by putting his hand over her mouth.

"Be quiet. It's a matter of life and death that you should be quiet. Veronica," he added, putting his lips near to her ear and speaking very softly. "Do you know me?"

She formed the word "yes" with her colourless lips. Then her eyes languidly wandered about the room as though in search of some one. Then for the first time Mr. Plew remarked Cesare's absence.

"Where is—your master?" he asked of one of the women, interpreting Veronica's look.

"Master? Master? I don't know! Did he come in?"

"Yes, yes, he was here. He was here just now."

"Then," cried one of the women, clasping her hands, "was it *he* that done it?"

Veronica made a violent effort to speak. "It was not all his fault," she gasped. "I—fell—on—the knife."

The exertion was too great for her, and she swooned again. In a few moments the groom returned, bringing with him the doctor and a policeman.

CHAPTER XVI. THE END.

"THERE is no hope. You had better send for her friends at once. Are they in London? She cannot last many hours."

The sickly grey dawn was creeping in at the windows of the room where Mr. Plew had watched all night by the side of the dying girl. Dying? Ah, yes, too surely. Before his colleague's verdict had been uttered, Mr. Plew had known full well that it was beyond mortal skill to save her. The light of a shaded lamp struggled with the dawn. They had not dared to remove Veronica from the couch on which she had been placed at first. The growing daylight gradually revealed more and more of the horrible aspect of the chamber. The contrast of its gaudy richness and bright gilding, with the awful stains that ran along the floor, and with the ghastly whiteness of the covering that concealed the helpless form on the sofa, and with the livid face and dishevelled hair tossed wildly around it, was horrible.

Both the doctors had at first concurred in thinking that there might be some hope. But after a few hours a violent fever set in. From that moment Mr. Plew knew that she was doomed. She had been delirious all night, and had asked constantly for water, water, water. But she spoke chiefly in Italian. Her faithful loving friend had watched by her through the long night of agony such as breaks the heart and blanches the head. Then with the first grey of morning came the words that head this chapter:

"There is no hope."

Her father had been telegraphed for, but it was scarcely possible that she should survive to see him, let him make the utmost speed he could.

After the long night of pain, fever, and delirium, the first rays of morning found

the sufferer sleeping. It seemed not, indeed, so much a sleep, as a lethargy, that weighed on her eyelids, surrounded by a livid violet circle that made the pallor of her cheeks and brow startling.

"Has any news been heard of the man—the Prince Cesare?" asked the London physician in a low voice of Mr. Plew. The former had not passed the whole night by Veronica's couch, as her old friend had done. He had contented himself with sending a nurse, and promising to come again in the early morning. This promise he had kept. Mr. Plew shook his head in answer to the physician's question.

"I hope they'll catch the villain," said the physician.

Mr. Plew at that moment had no thought or care for Cesare's punishment. His whole soul seemed to hang upon the prostrate form from which the life was ebbing with every breath.

"The magistrate will be here by-and-bye," said the doctor.

"She must not be disturbed!" said Mr. Plew. "She must not be tortured."

The physician slightly shrugged his shoulders, and looked at the sleeper with a cool compassion in his face. "They must not delay very long, if they want to see her alive. The end is near," said he.

Mr. Plew remained perfectly still, watching her face, from which he did not withdraw his eyes for a moment, even in addressing the other man. In his heart he was praying that she might regain consciousness and recognise him before the end.

Half an hour passed. Then there came a ring at the door, which sounded with painful metallic vibrations through the hushed house.

"I will go down and see them," said the physician, divining who the early visitors must be: and not sorry to leave a scene in which he could be of no use.

"She must not be disturbed," said Mr. Plew, still without moving or changing the fixed direction of his glance. The other nodded, and noiselessly left the room. The hired nurse sat with closed eyes in a chair in a distant corner of the room. She was not fully asleep. But she took a measure of repose, in the half-waking fashion rendered familiar by her avocations. There was a muffled sound of feet below; the closing of a door—then all was still.

Suddenly the surgeon's gaze, instead of looking on closed, violet-tinted eyelids, with their heavy black fringe, met a pair of wide-open haggard eyes, that looked strange, but not wild: there was speculation in them.

"Mr. Plew!"

The whispered sound of his own uncouth name was like music in his ears. All the night she had been calling on Cesare, begging him to save her from *that other;* imploring him to give her a drink of water; appointing an hour for him to meet her in the Villa Reale; always associating him with some terror or trouble. She had spoken in Italian. But her husband's name, and one or two other words, had sufficed to give the watcher an idea of the images that filled her poor fevered brain.

"My dearest," he answered.

She feebly moved her hand, and he took it in his own. She closed her eyes for a moment, as though to signify that that was what she had desired him to do.

Then she opened her eyes again, and looking at him with a terrible, wide stare, whispered, "Shall I die?"

His heart was wrung with a bitter agony as he saw her plaintive pleading face, full of the vague terror of a frightened child. He pressed her hand gently, and stroked the matted hair from her forehead. He tried to speak comfort to her. But it was in vain. He could not tell her a lie.

"Don't let me die! I am very young. Can't I get better? Oh, can't I get better? I am so afraid! Keep me with you. Hold my hand. Don't let me die!"

"Veronica! My only love! Be calm! Have pity on me."

"Oh, but I am afraid, it is so dreadful to—to—die!"

She hid her face against his hand, and moaned and murmured incoherently.

"Our Father have mercy upon her!" sobbed the surgeon. Even as he sobbed, he was careful to suppress the convulsive heaving of his chest as far as it was in his power to command it, lest it should shake the hand she clung to.

Again she moved her head enough to enable her to look up at him. "You are good," she said. "You can pray. God will hear you. Will he?—will he hear you? Oh yes, yes, you and Maud. You and Maud—you and—— Do you see that tombstone in St. Gildas's grave-yard? I dreamt once that I was going to marry you, and *he* started out from behind the tombstone to prevent it. That was a dream. But the tombstone is there: white, all white on the turf. Don't you see it?"

"Veronica! Do you hear me?"

"Yes: Mr. Plew. Poor Mr. Plew. He loved me. Was it you?"

"I loved you. I love you. Listen! Do you think you can pray?"

"O-h-h-h! I'm afraid! But if you say—if you say it—I will try."

He uttered a short prayer.

"Do you forgive all those who have done you wrong?"

"Forgive! I am very sorry. I *am* sorry. I hope they will forgive me. Yes: I forgive."

"My darling, let me kiss you. You are not in pain?"

"N-no. It is so dark now! That old yew-tree shades the window too much. But we shall go away where there is more light, shan't we? We won't stay here."

"We will go where there is more light, my treasure. Lean your dear head on my arm. So. You are not frightened now?"

"Not frightened now; tired—so tired! How dark the yew-tree makes the window! Ah!"

She gave a long quivering sigh, and dropped her head upon his hand.

When they came to see if the sufferer could be spoken to, they found him standing rigid with her fingers clasped in his. He raised his hand to warn them to be silent as they entered.

"She must not be disturbed!" he whispered.

"Disturbed!" echoed the physician, advancing hastily. "She will never be disturbed more. My dear sir, you must compose yourself. I feel for your grief. You were evidently much attached to the unfortunate lady. But there is no more to be done—she is dead!"

* * * * * *

Several years later there arrived in Leghorn from the United States, an Italian—a Sicilian he called himself—who was supposed by those who understood such matters to be mixed up with certain political movements of a republican tendency in the South. He was an agent of Mazzini, said one. He was a rich adventurer who had been a filibuster, said another. He was a mere chevalier d'industrie, declared a third, and the speaker remembered his face in more than one capital of Europe. Doubtless he had been attracted to the neighbourhood of Florence by its recent elevation to the rank of a metropolis. Or it might be that he had made New York too hot to hold him.

One night there was a disturbance at a low café in Leghorn near the port, frequented chiefly by Greek sailors. A man was stabbed to the heart, and his assassin, a certain Greek of infamous character, was condemned to the galleys for life.

Of the murdered man little was known. The landlord of the café deposed that he had entered his house together with the Greek; the latter seeming more boastfully insolent and elated than was his wont, that he (the landlord) perceiving that the stranger was of a different class to the generality of his customers, was induced by curiosity to pay some attention to his conversation (in other words, to listen at the door of the miserable room occupied by the Greek), that he had heard the two men quarrelling, and the Greek especially insisting on a large sum of money, reiterating over and over again that twenty thousand francs was a cheap price to let him off at. He supposed there had been a struggle, for he had soon heard a scuffling noise, and the voice of the Greek crying out that he should not serve him as he had served his wife! He had got assistance, and broken open the door. The stranger was dead: stabbed to the heart. Che vuole? Pazienza! the Greek had tried to escape by the window, but was too great a coward to jump. So they caught him. That was all he knew. Ecco!

The murdered man was known in Leghorn as Cesare Cesarini. But there was more than one distinguished noble who could have given a different name to him But they never thought of doing so. The man was dead. There had been sundry unpleasant circumstances connected with his history. And would it not have been exceedingly *inconvenable* to stir up such disagreeable recollections, to the annoyance of a really illustrious Neapolitan family, who had become quite the leaders of society since their influx of wealth from the sale of some property to an English company that afterwards went to smash?

So Cesare de' Barletti sleeps in a pauper's grave, and his own people know his name no more.

Maud was not told of Veronica's tragic fate until some weeks after her marriage, her husband feeling that it would cast a deep gloom over the early brightness of their wedded life. Her grief, when she knew the truth, was sincere and intense. And her only consolation was—as she often said to the poor surgeon—to know that her dear girl had died with his loving hand in hers, and not been quite lonely and abandoned at the last.

The vicar's affliction was more demonstrative, but briefer than Maud's. He soon had troubles enough in the present to

prevent his brooding over the past. His young wife speedily discovered the anomalous nature of her position: not received by the gentry, and looked on with cold jealousy by those of her own class. She became fretful and slatternly, and turned out to have a shrewish tongue, and to be energetic in the using of it. And her vulgar family established themselves in the vicarage, and lorded it over the vicar as only the callousness of vulgarity can.

Old Joanna left her old master with regret. But, as she said, she could not stand being crowed over by Mrs. Meggitt. The faithful old woman went to live with Mrs. Hugh Lockwood, whose children—especially a bright-eyed little girl, named Veronica—she spoiled with supreme satisfaction to herself, and under the delusion that her discipline was Spartan in its rigour.

Miss Turtle inherited a trifling legacy from a bachelor uncle, who was a tradesman in London: on the strength of which legacy she set up a day-school. As she was very gentle, very honest, and very industrious, she prospered. She never married, and she and Mr. Plew continued fast friends to the end of their days.

Of the little surgeon—if these pages have succeeded in portraying him as he was—it need not be said that his life continued to be one of humble usefulness and activity. He was never merry, and seldom—to outward observation at least—sad. Once a year he made a pilgrimage to London, where he visited a lonely tomb in a suburban cemetery. But of these visits he never spoke.

And it was observed in him, that while he was always kind and gentle to all children, he was especially attached to one of Maud's little girls. But he always gave her the uncouth name she had bestowed upon herself in her baby efforts to talk—Wonca!—and he never called her Veronica.

THE END OF VERONICA.

BEARDS AND MOUSTACHES.

We are not aware that any author has yet written the chronicles of the appendage which nature attaches to the chin and face of man; yet a great deal might be written on the subject, and a curious study made of the vicissitudes of public favour and disfavour which beards, moustaches, and whiskers have at different times undergone. A skilfully inquiring pen might search out for us, the reasons of these ups and downs; and an interesting chapter or two might be added to the social history of ages, by recording what great men wore beards, and what others shaved. Upon a first reflection it might seem as though shaving-brushes were symptoms of civilisation, and as though man in his primitive condition must have let his beard alone. This, however, is by no means the case; in virtue of that singular impulse which prompts men, civilised or no, to disfigure themselves under pretext of adornment, man no sooner saw his face reflected in the waters of a stream, than he decided that it needed alterations, and took to running rings through his ears, and skewers through his nose, and to scrape the hair off his cheeks and chin. The first razors employed, were probably sharp flints; afterwards came shells, such as were used up to a very recent time by the natives of New Zealand; then appeared a variety of shaving implements in steel, which looked more or less like modern carving-knives or nineteenth century cork-cutters; finally, humanity was endowed with the razor.

By the Hebraical law the Jews were forbidden to shave; it is said in Leviticus xix. v. 27; and again in Lev. xxi. 5: "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." This law, however, could not have been very stringently observed, for we find frequent allusions to razors in the books of the Pentateuch; and, as great stress is laid upon the fact that the Nazarites and the priests in the Temple were forbidden to shave, it is probable that some, at least, of the children of Israel were in the habit of cutting off their beards. The law to which we have referred above, was decreed by Moses, B.C. 1490; five centuries before that time, during the reign of Semiramis, in Assyria, it was customary for men of the upper classes to wear their beards plaited and curled into tresses, like short ropes. The hair was arranged in the same fashion, as we find by the frescoes discovered in the excavations at Nineveh, by Mr. Layard and M. Botta. The Assyrian slaves and common soldiers seem, however, to have shaved, and the slaves also wore their hair much shorter and plaited less elaborately. The Egyptians appear, for the most part, to have shaved, that is, they wore neither moustaches nor whiskers; but it is still a controverted point whether that appendage which we find upon the chin of all Egyptian statues, sphinxes, and

faces of men in bas-reliefs, be a beard, or an artificial ornament. We think it must have been a beard; for, setting aside the inconvenience which would have attended the wearing of a block of wood or leather upon the chin, it is clear that this block must have had a chin-strap to support it; and we find nothing like chin-straps in the Egyptian figures still extant.

Coming to Greece, we know for certain that Socrates, Themistocles, Aristides, Pericles, and all the great heroes of Athens and Sparta, wore beards; we know, moreover, that Alcibiades was in the habit of perfuming his, and of dyeing or painting it: as also his hair and eyebrows. It is noticeable, however, that on the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon, many of which are in the British Museum, only the chiefs wear beards —the soldiers, in almost every case, are beardless and moustacheless. The same thing is to be observed in well-nigh all the specimens of Greek painting that have been handed down to us; that is, upon vases, cups, and the reproductions of Greek frescoes found at Pompeii.

During the first centuries of the Roman Republic, the Romans of all classes allowed their beards to grow freely; shaving seems to have been quite unknown. It was not until the year 300 B.C. that anything like a razor was seen in Rome; but at that time a few Greek barbers had made their appearance in the forum; and although, like all innovators, they were at first received with derision, yet after a time they succeeded in getting customers; few at first; then more; until at last the barbers' shops in Rome became what the clubs are in London or the cafés in Paris: places of lounging and resort, where every one with nothing to do spends a few hours of his time each day. As the Romans grew richer from the spoils of conquered nations, and as they began to discard the simple life of their ancestors for a mode of living more in keeping with their wealth, many had slaves whose sole business was to shave them and cover their hair with greases. At first this task was entrusted to men, but Lucullus is said to have had women trained to the work; and, as a woman's hand is much lighter, and usually more skilful, than that of a man, the change was pronounced by connoisseurs to be for the better. By Julius Cæsar's time, the beard had fallen into thorough discredit among all classes of society: slaves being the only people who still wore it. Cæsar himself was shaved with scrupulous neatness every morning; Pompey, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Augustus, were all clean shaven too; even Cato Uticensis, who had but slight respect for the fashions, would have thought it disreputable and unseemly to appear in a public place with a beard.

It was Trajan who first had the courage to shake off the barber's yoke. This king, an excellent monarch in many respects, discovered that his shaving occupied a considerable portion of each day; and, as he was the first emperor since Cæsar who really felt that he was on the throne for something more than eating and drinking, he relinquished a habit that cost him more minutes than he could afford to lose. Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius, his immediate successors, followed in his wake, and allowed their beards to grow unclipped. After them, however, came Commodus; as this exemplary monarch found the time hang so heavily upon his hands that he was obliged to kill flies of an afternoon, it was not likely that he would discard the precious means afforded him by shaving of making half-hours go by; barbers had a new time of it, and thenceforth continued to have the Roman emperors for patrons until Edoard overturned Romulus-Augustulus, the last imperator, and inaugurated the kingdom of Italy, and with it the reign of moustaches.

Meanwhile, the realm of Britain had started into being. The first Britons dyed themselves blue, as school histories tell us, and we have no positive reason to doubt the tact; but blue or not, they wore no beards. Cassibelaunus, King of Cassia, the adversary of Julius Cæsar; and Caractacus, Chief of the Silures, the last champion of British independence; wore long and fierce moustaches, and hair flowing over their shoulders; but their chins and cheeks were smooth, as were also those of the Gauls, their contemporaries. The Franks, who invaded Gaul in the early part of the fifth century and destroyed the last remnants of Roman civilisation: the Saxons who under Cedric (Kerdric) soon after landed in England; introduced into the two countries the fashion of a bushy tuft at the end of the chin, with short bristly moustaches. In a painted miniature in a book of chivalry written in the eleventh century, a copy of which exists in the Bibliothèque Impériale in Paris, there are represented King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table. None have moustaches or whiskers, but all have that long tuft at the end of their chins.

In the reign of Oswie, the last of the Bretwaldas, who flourished towards the end of the seventh century, a fierce contest arose between the See of Rome and the Catholic Church of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as to how the priests should shave their heads and faces, or whether they should shave them at all. The British priests held that shaving was superfluous: the Pope, however, maintained that the use of razors was indispensable to salvation. The strife waxed warm; but, as things seemed likely to go too far, Oswie, who feared interdict and excommunication, convoked a meeting of ecclesiastics at Whitby, and there decreed: first, that priests should shave all but a thin crown of hair off their heads: secondly, that they should wear neither beard nor whiskers nor moustaches, upon pain of public penance. This was peremptory, and the English priests gave in.

Beards had come into fashion again for laymen long before this meeting at Whitby. It is likely that Oswie himself wore a full flowing beard, whiskers, and all the appurtenances; but the Emperor Charlemagne, who ascended the French throne in 768, sported only a moustache; and, for some reason or other, he had such an aversion to hairy faces, that he not only required his courtiers to shave, but furthermore made it an express condition, when he gave the dukedom of Benevento to Grimoald, that the latter should oblige the Lombards to cut off their beards. Egbert of Wessex, the first king of all England, had spent a part of his youth at the Court of Charlemagne; when he returned home to take possession of his throne, he brought with him a smooth face. The Danes, who, during this reign, infested England, were all bearded men. This was sufficient reason, had no other existed, for the Anglo-Saxons to shave: men in those days made it a point to be as unlike their enemies as possible.

Strangely enough, the beard, which had seemed a heresy to the Church of Rome in the time of Oswie, had come into favour again with the Catholic priesthood by the middle of the ninth century; bishops and priests allowed their hair to grow on their faces, and were even rather lax in shaving the crown of their heads. This scandalised the Greek Church, the ministers of which made a diligent use of razors; and the dispute upon this subject grew as fierce as it had been two centuries before, between Rome and England. On this occasion, however, the Papal See argued that as all the apostles, and notably St. Peter, had worn beards, it was the duty of their successors to imitate them. This failed to convince the Greeks; and, in the famous edict of excommunication which the Patriarch Photius launched against Pope Nicholas in 856, it was alleged as a *major* grievance that the Latin priests refused to shave, and were consequently unworthy of entering into communion with their brethren of the Eastern Church. Philosophers of the Democritus school will smile when they remember that opinions on this mighty point have see-sawed again since that time; now-a-days, the Greek priests wear beards, and the Romish shave!

Between the ninth and twelfth centuries the fashion with regard to the wearing of moustaches and beards varied several times. History tells us that King Robert, son of Hugh Capet, who died A.D. 1031, wore in his latter years a long white beard, which in battle he allowed to flow out of his helmet to serve as a rallying sign to his soldiers. Henry the First of France, son of Robert, ascended the throne with moustaches; but having soon after received a frightful gash on the chin in combating the rebellion of his young brother, he allowed his beard to grow, in hopes that the scar would be concealed. The hope proved vain, however; the hair would only grow upon one side, whereupon, says the chronicler Bertholde: "Ordonna le roy nostre sire que fust ragé la teste d'ung beau damoyseau et que des cheveux d'ycelui furent feit une barbe moult longue et belle à voyre; ce qui fut fait. Et porta cette barbe le roy nostre sire aug au tant qu'elle dura; puis fut razé la teste d'ung autre damoyseau," &c. &c. "The king our master ordered that the head of a handsome youth should be shaved, and that with his hair a long and fine beard should be made; which was done. And the king our sire wore this beard a year, so long as it lasted; and then the head of another youth was shaved," &c. &c.

The intercourse kept up between England and France, by means of errant knights and the crusaders, was so continuous, that the two countries set the fashions to each other pretty much as they do now; thus, the ups and downs of beards took place in both countries alike. At the commencement of the twelfth century, the order of the Templars was founded by nine French knights. They decreed, among other regulations, that all the members of the order should wear closely-cropped hair and long beards; but only the latter half of the

order was executed; the Templars, who soon became uncommonly rich, were very careful about their personal appearance, and usually allowed their hair to flow in long locks upon the dazzling white cloth of their mantles. Guy de Molé, the last grand master, endeavoured to enforce the law, but he was powerless to do so.

We find by the monastic statutes revised in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, that monks were enjoined to shave, once a fortnight during the winter months, and once every ten days during the rest of the year. Lay-brothers and protestants were to shave but once a month. The penalty for omitting to shave, was: for the first offence, to eat nothing but bread and water for four consecutive Saturdays: for the second, to be beaten with a scourge of cords. The good condition of one's razors must have been a matter of lively solicitude under such circumstances!

Every one knows that Louis the Eleventh's barber, Oliver le Daim, was a very mighty personage. His master made him immensely rich, and gave him the title of count; nevertheless, in spite of his high rank, he continued to shave Louis until the day of the latter's death. Within ten months of this event, he was hanged by Charles the Eighth: much to the satisfaction of those who thought that he had often shorn the late king too closely. We find a curious fact mentioned, in connexion with the funeral of the famous Charles-the-Bold, Louis the Eleventh's rival, slain in 1476 at Nancy. In attending the duke's burial as chief mourner, the Duke of Lorraine put on a *gilt beard and moustaches;* this fact is stated by several chroniclers, but without surprise or emphasis: from which it is presumable that the proceeding was in some way customary.

Shaven chins remained the fashion both in France and England until 1521. But in that year, Francis the First, whilst revelling on Twelfth Night, was accidentally struck on the head by a lighted firebrand, which knocked him down and very nearly killed him. This accident led to a brain fever, in which the king's head was shaved. When he rose from his bed, after a few weeks' illness, he found all his courtiers with their heads, like his, clipped into bristles, and with sprouting beards upon their chins. Imitation, then as now, was the sincerest flattery. Francis, whose head had to be shaved periodically every three or four days during two months, was afraid of looking like a monk, if his face were shaved too; he therefore allowed his beard to grow for good; and his example was followed during the rest of his lifetime, and during the three next reigns after him. It appears that gentlemen, when they took to wearing beards, paid an unseemly attention to them. They dyed, oiled, and perfumed them; saturated them with gold and silver dust; and before going to bed, of nights, put them up in bags called bigotelles. Probably for this reason the clergy and magistrates of France made a stout stand against beards towards the middle of the sixteenth century. Several chapters, at that time, refused bishops who did not shave; and a decree of the Sorbonne, in 1561, decided that beards were "contrary to that modesty which should be the prime virtue of a doctor, both in law and medicine."

In England, Charles the First set the fashion of long moustaches, and of tufts under the chin. The Cavaliers became known by these distinctive signs, and by the length of their hair; the Roundheads wearing either very shaggy beards, or none at all. Cromwell wore his face completely shaven.

Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis the Fourteenth, all wore very small moustaches and little tufts; towards the end of the seventeenth century, however, the use of snuff having become prevalent, moustaches were voted inconvenient; and during the whole of the eigthteenth century, the upper and middle classes of all professions continued to shave. Officers, even, wore no moustaches; it was not until the outbreak of the French revolution, and the wars that attended it, that military men once more began to cultivate hair on the upper lip. We may remark incidentally that Louis the Sixteenth, Robespierre, Marat, Danton, Mirabeau, Fox, Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, Napoleon, Byron, Moore, Grattan, Washington, Franklin, Schiller, Goethe, Nelson, Wellington, Castlereagh, and Talleyrand never wore beard, whiskers, or moustache.

Besides the various religious persecutions it has had to suffer, the head has been subjected to pecuniary inflictions. Among the taxes introduced by Peter the Great, was one upon beards. The czar had said, Boroda lichnaïa tiagota (the beard is a useless inconvenience), and had ordered his subjects, high and low, to shave. But the Russians were attached to their beards, and many of them, the Cossacks especially, sooner than cut them off would have laid down their lives. Here upon, Peter, who

was not in the habit of trifling, first shaved himself, to show that he was in earnest, and then ordered a tax upon a sliding scale on beards and moustaches. Dignitaries, courtiers, functionaries, and merchants of St. Petersburg were to pay one hundred roubles (sixteen pounds); tradespeople and noblemen's servants, sixty roubles (nine pounds twelve shillings); the inhabitants of Moscow, thirty roubles (four pounds sixteen shillings); and peasants, two dugui (twopence-halfpenny) each time they entered the town. In receipt for the tax, the revenue officers gave a counter in brass or copper, upon one side of which was figured a nose, moustache, and beard, with the words Boroda lichnaïa tiagota, and on the other the effigy of the Russian two-headed eagle, with the inscription, Deughvi vsiati (money received), or Sbevodi pochlina vsiata (the tax on the beard has been levied). A ukase of 1722 in part modified the provisions of the original law, but compelled all the inhabitants of towns who persisted in wearing beards, to pay an impost of fifty roubles yearly, and to dress in an uniform costume. It was found necessary, however, to repeal the tax of two deugui exacted of peasants at the gates of cities, or the townspeople would have stood a fair chance of being kept short of provisions. Peter's successors, far from relaxing the severity of this novel and absurd tax, added to its rigour. In 1731, the Empress Anne decreed that any one, not being a peasant, who wore a beard, should be assessed at double the ordinary rates and taxes, besides having to pay the special tax. This was too much; men grew desperate under persecution, and many old Tory Russians preferred a voluntary exile to these vexations. It was not until the accession of Catherine the Second, in 1762, that the beards and moustaches of Russian citizens were allowed once more to flourish unmolested; though it seems that Peter the Second, the ill-fated husband of Catherine, had meditated making it penal to wear beards.

All this makes us wonder; but we must be wary of condemning, for beards have but very lately been emancipated even in England. In our country, but a few years ago, neither soldier, sailor, policeman, nor menial, might wear a beard. In France no barrister is admitted to plead, if he have moustaches; and no priest is consecrated unless he be completely shaven. French soldiers are obliged to wear the tuft under the chin, like their imperial master.

A great deal more might be said about beards, for their history is both varied and comical; but we will stop here, merely quoting in conclusion the words of Cuvier, the great naturalist, on shaving.

"I found," he said, "that my shaving took me a quarter of an hour a day; this makes seven hours and a half a month, and ninety hours, or three days and eighteen hours, very nearly four days, a year. This discovery staggered me; here was I complaining that time was too short, that the years flew by too swiftly, that I had not hours enough for work, and in the midst of my complaining I was wasting nearly four days a year in lathering my face with a shaving-brush, and I resolved thenceforth to let my beard grow."

JOVIAL JOURNALISM.

The most popular French newspaper of the present time may be called, in this article, the Cigarette, and is the completest type of Parisian journalism extant. According to the account of the editor, whose truthfulness there is no reason to doubt, the circulation of the Cigarette is enormous; consequently, its advertisements, which are farmed by a company, extend over a page and three-quarters, or more than two-thirds of the surface of the paper.

It is the fashion in Paris to read the Cigarette; and to comply with this fashion is wonderfully amusing. The tone of morality and views of life therein advocated, are perhaps rather startling when first explained to an Englishman, and would not be popular in an English lady's drawing-room, or an orthodox club. But the travelled reader soon perceives that these peculiarities are national rather than individual, and that the editor and his staff are in no way personally concerned with them, further than that they propagate the latest social and political doctrines in a style pre-eminently pleasant and witty.

No British journal is conducted on the same principle. Though professedly a newspaper, the contempt of the Cigarette for all sorts of news is complete. It is made up almost entirely of occasional notes of the most unexpected and incongruous character. Thus, the French press having declared that the Empress Eugenie is descended from the honourable Irish family of Kirkpatrick, the Cigarette gratifies its readers with the following astonishing information on this subject:

"If it be really true, that the empress numbers a certain 'Kirk' among her ancestors, her majesty must be related also to Robinson. Both Daniel de Foe and Sainteire relate the miraculous adventures of the legendary sailor 'Kirk,' who was a native of the county of Dumfries." The persons here indicated are no other than Robinson Crusoe and Alexander Selkirk; and the assurance that they are connected with the French imperial family is printed with perfect gravity in the second column of the paper, among its soberest political intelligence.

Among prominent facts of the same kind is the important statement that "Lord Sauton" and "Sir Baronnet Vere de Vere" have arrived within the past week at Nice, and we have much similar international knowledge in the same number, before we are regaled with light reading. The contributors to the Cigarette all sign their names, and seem to be a happy and united fraternity; but they are very seldom of the same opinion upon any subject. Sometimes, the proprietor (who is also nominally editor-in-chief), and one or more of his staff entertain convictions of so opposite a character that they come to an open dispute, and argue it out amicably in a series of leading articles, abounding in spirit and good-humour. The public take a lively interest in these discussions. Every contributor to the paper is, so to speak, a personal friend of the Parisian world, indeed, of "tout le monde," as it calls itself. We, the readers of the Cigarette, know all their acquaintance, their habits, and mode of life; where they dined yesterday, where they mean to dine to-morrow, the tradesmen they employ, and the works of art they admire. The paper has a freshness and liveliness about it quite astonishing when compared with our own newspaper paragraphs. The editor is a favourite actor, who is always on the stage of our social life. His portrait, in every conceivable attitude, figures in the shop-windows of all the print-sellers; and no photographer's advertisement-frame is complete without him. This worthy and genial gentleman seems absolutely to live in public, and diligently records every act of his existence in the columns of his journal. Thus, he had a house to be let or sold, and the subject was treated in a leading article so delightful that almost the entire population of Paris went to look at it. It was visited by so many holiday parties, bent on passing an agreeable day, that another leading article, of a still more amusing character, was written to moderate the enthusiasm of persons whose imagination had been over-excited by the first. Whenever it chances that one of the staff has a duel, or a love affair, or makes a joke at an evening party, or buys a new coat, the capital city of France and its suburbs is informed of the circumstance. These confidences are made in a style so terse, vigorous, and elegant, they have such a vivid human interest, that the reader is infinitely charmed by their perusal, and the bright, friendly little print appears every morning as the most familiar and welcome of guests. Even to read it again at a café after dinner, is as invigorating as a glass of curaçoa.

The most enchanting part of the business is that this joyous literary composition gives us nothing wearisome or dull. Some time ago, indeed, when the editor-in-chief was absent, it got into a bad habit of conveying small quantities of solid information to its readers; but on his return he observed this peculiarity with disfavour, published a reprimand of his contributors in place of their usual articles, and summarily put a stop to the practice: recommending them to be merrier and wiser in future. Nevertheless it is indubitable that a newspaper must say something about passing events, and lately the most modish topic was the trial of M. Tropmann. Accordingly, one day, the whole of the space usually devoted to leading articles was taken up with that extraordinary investigation. Politics, literature, jokes, were all thrust unceremoniously aside to make way for this law report. Even the feuilleton was omitted, and considerably more than half the available surface of the paper was devoted to the concerns of the Pantin assassin. The account of the proceedings was in every respect remarkable. As an imaginative work, it was of a high order; but as a piece of fact, on comparing it with the reports of less ably written papers, there were strange discrepancies to be found. According to the statement of the Cigarette, Tropmann must have been one of the most extraordinary young men who ever lived. His replies, while under the stern interrogatories of the president of the criminal court, were so brief and pertinent, that it is nearly impossible they could have been given in the language cited, by an uneducated mechanic of twenty years old. The report is altogether as interesting as a well-written romance. The judge, the advocates, the witnesses, are each personally

described in an extraordinarily vivid and striking manner. Effect is given to every intonation and characteristic of the speakers; and each is introduced with a short biography. There is no such reporting as this in the English press; and here it would have been considered unfair towards the prisoner, as tending to arouse a feeling of supernatural abhorrence against him; but the interest and genius of the narrative are unquestionable and masterly.

The report of the trial of Tropmann is followed by a Chronique de Paris, which contains a letter from the Emperor to M. Emile Ollivier and a list of the new ministry without comment or remark. Then follows a jocular money article, three occasional notes on personal subjects, and a theatrical criticism. The rest of the paper is composed of advertisements; but even some of those are so cleverly edited as to be sprightly, suggestive, and readable. In fact, they very often *must* be read; since now and then there is a smart joke in the body of the paper, and the reader is referred to an advertisement for the point of it. One advertisement is set to a popular air, printed in musical types; another concerns the immortal M. Foy, the marriage agent: who appears to keep a large assortment of noblemen and marriageable ladies constantly on view at his establishment, open to any eligible offer.

THE BOWL OF PUNCH.

Upstanding, and brim every glass!
Outside the wind is sobbing,
Let it lament, so we can watch
The golden lemon bobbing.
Upon the steaming fragrant sea
The precious fruit swims gaily,
To Cupid let us Aves sing,
And to old Care a Vale.

The silver ladle that I wave,
My sceptre shall be, mind ye!
I stir the liquid that has spells,
Black cares of life to bind ye.
The vapour of this magic draught
To kings will transform each one;
The floor beneath has turned to clouds;
Ha! look up there, I'll reach one!

Hark, how the fretful shrewish wind
Is through the keyhole scolding,
Joy listening from the ingle side,
His lazy arms is folding.
Mirth laughs to see within his glass
The mellow spirit beading,
While Wisdom squeezes sour drops,
Of Sorrow little heeding.

They talk of nectar dear to Jove,
And praise its unknown flavour,
The Greeks were fools; no nectar yet
Had ever such a savour
As this sweet liquid that we've brewed
In the great bowl before us:
Upstanding all, join hand in hand,
And comrades chant a chorus.

'Tis magic drink! Enchanted, we
Seem raised upon some steeple;
Below us cities lie, like toys,
With busy ants for people.
Kings spread before us crowns and gems,
And beauty smiles propitious;
Why, waggons brimming o'er with gold
Would make Job avaricious!

The spell dies out, the glamour fades,
Enchantment is all over,
You would not find so dull a lot
From Berwick town to Dover.
No longer kings, we pay the bill,
Which really seems tremendous:
Indeed, old Brown looks very blue,
And swears it is stupendous.

One golden curl of lemon peel
Droops o'er the bowl regretful;
We're no more wizards, Robinson,
Come, Jones, man, don't be fretful!
To-morrow night another crew
Will find new joy and pleasure,
Deep hidden in this bowl of ours,
Our landlord's special treasure.

A LITTLE SECRET.

"It is with unmitigated gratification," said my friend, Richard Longchild, between the puffs of his cigar, "that I have obtained from the excavatory (puff) perquisitions of the persevering (puff) Jones, overwhelming corroboration of the heretofore theoretical deterioration of the (puff) species, *man*. Nothing can be more satisfactory. It is now (puff) *known*, that we are descending, sir, at the rate of two inches and an eighth per century."

"I don't see the fun of *that*, though," said I.

"It shows, at least, what we were," rejoined Mr. Longchild, rather bitterly. "The indefatigable archæologist, in (puff) demonstration of the indestructibility——"

"I must be off in ten minutes, Dick," I remarked.

Dick took the hint, and dropping from his polysyllabic stilts, came lightly to the ground.

"Yes. Jones has put his thumb upon a chap who might, in his lifetime, if in condition, have whopped any amount of authenticated bones we know of. In the much-admired, but carefully-avoided, island of Sardinia, there was a spot known by the natives as the Giants' Sepulchre. It proved to be thirty-seven feet in length, by six in breadth."

"The skeleton?"

"No. The grave. And ditto in depth."

"Thirty-seven feet!"

"No, six. With enormous stones reclining on their massive bosoms," continued Mr. Longchild, a little obscurely. "It was upon raising one of these, that

the important discovery was made that there was nothing beneath. Nay, I am wrong! Embedded in the soil, an object was perceptible, strongly resembling, both in form and volume, the drumstick of a Cochin-China fowl. You smile. Wait. Slight and inconsequential as this success may appear, it encouraged the party to further explorations. These resulted, to cut my story short, in the actual discovery of the remains of a colossal human being, who could not have been less than twenty-five feet six inches in stature! Jones's amazement may be conceived!"

"It cannot exceed mine!" said I.

"But it was probably nothing," continued Dick, "compared with that of Sertorius, if we may believe Plutarch. 'How great,' remarks that usually cold and cautious writer (betrayed for a moment into enthusiasm), 'how great was his surprise, when, opening the sepulchre of the Phœnician Antæus, he beheld a body sixty cubits long!'"

"I should think so!"

"Now," resumed my friend, brightly, "what is this pigmy, compared with more recent acquisitions? What would Sertorius have said to the giant of Trapani—sixteenth century—described by Boccaccio: who attained the height of two hundred cubits, and one of whose teeth, yet sound and serviceable, and weighing six pounds four ounces avoirdupois, is still preserved in the museum at Berlin?"

"Labelled, ignorantly, 'mastodon.' I have seen it," said I.

"While," concluded Longchild, frowning, "remains even more stupendous, have revealed themselves to the scientific investigator. I cannot accept three hundred feet, British measure, as the *ordinary* stature of man, at any definite epoch. But, twenty-five is a very different affair. It is, in point of fact, hardly more than double the height of well-developed individuals of our own time, occasionally to be seen——"

"For a shilling," I put in.

"Undeteriorated specimens," pursued Mr. Longchild, firmly, "of a race that peopled the earth in its august adolescence. To what may we attribute their present rarity? Simply to this. That, nature, delighting in contrasts, somewhere called into existence a new and puny race, intended probably as objects of curiosity and mirth to their mightier brethren. That, nevertheless, one of the latter, with a morbid love of the opposite, and a disregard of the general interests of humanity which cannot be too severely reprehended, took to wife some wretched little fifteen-foot thing, and inaugurated that decadence, of which," concluded Dick, striking his palm upon the table with a force that made the glasses ring, "*we* are reaping the bitter, and humiliating fruits!"

"But," I observed, "to return to these highly valuable Sardinian remains. Is there no reason to apprehend that they may be claimed by the country to which they undoubtedly belong? There are antiquarians in that island—Spano, and others—no less enthusiastic than our own indomitable Jones."

"Spano," replied Mr. Longchild, "handsomely declined to advance any claim on behalf of his government. It is true, he did not seem entirely satisfied that Jones's conjecture was correct."

"The skeleton was incomplete?"

"To the uninitiated, yes," said Dick. "The non-scientific observer demands that everything should be revealed to his actual senses. *Literally*, then, these invaluable relics consisted of a most gratifying, though inconsiderable, portion of the thigh-bone: a fibula that left nothing to be desired: and, to crown all, a couple of grinders. These, my friend, were all. But here, science steps in to our aid. Through her marvellous lens, we see these seemingly dissevered bones draw together, and, united with their missing fellows, grow into the mighty creature of which they had once formed part. We gaze, with awe and rapture, on those ship-like ribs; those tree-like legs; that dome-like head! We look upon each other, and redden with shame, as the fancy occurs to us, that had one of *us* to act as dentist to this gigantic thing, he would have to bear the tooth away upon his shoulder!"

Dick was silent for a moment, then resumed more calmly:

"All this, Harry, confirms me in the belief that we all spring from one giant stock. If comparison with the remains of our massive sires be painful to our vanity, let us at least exult in the knowledge, thus confirmed, of what we once were. I, myself," continued Dick, drawing himself up with dignity, "as my name, Longchild, would seem to imply, am a scion of a race remarkable for length of limb. If a baby could be described as colossal, *I* deserved that appellation."

"The painful reflection, after all, is, what we shall ultimately descend to," interrupted I.

"What indeed! My dear fellow, if we have already dwindled from three hundred feet, to six, can you blame me for dwelling on the glorious records of the past, rather than on a coming period when the average height of man will be—pah! eighteen inches—with a tendency to further diminution? And I confess I derive but little comfort from the reflection that our (by that time) gigantic remains will, when exhumed centuries hence, extort the admiration of the tribe of hop-o'-my-thumbs calling themselves men, who will come swarming around to gaze upon our massive frames!"

Longchild puffed out his chest, and stretched himself generally, as if in full enjoyment of the posthumous renown on which he loved to dwell.

The excitement, however, was but transient. Dick's spirits were evidently depressed; and, aware that at such times he preferred to take refuge in his own reflections, I bade him farewell, reminded, as I did so, of my promise to visit him at Gaunthope-the-Towers (a place that had descended to him in Cornwall), the following week.

"Then, my dear Hal," he concluded, as, with a sigh, he pressed my hand: "you, who are already possessed of one sad grief of my life, shall learn a second fearful secret, one which, I am persuaded, will, independent of our friendship, have a certain romantic interest for you, and on which I earnestly desire your counsel."

I have recorded the foregoing conversation, in order to exhibit my friend astride of his favourite hobby, the gradual deterioration of our species from the hale and healthy giant, considered as cut off prematurely at seven hundred and fifty years, to the puny little contrivance now, by the combined operation of luck, and care, and skill, kept going for threescore and ten.

Nor was Dick colossal only in his theories. Everything about him had a gigantic flavour and twang. He spoke, when he thought of it, hoarsely and hugely. He used the most tremendous words and phrases. He surrounded himself with weighty and expansive accessories. His bed might have been the consort of that of Ware. In the calm waters of his bath the university match might almost (at a pinch), have been rowed. He wrote the smallest note with a quill furnished by the eagle or the swan. His walking-stick might have been wielded by the drum-major of the Guards. His favourite riding-hack was over seventeen hands in height.

Gaunthope-the-Towers hung, like a gloomy frown, upon the face of a dense and lofty wood. It might easily have been the residence of one of those tremendous persons who, before the days of their destroyer, Jack, regarded Cornwall with peculiar favour.

There was a smaller mansion, Gaunthope Lodge, lurking in the skirts of the wood, which, when found, proved to be somewhat like its gloomy neighbour, minus the towers, and reminded you of an ill-favoured dwarf, in attendance on a giant. Mr. Longchild affected to regard this appanage as of about the dimensions of a hencoop, and magnificently left it to the occupation of his sub-forester.

A carriage drive, about the width of Regent-street, London, gave convenient access to Gaunthope-the-Towers, the great portals of which, were some fifteen feet high. The hall displayed a complete museum of truculent weapons: clubs, maces, two-handed swords, and the like, such as might have been wielded by Titans.

I was met, at the station, by Mr. Longchild's mail-phaeton: a machine, or rather, moving edifice, of alarming size, to which were yoked two steeds of corresponding magnitude. The very whip placed in my hand was of such preposterous length as to assist the illusion that crept over me, as we thundered heavily along, of going on a visit to some friendly giant, and fishing, as I went, in a black and heaving sea.

Dick was waiting on the steps of his majestic dwelling, and seemed, good fellow! heartily glad to see me.

"Nice little things, those!" he remarked, nodding towards his phaeton, as it veered slowly round in the direction of the stables. "Light trap, light horses! But to-morrow I'll introduce you to something like bone and substance, worthy of a brighter age."

There was no one but ourselves at dinner. Longchild, on succeeding to the property, two years before, had, so far from cultivating his neighbours, been at some pains to make it well understood that, as a mere bird of passage, he did not desire to form any local connexions whatever.

Nevertheless, the bird of passage must have found sufficient to interest him, for he remained glued to his perch in a manner that awakened considerable general interest, and a special curiosity as to what on earth he did with himself. Dick exulted in this. There was something gloomy, minacious, gigantic (so to speak), in thus standing mysteriously aloof. The domestic habits of the

Cornish giant have never been ascertained with precision, and Mr. Longchild, resolving that no light should be cast on the matter through a degenerate descendant of that lamented race, sternly repelled attempts to lure him from his solitude.

In furtherance of his general plan, he made it his habit to ride after dark. Many a belated rustic, though your Cornishman is no heart-of-hare, felt a thrill of astonished fear, as two mighty horsemen, looming large in the rising mist, swept heavily across his way. Small blame to them! For Dick always bestrode his biggest horse, and was followed by his groom—a fellow seven feet high, mounted on an animal quite up to his weight—and they must have looked like Godfrey de Bouillon, of Westminster, attending George the Third, of Pall-Mall.

We were waited on, at dinner, by a butler and two footmen, whose united length must (I am afraid I shall hardly be believed), have exceeded twenty feet. Everything was on the like tremendous scale, and Dick carried his singular hobby so far as to eschew the small and delicate cates, which, in his heart, he loved, in order to dine off joints that might have satisfied a bevy of aldermen.

When soup, a mighty turbot, a brace of capons the size of Norfolk turkeys, and a calf's-head, had been removed, there was heaved upon the board a magnificent haunch of venison.

"Harry, my good fellow," said my host, in a tone of regretful apology, "I am afraid you see your dinner."

I replied, with some alacrity, that I had distinctly perceived it, half an hour ago.

"Nonsense!"

"It is true."

"Fie, fie!" said Dick, remorselessly beginning to carve.

"If you were to add 'fo-fum,' in the manner of your distinguished ancestors, I should still tell you I can do no more."

"Now, see here," said Dick, in a reasoning tone. "This will never do. Those lighter matters were merely provocatives and toys. (White burgundy, to Mr. Halsewell in a chalice.) Taste that, my friend. Then resume your weapons, and to your duty, if you be a man."

"If I were twenty-five men, you should not invite me twice. As it is, my appetite is gone. It was hale, but not immortal. It dwindled with the capon. It vanished with the calf's-head."

"Well, well," said Dick, "the fault is not ours. Let nature bear the blame of her own degeneracy. How melancholy to reflect that, at a period of dinner when half a bullock, and a couple of hogs, would have been dealt with by my forefathers as a woodcock and a brace of larks, *we* cower and quail before a miserable haunch! Take away, and bring pitchers and pipes."

Two mighty claret-jugs, and some Turkish pipes (of which the specimen selected by Dick reached nearly to the window), having been produced, the butler placed a large carved box on the table, between us, and withdrew.

"Help yourself," said my friend, pushing the box, not without an effort, within my reach. "My great-great-grandmother's favourite snuff-box! She was nearly seven feet high, large in proportion, and snuffed inveterately. This box—chest, we should now call it—lasted her two days. And now, dear boy," he continued, "fill your pitcher, and listen to me. Harry, you see before you a miserable man."

"Go on."

"I tell my chosen friend that I am a miserable man," said Mr. Longchild, faintly, "and am simply requested to 'go on!'"

"Before I can sympathise with my friend's sorrows, I must know them."

"Harry, I am in love."

"My good fellow!"

"You're such a devil of a distance off," said Dick, "that I can't shake hands with you; else, for the sympathy expressed in your tone, I would give you a grip you should remember for a fortnight. Yes, Harry, *I* love."

"Do so. Marry. And be happy."

"Harry, you know the upas-tree under which it is my lot to dwell," rejoined Dick, "and you bid me love, and marry."

"I don't positively insist upon your doing either. It was only a hope, rather let me say, an expectation; for I see that your mind is made up."

"To the first, yes," said Dick, refilling his immense pipe, and sending forth a volume of smoke that almost obscured him, blushes and all. "But fill your goblet. It was towards the close of a sultry August day, that a solitary horseman might have been noticed, issuing from the picturesque defile created by the diggings of the Corburan and Trediddlem Railway, in close proximity to the sequestered and intensely Cornish village of Trecorphen. The animal he bestrode, though not less than seventeen and a half hands high, was almost concealed

by the folds of the enormous travelling-cloak, worn—in deference to the inclemency of a British summer—by the rider.

"An apparition so unwonted attracted to the casements more than one comely rustic face, usually on the broad grin; but to none of these did that pensive traveller vouchsafe the slightest heed, until he had arrived opposite the very last dwelling: an edifice half-hidden in trees, and singular enough, in structure, having rather the appearance of a couple of tall dovecots, placed one upon another, with an observatory topping all.

"I never saw so queer a wigwam!" continued Dick, dropping the incognito. "Although of inordinate height, it consisted of only two floors, the lower of which might have accommodated a cameleopard, who had a growing family in the nursery above.

"I checked my horse, and was admiring the simple grandeur of the building, when a—a figure—came into view." (Dick's voice trembled slightly, and he passed his hand across his brow.) "You are, doubtless, not unacquainted with that majestic abstraction popularly known as Britannia. Sir, if for the shirt of mail, we substitute a woollen spencer; for the fork with three prongs, one with *two;* and for the helmet a natural diadem of fawn-coloured hair, interspersed, for the moment, with wisps of hay; you have before you the noble object I am feebly endeavouring to depict.

"The hair decorations I have mentioned, proceeded from a truss of hay which she bore upon her shoulder, and which she flung up, as though it had been a penny roll, in the direction of a massive head and shoulders which appeared at the window of an adjacent loft.

"It was only when she turned and faced me, that I became aware of the full magnificence of that fair woman's proportions. I speak of her, of course, as compared with existing races. In brighter ages, a mere doll, she was, now, what might not inaptly be termed a giantess. Henry Halsewell, that grand development was seven feet two inches in stature!"

"Without her shoes?"

"Or stockings," replied Mr. Longchild, solemnly; "she hadn't either. This Cornish Britannia was, I should say, about three-and-twenty. Her manner, sir, was easy and dignified; and, as she dibbed the handle of her tri—bident, I mean—into the soil, and placing her white elbow between the prongs, gazed at me with great calm eyes, the size of cheese-plates, I felt my whole being dilate and thrill, in a manner to which I had been totally unaccustomed.

"My appearance, or that of my horse seemed to awaken her interest. Summoned by a graceful backward movement of her disengaged thumb, the individual in the loft descended and stood by her side. He also, was (for modern times) hale and well-grown: standing a good eight feet in his boots.

"For a whole minute, we gazed silently on each other. Then the male giant spake:

"'I say, mister, won't ye step in? There an't no charge, and father's a sight bigger nor *we*. He's doubled up with rheumatis' just now, but he don't mind bein' draw'd out for strangers.'

"'My good sir!' I replied, rather taken aback by this address: 'By no means. Your worthy father shall not be forcibly straightened for *me*. Do not mistake a very pardonable admiration for intrusive curiosity. The attraction outside your mansion is more than sufficient. May I beg you to present me to your char—that is, your sister? My name is Longchild.'

"'Hern's Pettidoll.'

"I bowed, and a gracious smile widened Britannia's lips to the extent of about a quarter of a yard. 'Pettidoll!'

"'There's sixty foot of us in family altogether, between eight; wi'out count o' the baby, which, bein' only a year old, an't four foot, yet,' remarked Mr. Pettidoll. 'But won't ye come down for a bit?' he added, with involuntary deference to the stature of my steed.

"Wouldn't I come down! Ah, Harry! What would I not have given to 'come down;' to stand before that blessed creature; to tell her that here, at last, was the realisation of my dream; that, united with *her*, and parent, perchance, of a line of giants, I——But, no, no. Once dismounted, the sense of insignificance in proximity to proportions so vast, would be too strong for me. One single moment, I hesitated. I even disengaged my right foot, preparatory to coming down, but my heart failed. I flung all the passion that was seething in my soul, into one look, and rode hastily away. But, sir, that look had been returned! She loved. Britannia loved me!

"Turning an angle in the road, I glanced back. She was immovable; leaning on her bident; her eyes (plainly visible even at that distance) still fixed on my retreating form."

"And that is the end of the story?"

"No. The beginning. I have visited this remarkable family," said Dick, with heightened colour, "more than once: more, I may say, than twenty times. They grow, sir——"

"I should have thought that impossible!"

"Hear me out—grow more and more, upon me. Britannia (Susan, I mean) is an angel! As she stood, with her broad white hand on my horse's mane——"

"You are always on horseback?"

"I have never," said Mr. Longchild, "mustered courage to disabuse her of the idea she manifestly entertains, that I am of a stature equal to her own. She would not like to look down upon me. And Harry," continued Dick, looking at me with wistful interrogation: "She *would* look down upon me, eh?"

"Well, physically, perhaps, yes. Intellectually——"

"Bah!" said Dick. "Now, Harry, you know my sad history, and myself, well. I put it to you, what chance, what hope, have I in the world, of making this splendid piece of nature my wife?"

"Knowing, as you say, my good friend, both yourself, and what you style your sad history, I affirm that you have every chance and hope. You shall marry the object of your singular passion."

"Harry!" exclaimed Dick, his really noble face lighting up in every massive lineament. "You good fellow! You give me new life! Complete the work. Lend me your assistance."

"Command it, in everything. If taking you on my back in the momentous crisis of proposal, would give you a sufficient advantage in point of——"

"No jesting, if you love me," interrupted Dick. "Come of it what may, note that I am in earnest. I have set my heart upon this girl, and if I seem—timid, shall I call it?—it is because I do not wish to throw a single chance away. Susan Pettidoll is peculiarly sensitive, and (no unusual thing with these finer natures) keenly alive to the ridiculous. On my horse, I am her emperor, her lord! On the earth, beside her, what am I!"

"But, surely, she does not suppose that she has been receiving the addresses of a giant?"

"I, I, am not sure of *that*," interrupted Dick, colouring slightly. "I may have permitted myself allusions, tending vaguely, in the most indirect manner, to foster that supposition; and herein lies the difficulty from which I rely upon your tried friendship, Harry, to extricate me."

"Speak!"

"I am due," said Dick, gravely, "at Trecorphen to-morrow; and sure I am that the whole colossal fraternity entertain the liveliest expectation that I shall then formally demand my Susan's extensive hand. *You* must visit, must see her, must (kindly, but firmly) divorce her mind from the cherished faith that my stature is absolutely gigantic, or that I can even (speak with perfect candour) hold my own among her colossal kin. Succeed in this, and," concluded Dick, with quiet exultation, "I will answer for the rest."

The next afternoon found me at Trecorphen. The residence of the Pettidolls was easy to discover. Everybody in the sequestered village knew, and appeared to hold in high respect, that giant family: whose ancestors, I found, had been substantial farmers in the vicinity.

My summons at the lofty portal was answered by the young lady herself, in whose fair large face I fancied I could detect a slight shade of disappointment at the appearance of love's ambassador instead of love himself. She was decidedly handsome, and, despite her amazing stature, which fully confirmed Dick's computation, was, nevertheless, as brisk and graceful in her movements as a fairy!

A human mountain, designated as "Brother Will," who appeared to have been playing with the four-foot nursling, presently vanished with his charge; and I was left alone with Britannia to execute my delicate mission.

Space forbids me to repeat, at length, the conversation that ensued. Three things became clear. First, that the singular attachment was reciprocated; secondly, that Miss Pettidoll was fully prepared for the proposal I was empowered to make; thirdly, that a persuasion that her lover was of height commensurate with her own, had full possession of her mind.

By way of preparation, I drew a moving picture of my poor friend's present mental condition, not to speak of that to which he would infallibly be reduced, should my mission, when fully declared, prove inefectual. Britannia was touched. She even shed a mighty tear, avowing, with quiet simplicity, that her happiness (as far as she could judge of it), was involved in this affair. But then, alas! her father, still lying indisposed within, had peculiar views with regard to his daughter's marriage,

and to him, she must, of necessity, refer me. Would I see him? Of course. With pleasure. And we entered.

Mr. Pettidoll, reclining on a couch that might have served for Og, was still in a rheumatic state of curve, but might (at a rough calculation) have reached, when elongated, to about ten feet and a half. He had a fine old reverend head, and would have made an imposing study of an ancient patriarch in his decay.

To him, I repeated the particulars of my mission, and expressed my hope of a favourable reply.

Mr. Pettidoll cleared his throat, and, with language and manner somewhat above his apparent station, replied as follows:

"Young gentleman; my young friend, if I may call you so; I am now an aged man; and, though I hope at all times a resigned, I have not been a happy, one. The remarkable proportions which Providence has allotted to my race, have been the cause of much mortification, much separation from the general community of man, and, by consequence, much loss and curtailment of things appertaining to material comfort. My resolution was long since taken, and has acquired the force of an absolute *vow*—never to permit one of my daughters to marry an individual of unusual stature. Giants are an anachronism. Never, never, with my consent—shall the unhappy race be renewed! Sir, my answer is given. Thanks, thanks, to your high-minded friend, but his offer is declined. Susan shall never wed a giant-husband,"

"Thanks to *you*, my dear Mr. Pettidoll!" I exclaimed, starting up, and grasping as much of the hand of the good old man as mine would hold. "My friend Longchild is *not*, as you apprehend, gigantic—save in heart," I added; for I caught sight of Miss Susan hovering within ear-shot.

"Not gigantic? That is well. But," continued Mr. Pettidoll, "opinions are various. Mr. Longchild's stately bearing! Mr. Longchild's commanding form! The powerful animal Mr. Longchild is compelled to use! These are indications of something beyond the height I could desire to see."

"Reassure yourself, dear sir," I replied (a little uneasily, for I did not know how the young lady might take it); "my friend is not—no, certainly he is not—six feet high."

"Good!" said the giant, relieved.

And, to my unspeakable satisfaction, Britannia clasped her hands, as in thankfulness.

"I should, perhaps, be wrong," I resumed, gaining courage, "if I estimated Longchild's height as exceeding five-feet six."

"Better!" cried Mr. Pettidoll, sitting up in bed, to a towering height, and rubbing his hands.

"Will you be astonished," I faltered (not daring to look towards Susan), "if I frankly state that my friend's height is under five feet?"

(I heard a giggle.)

"Best of all!" roared the old gentleman, flinging up his nightcap.

"Not, not, *quite*," I stammered. "Come, the truth must out! My dear friend, Longchild, sustained an accident in his childhood, which limited his height (naturally moderate), to—to—*four feet and a half.*"

"That man is my son-in-law!" shouted Mr. Pettidoll, almost straightening himself in his ecstasy.

And there came, in Susan's broken accents, from the adjacent room:

"Little darling!"

The largest chalice in Gaunthope-the-Towers was replenished twice that night.

THE GREAT MAGYAR.

IN FOUR PARTS. CHAPTER IX.

The deviations of the magnetic needle do not coincide more precisely with the periodic convulsions of the solar atmosphere than the fluctuating condition of Count Szechenyi's health coincided with that of his country's fortunes.

Between the month of September, 1848, and the month of August, 1849, Hungary was the theatre of a great historical tragedy. During the whole of that period the character of Szechenyi's madness was fearfully violent. On the 11th of August, 1849, the Hungarian tragedy was acted out, when the sword of an exhausted nation was surrendered to its foreign conqueror. From that moment both Hungary and Szechenyi subsided into the sullen lethargy of a profound dejection. A countenance in which all expression seemed for ever extinguished—more greatly grievous from its great want of grief—the sullen squalid ruin of a noble nature—this was all that now remained of the Great Magyar. To a period of exasperation had succeeded a period of silence. To the period of silence again succeeded a period of loquacity, wretched, miserable loquacity!—the loquacity of an unreasoning and unreasonable remorse. This lasted for two years. To-

wards the end of the year 1850, a feeble ray of reason reappeared. Ennui is surely a most intelligible affliction; and (promising symptom of intelligence!) Dr. Görgen's patient began to be bored. To amuse and distract him, his guardians had recourse to all sorts of childish games. Increasing evidence of intelligence!—amusements failed to amuse him. He even showed himself able to appreciate the excessive tediousness and stupidity of conversation with his fellow-creatures. But he had always been fond of chess; and chessmen are, perhaps, the only men for whose conduct a wise man should ever make himself responsible. The count's reviving passion for chess soon became all-absorbing. But it was not easy to find him a partner incapable of being tired out by his assiduity. At last, however, this difficult desideratum was secured.

A poor Hungarian student, whose name was Asboth, was, at this time, finishing his studies at the University of Vienna. In the intervals of study, he gained a few florins by teaching languages, and in this way he earned, meagrely enough, the means of paying for his own education. Asboth was induced to pass all his evenings at Döbling, playing chess with Dr. Görgen's illustrious patient. The poor student was paid so much an hour for this chess-playing, which usually began at six in the afternoon, and often lasted till daybreak next morning. But one evening Asboth failed to appear at the usual hour. What was the matter? He had gone mad! Shortly afterwards he died. When the count heard of Asboth's death his grief was excessive, and he sobbed like a child. From bondage to the fantastic but terrible suffering of his own mysterious affliction, Szechenyi was released by the wholesome emotion of this simple sorrow. Gradually he recovered—not, indeed, the hopes, the aspirations, and the energies which he had lost for ever in the defeat of his country's independence, but the full command of his fine intellect.

First his wife and children, then a host of friends, were admitted to see him. Their visits comforted his solitude, and their converse revived his interest in public affairs. One day the count's valet informed him that a soldier, who had come to see him, was anxious to be admitted.

"A soldier! What is his name?"

"Joseph, he says."

"I remember no soldier of that name. Yet it may be some old servant whom I should be ashamed to have forgotten. Admit him."

The door opened, and next moment the young Archduke Joseph flung himself into the arms of the count.

"Ah, how good, how kind of your Imperial Highness."

"Bah! my dear count; for Heaven's sake don't Imperial Highness, but tutoyer, me, as you did in the good old time when you used to dance me (troublesome brat that I was!) upon your knees."

The poor count clung tenaciously to the asylum he had found at Döbling, nor could the frequent entreaties of his family ever induce him to quit it. Yet from its window, as it were, his intellect, supreme in its superiority to those on whose conduct he was henceforth to look down, an inactive but keenly critical spectator, surveyed the world outside, with a political coup d'œil rarely equalled in accuracy of vision.

CHAPTER X.

THE political deluge of 1848 had subsided, but the old landmarks did not reappear. On the surface nothing was visible save wreckage. Never before or since, in the history of the Austro-Hungarian empire, has there been a period so propitious to the task of political reconstruction in a conservative spirit as that which immediately succeeded the revolution of 1848. But this precious moment was lost in the absence of any political intelligence capable of understanding and utilising it. All political parties were then exhausted, all political quacks discredited; society had learned by a bitter experience to mistrust its own strength. It was willing to be doctored and nursed and put on the strictest regimen; but, above all things else, it needed and longed for repose. It had the misfortune, however, to have for its doctors only Prince Schwartzenberg and Baron Bach. These politicians (statesmen we cannot call them) could think of no more judicious treatment for their patient than to put the poor wretch, first of all, through a severe course of courts-martial, then tie it up hand and foot in the tightest ligatures of red tape, gag it, tweak its nose, and spit in its face. This was called a conservative policy.

Baron Bach was, or rather is (for, though politically dead, he is yet, physically, alive) a man of rare intellectual activity. But his intellect is like that of Philip the Second of Spain: the intellect of a born bureaucrat, which looks at all that is great through a diminishing glass, and all that is small through a magnifying glass. Prince Schwartzen-

berg, though not a wise minister, was not an ordinary man. His self-esteem and self-confidence were enormous. He was a grand seigneur by temperament as well as social position: the head of a semi-royal house, with more than imperial pride in all that he was, and all that he represented. Brilliant in conversation, energetic in action, always effective in official correspondence, he was vain, haughty, self-asserting, overbearing, but gifted with a singular power to charm and subdue, when he pleased, both men and women. He was a passionate and unscrupulous man of pleasure, whose love of pleasure was, however, united with an immense ambition, and a remarkable facility for public affairs. He brooked no rival either in affairs of state, or in affairs of gallantry, and never scrupled to use his political power to crush the objects of his private dislike. He had an unmitigated contempt for every variety of the human species which did not find its culminating representative perfection in himself. And as the only portion of the human species which Providence had reserved for this honour was the purely German aristocracy of Austria, the very existence of all the other nationalities of the empire was, under his régime, superciliously ignored. The most eminent and wealthiest Hungarian magnates — men whose properties are amongst the largest in Europe, and who had been taught by Szechenyi and his disciples to study with affectionate assiduity every inch of their native soil—now found themselves subjected, in the minutest details of local administration, to the clumsy insolence of under-bred and ill-educated official clerks, sent from Vienna to rule over populations of whose language they were ignorant, in provinces of which the geography even was but imperfectly known to them. The little finger of Schwartzenberg was heavier than the whole body of Metternich; and national susceptibilities which had been tenderly managed by the great prince, were insulted without provocation by his successor. To the man who now governed the empire it was intolerable to admit that the empire was under obligations to any one but himself. Those who had defended, and those who had attacked it, were treated alike, and the Croats were crushed as flat as the Hungarians under the hoofs of that high horse which Prince Schwartzenberg rode rough-shod over all.

Of the social condition of Hungary at this time, the following picture is painted by M. Aurelius Kecskemethy, a young Hungarian, who, after having shared with enthusiasm all the ultra-revolutionary aspirations of the Hungarian youth in 1848, had been so completely sobered by the result of them, that in 1857 he was willing to earn his livelihood as an employé of the Austrian bureaucracy, whose worthy function was (to use his own words) that of "deciding how much intellectual nourishment might, without inconvenience, be allowed to the thirty-six millions of souls which constitute the Austrian empire"—in other words, the censorship of the press.

"In 1857," says M. Kecskemethy, "the system of M. de Bach had attained its apogee. 'Give us only ten years more,' said the government, 'and all the elder generation which still clings, in secret, to the constitutional traditions of 1848, will have died out.' No great trouble was expected in dealing with the younger generation. Some of us were driven, by sheer want of any other means of earning our bread, to seek employment of the government which had reduced us to this necessity. One went into the army, another into a public office. No other career was open to them. The small nobility was half ruined. The great nobility was corrupted. The youth of our national aristocracy, carefully excluded from public life, gave itself up to dissipation and frivolity. If a few old men still pleaded in private for the preservation of some of the ancient secular liberties of the realm, their voice could never reach the public ear, for the press was completely silenced, and nothing but the lowest and most venal journalism allowed; whilst all that passed behind the scenes was carefully concealed from every eye by a vigilant police."

Such was the social and political condition of the Austrian empire when the intelligence of Szechenyi was re-awakened to the contemplation of it.

Who can wonder that he deemed the window of a lunatic asylum the most fitting point of view from which to scrutinise the effects of a policy extolled by the wiseacres outside as the perfection of political wisdom?

CHAPTER XI.

News, accurate and ample, of the outside world was not wanting to the recluse of Döbling. Books, pamphlets, letters, visitors, he received daily. His correspondence was active and extensive, nor was it altogether private. The fusion brought about by government influence between the

Hungarian Oestbahn and the German Südbahn Railway Companies appeared to Szechenyi the virtual suppression of an enterprise demanded by Hungarian interests, and the simultaneous confiscation of Hungarian resources for the exclusive furtherance of a purely Germanic undertaking. In the strength of this conviction he addressed to Count Edmond Zichi, one of the most eminent and capable of the Hungarian directors, a letter which found its way into the public journals, and was immediately suppressed by the Austrian police, but not before it had created a considerable sensation. From this letter we extract a few remarkable passages:

"Thou wast ever," says the writer to the recipient of it, "punctilious on the point of honour, more than punctilious, keenly sensitive. No man doubts it, and I, myself, have been so fortunate as to test the justice of thy reputation in this respect. Dost thou yet remember, friend, that evening at Pesth, when we walked home together from the Casino, and when, taking offence at a remark which I let fall most innocently in the course of our conversation, thou didst challenge me there and then? Faith, had I not already proved myself no novice in the use of sword and pistol, it would have been impossible for me to have refused the encounter. But luckily I could, without risking the imputation of personal cowardice, make to thee my cordial excuses, and as soon as we had shaken hands thereupon, I conceived for thee a sincere affection—an affection strengthened by my hearty appreciation of thy sensitive self-respect. Yet was there one thing which ever vexed me beyond measure, and that was, to see thee—let me say it frankly—as a man of pleasure so ardent, as a patriot so languid. Answer, friend, was not my judgment of thee just? Ah, well, thirty years have passed away since then. And now? . . . I am a wreck, the semi-animate remnant of a ruined life, whilst thou, on the contrary, hast grown and greatened, from year to year, in the domain of a manly and creative activity. And with what joy (if, indeed, the word 'joy' may be uttered without rebuke by any man situated as I am), with what inexpressible joy, dear friend, have I learned that thou hast the gift and the will to be happy, not merely with that miserable simulacrum of happiness which is from without, but with that genuine happiness which is from within, and hath its source in the conscience of an honest man. What greater happiness, indeed, can any man hope to find in this world than the happiness of serving his country, and manfully assisting the mighty march of man's progress towards man's destined good? Yes, it is indeed with joy that I have learned how, unsubdued by the heavy yoke of afflicting circumstances, thou art even now, in the unrelinquished activity of a brave man's life, happier, far happier, than in the days of thy heedless youth. Happier—and why? Because enjoyment was then, and productive activity is now, the aim of thy existence."

Could St. Paul himself more artfully, or with more touching dignity of appeal, have enlisted on behalf of the cause he pleaded the self-esteem of those to whom he addressed himself?

"He," the letter adds, "who knows how to suffer and endure without flinching on behalf of what he owes his country, he only merits the patriot's thorny crown. The man who holds his ground against all odds (and in despite of insult, calumny, misconception, and menace), that man remains master of circumstances and lord of the occasion, which, however long delayed, never fails the expectation of those who wait for it. But the man who quits the ground of public duty has committed political suicide; and not even the Voice which raised Lazarus from the tomb can restore life to the dead who die thus."

In 1858, Baron Bach, the Austrian Minister of the Interior, demanded the suppression of the fundamental statute in the constitution of the Hungarian Academy founded by Szechenyi in 1825;* which statute declares that the permanent object of that institution is the culture of the Magyar language. This called forth a published manifesto from Szechenyi.

"Tortured," he says, "by indescribable mental suffering, a man buried alive, and whose heart cannot beat without bleeding, fully conscious of all the horrors of my present desolate position, I now ask myself, 'What is my duty to the Hungarian Academy?'"

After pathetically justifying the protest which it so fearlessly records, the letter then continues, in words which, written in 1858, were positively prophetic: "My conviction is that our glorious Emperor, Franz Josef, will sooner or later discover that the aim of his majesty's present ministers, viz., the forcible Germanisation of all the constituent races of the empire, is simply a

* See chapter i. of this Memoir.

solemn absurdity, a cruel mystification in which Austria is cheating herself. He will end by perceiving that the majority of the Austrian populations are gravitating towards foreign centres, and that this movement, so perilous for the empire, must necessarily be accelerated by every difficulty to which its external relations are exposed. The disasters which those difficulties must occasion are inevitable. In the midst of this general tendency towards the dissolution of the empire, what is the position of its Hungarian subjects? The Hungarian, and he only, has no affinity whatsoever with any foreign race or state. His ambition and interests cannot range beyond his present country; and it is only under the sheltering ægis of his legitimate and constitutional sovereign that his utmost desires and traditional destinies can by any possibility be realised. When the day of difficulty and danger arrives, and yet once more I affirm that most assuredly that day *will* arrive, the emperor, enlightened by the disastrous result of mischievous political experiments, will then, perforce, become himself the champion of those whose national existence his majesty's government now endeavours to extinguish. Our young monarch will then no longer tolerate the assassination of that noble nation with whose loyal co-operation a chivalrous sovereign may safely dare all difficulties, and brave the most desperate circumstances: that recuperative and devoted race, which on behalf of a prince beloved, and faithful to his knightly oath, hath ever been, is now, and ever will be, ready to shed the last drop of its blood. . . .

"This is what I perceive in the future. And let me add that, with all the strength of my being, I confide implicitly in that Providence which often smites severely both princes and peoples in punishment of their faults, but which has never yet suffered a generous nation to perish utterly, or an honest prince to remain for ever intellectually blinded. Sustained by this conviction, which comes to me from my faith in God, my decision as founder of the academy has been firmly taken. If there be no means of resistance, if we must absolutely submit to the conditions imposed upon us, I accept the new statutes, although there is not one of them which I approve. I accept them all with the resignation of a conquered man, whose heart may be wrung but whose opinion cannot be fettered. At the same time, however, true to the noble motto of 'justum ac tenacem propositi virum,' I hereby solemnly declare that I shall cease to pay to the academy the annual interest of the sum dedicated by me to the foundation of it, the moment in which the sacrifice of my fortune becomes liable to employment on behalf of any other than the great object of its founders, which has been recognised by the law of the land, and confirmed by contract between the nation and its sovereign. When I am dead my heirs will, I doubt not, accept and adhere to this declaration. And if a day should come, when my present fears are realised, on that day either I or my successor will most assuredly withdraw all our contributions from the funds of an academy which will then have ceased to fulfil the purpose of its foundation, and devote those funds to the creation of some other and worthier national institution."

It was not to be expected that these periodical protests and criticisms, even though issued from beneath the sinister shelter of a lunatic asylum, would long be tolerated by an administration, which, to adopt the metaphor of a Polish poet, was capable of punishing all who ventured to pick up a pin in the street, because it knew that, in the hands of the oppressed, a pin may become a formidable weapon. Szechenyi was at the same time writing to the London Times newspaper, vigorous descriptions of the political condition of Austria under the administration of Baron Bach. Whenever one of these letters appeared in the great English journal, it was a day of rejoicing at Döbling.

In 1859, the Bach system began to totter. The predictions of Szechenyi were already being fulfilled. Not only the Hungarians, but all the other non-German population of the empire, had been taught to execrate the government under which they were living. The Czechs and Croats complained that what had been inflicted on the Magyars by way of punishment was dealt out to them by way of reward; and the declaration of war between Austria and Italy was hailed by all these populations with a thrill of hope in hearts which invoked from all parts of the empire the defeat of the imperial armies. The young Emperor himself, whose political misfortunes have been partly due to the generous loyalty with which he has at all times given fair play to the policy of incapable ministers, was at last growing thoroughly disgusted with the proved sterility and weakness of the repressive system which had for ten years been carried out in his name. To re-

gain the failing confidence of the sovereign, to reassure his majesty's increasing alarm, and to justify the policy of the government, Baron Bach caused to be drawn up a private memoir by one of his employés, which he himself carefully corrected, and which, under the title of Rückblick (Retrospect) was an elaborate apology for the Bach policy; which it affirmed to have been specially beneficial to all the material interests of Hungary. This memoir not being intended for publication, but only for the eye of the sovereign, was written with a reckless audacity of assertion.

Soon, a small pamphlet, written in German, was printed and published in London; and speedily circulated at Vienna. The complicated and clumsy title of it was, "Ein Blick auf den anonymen Rückblick, welcher für einem vertrauten Kreis, in verhältnissmässig wenigen Exemplaren in Monate October, 1857, im Wien erschien. Von einem Ungar. London, 1859." Anglice: "A glance at the Retrospect, of which, in October, 1859, a few copies were printed for private and confidential circulation at Vienna. By a Hungarian." This publication was a crushing reply to the Bach Memoir, which it mercilessly thrust into publicity after having stripped it bare of every rag of argument, and branded the word "*Lie*" upon its forehead. The author of this pamphlet was Stephen Szechenyi.

On the 21st of August, 1859, Baron Bach's resignation was accepted by the Emperor. Baron Hübner, who had till then been Austrian ambassador at Paris, assumed the portfolio for home affairs, in place of Baron Bach, in the Rechberg-Schmerling cabinet. To these statesmen the pacification of Hungary now appeared to be a matter of urgent necessity, nor did they scruple to enter into correspondence on the subject of it with the recluse of Döbling. At last a happier day seemed about to dawn, both for Hungary and for the Great Magyar.

CHAPTER XII.

In vain! That gleam of hope was momentary only, and soon "the jaws of darkness did devour it up." Baron Hübner's proposals were considered too hazardous, by his colleagues, who were also dissatisfied with the loyalty of his proceedings. He retired from office suddenly, without having achieved any solution of the Hungarian question. There still remained in the cabinet a considerable lump of the old leaven. The disappointment was a terrible one to the excitable temperament of Szechenyi. Among those disciples of Baron Bach who remained in the ministry, was one whose theory of the executive function was known to be even more hostile to personal liberty than that of his master. This was Baron Thiery, minister of police.

The following anecdote has been related to us by an intimate friend of Szechenyi's:

In the year 1833 a duel was fought between Count Stephen Szechenyi and Baron Louis Orczy, in consequence of some offence taken by one or other of them at expressions used in the course of a violent political discussion. On their way to the place of meeting, the two principals recounted, each to his own seconds, the dreams which they had respectively dreamed over night. Each had dreamed that he was killed by a pistol bullet in the head, but neither had seen in his dream the hand by which the shot was fired. In the duel Baron Orczy was slightly wounded. The two combatants survived the encounter. But many years afterwards, Louis Orczy blew out his brains. The fate of Stephen Szechenyi is now to be told.

At half past six o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of March, 1860, a police officer, M. Felsenthal, accompanied by two commissaries, entered the apartment of Count Szechenyi, at Döbling, and proceeded to search the premises.

The count received these unexpected visitors with the contemptuous courtesy of a great nobleman towards ill-mannered inferiors. He assisted their investigations, offered them cigars and refreshments, and overwhelmed them with ironical compliments. The police officers withdrew without having discovered any papers of the least political importance, but not without having possessed themselves of a little casket containing the count's private correspondence with his family. After their departure, he was informed that during this search the house had been surrounded by a strong military cordon, and that simultaneously his two sons, Bela and Odo, and his most intimate friends, Gaza Zichi, Maximilien Falk, Ernest Hollan, and Aurelius Kecskemethy, had been subjected to a similar domiciliary visit, accompanied by a similar display of military force.

This proceeding on the part of the minister of police created great scandal and alarm at Vienna. To justify it, Baron Thiery publicly declared that the police were on the traces of a vast conspiracy, the soul of which was Count Stephen Szechenyi.

The count wrote to the minister, demanding the restitution of his private letters, and a personal interview for the purpose of disproving the calumny by which their robbery was said to have been justified. Both demands were rejected in the most insulting terms, and the count was significantly informed that he could no longer be allowed to shelter himself beneath the roof of a lunatic asylum, and must be prepared to quit it at an early date. And meanwhile Baron Nicholas Vay was proscribed and pursued, Zsedenyi and Richter were thrown into prison, General Eynatten hanged himself in his prison cell. Every Hungarian, still true to the cause of his country, was being hunted down by Baron Thiery's hounds.

On the 8th of April, 1860, two servants of Count Stephen Szechenyi knocked at the count's bedroom door: it being their business to call him, as usual, at seven. Receiving no answer, and finding the door locked, they hastened to inform one of the doctors of the establishment. On opening the door of the count's apartment, the doctor and those with him recoiled in horror.

Count Stephen Szechenyi was seated in his arm chair, over one side of which his left arm was hanging. In his right hand was a revolver; his head was shattered almost to pieces. He must have placed the muzzle of one barrel of the revolver so close against the eyeball of the left eye, when he fired, that the discharge could have made but little, if any, noise. A sick man, who slept in the story under the count's apartment, thought he had noticed a slight sound during the night in the room above: but by no one else had any explosion been heard.

At the hour of ten in the morning of the 10th of April, a small group of about a hundred persons was gathered round a plain black catafalque in the chapel of the Döbling hospital. The same day, the body of the Great Magyar was removed from Döbling to the family vaults of the count's ancestral mansion at Zenkendorf. The funeral cortége reached Zenkendorf in the evening, where the illustrious dead was received with lighted torches by the inhabitants of all the surrounding towns and villages. The bier was accompanied by upwards of six thousand persons to the chapel of Zenkendorf. On the following day, the remains of Stephen Szechenyi were placed, by eight young counts of the Szechenyi family, upon the funeral car, with the kalpalk and violet-coloured attela of the deceased. On either side of it, walked four hundred of the principal inhabitants of the district, bearing torches; after them, an immense concourse of humbler mourners—the youth and age of all the surrounding country far and wide.

Just as the body was being lowered into the grave, that immense multitude burst, as though simultaneously inspired into patriotic song; and while the ashes of the great Hungarian sank beneath his native earth, there rose above them, on many thousand voices, the great national hymn of the Hungarian people.

So, in the holy precincts of the antique church, which he himself had rescued from ruin and dedicated to the memory of St. Stephen, now rest all that was mortal of St. Stephen's noblest son.

A few weeks later, on the 30th of April, 1860, a more splendid and general tribute of respect and gratitude was rendered to the memory of the Great Magyar. On that day the National Academy of Hungary celebrated at Pesth in solemn state the requiem of its great founder; and there was not a single province or parish of Hungary which (to the impotent vexation of the then Austrian government) was not publicly represented at this ceremony.

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MRS. HADDAN'S HISTORY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

THE blow fell upon me very heavily and very suddenly.

I was just turned one-and-twenty, the son of an English gentleman of good family, who had settled in New York before my birth, and died when I was six years old, leaving my mother, Margaret, and me utterly penniless. Fortune's father had left us a legacy of five thousand dollars apiece, and left Fortune herself to be brought up by my mother. She, Fortune I mean, was heiress to two hundred thousand dollars, while I had not a cent but what her father had given me. If I ever asked her to marry me it would be on the score of my good birth, and the great, great love I felt for her.

My mother is very small and timid, with a quiet voice, that rarely rises above a whisper; the prettiest woman I ever saw, but with no spirit at all, and only eighteen years older than me. We tyrannised over her when we were children, and it was only as I grew into manhood that I began to feel a very sweet and pleasant feeling of reverence mingled with the true love I had always borne for her. Margaret and Fortune loved her well, I know, though we had all been accustomed to take our own way without much reference to her.

"George," she said one day, "you remember your father?"

"Remember him! I should think I did. A fine, handsome, thorough English gentleman, as different to the Yankees about him as a grandee of Spain would be different to a troop of Irish Paddies."

"His name was George, too," she said, sighing.

"Do you want to tell me anything about my father?" I asked, for I knew her well enough to be sure that she was trembling all over with something she ought to say.

"Yes," she said, bursting into tears; "I promised Mr. Prescott to tell you when you came of age."

This is what she had to tell me:

My father was the eldest son and heir of George Haddan, of Haddan Lodge, Essex, England. My grandfather had been married twice, and had two sons, half-brothers. As far as my mother knew, the estate, consisting of property in London, was worth about twelve thousand pounds a year. His second wife, either intentionally or otherwise, had kept up a perpetual irritation between them, ending in a gradually-growing distrust, which, however, could not completely destroy the very strong, almost romantic, affection that existed, in spite of all adverse influence, but which was open on both sides, to extreme jealousy and impatience.

"George," said my mother, blushing crimson, "I was not a grand lady; I was not a lady at all. I was nothing but the niece of Mrs. Haddan's maid."

I knelt down before her, and put my arms round her neck. Whatever she had been, she was my mother.

"Aunt Becket," she whispered, "hated me. She only kept me near her to flout at me and make me miserable. I was only a very young creature; and Mr. George saw me, and fell in love with me."

"And married you." I added, kissing her dear face.

"Yes, yes," she said, hurriedly, and with fresh tears; "but he never dare tell his father he'd fallen in love with Becket's niece. She threatened to kill me when she only suspected it, and she almost

frightened me to death. Then Mr. George ran away with me to London; only he went home at once, and made believe to know nothing about it, and stayed there nigh upon two months, till he got his father's leave to travel for a year or two. Then he came very early one morning, and took me away to a church, where we were married without any carriages, or wedding clothes, or bridesmaids."

I laughed, for she spoke regretfully still, though it was so long ago. All girls love finery, if they are good for anything.

"Don't laugh, George," she sobbed; "if I'd only had bridesmaids and carriages you'd have been George Haddan, of Haddan Lodge by this time. You see I never knew where I was, it all being so quiet and early in the morning, and we starting off at once for Liverpool. Your father asked for a certificate, and got it; but he never showed it me, and I never thought of asking him. We came here, dear, and here we stopped."

She seemed reluctant to go on now she had brought her history to New York, and I had to coax her to continue it.

"Then don't interrupt me again, George," she said, almost peevishly. "I am going to tell you straight on now, though it is very disagreeable, and I never would if I had not promised Fortune's father when he said he'd leave us a legacy each. We were very happy, young Mr. Haddan and me, especially after you were born. He never gave me a cross word, and I tried my best to be a good wife to him. But he kept hankering after his father and his own place, and he'd have gone back, only he did not dare to tell about me and you children. Then there came news of his brother, Mr. James, making a very good match with an heiress; and old Mr. Haddan wrote, threatening to cut off Mr. George if he ever married an American woman, which he swore very solemnly he never would do in a letter to his father."

My mother came to a full stop here, without any interruption from me, and her low voice fell into a yet lower key when she spoke again.

"He put off going home to see his father till he could not go at all. I was no more than twenty-three when he died, and more like a baby myself than a mother of a boy like you. I don't wonder he never consulted me, but he never consulted anybody else. He wrote to his father, telling him everything, and putting his will and our marriage certificate into his letter. He had six thousand pounds of his own to leave, which had been his mother's, and that he left to me. He asked his father to forgive him, and provide for you children, if he did not make you his heir, for old Mr. Haddan could leave his estates as he pleased. He sent all these papers by the mail, just like an ordinary letter, and they were lost."

"Lost!" I exclaimed.

"Lost!" she repeated, mournfully; "every one of them lost; but your father never knew it. He died quite at peace about us; and the very next day the mail from home came in, and brought the news that his father was dead. The letters had crossed on the sea, and neither of them knew that the other was gone. I was very glad of that, my boy."

She stopped to cry again for some minutes, while I waited in impatience, but I dared not hurry her. She was very nervous, and the least symptom of annoyance frightened her.

"The letter was from Mr. Newill, the family lawyer, and he said all the landed estates were left to Mr. George, and he was to go home directly. I went directly to Mr. Prescott, and he took the business off my hands. He wrote immediately to England, but of course we knew we should have to wait a little for an answer. Then three or four mails came in with nothing for us, and he wrote again telling about your father's long letter, and the will, and certificate. There came after that a short sharp note from Mr. Newill, denying that George Haddan had ever been married, and asking for proofs. I hadn't any proof except my wedding ring, which has never been off my finger; but Mr. Prescott said that would go for nothing. Then I wrote to Aunt Becket myself, and she answered, saying shameful things, and bidding me never show my face in England again. Hush, George! Don't interrupt me. Mr. Newill wrote again, saying Mr. James was willing to settle a thousand pounds apiece on us, considering that you were Mr. George's children, on condition that we never troubled him again."

"Did you agree to it?" I asked, eagerly.

"Mr. Prescott would not," she answered. "Sometimes he talked of taking me over to London to see if I could find the church where we were married, but the time never came. He made every inquiry about the mail, and nothing had happened to it. The letter ought to have reached Haddan Lodge, as it was directed. I know it was directed right, for I saw it lying on your

father's desk. Mr. Prescott said they must have got the letter all right, and he made me promise to tell you all about it some day. If he hadn't I never would. George, he wanted me to be his wife."

She blushed again like a young girl, and turned her head away.

"You could not do that, mother," I said.

"No, George, no," she answered; "not after being the wife of young Mr. Haddan. But he was very kind and good, and left us all a legacy equal to the settlement he had refused for us, and said Fortune was to be brought up with you two, to show that he did not believe any harm of me. That is all I have to tell you."

It was enough to astonish and overwhelm me. If this were true, instead of being poor George Haddan, with no more than five thousand dollars in my possession, I was at this moment the rightful owner of twelve thousand pounds a year, with all the accumulations of a long minority. But, if not true, what had I to offer Fortune? As it was, until I had established my claim I had nothing but a doubtful name. My mother said she had been afraid I should be unsettled. Unsettled! I should think I was.

I went to look for Fortune, and hunted about for her till I found her in our old schoolroom, busy about some woman's work. Then and there I repeated to her everything I had just heard.

I am Fortune mentioned above. I shall tell the rest of Mrs. Haddan's history, for George makes a great trouble of writing. Nobody could ever make me believe those documents were lost. Destroyed they might be, but not lost. A packet of that size, containing very valuable papers, which were, however, of no value except to the Haddan family, could not have been lost by mail, unless some special accident had befallen all the mail-bags. To mail such a packet in the ordinary way was precisely such a thing as man, and man alone, could have been guilty of, especially so many years back, when the service between New York and London was not what it is now. But a will, a marriage certificate, and a long letter would make a noticeable parcel. Don't tell me it was lost.

What must we do? Why, start for England by the very first steamer after my birthday. If I had only been one-and-twenty fifteen years ago I should have done it then, and traced that packet from the post-office to the hands that opened it. The search would be more difficult now, but it must be made. We must first discover, as quietly as we could, the church where Mrs. Haddan was married. We must go quietly to work, and make sure of that first.

We were all very fond of Mrs. Haddan, but she was one of the meekest of women —the very feeblest reed of a woman I ever knew. To think of her small body and soul having guarded such a secret as this from us all these years drove me nearly frantic. She was very little, with a low, plaintive voice and frightened manner. Her face was small, with a pretty complexion and large, brown, forlorn eyes, glistening with tears as readily at a spot on her new bonnet strings as at the death of a friend. It was very difficult to move her, for she was one of those creatures that take root deeply, and are as hard to pluck up as tangle-grass. She told us weeping that her Aunt Becket had warned her never to show her face in England again; and she assured us over and over again, with great solemnity, that she could not recognise the church where she had been married, and she did not remember in the least which part of London it was in. Perhaps it had been a chapel she suggested, and what should we do then? I knew better. I felt certain that any woman with a grain of sense, and with eyes in her head, would tell the place where she was married when she saw it again. But there —Mrs. Haddan had been nothing but an English baby of seventeen instead of an intelligent American woman of that age.

I say nothing about our voyage. Mrs. Haddan, as might have been expected of a woman with positively no strength of mind, was very sick all the way, and wept and moaned during every interval when she could weep and moan. Margaret waited upon her mother, while George and I walked miles and miles of the deck, planning what we should do. What we did upon landing was to go straight on by express to London. It was night when we reached it; and even I could not expect Mrs. Haddan to recognise our church in the dark. But the next day, and for many days following, we hired a carriage and drove up and down the streets, up and down the streets, till we were nearly crazy.

This was how we went on: at the outside view of any church, or of any building at all approaching an ecclesiastical style of architecture, Mrs. Haddan would ask faintly that the carriage might be drawn up in front of it. Then she leaned

through the window, with her veil drooping all on one side, to take a close survey of it. Unless George discovered that it was not a church, her survey invariably ended in her supposing that perhaps that might be the very place. After experiencing great difficulties in getting the keys, and when once we were inside the church, Mrs. Haddan clasped George's arm with both hands, and paced modestly up the middle aisle to the altar. There she stood for a minute or two with downcast eyes and blushing face, as if waiting for the voice of the priest, and then she would look up to him in tears:

"George, dear," she murmured, "I do believe—I think I have a sensation that this is the very spot."

After that George and I rushed to the vestry, and if the registers for twenty-two years back were still there, we searched eagerly through the year of her marriage; but all to no avail. Once we came to a church in course of demolition—a new street coming that way. The roof was half off, and the pews and pulpit gone. She felt the same sensation there, and I gave it up.

"Perhaps, my dear," she said, when we returned to the carriage, "it may have been a chapel. Young Mr. Haddan was a very peculiar man; and his mother's relations were some of them Dissenters."

We answered nothing, but drove back to the hotel, where she went to bed with a nervous headache.

"George," I said, as soon as we were alone, "this is of no use at all. Mrs. Haddan will never know the place. We must try something else."

"What else, Fortune?" he asked, despondently.

"Let us talk it over quietly," I said; "my dear George, you feel quite persuaded in your own mind that your father did marry your mother?"

The blood rushed up into his face, and his teeth fastened sharply into his under lip. I do not know what he was going to say, for I stopped him by putting my arm round his neck, as I had done hundreds of times when we were children; though I had quite left it off of late.

"Hush, George," I whispered in his ear. "It was only Fortune that said it, but there will be scores of people to ask the same question. You will always be the same. Don't be angry with *me*."

"No," he answered, in a smothered voice, "no, Fortune; but if any man said it——" George clenched his fists, and struck his own knee with it savagely, in a manner which startled me.

"George," I said, "depend upon it if the certificate is destroyed the register is destroyed. Would anybody in their senses imagine that your mother would not know where she was married?"

"I suppose not," he answered, more despondently than before.

"They are rich, and you are poor," I said, looking steadily into his face; "you will be very poor if we fail."

"I am a man," he replied, lifting up his head with new energy, "I can make my own way. It is not that."

I knew what it was well enough. At least I fancied I knew what it was. Yet when I came to think of it I could not be so sure. I never felt so strangely in my whole life, never. Instead of reading his heart like an open book, it was all closed against me.

"You will be always the same to me," I said, falteringly.

He sighed, and leaving his seat beside me, he wandered restlessly to the window, and looked out into the street below with a cloudy face. I watched him with the full light upon his features, revealing every change of expression, yet I could not make out what he was thinking about.

"I'll spend every cent of my money before I give it up," he said.

"And mine," I added.

His face changed, but he shook his head. I kept silence for a minute or two, dreading to say what I had to say; but it had to be done.

"Come back, George," I said, "and stand opposite to me, just so."

He did as I bade him, and stood looking down upon me with troubled eyes.

"Now," I said, putting up my hands to my cheeks, which were burning, "will you answer me a simple question frankly, yes or no?"

"To be sure, Fortune," he replied.

"Well, then," I went on, speaking very fast, "perhaps I am only a vain, conceited girl, but I have fancied sometimes you cared more for me than a sister. Do you?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Then how foolish we both are," I said, between laughing and crying; "we have only to get married, and then you will have plenty of money to set about establishing your rights."

"No, no," answered George, and putting both his arms round me in a very agreeable

way, "that would never do. Suppose we fail altogether. No: when I am George Haddan, of Haddan Lodge, then I will ask you to be my wife, but never before. I have nothing to offer you till then."

"And then I won't have you," I said, drawing his arm closer round me—"I won't, indeed, George. I am just going to take a solemn vow."

There is no need to say what we talked of for the next hour, but when we were through with that subject, which continued to turn up again at all sorts of odd moments, we turned back to our original discussion.

Among my father's letters we had found a very kind one from Mr. Newill, the family lawyer, written privately to my father about Mrs. Haddan and her children. Though he did not in any way acknowledge the marriage, he said, as George Haddan's chief friend, he was deeply interested in his children, and he urged my father to accept some provision from him for them. We determined to see this man, acting with profound caution, and if we found him to be anything like his letter, to tell him our whole story unreservedly. We took Mrs. Haddan with us, and obtained a private interview with him. He was particularly struck with George's likeness to his father, and in five minutes Mrs. Haddan was giving him a tearful account of her runaway marriage with young Mr. Haddan, and of her utter ignorance of the place. I could see that Mr. Newill did not place implicit reliance upon her statements.

"You are the niece of Mrs. Haddan's maid, whose name was Becket?" he observed.

"Yes, sir," she answered, sobbing.

"Then she must have left her service before old Mrs. Haddan's death," he said. "I saw the maid several times just then, and her name was certainly not Becket."

"Aunt Becket wrote to me from Haddan Lodge," she answered, "and the letter came by the same mail as yours for Mr. Prescott. It was such a dreadful letter that I burnt it, for fear of anybody ever seeing it."

"And you have no proofs?" he said.

"Nothing except my ring," she replied, pulling off her glove, and showing him a very thin, worn circle of gold embedded in her finger. George took her hand in his, and kissed it tenderly, and I felt the tears come even into my eyes.

"Who would receive that packet for old Mr. Haddan, and open it after his death?" I asked, going direct to the point they all seemed to avoid. Mr. Newill turned and fixed a very sharp pair of eyes upon me.

"Either his wife or son," he answered, shortly.

"His wife was only Mr. George's stepmother," I said, "and her son was the next heir."

Mr. Newill was silent a minute or two.

"If I could think what you are thinking," he said, "there would be no mystery about it, though it would be no easier to prove that than the other. But I don't think it. Mr. James was an honourable man, and his mother a thorough lady."

"But there were twelve thousand pounds a year to lose," I observed.

Mr. Newill looked at me a second time sharply, and I returned his gaze steadily. Why should any man daunt *me?*

"Let us hear your opinion, young lady," he said.

"I am Fortune Prescott," I answered, stung a little by his manner, "and my opinion is this. The packet reached Haddan Lodge safely. It fell, of course, into the hands of Mr. James, or old Mrs. Haddan. In either case the temptation would be the same. Mr. George Haddan's marriage had been so well kept a secret, that nobody had suspected it. He had married a very young girl—a dependant of the house—with no friends to look after her. Here was the certificate of the marriage; and, at any rate, it would be quite safe to wait and see what other proofs could be produced. Whoever had the packet waited, and in time my father's letter followed it. You saw that letter?"

"Yes," said Mr. Newill; "it was addressed to Mr. James, and he brought it at once to me."

"You considered it, of course, an unfounded claim," I went on, "and you wrote back, demanding proofs. My father told you what Mr. George Haddan had done, and that no other proofs were in existence on the other side of the Atlantic. You offered a provision for Mr. George Haddan's children, which my father and their mother refused. Then fifteen years passed on, and everybody believed the matter done with."

"We did. I had forgotten it almost," said Mr. Newill.

"But it is not done with," I continued; "I am a rich woman, and if George gives it up, I never will while there is a chance. The only question in my mind is whether the documents were destroyed. The safest way would be to destroy them at once; and

if so they would try to get possession of the original register. Could there be any motive for preserving them?"

Mr. Newill lost himself in thought for a few minutes, after which he looked first at George, whose face was intensely anxious, and then at me. I was regarding him dauntlessly, and he smiled when his eye met mine.

"I must speak to you alone," he said, leading the way into an inner room.

THE BASQUE PEOPLE.

In two successive articles of the "Bulletin Trimestriel de la Société Ramond," M. Eugene Cordier has given a description of some of the laws and customs prevailing among the Basques, that singular race dwelling upon the slopes of the Western Pyrenees, whose language and whose origin are alike a puzzle to antiquarians, and who, mustering in all about eight hundred and forty thousand souls, have contrived to maintain what may fairly be called their nationality distinct from both France and Spain. The governments of these countries have striven hard to extirpate the old Basque tongue, but though it is at length gradually yielding, yet it has shown a strange and most obstinate vitality. Besides this, the Basques possess a system of legislation on such social subjects as the succession to property, parental and conjugal rights, and the rights and powers of women, of such completeness and speciality, as is rarely to be found in Europe. Some of these laws, and of the national customs, may be interesting to our readers. For the latter we are chiefly indebted to Monsieur Michel's interesting work, Le Pays Basque.

The Basques are, physically, a fine race, though goître and crétinisme are by no means unknown among them. As a rule, however, the men are tall, brave, and active, and possess considerable, though uncultivated intelligence. Michel tells how Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordova was provoked to exclaim that "he had rather have lions to guard, than Biscayens to govern," and points out how the energy and perfect health of the Basque peasant, make him, even after a hard day's work, scorn repose in the chimney nook, and seek, instead, recreation in dances, or athletic sports. Bull-fights are among their favourite diversions, but they are of the less cruel kind; that is, the bull is not killed, but replaced, when tired, by a fresh one. Sometimes, also, a bull, or even a cow is restrained by a rope, and all comers are invited to try their skill and agility, with just sufficient risk to render the sport exciting. Sometimes a jar, with a mouth much smaller than the interior, is imbedded in the centre of the arena; a child placed in it, strikes the bull as he approaches, and then ducks into his jar, vanishing utterly into the ground, much to the animal's amazement as he makes his rush. The Jeu de Paume, a kind of tennis, has long been a passion with the Basques. The name of a first-rate player flies from village to village, until it becomes a household word in the most remote mountain cottage. At the time of the first French revolution, one Perkaïn, who had taken refuge in Spain, heard that his rival, Curutchet, was challenging players in France. He could not resist the temptation. He crossed the frontier, played, won, and escaped safe back to Spain, applauded and assisted by thousands. To be either player or spectator of the game, a Basque will willingly walk during the whole of the preceding and following nights; soldiers desert their regiments to be present; some have unexpectedly appeared on the appointed day even from the banks of the Danube. Under the Empire, fourteen soldiers of one regiment left the army without permission, journeyed to the distant St. Etienne de Baïgorry, played their game, and were back on the banks of the Rhine in the nick of time for the battle of Austerlitz. Wagers are freely made upon the game, but etiquette prescribes that no man shall back a player who does not speak his dialect. It is not thought dishonourable in a player to play below his strength at first in order to tempt the ring to put their money on his adversaries. It is fraudulent, however, if he intend ultimately to lose.

Dancing is another delight. Here is an amusing description from Monsieur Michel, of a genuine Basque evening. You, the reader, are supposed to be a stranger, and to find yourself near a mountain hamlet on a cold winter night. You resolve to ask for hospitality at a certain house; being sure, from its ruddy glow, that a merry company are assembled within.

The door being opened, you find yourself in a spacious kitchen. An enormous log blazes on the hearth, around which a cheerful party is assembled. On the right sits an old man in an ancient wooden armchair, consecrated by the use of genera-

tions. Near him sit other venerable men, and behind is a group of the young men of the village. On the left are the women and girls, spinning wool, or the fine flax of the country. You are cordially received, and the circle opens to admit you to the warmest place by the roaring fire, but beware of expecting any further deference! Whatever may be your rank in civilised society, you are entitled here to no more than the courtesy due to a welcome visitor. Soon begins a catechism which your superior knowledge is supposed to enable you to answer. What news is stirring? What are the morals, customs, religions, languages of other countries? How must one figure to oneself Paris? and Bordeaux? and so on? At first your replies are not received without a shade of suspicion; a thousand questions are put, and small objections raised, so as to detect any inconsistencies in your replies. But you have answered honestly; your replies have been clear, serious, and truthful, and so you come out unscathed from the ordeal. Then, indeed, you rise to the position of an honoured guest. Each vies with the other in making much of you, and in appreciating your merits; the women and girls, for the first time, take part in the questioning; the grey-beards plunge into politics, and philosophise at their ease; the hours glide swiftly by, and only among the group of young men, a certain restlessness about the feet betrays their fear lest the time for the mutchico, or Saut Basque, should be forgotten. But at length some jovial mountaineer, whose white hairs have not rendered him oblivious of his youth, turns suddenly round, claps his hands with a merry *houp!* and strikes up the national air. In a moment half-a-dozen young fellows are describing the semicircle according to which the movements of the dance are to be executed; every other man turns his back to the fire, and constitutes himself a judge. Silence is established, and the old men, especially, look gravely on, inexorable to any new-fangled innovation or ill-executed step. Watch that young fellow whose dancing is voted perfect; his figure straightened, his shoulders well down, his head slightly bowed, his arms hanging with careful carelessness, his serious expression showing that he is sensible of the solemn responsibility upon him! The girls, meanwhile, are supposed to remain unmoved, but soon the chairs begin to creak, and, as if of their own accord, turn slightly from the hearth, and towards the centre of the room. Many a stolen glance from many a bright eye, criticises or encourages the performers, who are by no means insensible to their rays. More and more active grows the dancer, more and more springy becomes the step, until at last the song stops, and it is time for the final trial of skill. Two sticks are crossed at right angles, and the object of the dancer is to continue a series of marvellous evolutions from one angle to the other for so long a time as to tire out the musician who performs the accompaniment. If he succeed, with a bound he seizes the sticks, and his triumph is complete. A Basque proverb says, "A good jumper may often be found under a bad cloak," meaning that a poor dress may cover a noble heart.

The honour of executing the first mutchico (from mutchico, boys, or young men) after one of the pastoral representations of which the Basques are passionately fond, is put up to auction, and is so hotly competed for by the young men of different parishes, that the successful commune has frequently to pay a hundred and fifty or two hundred francs. The privilege of dancing the second and then the third, is also sold to the highest bidders, the sum realised going far towards defraying the expenses of the temporary theatre, which is opened gratis to the spectators. Many of the pastorals are of a sacred character, and are drawn from the Bible or the lives of saints; others turn upon the struggle between the crescent and the cross, or upon the death of Roland. The dresses needed for these representations cost nothing; they are obtained by ransacking the chests of every château or bourgeois house in the neighbourhood, the owner being bound by custom to lend for the purpose whatever he may chance to possess of beautiful or antique; should he refuse, some means would doubtless be found of making him smart for his churlishness. Under these circumstances dramatic accuracy of costume is not to be expected; but the savagery of the Mussulman princes is duly suggested by their blood-red garments, their head-dresses of cylindrical shape, adorned with plumes and little looking-glasses, and their large, clumsy boots, whereas a Christian king rejoices in a crown, two watches, small boots, and gloves. Not many years ago, another, and more questionable, kind of pastoral—now discouraged by the police—was in vogue. If a matrimonial scandal shocked a village, instead of being treated

to the "rough music," common still in some parts of England, the offending husband or wife was caricatured upon the stage. A poet was sent for (and every Basque is more or less of a rhymester) to whom every attainable detail was related, and whose business it then was to compose a kind of sarcastic drama for the occasion, and as the identity of the offender was made clear by the actor who personated him mimicking, as exactly as he could, his dress, voice, and manner, the unlucky spouse who had drawn upon himself or herself this stinging punishment, might well vow amendment for the future.

Mock courts of justice used also to be held, for the purpose of putting down social vices, and testing the eloquence of the young men. A grand procession, with music, dancers, &c., inaugurated the day. The actors representing the persons concerned in the misdeed were drawn slowly along in a carriage, preceded by an usher, mounted on donkey-back, with his face tailward, and surrounded by harlequins and policinelli. Arrived at the court, the prisoner was accused and defended at great length by two advocates; solemn messages were despatched to the senate, the ministers, and even the king, entreating advice. At length the case was decided; the accused was convicted, and sentenced to death; he escaped, but was heroically recaptured, and the sentence was on the point of execution, when a courier was beheld arriving in breathless haste, who proves to be the bearer of a royal pardon. This usually terminated the proceedings, and judge and advocates were wont to give place to the musicians, and to wind up the evening with a dance.

Women and girls do not, as a rule, take part in the acting of these pastorals, though in private houses they also sometimes dance the mutchico; but they are by no means behind their husbands and brothers in energy and fine health. They take their full share in the labours of the field, and it is a saying among the Spanish Basques that the country is never better cultivated than when, all the men being gone to the wars, it is left to the sole management of the women. Their strength being thus developed, their children come into the world with the greatest ease, and more than one baby has passed its first day of life in the shade of the tree beneath which it first saw the light, while its mother resumed her work. In general, however, a week's rest is allowed; but the old and strange custom of "la couvade" does not even now seem wholly abandoned in the more remote districts. This custom consists in the mother of a new-born child giving up her place to its father, who remains in bed with the infant for a period varying from a few hours to four days, during which time he feasts with his friends, while the wife cooks and waits upon the party. It is a moot point among the curious how this extraordinary custom originated.

The first striking peculiarity in the Basque succession law is the rigid rule of primogeniture, applied "without distinction of sex or person (noble or not), of property, movable or fixed, private or common (between a married couple), in direct and collateral line, to relatives of all degrees, and to their descendants and representatives for ever." Should the heir consent to the alienation of property under pressing need, the liberty to redeem it remains with him and his successors, in Soule, during forty years, in Labourt in perpetuity; and in old times, if a stranger acquired fixed property among the French Basques, every purse was opened to assist in effacing, by means of this right, what was regarded as a national disgrace. The future of the eldest of the family thus secured, the younger children are almost without rights; and they are considered in the light of born servitors, or, as they used to be called, slaves; though, according to Bela, emancipation is possible at five-and-twenty. In the valley of Barèges they take no part in the municipal elections, and, in general, the rights and privileges of citizens are denied them. Their parents or relations put aside some small sum for them, which is strictly prevented from encroaching on the rights of the eldest, and should the younger brother or sister refuse to serve until marriage in the house of the fortunate heir, or, leaving it, to bring home all gain elsewhere earned, even this slight provision may be withheld. A younger brother, in fact, is the unpaid servant of his eldest brother, or sister, until his marriage; should he take a younger daughter for his wife, he cannot become a citizen of her birth-place; but he acquires a certain degree of independence. His goods and those of his wife are, at least, in common, although in some parts the wife is free to enter into contracts without the sanction of her husband, the fulfilment of the engagement being, however, deferred until his death.

But should he marry an heiress, not only does she remain head of the family (a position sometimes indicated by a particular costume), but he fails to gain personal independence, and loses even his name, adopting in its stead that of his wife; which, again, is derived from her house, each dwelling retaining its own name, which must be borne by its successive owners. Even in cases where the husband is possessed of independent wealth, but lives upon the property of his wife, the rights of the head of the family remain intact. He cannot remove either his children or his wife from her house; he cannot give permission to his younger sons to leave the maternal roof, though his wife may do so. Should she leave him a widower, her mother, if living, has, at Barèges, more authority over his children than he has himself. He is not allowed to administer their property, nor to be master of their house; without their consent he cannot bring home a second wife; and, in Soule, where the époux dotal enjoys a quarter of the property of his deceased wife, he is not permitted to establish a second wife upon even this share, without the consent of the surviving grand-parent. Should he be childless, his dowry is, indeed, returned to him; but, like the Irish tenant, he has no security for any improvements made upon his wife's property.

Generally speaking, every wife is free to make a will, at the age of eighteen, without the consent of her husband; in Soule a girl who has inherited her property, may bequeath at fifteen. The consent of the head of the house is indeed needful to the marriage of the eldest child in extreme youth; later, however, not only is he (and exactly the same rule applies to a daughter's case) free to marry without consent; but if he pay the dowry which he received with his wife into the hands of the proprietory parent, the latter is compelled to share his goods, and even his house, with the newly-married couple. Among the French Basques a similar arrangement takes place in the second, and even in the third generation; separate houses are frequently built for the accommodation of the young households; but if there be but one, it must be shared. Such a plan, it need scarcely be said, does not conduce to family harmony, especially as, where only one parent survives, should he, after the division, be guilty of waste or extravagance in the management of his share, it may be taken from him, and added to the portion of the younger pair.

In Soule, the magistracy is hereditary, and devolves upon "the sieurs ou demoiselles" of certain noble families. The ladies do not, however, exercise the privilege, but they transmit it to their eldest sons, or can secure it to their husbands, if they be judged worthy of the honour. Although women do not, now-a-days, take part in public matters among the Basques, yet there is evidence to show that they formerly did so, at least to some extent. In the year 1316, the Abbé of Lavedau having consulted the inhabitants of Cauterets, who were his serfs, upon the subject of changing the site of their town, the question was put to the vote, and an authentic document is still extant bearing the names of the voters. Among these are many names of women, of which only one corresponds with that of any man upon the list. They were not, therefore, married to any of the masculine voters. They may have been wives of younger sons, to whom no vote was accorded, or widows, or unmarried women in possession of their property. Monsieur Lagrèse, whose researches disinterred this document, justly points to the subject as one which deserves further investigation. We commend it to the notice of those who wish to see women admitted to a share in the franchise, and even now, should any of Mr. Mill's disciples stray, in their summer wanderings, to the beautiful little village of St. Jean de Luz, at the foot of the Western Pyrenees, they may have the pleasure of observing a people among whom the woman is—at least before the law—considered the equal of the man.

THEATRICAL TALKERS AND DOERS.

We have already seen in relation to the art of Painting,* what severe treatment the Doer is apt to receive from the professed Talker. There is another branch of art, in connexion with which the critic of the drawing-rooms is exceedingly fond of laying down the law. In treating of the Theatre and all that belongs to it, the Talker is always wonderfully glib and confident: giving his opinions in an ex-cathedrâ tone, which is impressive in the extreme.

These theatrical Talkers may be separated into two classes, one differing from the other in many important particulars,

* See All the Year Round, New Series, vol. iii., p. 271.

but both being alike in the respect that they are almost supernaturally knowing, and exceedingly hard to please. Perhaps the most salient mark by which these two classes may be distinguished, the one from the other, is by a difference in their respective ages; one division of theatrical Talkers being old, and the other young.

The old Talker is hard to please, because he has, as he tells you, "witnessed the performances of men and women who really knew what acting meant." He has seen the thing done well. He lived when there was a school of actors, when there was such a thing as the "grand manner," when an actor who took the part of a Roman trod the stage *like* a Roman. It is almost terrible to think what this Talker has seen. He has seen the Kembles. He has seen all the great actors, separate and together. He has seen Munden and Fawcett, and Charles Young, and Miss O'Neil, all at their very best, acting in the same piece. He has seen Gentleman Jones. You can't expect him to be satisfied with what goes on now.

How much he has to say about Kean! What long descriptions he gives of how that eminent actor did certain scenes, of his different readings, of his actions and gesticulations, of what he did do, of what he *didn't* do, and how both courses of conduct were equally effective. He tells how, in this scene, the great tragedian would seize the player with whom he was acting, by the throat, with such violence that the public rose in alarm lest the man should be killed; how, in another scene, he simply remained, on the occasion of a great crisis, motionless, with his hands clasped over his head; and how the public mind was equally disturbed by that effect, as thinking he had fallen into a fit. What comparisons this old-school Talker draws between his idol and any of our more modern tragedians! "When you went to see Edmund Kean in Hamlet or Othello, you did not say to yourself 'I am going to see Kean,' but you said, 'I am going to see Hamlet or Othello.' Now, how widely different it is. You see Buskinsock, the modern tragedian, in this or that part, but it is always Buskinsock, and you always feel that it is so, and you expect beforehand that it will be so." Then, our Talker goes on to dispose of the subject altogether. "As an art capable of exhibiting human passion and emotion; as a means of lifting the spectator above the low sordid thoughts which in the ordinary routine of life exclusively occupy his attention; and so taking him out of himself into a sphere immeasurably more elevated than that in which he ordinarily finds himself; as an agent possessed of those glorious capabilities, the English stage, sir, may be said to exist no longer."

This implicit believer in the Theatre of the Past is, in all things, wonderfully akin to the connoisseur in whose eyes the Art of the Past is alone worthy of respect; there seeming to exist in both, a curious jealousy of any attempt on the part of so unworthy a thing as a modern artist to enter into competition with the giants of old. But what is it that these grumblers want? What would they bring about, if they could have their way? Would they have the modern artists of every denomination come forward, like the magicians in the Acts of the Apostles, and burn their stock-in-trade, making at the same time some such proclamation as this: "We are impostors and pretenders. We have been attempting to do what we have no vocation for doing. We have called ourselves artists, have sat down (as painters) before our easels, or have (as actors) stepped on to the boards, deeming it possible that our doings might form part of that great art chain of which the first links were forged by Michael Angelo and Raphael as painters, or by Betterton and Garrick as actors. Such has been our presumption, and such our folly until now; but we will offend no longer. Our efforts to do what we had no right to attempt, shall cease. You are quite correct, gentlemen of the old-school. The arts are dead, and we will vex their ghosts no more. As to ourselves, and what is to become of us, that is a question of some importance, perhaps, to ourselves, but of none to any one else. We have not been brought up to do anything useful, and it may be difficult for us to know what to turn our hands to. Our having dared to devote ourselves to what is obviously a thing defunct seems to suggest an attempt on our part in the undertaking line. Such of us as have unhappily made painting our study, might design those combinations of weeping willows, and urns, and inverted torches, which are likely to be always wanted in funereal circles; while those who were foolish enough to engage in theatrical pursuits might, perhaps, prove useful in organising funeral processions on a more effective principle than has hitherto prevailed."

Absurd as this sounds, it seems to be the only logical tendency of the arguments used by the exclusive believer in the Past with whom we are so much at issue; who

surrounds what has been with a nimbus of perennial glory, and treats what *is* with contempt; according to whom Art has been glorious, and is now hopelessly despicable.

So much for one kind of Theatrical Talker. It behoves us now to bestow a few lines on another.

The Talker of the new-school, like the Talker of the old-school, is hard to please; but for a different reason. He is hard to please, because he is so dreadfully knowing. He is acquainted with all the stage traditions, and settles exactly what are the points which an actor who understands his business ought to make, in every part he plays; knowing all this, and a great deal besides, he is down upon any member of the profession who does not please him, with relentless severity. He has been to Paris—the theatrical amateur has always just been to Paris, as the artistic amateur has always just been to Venice—and has come back with a standard of criticism so elevated that no English actor can hope to come up to it. "I saw the play in Paris," he says, in allusion to some drama (from the French) which is creating a furore in England, "and I do assure you that after seeing Mouche in the principal part, it is impossible not to regard Fly's performance of the character, over here, as something almost amounting to sacrilege. He misses every point in the piece. He lets every opportunity slip. He has so little comprehension of what he is aiming at, that he never gets hold of his audience for a single moment from beginning to end. I could do the thing better myself. Hanged if I couldn't!"

Strange and unutterable presumption, which would seem absolutely incredible if we did not meet with instances of it every day! There are some circles in which one never listens to the description of theatrical topics without hearing the law laid down by some amateur, who has been in the habit of playing at acting, in the feeblest and most dilettante fashion, and whose braggart talk reminds one of the fop in Henry the Fourth, who provoked "professional" Hotspur so excusably.

Ah, if this Talker did but know how much of study, and labour, and experience it has taken to fit this actor whose performance he criticises to take his place on the stage as an audible, visible, intelligible exponent of the part which he has undertaken to embody! If he knew this, surely he would speak a little more respectfully and a little more diffidently in criticising his victim's performance.

How very much has the professional actor to understand, and how much to do, before he can be looked upon as capable of fulfilling his vocation. And first of his understanding: he understands that from the moment of his passing on to that stage on which he is to act he is to be for the time whatever he professes to be. He must convey to you (the public) the idea that the character which he represents has had an existence before you see him. Certain episodical moments of his life happen to be passing, where you can observe them on that stage, but his story has had a beginning which you do not see, and will go on when you are not looking. Understanding this and putting himself, by aid of the imagination, in that very position in which the play supposes him, all the rest must go right. Whatever he has to do will be done under the influence of this conviction. If in the course of the scene he has to plead for his life, or for another life dearer to him than his own, it is not necessary that he should school himself into declaiming with energy and animation; to him it is a fact that his life (or that other life) is in danger; how can he help pleading eagerly? So when he knows of a plot being hatched against the character of the woman whom he loves, it is not needful that he should say to himself, "I must *appear* to listen eagerly." He cannot help listening. *Her* happiness is in danger; by listening to the plot against her he may save her, and so he *does* listen, and the audience sees that he does.

This logical perception of his position is what the good actor masters first. That done, he has to consider the mechanical and technical part of his business, and to learn how to make the intonations of his voice, and the external movements and gestures of his body, true, and at the same time intelligible, exponents of what is going on within him. To acquire the requisite control over his voice, and to learn how to manage and make the most of it, so that his words shall be heard, and understood, in the remotest parts of the theatre in which he is acting, is a task to be accomplished only by means of enormous labour and persistent effort. And this has to be done, it must be remembered, without having recourse to mouthing and bellowing. This conveying of his meaning to those who are seated on the farthest-off benches, without seeming exaggerated or overstrained to those who are near, is one of the most difficult of all the tasks which the actor sets himself. Nor is this a question of voice and intonation only, but also of gesture and

action. These, to be seen and understood at a distance, must be large and obvious, yet there must be subtlety and refinement about them as well. Then he must move the hands evenly and gracefully, but at the same time unaffectedly and naturally; above all, he must be able not to move at all, but to keep quite still when he ought to do so, which—compassed about with such a network of nerves of motion as we are—is not always so easy as it seems.

Invariably, too, retaining his self-possession, and considering how to make his words tell upon his audience when he comes to an important speech, he takes care to be in the right place—whence he can be both seen and heard well at the time of delivering it. Nor does he suffer any important part of his dialogue to be lost, owing to its being spoken at a time when circumstances prevent its being properly heard.

The acquirements here set down are but a few of those which the Doer, who is worthy of the name, takes care to make his own. They are rudimentary, and, once mastered, are merely regarded by the professional artist as a kind of foundation, or groundwork, on which to engraft all sorts of graces and refinements.

Nor is it only with what he has to cultivate that the practical artist occupies himself. He must think besides of what is to be avoided. There are all sorts of awkward stupid habits into which humanity is liable to fall when it finds itself with a row of footlights in front of it, and a mass of upturned human faces beyond. Under such circumstances a man's eyes will, unless he be very careful, play him false and mislead him. He will look up, or he will look down, not straight at the people he is addressing, whether they are actually on the stage with him, or the public in the body of the house. That mass of faces is a formidable thing to confront, and the craven suggestion of a man's weak nature disposes him to turn his back upon the audience more than is convenient, and to skulk at the rear of the stage, or get awkwardly behind any sheltering piece of furniture which may be placed conveniently for the purpose.

Let the Talker who deals so severely with this particular kind of Doer—whether by comparing him disparagingly with the Doer of a former age, or with his own often most erroneous standard of what ought to be—consider what the labour and study must be which enable the professional actor to master all these constituent parts, great and small, of his business.

Altogether there does not seem to be much ground for all this depreciation of the stage of our day, which we hear from the Talker of the old-school as of the new. That there is observable, in connexion with the art of the theatre as with that of the studio, a change in the manner of its development there can be no doubt; but change does not necessarily involve deterioration. Our school of acting is in a state of transition. We are discarding the conventional in this as in other things, and cultivating the natural. A school of acting has sprung up of late years which is characterised by a specially close adherence to nature, a respect for probability, and a truthfulness of detail, which, accompanied as it is by an abandonment of old established conventionalities, is of high promise. We surely see now, in certain individual cases which it would be invidious to name, more elaborate study of character and more exhibition of individuality than we used to see. The standard set up is much more a standard of nature and much less a standard of art than was ever the case before. We think less of elocutionary display and of the "grand manner" and of declamatory power, than we did formerly; we think more of a closeness to nature and a careful reproduction of the more subtle expressions of feeling.

Surely these are hopeful indications, and such as may be safely quoted by all who have it at heart to confute the lachrymose theories of those members of the Talking Fraternity who denounce all modern schools of art, of whatsoever kind, and who raise the one monotonous parrot cry of "Ichabod" over every one of them.

IN GOD'S ACRE.

'Twas on a Morn of Summer
In the kirkyard lone,
An old man, hoary headed,
Sat upon a stone,
And thought of days departed,
And griefs that he had known.

His long white hair was wafted
On the wandering breeze;
A bonnie little maiden
Frolicked at his knees,
And twined fair flowers with rushes,
Gathered on the leas.

Over her pleasant labour
She crooned her infant song;
I said with self-communing,
"Death shall not tarry long,
For the old old fruit hath ripened,
And the young fruit groweth strong."

Alas! for the To-morrow,
That recks not of To-day!
Fate, like a serpent crawling,
Unnoticed, on its prey,
Came as a burning fever,
And snatched the babe away.

Death! why so harsh and cruel,
To take the infant mild,
Home to its God and Father,
All pure and undefiled:
And leave the old man hoary
Weeping for the child?

"Whom the gods love die early!"
Our Father knoweth best;
And we are wrong to censure,
The supreme behest:
Sleep softly! bonnie blossom,
Sleep! and take thy rest!

We need such consolation,
Whether we live or die:
Were Death no benefactor,
Laden with blessings high;
Sad, sad were the survivors,
Under the awful sky!

DIPLOMACY IN DISTRESS.

One after another, the cherished ideals of our youth take new shapes. One by one the shadows which we have supposed to be actual bodies melt away, and disclose the hard real fact, always unlike the effigy our fancy formed.

If there were one branch of the good and grand Circumlocution Office which we believed in more than another, it was "F. O." If there were a profession that had for us a peculiar fascination, and which we were never tired of studying in the truthful pages of political novels, it was diplomacy. The diplomatic service represented, in our mind's eye, all that was interesting and exciting in the great world of politics. We scouted Oxenstiern's epigram as a malicious libel. We knew how much wisdom was necessary for the governing of mankind; we revered the wisdom of our ideal ambassadors, the real kings of men. Dignified, but easy, courteous, yet guarded, our ideal ambassador was always popular wherever he went. His princely hospitality attracted the best society of the luxurious capital in which he lived. Reticent, straightforward, and honourable, he was perpetually defeating the evil machinations of envoys of rival courts. When the Russian prince, not only the possessor of countless roubles, but also gifted with a diabolical craftiness, worthy of Macchiavelli — we never had, and have not, for the matter of that, even now, any very definite idea what were the exact doctrines of Macchiavelli which deserved to be branded as diabolical; but our political novels were very fond of so stigmatising them—came in our ambassador's way, towards the end of the first volume, how interesting the tale became! For all his spies, and his bribes, and the rest of his stock-in-trade, occasionally including a dagger or so, what a bad time was in store for that Muscovite! For at least a volume and a half, the Macchiavellian schemer usually got the best of it. Unscrupulous fraud and conspiracy succeeded, almost invariably. But our ambassador was equal to the occasion, and behold at length—either at one of those magnificent dinners, or, more frequently, at one of those brilliant balls which were continually taking place at the British embassy—the machinations of the emissary of the Czar were exposed and defeated. The Russian was not unfrequently consumed by a mad passion for our ambassador's daughter, a fair child of Albion, endowed with every virtue and all the accomplishments, who, in such cases, was invariably engaged to an aristocratic but poor private secretary, and would not, in consequence, hear of becoming madame la princesse. Thus, passion and diplomacy were delightfully mixed; and, as the ill-regulated mind of the Russian often led to his attempted abduction of the object of his affections, delicious complications ensued. When the ambassador was younger than in such a case as that just cited, there was usually a young ambassadress. Under those circumstances, the wicked foreign diplomatist became a Frenchman, and the young ambassadress herself was the object of his unlawful passion. But, in either case, the triumph of virtue, and (the same thing) of the British ambassador always came off.

As for the attachés, their life was one round of excitement and luxury. Scions of noble houses, and in the receipt of princely allowances from their noble fathers, those fortunate youths were the life and soul of all society. They could do, and they did, everything. The miserable, puny, poverty-stricken counts and barons of foreign lands looked with envy on the broad-shouldered, six-feet high, son of Britain: as, with his frank, open smile, he lavished among them astonishing sums of money, or, as bestriding his thorough-bred English hunter, he beat them all in the steeple-chase; or, on occasion, used the boxing powers of his nation with terrible effect in defence of the insulted daughter of his chief. The very Queen's messengers lived an enviable life; albeit they were occasionally compelled to travel for many weeks at a stretch across Russian snows swarming with wolves, or across savage mountains beset with brigands and, worse still, with unscrupulous emissaries of rival diplomatists. Their lives

were in their hands, and now and again they were compelled to defend their precious despatch-boxes against alarming odds; but then they had compensating advantages. They knew everybody everywhere. The best bins in the best cellars in Europe were open to them. The greatest cooks were charmed to exercise the utmost resources of their art in behalf of these delightful captains. Bright eyes smiled upon them; they had more opportunities for flirtation than any other class of men in the world. And then they had the additional advantage of being unable, owing to the requirements of F. O., to stay long enough in any one place to be bored by its pleasures.

Of course as time passed on, our more extravagant views of life in the diplomatic service gradually toned down, and we began to perceive that Queen's messengers, attachés, and even ambassadors, were but mortal; and that it was not unlikely that they might occasionally be troubled by some of the ills that flesh is heir to. But it never occurred to us that the diplomatic service and hardship might be convertible terms. An economical embassy, an attaché compelled to go to market and to look closely after the petty cash, a legation in difficulties in the matter of house rent, a chargé d'affaires entering into elaborate calculations in regard to cab fares, were phenomena not provided for in our philosophy. Without overwhelming testimony we should have declined to believe in a state of things so heartrending. Unfortunately the testimony is now before us, unimpeachable, printed and presented to both houses of parliament by command of Her Majesty, and is contained in the recent "Reports from Her Majesty's Representatives respecting the British and Foreign Diplomatic Services." Throughout these reports, which are, as a whole, ably written, and which contain much interesting and valuable information, there runs a moan of lamentation. Salaries described as never having been excessive, are becoming woefully insufficient. Prices are rising everywhere. Nobody can live upon his pay anywhere. From Persia to Paris, from Central America to Coburg, from Berlin to Buenos Ayres, it is the same. Destitution stares our diplomatist in the face.

Here, in Buenos Ayres, our attachés have to live in a little house, hardly large enough for two, in most uncomfortable fashion. Their average monthly expenses for rent (the little house is let at the modest figure of three hundred and twelve pounds a year), kitchen expenses, light, fuel, washing, and wages, are, for the one gentleman forty-four, and for the other, thirty-four pounds. No cordon-bleu attends to the modest diplomatic kitchen. No extravagant bills of fare account for this large housekeeping bill. One dish of meat, and one of eggs or vegetables, with the domestic tea or coffee, is not a very elaborate breakfast; dinner, consisting of soup, one dish of meat, one dish of vegetables, and a sweet, the whole washed down by vin ordinaire, is a simple repast. From their estimate of monthly expenses the two gentlemen who partake of these frugal meals have omitted "numerous indispensable items of daily necessity"—to wit, coach and horse hire, and similar small matters. And coaches in Buenos Ayres are a formidable consideration. Four shillings and twopence per fare (answering probably to the French course), and double that amount per hour, is a terrific tariff for a cab, especially in face of the fact that after rain the streets are impassable on foot. Buenos Ayres must be altogether a trying place to reside in. Gas is dear and bad; coals cost five pounds per ton; the prices of all things—so says one of the oldest English commercial inhabitants of the city—have doubled during the last twenty years, with the exception of house-rent, and that has increased threefold. To the commercial population this increase may matter little, as the augmented expense is attributed largely to the complete change in the habits of the people, caused by the growing prosperity of the country subsequent to the fall of Rosas in 1852, and the great stimulus given to trade by the rise in the value of its produce during the Crimean war. But to an unpaid attaché, or to a poorly-salaried secretary, the difference is of considerable importance; and five hundred and fifty pounds a year seems a good deal to have to pay for the honour of being unpaid attaché to the British Legation in Buenos Ayres!

The same lucrative post in Rio de Janeiro costs its economical holder at least six hundred pounds a year; and if prices go on rising as they have done of late years, there seems no reason why double that sum should not be considered a fair rate of living for a single man in a little time. Here again, however, it is probable that the rise in prices is owing to the increase of trade and the spread of luxury, and that nobody suffers much but those unfortunates who have to live on fixed incomes. Indeed, of the English residents who furnish in-

formation on the subject, one gentleman says: "Since the year 1850 Rio de Janeiro has been thoroughly paved"—this is better than Buenos Ayres anyhow—"and a class of carriages and horses, formerly unknown to our habits of life, are now considered indispensable to any well kept up establishment; but the introduction of these European equipages, and thorough-bred horses from the Cape of Good Hope, have fully quadrupled the expense of carriage and horses to any one called upon to keep up such an establishment." Another gentleman, who has had twenty years' experience, remarks: "Greater luxury in dress and equipages, more public entertainments, and doubled taxes, further stimulate and oblige greater expenditure, and as marks of progressive indulgence, I may quote the use of ice and abuse of tobacco as dating from two or three years previous to the period of this comparison."

It is hard for this anti-tobacco gentleman to fall foul of ice which is probably not a very tremendous expense, even in Rio, and which, properly used, saves about half its cost. At any rate, it is small consolation for the unpaid attaché, or secretary of legation, with seven hundred a year, who can only live (unless possessed of private property), by the exercise of the strictest economy, to reflect that their troubles are caused by the increased extravagances of the people among whom they live, and whose incomes grow in some sort of proportion to their expenses. Life in Rio de Janeiro is complicated by a singular and unpleasant custom which drives into large hotels, conducted on the United States board-and-lodging system, everybody fortunate enough not to be obliged to take a house. This remarkable custom causes houses to be handed over to incoming tenants in a state of complete internal dilapidation; and, as the Brazilian law has the peculiarity of annulling a lease on the sale of the property, it has occurred to our minister, as he dolefully observes, to find himself, after spending large sums on repairs, suddenly houseless, without the smallest compensation, and with all the trouble and expense to come over again.

The difficulties of persons with fixed incomes, in Rio and Buenos Ayres, are paralleled in Bogotá. Seventy-five per cent appears to be the average rate of increase in the prices current in the capital of Colombia; and matters are further complicated by the fact that the general style of living among the society in which members of the diplomatic body move, is much more expensive than it was in 1850. A similar cause of increased expenditure exists in Carácas, where Venezuelan society has gradually become more and more luxurious, while prices have largely increased; and where the government has taken advantage of the large and increasing demand for articles of foreign manufacture, to impose a duty of somewhere about sixty per cent upon them.

It will be readily conceived that matters are little more agreeable in Washington than in the cities of South America. Fifty per cent is mentioned as the rate of increase in prices in that straggling capital, and it is hardly necessary that we should be informed that "the general style of living among the society in which the members of the diplomatic body are in the habit of mixing is much more expensive than it was fifteen or twenty years ago." Our minister estimates the lowest figure at which a married man with a couple of children can possibly manage to exist decently, at something over a thousand a year; while it is considered impossible that the most economical of bachelors should be able to manage with less than six hundred and fifty pounds a year.

Knowing what to our sorrow we do know of London life and London prices, the reports from the great European cities will excite no surprise. The luxurious city of Vienna, always sufficiently expensive, is doubly so now. Paris is in the same predicament, as many of us can testify. But in coupling these two great capitals in this connexion, it is well to note a direct conflict of testimony between Lord Bloomfield's report of the social calls upon the junior members of the diplomatic body in Vienna, and Mr. West's view of the case in Paris. Lord Bloomfield says: "As regards the maintenance of their social position by foreigners whom their official character admits into the best society in Vienna, the fact that this society is composed of persons of wealth, as well as rank, has at all times rendered Vienna an expensive place of residence for any young man . . . . I am decidedly of opinion that none of the junior members of this embassy can maintain the position assigned to them in Vienna society by their connexion with a great embassy without largely exceeding their official salary." Again Lord Bloomfield discreetly declines to commit himself to any precise statement of the amount of expenditure for board, lodging, and the maintenance of his social position, necessary to be incurred by his juniors. Mr. West, on the other

hand, estimates the actual cost of lodging, food, and servants, for a young diplomatist in Paris, at six hundred a year, and expresses his opinion that very exaggerated notions prevail as to the expenditure necessary to the maintenance of a social position. Mr. West thinks that the social position of a junior member of an embassy, depends in a great measure on his own merits, and upon his refined habits and gentlemanly manners. The diplomatist who has a private income sufficient to enable him to support the expense of a style of living "erroneously considered," as the report puts it, "as adding height and dignity to his position as a diplomatist," is, in Mr. West's opinion, just as likely as not, to get no advantages out of his expenditure. The pomp and show of diplomatic life are not so necessary or so effective now, as in former years. There may be a great deal of truth in this way of putting the case, but it must be borne in mind that a man's expenses are inevitably affected by the style of living customary in the society in which he moves; that even junior diplomatists "of refined habits and gentlemanly manners," can procure admission to the very best society; and that the very best society in such cities as Vienna and Paris is not altogether the cheapest.

Even in Berlin, prices have risen and luxury has increased. The style of living in the best society of that dusty city on the Spree has lost its old simplicity; where three hundred pounds a year was enough in 1837 for a junior member of the legation, five hundred would represent genteel poverty now-a-days. In St. Petersburg, eight hundred pounds is not thought an excessive year's expenditure for the budding diplomatist; and, as the report from that city goes into the minutest details of wages of coachmen and housemaids, it is probable that the estimate may be taken as strictly accurate. Twenty-two pounds a year, besides "allowances for tea," &c., and gratuities at Christmas and Easter, represent pretty good wages for a housemaid; while the footmen are not ill off with forty pounds as their year's pay. Altogether, it would seem that the servants have decidedly the best of it in St. Petersburg. Why living in Brussels should have suddenly become a costly amusement, does not quite appear, but the fact is on record. The second secretary to our legation in that city, is described as being in receipt of the magnificent salary of two hundred and fifty pounds a year: out of which (he is married and has a small family) he has to pay a trifle under fourteen hundred pounds for his year's expenses; and even here, clothing, medical attendance, furniture, and miscellaneous items, are not included. It is remarked that this gentleman does not entertain, as his house is so small that he would be unable to do so even if he desired it; and it is naïvely added that "he considers living at Brussels expensive."

What, under circumstances such as these, is to become of the diplomatic service, as a career, except for men of considerable private fortune, and with a taste for residing abroad? There is not much complaint of the pay of the ministers themselves. It is not large, but it will serve. But the prizes are few. Promotion is absolutely stagnant, and unfortunate attachés, paid and unpaid, are hoping against hope, with an average expenditure of seven or eight hundred pounds to be provided for. It is obviously impossible that the country should be expected to pay salaries sufficient to defray these heavy expenses; it is obviously ridiculous to expect educated and often very able men to waste the best years of their lives in the almost gratuitous fulfilment of subordinate duties, with little or no hope of promotion to higher posts. The diplomatic service on its old footing is doomed. It is not our province to discuss here the whole question of the needful reforms. But if any extensive re-adjustment of salaries should take place, it will be necessary to keep well in view the practical advice contained in Mr. West's report from Paris, already referred to. "If regard is to be had in such a re-adjustment to the increased cost of representation, and to the necessity of being up to an exaggerated social standard, no just estimate of necessary expenditure can ever be arrived at: for there will be found no limit to ideas respecting the amount of representation which may be judged necessary, or to exalted notions of social position which may be formed."

TEN YEARS IN AN INDIAN PRISON.

On the 17th of January 1781, Sir Eyre Coote, the veteran commander-in-chief of India, who one-and-twenty years before had defeated Count Lally and the French army, and taken Pondicherry, commenced a campaign against Hyder Ali, by encamping on the Red Hills near the above named city.

On the 6th of February some artillery-

men sent to burn the French boats on the beach at Pondicherry, were cut off by a flying party of Hyder's horse. The daring freebooters had no time to carry off any plunder, but still they ventured near enough to the English lines to snatch up an unfortunate sepoy sergeant-major who was bathing in a tank in front of the quarter guard, and also an artillery camp colourman, named James Bristowe, son of a blacksmith at Norwich. The "looties," instantly stripped the young artilleryman of everything he possessed, and hurried him, almost naked and with bound arms, before their cruel master, Hyder, who was then encamped about five miles from the right flank of our army, between us and Cuddalore. There was nothing extraordinary or sumptuous about Hyder's tent, except a gorgeous rich Persian carpet spread on the floor, and held down at the corners by four massive sugar-loaves of silver. Several French officers were present, and one of them who spoke English, questioned the prisoner as to the strength and destination of Sir Eyre Coote's army; but when Bristowe replied thirty-five thousand men (five thousand of them Europeans) and seventy pieces of ordnance, the Frenchman briskly swore that he lied, and that all the Europeans then in India did not amount to that number. Hyder, scowling at this supposed attempt to deceive him, ordered the prisoner to be kept tied to the ground on the bare sand in the rear of his tent during the halts, and by day, when marching, to be lashed to the captive sergeant-major; Bristowe remained thus for seven days, the first three without any food, except what the gentler of his guards brought him now and then by stealth out of sheer compassion. On the fourth day, when Hyder had encamped nearer Cuddalore, where the English were entrenched, a Mahomedan officer came to Bristowe and ordered him an allowance of one lee of rice and two pice a day. He tried hard to induce Bristowe to enter Hyder's service; but finding him obstinate, curtailed his food and pay and sent him off to Gingee, a small rock fort that the Nabob had surrendered, and where Hyder had left his women, provisions, stores and camp equipage. At Gingee, Bristowe was handcuffed, and on being removed to Arcot heavy leg-irons were substituted. But it was hard to chain up a blacksmith's son securely. After three weeks of patient and intelligent labour, Bristowe contrived, by means of a piece of broken china, to file down the head of the nails which rivetted his irons so as to be able to throw them off at pleasure. All he wanted then, to secure his escape, was a heavy night's rain; for even a shower will always drive Asiatic sentries under cover. But unfortunately for the poor fellow, the moon kept consistently luminous, the stars steadily brilliant. On the first of March, 1781, Bristowe and the other English prisoners were marched towards Seringapatam, Hyder's capital. Driven fast by blows from the guard of eighty Hindoos, past Vellore, which was held by the English, they ascended the Ghauts, passing on their way innumerable mud forts, and reached Seringapatam on the 18th of the month. In this city the officers and common soldiers were imprisoned separately: the latter in a large enclosure surrounded by a cloistery, like that of a caravanserai. The poor wretches, dying fast of small-pox and dropsy, were rotting like plague-stricken beasts, unpitied and untended. Bristowe, however, contrived, with great forethought, to baffle the fell diseases by forcing a hard ball of wax into his leg, which served as a constant issue and a safety valve for all bad humours. A plan of escape was soon projected by some of the leading prisoners: rice cakes were made for the flight, and ropes were procured for scaling the wall; but the evening before the proposed departure a heavy rain fell and washed away the very part of the wall selected for the escalade. A strong guard was then instantly placed on the spot, and so the attempt to escape was frustrated.

About six months afterwards the escape of some English prisoners roused Hyder to practise increased cruelties to the residue. They were brought out with their hands tied behind them, and every slave in the regiment lashed them with tamarind twigs: making in all fifteen hundred lashes to each prisoner. Soon after this, two thousand more English prisoners arrived, being a detachment which Colonel Braithwaite had surrendered in the Tanjore country. Epidemic disease breaking out in the prison, now filthy and overcrowded, the Europeans were removed to a spacious square near Sinyam Vet. But the killadar, soon seeing Bristowe and his companions in better spirits at the change, accused them of getting lazy from indulgence, and neglecting the chaylah drill at which they were employed; so, loading them again with irons, he sent them back, beaten all the way, to their old impure prison.

The July after this cruelty two English lieutenants, Speediman and Rutlege, arrived; they were two wounded men, who having been left at Vellore, and, receiving supplies, had actually sallied from that garrison, with only one company of sepoys, three three-pounders, and a handful of Polygars. On their second day's march, however, Tippoo's whole army came down upon them. They fought till nearly every sepoy was wounded, till the powder was nearly all expended, and the Polygars had deserted; then, and not till then, they hoisted a white handkerchief, and signalled for quarter. Fifty picked midshipmen and seamen shortly arrived from Bangalore, having been surrendered to Hyder at Cuddalore by M. Suffrein, the French admiral. Suffrein, wanting sailors in the fleet, had offered each of them a hatful of dollars if they would serve, and, enraged at their refusal, had them sold to Hyder. Thirty others had escaped at Arnee, by help of their companions, who answered for the missing ones at muster. Three days after their arrival eight hundred more slaves were brought to Seringapatam. In November, 1782, Colonel Baillie, one of the prisoners, died, as it was supposed, of poison; but really of the cruelty of Hyder, who had refused to send him doctors. In the mean time Colonel Braithwaite escaped.

Towards the end of 1782, Hyder Ali died, and his son, Tippoo Sahib, ascended the throne. His first step was to appoint a new killadar to command at Seringapatam. The old killadar, who had been merciful, was thrown into prison.

Bristowe and many other prisoners were removed in December to Mysore. Three English officers had just before been murdered there; one had killed himself rather than be forced to take poison; a second, attacking his murderers, was felled by a slab of stone thrown at him; the third was bound and had poison forced down his throat. Feeling now certain that a massacre was intended, the prisoners agreed among themselves that they would attack Tippoo's assassins when they came, and would die fighting. But after four months' alarm they discovered that peace had been proclaimed, and that Tippoo was only wishing to secrete the captives he did not intend to surrender; for Bristowe and his companions were then ordered back to Seringapatam, and became havildars and subahdars to the different slave battalions.

During this year two European soldiers, who had killed and wounded some guards in their efforts to escape, were compelled to work at carrying dirt in the streets of Tippoo's capital, and were then assassinated. Their children were also slain. Ensign Clark was beaten to death by one of Tippoo's subahdars.

Bristowe and other enforced Mahomedans, eight in number, were now employed to drill forty thousand Malabar Roman Catholic slaves, dragged from the Bedanore and Mangalore countries by Tippoo's troopers. The escape of some of the European officers of these Malabar regiments led to fresh severities being shown to the prisoners, who were now obliged to sell part of their daily allowance of bad rice to buy firewood and salt. A fugitive detected in escaping was punished by the loss of his nose and ears, and was then sent as a slave to blow the bellows for the native smiths. The prisoners' wretched pay, now reduced to six rupees in forty-five days, compelled them to borrow money of the government paymaster at exorbitant interest. Whenever the commander's severities, however, became unbearable, Bristowe and his two or three companions used to fall on the whole Hindoo battalion, and beat them out of the prison square, until they offered terms—Tippoo's officers being generally ashamed to confess these mutinies to the tyrant.

In the year 1788, six of Tippoo's chiefs and a Brahmin were hung for having assisted in conveying letters for Lieutenant Rutlege and other English prisoners. Rutlege was then loaded with fetters, and sent to Mundidroog, a hill fort. He was hoisted up blindfold, and kept on the summit under a shed, with only ten yards area in which to move, and only raggy (a coarse grain) and a few chillies for his daily meal. After two years' misery, this unhappy man was hanged for writing to borrow money of friends at Seringapatam. For supposed complicity with Rutlege, Bristowe and the rest were deprived of their allowance for two months, during which time they lived on charity.

In 1790, in honour of the marriage of his son with the Princess of Cannanore, Tippoo defrayed the expenses of twenty-five thousand marriages which were celebrated on the same day: compelling, on the same occasion, one hundred thousand miserable Hindoos to embrace Mahomedanism. He then, at the head of one hundred thousand men, marched down the Ghauts to attack the English, who soon after repulsed him at the Travancore lines, the

Sultan himself losing his signet, turban, and state palanquin. After this repulse, when the citizens of Seringapatam began to grow discontented and seditious at the prospect of a siege, the tyrant grew more suspicious and cruel than ever; and it was understood but too clearly now, that transportation of European captives to the hill forts meant either a speedy or a lingering death.

On the 22nd of September, 1790, Bristowe and his party finally left Seringapatam for Outradroog, a rock fort, fifty miles north-east of the capital. The parting from friends during ten years of sorrow was bitter to bear. A narrow steep path to the fort, led through a thick forest; up this path the poor wretches, laden with heavy irons, were driven by their guards. There were two or three forts on the rock, one above the other, and at the summit was a kind of battery; but the guns, except two old English nine-pounders, were mere Malabar iron guns joined by hoops. The killadar, on their arrival, read them Tippoo's orders, which directed them to be deprived of food and guarded with vigilance and strictness until further instructions. This meant death for them at his first check in the field. The lingering hope of ten years now left these unhappy men, and profound despair seized them. They resolved the moment violence should be offered them, to attack the guard, and risk all in a last desperate struggle.

For five weeks they remained subsisting almost entirely on the alms of the soldiers, and those of the quiet, inoffensive, and humane Hindoo inhabitants, expecting every moment the sword at their throats. Providence one day suggested to the killadar to employ the last moments of his prisoners in repairing his old and rusty artillery. Bristowe, as an educated gunner, was chosen to survey the guns. He was lavish in his promises to the credulous and delighted commander, and took good care to survey the rock, and the country below as well as the guns, and to mark all the strong and all the weak points. Returning, he told his delighted companions that he had at last found a road by which they could descend the rock undiscovered. They were for trying it at once, forgetting that there was half a mile to walk on the rock itself, a high precipice over which they must throw themselves, a thick forest full of tigers to traverse, and five or six guards to elude before all. Every one wanted his own plan tried, but all at last agreed that there was one preliminary step, and that was to breach the mud wall of the prison and escape by night. Employing an old knife (a very insufficient tool, for the wall was uncommonly thick), the men dug and watched by turns, always selecting darkness, when the guards were gambling or revelling. The hole dug was kept moist by constantly filling it with water. Twenty days were spent in this cautious mining: seven prisoners in an adjoining room working in the same manner. They converted a knife into a saw, with which they cut through the rivet of each right fetter, then transferred it to the other leg, and muffled their chains with old rags to prevent their chinking. Then, of the largest and strongest firewood sent in for them to cook their rice, the desperate men made cudgels, resolved in case of discovery to fall on the sixty men of the garrison, and either fight their way out or fall. Some Travancore prisoners one day caught the Englishmen with their irons off; but as the Hindoos had been seen in the same condition a day or two before by one of Bristowe's companions, the secret was preserved. The guards, however, grew suspicious; but the Englishmen, having bought a piece of lead in the bazaar, filled up the holes in their rivets so as to elude all but the keenest eyes. The 25th of November was the day fixed for the grand attempt, but to their great mortification they then found the breach still impracticable, so they had to stow away the earth in jars and hang a large blanket before the hole when day appeared. Bristowe worked all the next day, keeping the hole full of water, and putting wet cloths to the part where the breach had to be widened; his fellow-prisoners all the time singing and shouting to drown the noise of the work.

The next night, when all was ready, notice was given to the other room, and the seven men belonging to it joined Bristowe and the rest before eleven o'clock. The guards were gambling. Exactly at twelve o'clock, Bristowe, who was chosen leader and guide, crept out of the breach with a large knife in one hand and a stout stick in the other; he soon found that the hole was not large enough; and he had, at great risk, to enlarge it with his knife from the outside. Then, in silence, Bristowe led his companions over the mud wall eight feet high which surrounded the area of the prison. They had next to pass a Native guard and some prisoners, and to traverse one hundred and fifty paces until they reached the outer

wall. Luckily, a slight shower just then drove the sentinels under cover, and the fugitives could see them sitting smoking round a fire in the verandah. The captives then cleared the outer wall, and, escaping another guard, proceeded straight to the precipice, of which they knew neither the exact height nor nature. Bristowe having offered to lead, threw himself on his hands and slid down the rock, greatly terrified by the rapidity with which he fell until he caught hold of the branches of a small tree at the bottom and so brought himself to an anchor. The twelve others soon joined him, and just then, as they had calculated, the moon began to shine. They now crept on all fours through a thorny thicket, and reached the wood that belted the foot of the rock. Half through it they were alarmed by the challenge of a frightened sentry, who, hearing the leaves rustling, thought a tiger was upon him. Bristowe then turned further up the rock, and, moving round to the other side, struck into the wood where the cliff was not so steep and where there were no guards. His design was to push northward and so get into the Nizam's dominions.

In this thicket Bristowe missed his comrades, whom he never saw again. He believed that they deserted him, fearing he might be an incumbrance: as he was not yet quite recovered of a fever. About two o'clock, when he disentangled himself from the thicket, he heard the sound of trumpets and tomtoms. He felt afraid that his companions had disregarded his instructions and stumbled on an out-post; still, determined to persevere, he pushed northward over the plains which bordered the forest. From that moment, strange to say, his fever left him for good. About five miles along the plain, he came upon a mud-fort, which he did not discover until he was challenged by a sentry on the wall. Returning no answer and making a circuit, the fugitive hurried on till daybreak, when he found himself within twenty paces of two of Tippoo's troopers who were cooking their victuals on the banks of a tank. It being too late to avoid them, Bristowe muffled himself in his blanket, hoping to pass them as a beggar or peasant, unnoticed. As he slunk by them he heard them discussing who he was. One said, "That's certainly a European," but the other replied, "You fool, how dare a European come here; don't you see it is a woman?" At that instant Bristowe's irons accidentally rattled; taking the sounds for that of the brass rings worn by Hindoo women on their arms and legs, the soldiers suffered him to pass uninterrupted. Bristowe rested in a wood all next day; his irons had worked a deep hole in his leg, and his feet were very sore from traversing the sharp-pointed rocks. All that day he employed in freeing himself of his chains, and before night he had got them off with the help of his large knife from the prison. Though without food, the released man now felt exhilarated and refreshed. For four days he struggled over a range of rough-wooded hills that ran between Bangalore and Seringapatam —four days without food or water—so that he became so weak and reduced, that he felt, unless the next day brought relief, he must perish. He lay down on the fourth night, and, in spite of gnawing hunger, fell asleep.

Next morning (the 4th of December) he rose almost in despair, but, tottering along, was fortunate enough to discern a group of small huts amongst the hills. This sight cheered and roused the unhappy fugitive, who had before experienced the kindness of the simple-hearted people. He approached the hamlet, and asked an old woman for charity; while he talked to her, other old women came out of their huts, and brought him boiled raggy and gram-water, made into a curry: a delicious repast for the poor wanderer, who now passed himself off as a rajpoot. Pitying him, the women brought warm water, bathed his feet, gave him some cakes, and warned him against a Polygar fort which was in the road he had planned to take. Bristowe left the hospitable hamlet, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, and reconciled once more to life and mankind.

The following morning he luckily came to a clump of trees, bearing wholesome berries, in shape and size resembling sloes; of these he made a meal, carrying also a store away with him. Three days more he pushed on northward, as much as possible among the woods. Everywhere there was danger. On a plain he was at last compelled to cross, he one day saw two tigers, not a hundred paces from him, and coming straight towards him. He did not lose his presence of mind, and the creatures did not notice him until they were exactly opposite him, when, to his extreme joy, they slunk away, with their tails between their legs. Bristowe, who had always heard that tigers would only attack men by

surprise, felt flattered to think that his hideous, ragged, and dishevelled dress had frightened them.

About an hour after, he fell in with a troop of Tippoo's Polygars, returning from hunting. They alarmed him even more than the tigers. These troopers took him prisoner, and, carrying him into the fort, interrogated him. He represented himself as a rajpoot, disabled in Tippoo's service, and returning to his own country. The soldiers, unluckily, seeing his skin through a hole in his blanket, and observing it to be lighter than his face, suspected him of being a European deserter from a chaylah regiment, and went to their killadar to know what was to be done to him. Bristowe, pretending to be half dead with fatigue and thirst, prevailed on the one sentry left over him, to go for water; while the man was gone, he instantly wrapped himself in his blanket and boldly strutted out of the fort, passing three gates, crowded with country people and cattle returning from the fields for the night. Once beyond the enclosure, Bristowe crossed a paddy-field, waded through a tank, and struck westward: passing three days in caves and holes, and living all day long on the before-mentioned berries.

On the 15th at daybreak he came, to his great terror, on another mud fort, on a plain near a cluster of villages. He pretended to the Polygars who stopped him here, to be an English deserter from the English camp in the Carnatic, going to join some friends in Tippoo's frontier town of Gooty. The killadar, telling him that the Mahrattas were plundering the country, and were encamped only seven coss off, tried to induce him to enter his service. Bristowe refused, but asked to be permitted to sleep in the fort that night. This the killadar, a good-natured man, allowed, and next morning sent Bristowe on a safe road with two large cakes, some chutney, and a guide. A few nights later, Bristowe again stumbled on a fort, and was challenged by a sentry; but seeing lights moving towards him, he fled into a wood and took refuge in a cliff cave. There he remained all day, and at sunset, rising to start, heard a strange noise, and beheld, to his astonishment, a bear, busy at work scratching a den at the foot of the very rock where he had lain hidden.

Dejected for want of food, his feet swollen and sore, Bristowe had the good fortune to reach a deserted village next morning, recently plundered by the Mahrattas; he picked up among the ruins some rice and raggy, a few chillies, a little tobacco, an old earthern pot, and a most useful stout bamboo walking stick. He ate the rice raw, and spent the rest of the day gathering grain in a *jarra* field.

The poor fellow was now so weak as to require almost constant rest, being unable to travel more than six miles in twenty-four hours. His spirits had not forsaken him, but his strength was daily going; the end must, he felt, soon come. Still, he strained every nerve, and tottered on till the 27th, when he reached the banks of a small nullah. Here his sufferings nearly ended. The attempt to cross, so exhausted his scanty strength, that but for some bull-rushes which grew on the opposite bank, he would inevitably have perished. In this struggle for life, he lost his earthern pot, his tobacco, and all his provisions; quite exhausted, he crawled up the bank and threw himself on the grass to die. Refreshed, however, by a few hours' sleep, with new strength the poor hunted runaway struggled on over the desolate hill-country, hungry and tormented with pain, yet hoping to reach at last the end of the range of hills, at the foot of which he had so long travelled. But now a new and apparently insurmountable obstacle presented itself to his dejected eyes. The Taugbaudar river lay before him, no boats were in sight, and he was too exhausted to swim. In this dreadful perplexity he looked eagerly for some floating branch to bear him up across the stream, but all in vain. Not allowing himself to despair, he moved slowly along the banks, until his heart leaped up at seeing a ferry-boat: but the boatman would not even suffer him to approach. Afraid to solicit a passage too eagerly, and not strong enough to force one, Bristowe submitted to his destiny, and went back to seek for a ford. Suddenly looking across, he saw two large forts at some distance, and hearing the cannon, concluded they were besieged either by the English or their allies. The next day, about three o'clock, observing a guard of soldiers stationed as scouts between the river and the extremity of the hills, Bristowe ascended the hills, which were grassy, but without covert for wild beasts, and lay down and slept till morning. At daybreak, still ascending, he met an old woman watching cows, who gave him some bread, and told him of a road by which to avoid another guard. On reaching the plain below, he fed on grain which he picked, and

for four days continued to follow the course of the river; only advancing, however, seven miles in that time. On the fourth day, some Mahratta horsemen swooped down on him, and bore him off to their chief, the Nalputty Rajah, whose fort was close by. The rajah, just starting for the field, left Bristowe with his son, who sent a native doctor to heal his wounded feet. On the rajah's return, Bristowe told him who he was, and pretended to consent to enter into his service. Having inspired the people at the fort with confidence in him, the next night he walked straight to a place where the river was about two hundred yards broad, plunged in, swam across, and made for Jopaul, which was about twenty-four miles to the south-east. Having money with him, obtained from his allowance of rice, which he had sold, he bought food at the villages he passed, and next day was picked up by some of the Nizam's people and sent on an elephant to Monberjung's camp. Here he was put under guard, as a Frenchman sent by Tippoo to succour the fort. Desiring to be taken before the English commander, that gentleman, Captain Dalrymple, on learning the poor man's story, instantly ordered him clothes and money, and congratulated him on his escape.

Bristowe was sent to the Nizam's court, whence Captain Kennaway, the English resident, sent him on to Condapilly. Bristowe there expressing his wish to join the grand army, fight against Tippoo, and furnish information respecting the batteries at Seringapatam, letters of introduction were given him to Lord Cornwallis, and Colonel Murray. The military auditor-general, pitying the man, exerted himself successfully to recover for him full arrears of pay for the whole ten dreary years of his suffering and imprisonment.

BLIND LEADERS OF THE BLIND.

The mind of a blind man thrown back upon itself, must, it would seem, inevitably fall into a state of despondency pitiable in the extreme; yet although it is impossible to exaggerate the calamity of blindness, experience teaches us that this, as a rule, is not the case. The writer (who is himself blind) would have no hesitation in deciding which misfortune would be the greater, loss of hearing or loss of sight. It would be too tedious accurately to explain why it is easier to live in darkness than in silence. No matter whether blindness has come on in middle age, or later in life, or whether it began in the cradle (for few children are absolutely *born* blind), it is indisputable that the sightless are by no means hopelessly cast down by their calamity. Many a blind man is, in reality, a far less helpless, and far more useful, member of society, than hosts of people who have all their faculties about them. It is true, that he requires a great deal of assistance, and that in many things he is very dependent on others: yet, are we not all of us more or less dependent one upon the other? Is any one quite in a position to say that he could do without the aid of his fellow-creatures?

But a grave doubt is beginning to be felt, whether the blind receive not only as much sympathy as their affliction demands, and as the sympathy (if it is consulted) of the whole sighted world is ready to give them, but as much as could be afforded them, if a proper organisation for the purpose were in force. We do not mean by this to suggest that the existing charities for the relief of the blind are insufficient, or that the succour they afford to corporeal necessities is inadequate; nor do we mean to hint that philanthropy is not ever active amongst these sufferers; but what we do mean to say is, that comparatively little sound and reasonable aid is afforded towards the mental cultivation and training of the blind, with reference to what might be done, and is to a great extent already done on the Continent.

The chief reason for this would seem to be in the antagonism now existing among the various systems for educating the blind. Instead of one comprehensive plan for teaching even the elements of learning, we have half-a-dozen schools within a few miles of one another, in each of which not only are wholly different modes of instruction adopted, but absolutely wholly different alphabets used: so that if a blind lad be taught to read, say, in the neighbourhood of Hampstead, he will find that a book lent him by a companion in misfortune, who has been brought up in Camberwell, will be perfectly useless to him. The confusion arising from want of uniformity in the characters used by the blind for the purpose of reading by touch, is the cause of the difficulty, and there can be little hope of amendment, until it is acknowledged, and steps are taken to rectify it.

If the ability to read be essential to the

welfare of a human being who can *see*, how much more so is it to all who have "wisdom at one entrance quite shut out"! There really is no great reason why a blind child could not be taught to read, almost as readily as a sighted child, and taught to read, too, in a way that at once and for ever would enable it to master the contents of every embossed book printed for the blind. Whereas, under the present system, a blind person having learned only one blind alphabet is unable to read books printed in the other blind alphabets; and there are five distinct others now in existence in England. Moreover, every one of these differs from those employed on the continents of Europe and America. Not only does diversity of type, character, or alphabet, militate against the facility of teaching the blind, in addition to rendering the knowledge thus imparted only half useful, but it has also this drawback, that the embossed literature can never be cheap. Each institution, or school, by reason of printing in its own especial character, incurs the expense of a quite extravagant outlay, and, instead of appealing to all English speaking countries (as it would if but one system existed), only addresses its own especial scholars, who form a very small proportion of the blind community.

Thus, the Bible is printed in five different characters where one should serve; five sets of type are required where one would be sufficient. The plant, the printing, the whole paraphernalia costs five times as much as it need, and the price of every copy of the Bible is necessarily raised to the same extent. Nor is this all. The expense of printed matter obviously increases as the number of readers diminishes; in a limited class like the blind, the extensive circulation which assists in cheapening the literature of the seeing cannot, at the best, exist; yet the number of readers is needlessly diminished by want of uniformity in the alphabet.

With these broad facts before us, there is surely enough to justify the doubt whether all is done for those suffering under the terrible calamity of blindness that might be done; and when we further state, that at present in England there is, for the blind, no plan of writing, worthy of the name, by which they may communicate one with another, and read for themselves what they have written (being in this respect much behind France and other civilised countries), we shall have still further justified the doubt. In the methods, too, of imparting a knowledge of arithmetic, geography, and geometry, the same want of harmony exists, while it is scarcely going too far to say that music, the one pursuit above all others to which the intelligent sightless might turn as a congenial means of remunerative employment, is almost wholly neglected. It is pitiable to know that the imperfect mode of education in this respect, arising partly from the want of an embossed written musical character, shuts out many a blind man from the power of earning a comfortable income, either as organist, teacher, or, more than all, piano-forte tuner. In Paris this could never be; for there, the admirable training of boys in the blind institutions, as musicians, enables something like sixty per cent to earn their own living easily: while rather more than thirty per cent become first-rate tuners and organists, and live most comfortably, whilst following a pursuit congenial to their tastes. In this country, in addition to the absence of care in the cultivation of any musical taste that may display itself among young blind scholars, there is an unwarrantable prejudice shown by piano-forte makers against employing the blind as tuners; and thus many capable men, thorough musicians at heart, are obliged to rely upon alms, or upon the following of some rough handicraft, to save themselves from starvation.

It is obvious, therefore, that the chaotic state of things with regard to the education of the blind, in England, is not limited to the A B C of teaching; there is a want of thorough and comprehensive organisation, a centre capable of dictating in detail to every blind school and institution, the plan upon which it should proceed; universality in all branches being the chief desideratum. Hitherto, legislation for the blind has been conducted by the sighted; and advocates for this or that alphabet, this or that method of writing, this or that way of teaching geography, arithmetic, music, or what not, have adopted a type, or a scheme, which looks well to the eye, but is unsuited to the touch. Moreover, this advocacy is usually of a very well-meaning, but exceedingly narrow, kind; for the upholders of each rival system are, in most cases, unacquainted with any system but their own: consequently, are incapable of judging by comparison how far they are on the right road.

Now, it has appeared to several gentlemen who have paid much attention to the subject, that the sightless should take this matter into their own hands, being not only

the best judges of what the blind really require, but, if in an independent position, being above all people the most fitted to assist their fellow-sufferers. For the blind to lead the blind has hitherto been considered unwise policy, but it is likely to prove the reverse in these material points; for, a council has been formed, the members of which are either totally blind, or so nearly so as to make it necessary for them to use the finger and not the eye for the purpose of reading; and around this nucleus a society is in course of establishment, which is taking into consideration all matters connected with the education and general welfare of the sightless.

First and foremost, it is dealing with the conflicting systems of reading, with the intention, if possible, of sweeping away the confusion they create, and establishing one universal embossed alphabet. This is to be done when, after mature deliberation, founded upon the evidence of the most intelligent blind persons within their reach, and upon their own experience, the members of the council shall have decided what alphabet is the most fitted to meet the requirements of those for whom they legislate. They hope, also, in this society to found a central court of appeal, as it were, before which all matters relative to the object they have in view may be laid; and when the existing state of things is borne in mind, the advantage of such an association must become apparent. All sorts of inventions, schemes, and ideas, may thus be tested, and if, as often happens, any of these are already well known, and have been superseded by something better, much time and trouble may be saved; while anything which is really new, and which promises well, may be worked at with vigour by a number of skilled men acting in concert. In addition to this, the profitable employment of the blind — a subject hitherto only partially understood, despite the many admirable schemes for its development—will come largely into the consideration of the association; but its chief and foremost object will be to deal with matters educational. Each member of the executive council must be unable to read with his eyes, and must be acquainted with at least three of the existing embossed systems, but must have no pecuniary interest in any; thus perfectly unbiassed, the association hopes to carry out its work. One of the body, not its least able and philanthropic member, writing on the subject, thus concludes:

"Whether the present association is destined to produce harmonious action among those interested in the blind throughout the civilised world, time alone will show. We have already met with an amount of success which, when we began our labours, we were told it would be Utopian to expect; and I believe that, with sufficient time and cordial co-operation among the blind themselves, our most sanguine hopes will be realised; in the mean time, the work upon which we are engaged is one which brings its own reward; for I cannot conceive any occupation so congenial to a blind man of cultivation and leisure, as the attempt to advance the education and improve the condition of his fellow-sufferers. For which work the very calamity which has unfitted him for most other occupations, has made him peculiarly well suited."

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MRS. HADDAN'S HISTORY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

"My dear," said Mr. Newill, in a very feeling tone, when we were alone together; "I could not say what I have to say before that fine young fellow, with his mother sitting by. I am convinced that George Haddan was never married. We were most intimate friends, and he would never have kept it a secret from me. He only did what hundreds of young men do and repent of it bitterly afterwards."

"Man does strange things," I said, my heart sinking very low.

"So he does," replied Mr. Newill, smiling, "so he does, my dear girl. But George would have concealed nothing from me. I said so to Mr. James with your father's letter lying before me on this very table. Depend upon it, poor Mrs. Haddan is only trying to save her character."

"But supposing it is all as she says," I urged, "is there any motive strong enough for preserving those documents instead of destroying them?"

"There might be," he said musingly. "Yes, there is a strong motive. In the first place, Mr. James Haddan himself is dead."

"Dead!" I echoed.

"Yes; and he has left an only son, Lewis, a delicate boy, whose life is not at all certain. He cannot make a will till he is of age, and if he should die before then the estate goes to another branch of the Haddans. Of course old Mrs. Haddan hates them with all her heart. It was only the other day they consulted me about some strange threats of hers. She had told them not to make too sure of the inheritance; there might be heirs in America. I set them quite at ease about that."

We both sat quiet for a while, thinking it all over. I knew nothing of this dowager Mrs. Haddan, but I felt that to some women hatred alone would be motive enough for preserving papers dangerous to themselves. If this last heir, Lewis, died, then George would come into his rights, but if he lived long enough to make his will, the documents would be destroyed.

"I wish I knew Mrs. Haddan," I said, looking wistfully into Mr. Newill's face, "without her knowing who I was."

"It would be unfair," he answered; "and yet——"

I could see that he had his doubts of the dowager Mrs. Haddan, who had been the enemy of his old friend; and I urged my point till I succeeded. Only to satisfy me, he said that George had kept no such secret from him, if I could find any means of getting at the truth. The next week arrived an invitation for me to visit Mrs. Newill, and I went, telling no one of my plans. The place where they lived was in Essex, within a few miles of London, but in a country as deliciously rural as if it had been a hundred miles away. Haddan Lodge was not far from their house; we passed it in our drive before dinner. It was a large, massive, red-brick building with no special beauty about it, except the grand old oaks, just coming into leaf, which surrounded it. It might be my future home. Mrs. Newill was alone with me, and I could not refrain from telling her our story. From that moment she was my firm ally.

I saw old Mrs Haddan for the first time in church next Sunday. She was a stately, patrician-looking dame of about sixty, with a crown of snow-white hair, and a clear creamy complexion. She sailed magnificently up the aisle, preceded by a thin,

delicate-looking lad of twenty or so, who bore some slight resemblance to George. The Newills spoke to her on coming out, and introduced me as Miss Fortune. I listened with burning anxiety to the few courtesies passing between them as we paced slowly down the village churchyard; but it was not until Mrs. Haddan's carriage drove up that my anxiety was appeased.

"Do come up some evening," she said, "and bring your young friend with you. Let it be as soon as possible, this evening if you have no other engagement. Lewis and I are terribly weary of each other."

A gleam of extraordinary tenderness softened her face for an instant as she spoke of her grandson, who seconded the invitation with great warmth. We went the same evening, and I exerted myself to be agreeable; not without success. Lewis came down the next morning to Mrs. Newill's upon an errand which readily presented an excuse for inviting me again to Haddan Lodge; and before a fortnight had passed by, both he and Mrs. Haddan earnestly pressed me to spend a few days with them altogether. Alone in the house with them I had unbroken opportunities for studying their conduct and character. I soon grew very fond of Lewis, though he usurped the place of George. There was a simplicity and helplessness about him which made me feel the same kind of interest in him one feels for a child. That he should partake in the crime, which I knew some one of the family must be guilty of, seemed impossible. But I could not come to any conclusion about Mrs. Haddan. It was quite possible that she had never seen the packet addressed to her husband; and that her son, who was now dead, was the only guilty person. There was none of the disquietude of a mind conscious of some possible calamity to befall her in the future. She was positively without any other apprehension for the future except of the untimely death of Lewis, which she dreaded with a continual dread. But then her conscience had not been troubled from without for fifteen years; and in fifteen years even sin has lost the sharpness of its sting. Did she know of George Haddan's claim or not?

I watched her very closely, and pondered over all her words and ways. That she detested the next heir—a clergyman, and his wife, a pert, silly young woman—was plain enough. She did not attempt to conceal it from themselves. They paid the house one visit while I was there, and she treated them with undisguised contempt. They only aggravated her by their solicitude about Lewis; and she scarcely waited for them to be gone before her anger broke out into words.

"The fools!" she exclaimed, for the dowager did not always use very choice language—"the hypocrites! They reckon upon having Haddan Lodge if anything happens to Lewis. But they will find themselves mistaken; they never shall."

"How can they expect to have Haddan Lodge?" I asked, quietly.

"They believe themselves the next heirs," she went on, in growing anger, "but they may find themselves mistaken. I will hunt up George Haddan's children in America."

She paused suddenly, and looked down upon me with her large grand eyes. I was putting some spring flowers together, and appeared altogether unexcited.

"George was my husband's eldest son," she added, "and he died in America. Who knows if he did not marry some American woman? There was some vague claim made about the time of my husband's death; but nothing came of it. If anything should happen to Lewis before he comes of age, I would find them out again, if only to trouble those fools and hypocrites. There's no trouble like having one's rights disputed."

She said no more; but this was quite enough for me. Now I felt sure that she was at the bottom of it, and that the papers had been taken care of. I had no one to talk it over with; for after putting me into the way of becoming acquainted with the dowager Mrs. Haddan, Mr. Newill had avoided holding any conversation with me. I suppose he was right; at any rate I could do without any man's advice. Mrs. Newill was equally reserved now; and I was glad of it. I did not wish to talk and gossip and chatter about my actions.

Mrs. Haddan had preserved those documents I was convinced; but where? To keep them in her own possession would be dangerous, for a chance might reveal the secret; and her own illness or death would be sure to betray it. Yet to entrust them to any one who was not a sharer in the secret would be still more dangerous. They were no doubt in some place where she could find them when she chose; and she would have some story ready to account for their discovery. If Lewis should die before he could make a will, his grand-

mother would lay her hands by accident upon the important papers reinstating George in his possessions. But if Lewis lived George was doomed to a life of bitter disappointment, and a lurking suspicion of his mother's honour.

I thought over it all, day and night, until it took a complete hold upon me. The conclusion forced itself upon me that Mr. James Haddan had never known of the existence of this packet, which had been put into his mother's hands when it reached Haddan Lodge. Had she opened it in the presence of any other person, or had she deliberately taken counsel with some one? If the latter, it would probably be some woman; for with a lady of her age and position a woman was likely to stand in a closer intimacy than any man not of her own family. If so, her confidante would probably have possession of the papers, as being a person of less mark than Mrs. Haddan, of Haddan Lodge. But she had no confidential servant, for her maid was a youngish woman, who had only been with her a few months; and there seemed to be no ancient retainers belonging to the house.

I had been there several days, and was still a welcome guest at Haddan Lodge, when Lewis said one morning at breakfast, "Granny, I was dreaming of Becket in the night."

"Becket!" I repeated, "what a singular name. Who can it belong to?"

"She was my nurse," he answered; "my second mother, in fact, for my own mother died at my birth. Her husband was our head-gardener; and she had been my grandmother's maid up to the time of my father's marriage."

"The best maid that ever lived," put in Mrs. Haddan, warmly, "and the very best nurse to Lewis. She had just lost her own child, the only one she ever had, and she loved Lewis as if he had been her own."

To think that our Mrs. Haddan had never told us that her Aunt Becket was married! I said no more about her till the dowager had left the room, and we were alone.

"What became of your nurse?" I asked.

"Oh," said Lewis, rather sorrowfully, "it is a very curious case of monomania. I remember it coming on, though I was only four or five years old. She grew gradually morose and suspicious, took to locking up her boxes, and after that the door of her room, and would not let the other servants so much as look into it. Once she boxed a girl's ears soundly for standing in the passage near the door; the girl left at once. Then she took to carrying a small strong satchel about with her wherever she went, and flew into a violent rage if anybody spoke about it, which the servants would do constantly just to teaze her. Nobody knew what was in it. Her savings perhaps. My grandmother talked to her, and reasoned with her again and again; but it was of no use at all. The mania grew upon her, and she became more and more restless. Perfectly rational, you know, upon every other point, but as mad as a March hare upon that. She would stay out of doors all day long, marching up and down the grounds, ready to talk quite sensibly, but even I dared not touch her bag. She knocked me down once for trying to get it from her."

"What was done with her then?" I asked, scarcely able to conceal my excitement.

"Of course she was obliged to be sent away," said Lewis, "but not to an asylum. There was positively no risk either to herself or any one else, if she was only left alone. My father placed her with some tenants of ours, with strict orders for no one to interfere with her about her bag. He told the people what her mania was, and assured them there was nothing of any value in it. There could be nothing, her husband said so. Poor Becket! It was a great trouble to him as long as he lived. But she goes on very comfortably, and it is about ten years since she left us."

"But suppose she should be ill, or die?" I suggested.

"Then Townshend has strict orders to bring it at once to my grandmother," he answered; "if she has any secret, poor soul, it would be safe with us. We have perfect confidence in Townshend and his wife. Besides, the bag would be of no worth to them."

I could no longer control my agitation, and I left Lewis abruptly. Here was the solution of my perplexed questionings. Becket had either surprised Mrs. Haddan's secret, or the latter had taken her into her confidence as the foster-mother of Lewis. Her hatred of her pretty niece would only add intensity to her rage at finding her about to usurp the place of mistress of Haddan Lodge. I comprehended, with distinct clearness, her gradually increasing care and terror in possession of these important papers, until, with respect to them, her reason had given way, and monomania

seized upon her. To find her out—an easy task with the help of Lewis—and to put myself in some way in communication with this mad woman, were my next steps. I contrived to bring my visit to a speedy conclusion, and left Haddan Lodge with the cordial invitation of the dowager Mrs. Haddan, and of Lewis, to return there soon, and to make a much longer stay.

CHAPTER III.

I DARED not disclose to George or Mrs. Haddan what I had determined to do. A great coldness and estrangement arose between us, for Mrs. Newill wrote to ask me to go with her to a seaside place in Wales, and I caught at the invitation eagerly, as a means of effecting an absence of two or three months without arousing curiosity or suspicion. George thought me growing indifferent to his painful and perplexing circumstances, and, with man's irrational jealousy, accused me, again with man's natural coarseness, of having seen some one I liked better than him at Mrs. Newill's, and of being willing to forsake him. That man can never understand woman is a self-evident axiom; therefore I did not attempt to explain myself to him. I only told him that if he chose he might write to me in Wales; and I then made arrangements with Mrs. Newill to forward his letters to me, and mail my replies at the town where I was supposed to be staying with her.

I found the house where Becket was living situated in a small hamlet, lying on the outskirts of Epping Forest. It was a large old building, chiefly of timber, which had in former days been the country residence of rich city families. The front towards the house was pretentious, with half columns of stone on each side of the door, but a little board, set up on a pole in the centre of a bed of standard roses, informed the passers-by that part of that eligible residence was to let. The spring was fairly set in, and the summer season was fast coming on, when the dwellers in London, weary of its heat and noise, would seek out shady country houses like this. I passed the gate twice, looking up inquisitively to the windows, and then I walked boldly up to the door and rang. The servant who opened to me ushered me at once, upon hearing my errand, into an apartment furnished as a dining-room, with that ingenious disregard to comfort characteristic of rooms to let. I waited here with some impatience for the appearance of Mrs. Townshend, who came in at last, with a recently arranged dress, and a very clean collar. She rubbed her large fat hands assiduously while she talked to me, and measured me with her small eyes. I wanted two rooms, I told her, a bed-room and a sitting-room, which I might keep, should they suit me, for three months; but I took care to give her no indication of my circumstances or position. Should I like to see over the house, she asked. Certainly, I replied. Upon that she conducted me to an immense, dreary, and uncomfortable drawing-room over the dining-room, with the same kind of disconsolate air about it; but I said nothing. Then, with something like an apology, she showed me a low, narrow room at the back of the house, with a small bed-room at the end, separated from it only by a wooden partition. It had three windows looking out upon a garden, and I went at once to one of them. It was the most completely shut-in plot of ground I ever saw, with high hedges, and rows of very tall, thick trees surrounding it on every side, forming a kind of square against the sky arching over them. There was nothing, in fact, to be seen on any hand except the garden, which was laid out in regular and large beds, with straight walks crossing one another at right angles. Yet in this early spring-time it looked very pleasant, a hundred times more pleasant than the dismal rooms within. As I stood gazing out of the window and deliberating, a tall, strong, athletic-looking woman of fifty, with a hard face, a face that looked set like iron, came out from among some trees to the left, walking direct towards the house, so that she just faced me. She trod vigorously, and held herself with unusual erectness. There was an indomitable energy in her carriage, and in the expression of her powerful features. Upon her left arm was a small satchel, which I saw the first instant she appeared, for there was no attempt to conceal it, though it was hung well on towards the bend of the elbow. Her hands were large and strong, like those of a man, and were clasped before her with a close grip, which made me think for the instant, as I often thought afterwards, how the clutch of those fingers would feel at my throat. I raised my hand involuntarily to my neck, and turned away shuddering.

"You have a lodger already," I said, wondering if Mrs. Townshend had seen my agitation.

"Ah, yes! poor thing!" she answered, "I should not think of concealing it from

you. That is the only drawback to my apartments. Many and many a time I miss letting them because of her. Not that she is any nuisance, I assure you; she is not mad as one may say, but a little cracked. You'd never see her except in the garden; and she's as harmless as a baby. I keep her because she is a permanence, and Mrs. Haddan, of Haddan Lodge, is very liberal. I'm sure you need not be afraid of her."

"I am never afraid," I replied, "and I think these rooms will just suit me. I am an artist in water colours, and I want a quiet place in the country."

It was a chance stroke of my imagination, for now I was fairly in for it, I gave it the reins. Painting in water colours would do as well as anything else; for I could do a few daubs at random as well as most girls, and at any rate Mrs. Townshend would be no critic.

"You will take these back rooms then, miss?" she said, with a very obvious descent to familiarity.

"Yes," I answered, "and I suppose you will let me come in at once, if I pay a week in advance. I don't want to return to London, and my luggage is all at the station."

"Well, you may come," she said, affecting to hesitate for a moment or two.

"I suppose I may walk in the garden when I choose?" I added.

"To be sure," she said, "if you've no fear of Mrs. Becket."

I went back to the station, which was nearly two miles away, to bring my large quantity of luggage; for I had been obliged to pack for a prolonged sojourn in a fashionable sea-bathing place, and had a number of things with me of no use whatever in my assumed circumstances. Mrs. Townshend cast an eye of favour upon my many boxes, and declined being paid a week's rent in advance.

It was evening by the time I was installed in my new abode. My first feelings were vaguely mournful. I examined my room more closely, and found that the furniture consisted of four cane-seated chairs, two of them broken in the back and tied together with old bonnet-ribbons; a large chest of drawers, with a tea-tray reared on the top against the wall; a queer kind of sofa, called a squab by Mrs. Townshend, with each of its four legs supported by some volumes of religious works; a portrait or two of preachers, and an extensive map of London. A small shaky table stood in the middle of the floor, covered with a faded shawl instead of a cloth. I looked round the place in ludicrous dismay, but I had no one to speak to; and I seated myself on one of the unbroken chairs by the window. The evening was growing more dusky every moment; and the hawthorn bushes, covered with white blossoms on every twig to the very heart of them, glimmered with the strange weird halo which all white flowers have in the twilight. All at once, from amidst the profusion of flowers stepped out the strong square figure of the monomaniac; and I shrank back once more with a warning sensation of terror.

It was a day or two before I was upon speaking terms with Becket; for I resolved to act with great caution, and I wished her to be the first to advance towards an acquaintance. Upon one side of the garden there was a walk completely hidden by trees, elms and limes growing on the outer side, and smaller garden trees, laburnums, acacias, and lilacs, on the other. At the furthest end of it was a small open alcove, a common thing enough, such as are to be seen anywhere in tea-gardens; but with a pretty view from it up the checkered vista of the trees, with a glimpse here and there into the fields at the side, now white and yellow with spring flowers. This was a favourite haunt of Becket's, and I made it my favourite also. She passed me a few times when I was sitting there, eyeing me askance; but as I smiled pleasantly at her, she spoke to me at last.

"I think there'd be room for us both in there," she said.

"Plenty of room," I answered heartily, moving my painting things off the little table. She took her seat opposite to me where I could look at her well. Her coarse features wore that peculiar expression of self-conceit so often to be seen in the insane; an expression which did not lay claim to any compassion or sorrow for her state; and I must own I felt none at the time, though I knew the woman was a maniac.

"Have you brought your work with you?" I asked, glancing at her satchel.

Becket's eyes glared fiercely at me for a moment, and her heavy brows frowned; but I gazed steadily and smilingly into her angry face, without venturing a second glance at the satchel, and the impending storm cleared away.

"I have no work to do now," she said. "My working days are over."

"While mine are only beginning," I remarked, pointing to my miserable attempt at painting.

I found that Becket had a good deal to say about water colours, painting on velvet,

and other lady-like accomplishments, and while she ran on fluently, I covered my eyes with my hand, and furtively examined her satchel. It was a small strong bag of black leather, stamped with a peculiar scroll-work, and finished off by a double steel rim running round the opening, with a lock in the centre. A short steel chain of twisted links was attached to it, and had been rubbed very bright by hanging always on her arm. It was evident that there could not be much in it, for the sides fell rather flatly in. There was no chance of touching it; that I should have guessed instinctively, if Lewis had not told me how she had knocked even him down for venturing to do so. Becket seemed a little disquieted while I was only looking at it, as if she felt what I was about, though I was quite sure she could not see what I was doing.

My first step was to procure a satchel exactly similar to the one she always carried about with her, in the hope some chance might present itself of making an exchange, which in my case surely would be no robbery. Here I found a great difficulty. I had to visit half the trunk-shops in London, and look at thousands of satchels. I had to slink through the streets in mortal terror lest I should encounter George on his almost hopeless quest. To meet him would be ruin to my well-laid plans, for I knew he would never let me return to the house where his mother's mad aunt was living. After a weary search, I discovered an out-of-the-way dusty store in the city, kept by a foreigner of elaborate politeness, who appeared to have fallen asleep amidst the roar and din of the life around him, and to have awakened solely at my entrance. He took immense interest in my want, and over-hauled some scores of faded old bags, piled upon his upper shelves. We came upon one after a long investigation, which I thought was sufficiently like Becket's for my purpose. It had been lying by for years, and the steel was dim but not rusty; with a little rubbing it would put on as much brightness as the chain on Becket's satchel.

I returned to my lodgings triumphant in having overcome my first difficulty; but my triumph was short-lived. Upon turning the corner of the road which brought me in sight of the house, what should I see at the gate but the well-known carriage of Mrs. Haddan, of Haddan Lodge? What could she be doing there? Was it possible that some subtle mysterious prevision had warned her of danger to the documents so important to her, and that she had come with the intention of removing them to her own keeping? Would Becket's monomania be under her control? A profound anxiety seized upon me. I dared not go on, and run the risk of being seen by her or Lewis, and yet I would have given worlds to be inside the house at my post of observation in my own room. For I felt sure that the interview between Mrs. Haddan and her old servant would take place in the open garden, rather than in the house, where they might be overheard. Overheard! I caught at the thought as it crossed my brain. I must hide myself somewhere; and there was a path along the other side of the thick hedge surrounding the garden—a private path through some gentleman's grounds, but, private as it was, I resolved to try to enter it. The lodge was close beside me, and the lodge-keeper was busy about her house, so I stole in unseen. I crept down under the hedge till I came to the back of the wooden alcove in the garden. How plainly I could have heard them if they had but been in it! But all was silent there, with no sound save the whistling of the blackbirds, and the clear little trills of the nightingales, singing in the sunshine reminiscences of their midnight concerts. I could no more see through the thick hedge than I could through a stone wall; and I stole a little further on, and sat down on the hedge-bank, listening as if I were all ear. I could hear the shrill piping note of the thrush, and the smaller, thinner, bell-like tone of the chaffinch. I heard the hum of the bees in the clover at my feet, and among the lime blossoms overhead. I heard the rustling of the young leaves in the light breeze of the spring, and the chirping of little unfledged birds in their nests, and the scampering of tiny field mice through the fine blades of grass growing for hay. Beneath all I could hear a strange, sad, solemn sound, more sad and solemn than the sea, which I knew must be the far-away moan of the great city.

EXTINGUISHED BELIEFS.

"My friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry."

On the occasion of this pleasantry, the Spectator spent a month with the worthy knight at his country-seat in Worcestershire, and there were grounds for the host's whimsical complaint that his ducks

and geese had more of his guest's company than he himself had. And why was this? We get the answer from Addison in his proper person. He was "infinitely delighted," he tells us, "with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country-life." And, he says further: "as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation."

Humph! There is something to think about, in that. What *was* said in the natural history books whose leaves the philosopher fingered? What *were* the facts that had fallen under his own grave eyes? He had not seen Goldsmith's Animated Nature. The gentle author of that delicious piece of unreal reality, was not born when the hands of the equally gentle Clio had become cold and rigid, and were prevented by death from holding even the most cherished volume in their grasp again. But he had read of the giraffe, an Asian beast; and of the hyæna, a subtle ravenous beast; and of the sea-devil, a strange monster on the coasts of America; and of the aposta, a creature in America, so great a lover of men that it follows them, and delights to gaze upon them. He had read, too, of the crane, a fowl in America of a hideous form, having a bag under the neck which will contain two gallons of water; and of the yandeu, the great ostridge in the island of Maraguana, a fowl that exceeds the stature of a man; and of hags, a kind of fiery meteor which appears on men's hair, or on the manes of horses; and of the javaris, a swine in America, which has its stomach on its back! Everybody read of these things in Addison's time. They were in all the dictionaries, Bailey's among them. And as for comparing these rare birds and beasts with what Addison had himself observed—listen. One of the soberest papers of the Spectator tells us that gentlemen-birds "determine their courtship by the single grain or tincture of a feather:" that each intending bridegroom, as is repeated in verse,

> Cautious, with a searching eye, explores
> The female tribes, his proper mate to find
> With kindred colours mark'd!

Just, we suppose, as shopping ladies match silks, and wools, and ribbons, rejecting all that vary by the shadow of a shade! So Locke (there is no mistake, it is veritably Locke of the Human Understanding), speaks acceptingly of what is "confidently reported of mermaids or sea-men." He refuses, modestly, to run his rapier through the whole notion, and whisk it off, exploded. He rather relished it. Perhaps he and Addison both gloried in the conception of vast oceanic nations, consisting of mer-women and mermen (with whom there must have been, of course, shoals of tender little water-babies), among whom there would have been employment for the saw-fish they both believed in, described as a sea-fish having a sharp-toothed bone, like a saw, in his forehead, about three feet long! This, it is clear, would have been the ready-implemented carpenter, who could have fashioned out marine parades, and have sliced coral-reefs to embellish them, and have never wanted wages to buy a fresh tool. Could there not have been utilisation also in these regions, of the unicorn-whale? A fish eighteen feet long, having a head like a horse, and scales as big as a crown piece, and having six large fins like the end of a galley oar, and a horn issuing out of the forehead nine feet long, so sharp as to pierce the hardest bodies? Surely the Zoological Gardens are a teasing and a tyrannous tether to us, without which we could revel in the pleasures of imagination and fear no mental and rational disturbance! Could we now, having the knowledge gained in those cruel paths to guide us, walk in Sir Roger's fields with the same hope that the Spectator had? He—while the gentlemen of the country were stealing a sight of him over a hedge, and doing it cautiously, because the host whispered it was hateful to him to be stared at—he might have hoped to have the luck to espy a shrew-mouse, a field-mouse of the bigness of a rat and colour of a weasel, very mischievous to cattle, which going over a beast's back would make it lame in the chine, and its bite caused the beast to swell to the heart and die. He might have resolved, if he had come up with this inconvenient little animal, to have stepped forward valiantly and killed it, lest Sir Roger's beasts should become chine-lame, and his good friend be that much the poorer. Alas! we can have no such excitement, no such benevolent intention. Neither, if we were ruminating over the trees whose bark Sir Roger had carved with his capricious widow's name, could we expect to have floating by us virgin's thread, a ropy dew which flies in the air like small untwisted silk or gossamer, thin cob-web-like exhalations, which fly abroad in hot sunny weather, and are supposed to rot

sheep. To us, a fly is obliged to be a fly; and even a sphinx is imperatively a sphinx. Oh, for the credulity to take in a certain bird in America with a beak so strong and sharp that it would pierce an ox-hide, so that two of them would set upon, kill, and devour a bull! Oh, for the credulity to take in the colibus, the humming-bird, which made a noise like a whirlwind, though it was no bigger than a fly! which fed on dew, had an admirable beauty of feathers, and a scent as sweet as that of musk or ambergris! Odious knowledge that refuses to let us revel in the cannibals—man-eaters — a people in the West Indies who feed on human flesh; or in the Patagons, a people said to be ten feet high, inhabiting Terra Magellanica in America. What is the use of crossing the Atlantic now?

To sail off Westward-ho was something in the days of Locke, and Addison, and Bailey; was something, too, in the days of Charles the First and the Covenanters. On the voyage, it was expected that there would be seen flitting, magically, St. Hermes's fire—a sort of meteor appearing in the night on the shrouds of ships. In the case of the ship losing her course, she might be blown far southward, and get to mystic Magellanick Straits—a famous narrow sea—and her passengers might look out wonderingly (and perhaps *not* find) Magellan's Clouds: two small clouds not far distant from the south pole. And if unfavourable weather came, and the passage were long delayed, it is hard to say what miseries would have to be endured. The wretched people might have to devour dog, cat, shoes, and—by lot, and slowly—fellow-passengers; and then have to subsist "on a miserable allowance per diem cut from a pair of leather breeches found in the cabin, reinforced with the grass which grew plentifully upon the deck!" Smollett relates this seriously, and with moving pity, as having happened as late as 1759; and, he adds, how sad it was that the master and crew could not contrive some sort of tackle to catch fish! If implements of this kind, he says, were provided in every ship, they would, probably, prevent all those tragical events at sea that are occasioned by famine.

Well, Columbia being hailed, the eyes of two centuries ago expected to open to sights to which they were utterly unused. Scuttling about, quickly, we may suppose, and in mighty fear, was to be found the agouty, a little American beast, like a rabbit. Animating the air, was the flying tiger, an insect in America, spotted like the tiger. More in the fastnesses, was the cerigon, a wild beast in America, having a skin under it like a sack, in which it carried its young ones; was, likewise the tatous, an American wild beast, covered with scales like armour; was the blowing snake, a sort of viper, in Virginia, which blew and swelled its head very much before it gave the bite; was, also, possibly (though its country is not specified), the ejulator, a wild beast, called a crier, which made a noise like the crying of a young child. Truly, truly, ignorance *is* bliss, and it is the merest folly to be wise! It is folly, too, to travel. Why should we? Stay at home, and amble gently into Kent, where the Kentish men (only Bailey doesn't believe it) are said to have had tails for some generations, by way of punishment for abusing Austin the monk and his associates, by beating them and opprobriously tying fish-tails to their backs! Or amble on to Carne, in Dorsetshire, many miles off, the (better authenticated) scene of this lying wonder; and when there, consider (as your brains will make you) which account of the origin of these "appendants" is correct, that just told of St. Augustine, or this: That the common people, seeing Thomas à Becket, being out of favour with King Henry the Second, riding towards Canterbury upon a poor sorry horse, cut off the tail of the said sorry horse, and wore it, or duplicates of it, ever afterwards, just where such things ought to be, on their own Kentish selves! Why should Bailey refuse to swallow this little Canterbury Tale, when he lets slide down gently the unicorn, and the phœnix, and Euripus: a narrow sea in Greece, which ebbs and flows seven times in twenty-four hours?

What does the Spectator mention (to return to the cherished mouton that regaled us at the beginning) with especial commendation? The temple to Jupiter Belus, that rose a mile high, by eight several stories, each story a furlong in height, and on the top of which was the Babylonian Observatory! What does he mention further? The prodigious made basin that took in the whole Euphrates! "I know," he says, "there are persons who look upon some of these wonders of art as fabulous: but *I* cannot find any ground for such a suspicion!" Should not this make us think of our own creeds, and statements, and indignations, with tremor and bated breath? And Addison was no

unreflective stay-at-home, who looked out on roofs and chimney-pots from a city room. His destinies took him to many parts of England; to France; to Italy; to Hanover; to Ireland: where, perhaps, he saw the Galloglasses, soldiers among the wild Irish who serve on horseback; and the hobblers, certain Irish knights who served as light horsemen upon hobbies; all of which may have exercised his parts (as the phrase was) quite as well, at any rate, as ours are exercised now. And, to begin with, he had not been endowed unbounteously by Heaven. Ah! he says playfully, in imagining the criticisms of an historian of three hundred years to come: "I often flatter myself with the honourable mention which will then be made of me!" And he goes on to suppose, that, from his pages, it will be proved that "women of the first quality used to pass away whole mornings at a puppet-show; that they attested their principles by their patches; that an audience would sit out an evening to hear a dramatical performance written in a language which they did not understand; that chairs and flower-pots were introduced as actors upon the British stage," and so forth. No, Joseph Addison, we, in half of your stipulated three centuries will not suppose anything so opposed to our experience, any more than we will suppose you were very ill and kept your chamber on that day when Sophia met a gentleman in the park with a very short face, and wrote to know whether it was you. But we will say this: that if, in some things, we have an inch or two outstripped you, there is one in which you are (possibly, more than) abreast of us. You state (No. 519) that "the whole chasm in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another are almost insensible;" and you quote, admiringly, from Mr. Locke that "in all the visible corporeal world we see no chasms, no gaps. The several species are linked together and differ but in almost insensible degrees." Now, this is surely embryo, or advanced Darwinianism. Addison adds: "If the scale of being rises by a regular progress so high as man, we may, by a parity of reason, suppose that it still proceeds gradually through the infinitely greater space and room between man and the Supreme Being." And Locke says: "When we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, that the species of creatures should also by gentle degrees ascend upward from us towards His infinite perfection."

No bad "say" this, we think, on which thoughtfully and affectionately to linger.

DR. JOHNSON—FROM A SCOTTISH POINT OF VIEW.

If I am about to try an encounter in the lists, and raise my spear against the literary memory of the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, Lexicographer and Scoto-maniac, have I not as much right, being a Scotsman, to say my say of him, as he had to say his say against my country? He disliked, or pretended to dislike, Scotsmen. May I not dislike, or pretend to dislike, Dr. Johnson? I am not ashamed of being a Scotsman; on the contrary, I glory in the fact. I love my country — not merely because it is my country—but for the additional, and to my mind very satisfactory reasons, that its natural scenery is both sublime and beautiful, and that its people made a gallant and successful fight for civil and religious liberty; that it has a noble history and traditions, a rich and romantic literature, and that however sterile it in some respects may be, it is prolific in those highest of all earthly productions, "Honest men and bonnie lasses." My heart warms to the tartan, and though irreverent Cockneys may possibly laugh me to scorn for the avowal, I love the martial strain of the bag-pipe—well played—and think no music in the world can compare with it in the inspiration of patriotic and martial ardour. As for the beautiful Doric dialect of the Lowlands—when I hear it spoken, either in Scotland itself, or thousands of miles away across the Atlantic—it invariably stirs my blood with the kindliest emotions, and awakens the tenderest and most delightful recollections of a brave and high-minded people, who, notwithstanding their proverbial "canniness," are never so "canny" (or so "uncanny") as to be false to a friend, or ungenerous to a foe.

Loving my country as I do, and knowing no reason why any one should hate it, I have often wondered what there could have been in the political and social atmosphere of the middle of the eighteenth century, which rendered Scotland and Scotsmen so unpopular in the southern half of the realm. Was it because the

House of Stuart was Scotch; and the Stuarts had proved a bad bargain to the English people? Was it because of the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, fomented by Scotsmen? Was it because the Scotch when they crossed the Border, and came to London, the centre of business, of legislation and of fashion, prospered by dint of "grip" and tenacity of purpose to a far greater degree than the easy-going and less "canny" southerns whom they displaced or distanced in the great competition of life? Much might be said in answer to these queries if time and space permitted. At present I confine myself to a smaller inquiry, and fresh from the perusal of Boswell's inimitable biography, ask how it was that a man of such sturdy common sense as Dr. Samuel Johnson, the most eminent literary man of his time, should not only have made himself the mouthpiece of the stupidest jealousy against Scotland, but should have gone far beyond all his contemporaries in holding Scotsmen up to the ridicule and aversion of the English public?

Johnson's dislike to Scotland, however wayward, querulous, or savage in its expression, was never malignant. It often took the most comic and ludicrous shapes, and must quite as frequently have amused as offended the people who were its objects. Highlanders and Lowlanders, the country and its scenery, all that related to Scotland, were equally the themes of his disparagement; and enabled him to display a good deal of humour, a small amount of wit, and a very large stock of ignorance. As a lexicographer and a linguist, he ought to have been well informed—if upon anything whatever—on the elements of the English language, whether they were Anglo-Saxon, French, Latin, Greek, or Celtic. As regards the latter, he said the Gaelic "was the rude *gibberish* of a barbarous people, who as they conceived grossly were content to be grossly understood." It so happens, as all philologists know in our day, that the Gaelic or Celtic language of the Highlands of Scotland, so far from meriting the contemptuous epithet of "gibberish," is as ancient a language as the Hebrew or the Chaldaic, with both of which it has a common origin, and has a grammar of which the rules are simple as well as beautiful. It is, moreover, exceedingly musical and sonorous. Dr. Johnson did not know that the Celtic has contributed to the English many hundreds of colloquial words, which everybody uses to this day, and which Johnson, compelled to admit them into his Dictionary, though densely ignorant of the Celtic as well as Gothic roots from which they sprang, could find no better means of accounting for than by describing them as "low." If Johnson could have traced the origin of such words as "cuddle," "fun," "dull," "dark," "bright," "tall," "yew," "fern," and hundreds of others, or of the names of nearly all the rivers in England, he would have found it in the venerable tongue which he ignorantly presumes to call "gibberish." His Dictionary, besides being faulty in its derivation, as well as incomplete in its collection of words, was in some respects a literary outrage, inasmuch as it introduced the prejudices of the compiler into a work that above all others, to which a man could give his time and talents, ought to be unimpassioned and scientific. He described a pension as "pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country." Whether he changed his opinion I do not know, but I do know that he afterwards accepted a pension for himself, and was glad to get it. "Oats" he defined as "a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but which in Scotland supports the people." On reading this Lord Elibank coolly remarked, "Very true—and where will you find such horses and such men?" Sir Walter Scott very probably had this little bit of Johnson's impertinent eccentricity in his mind, when, in his immortal novel of Old Mortality, he made Niel Blane, the innkeeper, console himself with the reflection that although he had sent away all his good oatmeal to supply the wants of the little garrison in the beleaguered Castle of Tillietudlem, he had still some wheaten flour left for the wants of his family. "It's no that ill food," said Niel, "though far from being so hearty and kindly to a Scotchman's stamach, as the curney aitmeal is. The Englishers live amaist upon it; but to be sure the pock puddings ken nae better!"

When at Edinburgh with Boswell, it was thought that if Johnson found nothing else to admire in the city, he would at all events admire the beautiful situation of the castle. Johnson had nothing to say about the noble and picturesque rock; but turning to Lord Elibank, he admitted that the castle would make a good prison in England! In vain poor Boswell endeavoured to impress his friend with better notions, unconscious of the fact that the Scotch

were greatly amused with the spiteful sallies of their visitor. Harry Erskine, after being presented by Boswell to the doctor in the Parliament House, slyly slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, whispering, "It's for a sight of your bear!"

Johnson maintained that Buchanan, tutor of James the Sixth, was the only man of genius that Scotland ever produced. Of course, he could not foresee the approaching advent of Robert Burns, and Sir Walter Scott; but if he had not been very ignorant, he might have remembered the old poets, Barbour and Gawain Douglas, and that other poet, Drummond of Hawthornden, whom another Jonson, greater than himself, "rare old Ben," thought so highly of, that he made a pilgrimage from London to Edinburgh on foot, on purpose to shake hands with him. He might also have included in the category of Scottish men of genius, the royal author of the King's Quair, a poem than which there is nothing finer in Chaucer, and even those lesser lights, Captain James Montgomery, the author of the Cherry and the Sloe; and Allan Ramsay, the writer of the noble poem the Vision, and of the Gentle Shepherd, a far better pastoral poem than England ever produced. Johnson would not allow Scotland any credit for Lord Mansfield, inasmuch as he was educated in England. "Much," he graciously added, "might be made of a Scotchman if he were caught young." But in our later day, if England is to be credited with Lord Mansfield—Scotland for the same reason should be credited with Lord Brougham, and even with the Reverend Sidney Smith, who denied Scotsmen the possession of wit—though he allowed them something which he called "wut," and who acquired all the taste for wit, or wut that was in him in Edinburgh, where he resided in his youthful days, cultivating literature as he himself phrased it "upon a little oatmeal."

Johnson does not appear to have had the slightest appreciation for the beauties of natural scenery. Fleet-street was to him the very heart of the universe, and its dull brick houses finer than any lakes or mountains in the world. "Sir," he said to Boswell, "Scotland consists of two things, stone and water. There is, indeed, a little earth above the stone in some places, but a very little, and the stone is always appearing. It is like a man in rags. The naked skin is still peeping out." "He persevered in his wild allegation," says Boswell, in another place, "that there was not a tree between Edinburgh and the English border that was older than himself." Boswell—though how he could have presumed to make such a jest in the awful presence of the great object of his worship—suggested that he should be led round the country which he specified, and receive a flogging at the foot of every tree he came to which was more than a hundred years old! As for the scenery of Scotland, Johnson declared "that the noblest prospect a Scotchman ever saw was the high road that led him to London." This little witticism may be pardoned for the truth that underlies it, for to a poor man of talent starving in a village it is a good road that leads him to a metropolis, whether it be Scottish or English.

Scotland, from the long and intimate social, political, and commercial relations that subsisted between its people and government and those of France, while Scotland was yet a separate kingdom, was always famous for the excellent claret imported by its wine-merchants, as it is to this day. Johnson, however, insisted that it was the union with England which brought good claret into the country. "We had wine before the union," said Boswell, timidly. "No, sir," retorted Johnson, "you had weak, poor stuff, the refuse of France, which could not make you drunk." "I assure you," replied Bozzy, making as good a fight as he could for the honour of his country thus rashly impugned, "there was a great deal of drunkenness!" "No, sir," shouted Samuel; "there were people who died of dropsy, which they contracted in trying to get drunk."

Johnson, who was one of the most voracious of eaters, as all readers of Mrs. Piozzi's Memoirs will remember, did not approve of Scottish cookery. He particularly objected to Finnon, or Findon haddocks, and at Cullen, where he stopped to breakfast, the sight of them so disgusted him, that the excellent fish had to be taken out of the room. This was not because they were unsavoury;—what English traveller of our day does not consider a properly cured Finnon haddie worth travelling to Scotland for?—but simply because it was his humour to be anti-Scottish. He also objected theoretically to haggis, though he ate a good plateful of it. "What do ye think o' the haggis?" asked the hospitable old lady, at whose table he was dining, seeing that he partook so plentifully of it. "Humph!"

he replied, with his mouth half full, "it's very good food for hogs!" "Then let me help you to some mair o' 't," said the lady, helping him bountifully.

"As we sailed along to Tallisker," says Boswell, "Johnson got into one of his fits of railing against the Scotch. 'We (the English) have taught you,' said he, 'and we'll do the same in time to all barbarous nations; to the Cherokees, and at last to the Ourang-Outangs.' On another occasion he said, 'A Scotsman must be a strong moralist, who does not prefer Scotland to the truth.'"

Johnson was no doubt a very great man in his own day, but in our day, we may, without any unfair or undue depreciation of his genius or merits, inquire what place he would have held in the long roll of the literary worthies of England, if it had not been for James Boswell, the Scotsman, who wrote his life. His fame has come down to us large, solid, and sharply defined—not on account of his writings—but on account of his sayings, as recorded by that most painstaking of biographers, the Laird of Auchinleck. His literary reputation, outside of Boswell's book, has but little to rest upon. His Dictionary, the great work of his life, was so incomplete that it had to be supplemented, at a very early period of its existence, by Todd, who added many thousand words that had been ignorantly or carelessly omitted. His novel of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, is about the clumsiest, prosiest, and least interesting novel in the English language. His tragedy of Irene was found to be unattractive, unactable, and even unreadable, and has long been dead and buried. His poetry only survives in a few couplets that are sometimes quoted, and scarcely tempts any modern reader to dip into it, when he finds such a piece of pleonastic sing-song at the threshold, as

> Let observation, with extensive view,
> Survey mankind from China to Peru.

His Essays in the Rambler are possibly very clever; but it cannot be denied that they are very dull. The only one of the whole series which was ever popular, or ever attracted any notice, says Chalmers, in his Biographical Preface to that ponderous collection, "was one which Johnson did not write, and which was communicated by Richardson, the author of Clarissa Harlowe." His critique on Milton's Paradise Lost, which still survives as a specimen of eighteenth-century opinion, is exceedingly unfair. Milton was a Liberal and a Dissenter, while the critic was an ultra-Tory and High Churchman; and, bearing both facts in his mind, Johnson allowed his literary judgment to be uncharitably perverted by his politics. In short, were it not for Boswell's Life of Johnson, the great littérateur of the eighteenth century would have been little known in the nineteenth—except by name—and his works would have been as obsolete and antiquated as those of Dr. Donne or Ambrose Phillips. But in the pages of Boswell he lives and moves. We hear him speak. We see him eat and gobble. We catch the echoes of his elephantine tread in Fleet-street and Bolt-court. We listen to the outflow of his strong common sense; his keen, practical, worldly wisdom; his high morality; his solid, rather than brilliant, wit; his heavy humour; his crushing sarcasm; his harmless prejudice; and his rough but kindly naturalness of heart and disposition. Never was so life-like a portrait drawn by any artist in the world. Though he appears, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, "in his habit as he lived," he by no means appears like a ghost—thin, shadowy, and unsubstantial—but as a creature of flesh and blood, of brawn and bones hidden under his garments, a gladiator whose strength one might borrow to wrestle with and overthrow an antagonist. Samuel Johnson was the author of many works that no one cares to read; but Boswell was the author of "Samuel Johnson," a work which everybody has read, or will read, and which will never perish except with the language. Thus has Scotland been avenged upon her detractor.

But why Johnson should have made Scotland and the Scotch his favourite aversion, has long been a puzzle. Bishop Percy, editor of the Reliques of Ancient English poetry, declares that the doctor's invectives against Scotland were uttered more in sport and pleasantry, than from any real hatred or malignity. John Wilson Croker, the latest and best editor of Boswell, expressed his wonder at the extreme animosity of Johnson against the Scotch, and thought it all the more surprising, as Johnson was a Jacobite. "I have," he added, "a strong suspicion that there was some personal cause for this unwarrantable antipathy." Boswell's opinion was also to the effect that there were personal reasons in the case, though the reasons he alleges were not very creditable either to the

heart or the head of his hero. "If," said that prince of biographers (and toadies), "Johnson was particularly prejudiced against the Scots, it was because they were in his way, and because he thought their success in England rather exceeded the due proportion of their real merit; and because he could not but see in them that nationality which I believe no liberal-minded Scotsman will deny."

Of all these suppositions Percy's is the most favourable, and Boswell's the most unfavourable, to Johnson's character. Percy was but slightly acquainted with Johnson, and Croker was not born when Johnson flourished; but Boswell knew his hero intimately, and has succeeded in making every reader of his remarkable book as intimate with his burly friend as he was himself. But still the reason of Johnson's ill will to Scotland and its people remains a mystery. Let a Scotsman, not at all aggrieved, but highly diverted by the goads of the great man, suggest a solution. It is this: Johnson was a Scotsman. Owing to the unpopularity of the Scotch in England, at the time when he was endeavouring to push his way in London, he tried as well as he could to conceal what he thought a damaging fact; and the better to mystify the public, and divert suspicion from his true origin, made himself conspicuous for abusing the countrymen of his father, the Scottish bookseller at Lichfield. He had, like the personage in the play, to dissemble his love; and so like his prototype he overdid it, by kicking its object down-stairs. His hatred of Scotland was all a sham, as Percy supposes. He had a personal object as Croker supposes, and Boswell asserts; and his fulminations against the Scotch were merely rhetorical red-herrings, to lead the too cunning dogs, his contemporaries, off the scent of his nationality. If this be not the true solution, I can only say, that any body who likes is at liberty to suggest a better.

THE LAST FAIRIES.

All in the gloaming of a golden day,
All in a mellow autumn long since mute,
A small voice wander'd out across the mountains.

And the moon listened, and the stars grew paler,
The thin brooks hushed themselves, and everywhere
A tender trouble grew in leafy places.

And little eyes among the ferns were wet
With tears, not dew, and folding small thin hands
They gathered with no shadows in the moonlight.

For the voice cried, "The feet of men come nearer,
The peat-smoke curls where ye have lived so long,
And it is time to seek another dwelling."

Saying, moreover, "Whither man's foot cometh
The fairy ring upon the grass must vanish,
The tree must fall, the dreamy greenness perish.

"His breath is vaporous in the air around him,
His heel is on your dwellings, his sharp knife
Staineth with blood the running brook ye drink of.

"How shall ye dwell where men and women gather?
How shall pale things linger in their shadow?
Each shadow is a sorrow and a sleep."

Then small folk look'd in one another's faces,
And little mothers cried above their bairns,
And all the things of elfland learnt the trouble.

For unto them the thymy dell was dear;
Dearer than life is to a glad girl-mother;
Dearer than love is to a happy lover.

There was no light elsewhere in all the world,
There was no other home under the moonlight;
Here had they dwelt, here had their days been happy.

And not a squirrel in the boughs but knew them,
And not a building bird but sang out loud,
To see their bright eyes peeping at the fledglings.

The strong deer and the wild fowl feared them not,
The eagle with his round eye watched them calmly
When in the moon they clamber'd to her eerie.

They had been friendly to each dying thing,
Until the dying; then they knew what followed,
And watching how things came and went was pleasure.

And these things had they named by happy names,
Down to the little moth new born, and swinging
Under the green leaf by a thread of silk.

Home-loving, gentle, tender-hearted folk,
How could they bear to leave for evermore
The little place whose face was so familiar?

Yet the voice cried, "Man comes and man is master:
Ye are as silver dust around his footstep,
Wafted before him by his weary breathing."

And with one voice they answered broken-hearted,
"Man's footsteps thicken over all the world,
Yea, even on the high and misty places.

"The tall tree falls before him everywhere,
The leaves from every hill are on his face,
How shall we find a place to rest our feet?"

And scattered thence by a soft wind from Heaven,
They fled, they faded; but within the greenwood
Still gleam the round rings where their feet have fallen.

A BATTLE AT SEA.

(BY AN EYE-WITNESS.)

My ship, the Genoa (seventy-four guns), was a fine ship, with good officers, and a brave crew, and with not quite so much holystoning to do aboard of her as there was on board some other ships of the fleet. Our captain was Walter Bathurst, a fine greyheaded old gentleman, beloved by every seaman under him. During the mutiny of the Nore, Parker forbade, under pain of

death, any officer coming on board any of his vessels, except Captain Bathurst.

On the forenoon of the 18th of October, 1827, the Genoa made the island of Zante, and bore up for the harbour of Navarino in the Morea, before which the English, French, and Russian fleets were cruising. We had scarcely got in the middle of them, about one o'clock, before a signal flew at the mizen top-gallant mast-head of the Asia, the admiral Sir Edward Codrington's flag-ship.

"You need not look at the signal-book," said our captain. "I know that signal well. It is to tell us to clear for action."

The brave old boy then called the drummer and fifer, and ordered them to beat to quarters, and also told the gig crew to get ready, as he was going on board the admiral's vessel.

The fleet, which lay in a calm and glassy sea, consisted of ten line-of-battle ships, three English, three Russian, and four French; with frigates, sloops of war, and gun-ships, making in all a total of thirty-two sail, all cleared for action. The Russian ships, fine new-looking vessels, strongly built, but clumsily rigged, were commanded by Rear-Admiral Count Heyden: the French, by Chevalier de Rigney.

We soon got the Genoa ready for fighting. Nothing left on the decks but what was wanted for the guns — rammers, sponges, handspikes, and match-tubs. The chests and mess things we stowed down in the hold. Tables were ranged in the tiers to rest the wounded upon—fire-screens were hung on the magazine hatchways, and two casks of water for the men to drink were lashed to the stanchions on the deck amidships. Boxes of grape (each shot as big as a walnut) and canister shot were placed between each gun, with large cheeses of wads braced to the breast of each; every bulkhead in the ship was taken down by the carpenters. When all this was done, the men went to work in different corners of the main-deck; the gunners' crew to make wads; the armourers to clean gun-locks; the top-men to get the top chains up, with which to string the yards.

The morning of the 19th was beautifully calm. The high lands on the shore gradually, one by one, shook off the sultry mist, and stood out blue and sharp. We were about three miles from the entrance to the harbour of Navarino, and, at the distance, it seemed scarcely wide enough to admit a single line-of-battle ship. Our squadron, now obeying signal, were lying with their sails furled, and in close order. Presently we saw the Dartmouth frigate, all sail set, pass into the bay with our admiral's final proposition to Ibrahim Pasha. It was just sunset when she was seen coming out of Navarino with all sail spread, but coming very slowly, owing to the calm. She hoisted the signal. "We shall wait for a better opportunity of entering the harbour to-morrow. Furl sails, and lie to for the night."

Our sails were soon furled, and everything made snug. The men not on watch spent the evening drinking, sleeping, or writing home. After a rest of four hours, the sleepers were roused by the cry of the boatswain's mate, "both watches pass up shot." A line of men was formed for the purpose from the shot-locker to the main ladder. We soon had the tubs filled and everything prepared; the sun was just rising when we were called on deck to make sail. The English squadron had kept nearly abreast of Navarino harbour during the night, but the Russian and French ships had dropped four or five miles to leeward, so we made a stretch out from the land to give our allies time to come up before we stood in for the bay.

At six bells (eleven o'clock) the drum beat to quarters with the stirring tune of "Hearts of Oak." The lieutenant of my quarters was a young man named Broke, son of that brave captain who fought the Chesapeake. His words to us were:

"Now, my men, you see we are going into the harbour to-day. I know you'll be glad of it; at least I suppose you would be as much against cruising off here, all the winter, as I am. So I say let's in to-day, and fight it out like British seamen, and if we fall, why there's an end of our cruise. You'll all be at your stations."

We cheered, the drum beat "retreat," and in a few minutes some of the men, tired with their night-work, were stretched fast asleep between the guns. Half an hour afterwards, a whisper passed round, "the captain!" I and some of the rest, seeing his grey head appearing, started up, and tried to rouse the others; but he good-naturedly said, "Let them be, let them be, poor fellows; they'll have enough to do before night;" and, walking forward, he stepped over them with great care.

We were soon within two miles of the entrance to Navarino Bay, when all the boatswains piped to dinner. We were quieter

than usual at mess that day. The piper played "Nancy Dawson," the well-known call for the cook of each mess to go up with his "monkey" (wooden measure) for the grog. The toast that day was the usual one before battle, "May we all meet again to-morrow!" I was on deck, carrying a kettle of pea-soup. We were a quarter of a mile from the harbour fort, and with such a gentle breeze that we were scarcely moving a knot an hour. All at once a man jumped from one of the forecastle guns, and roared out, "There it goes! There's two pieces of bunting at the Asia's mast-head. That's the signal to engage. Take a good look at it, shippies, so as you'll know it again."

The drum beat to quarters. I ran to the head, splashed the soup overboard, and went straight to my post. Every gun was soon manned and double-shotted. We were nearly under the heavy batteries where the Turks had been preparing bitter pills for us, for ten or twelve days past. We could see them leaning over their guns, and coolly pointing to the different ships, as if they were friendly to them. The flagstaff on the batteries had no colour mounted.

Presently a boat, with a Turkish officer and four men aboard, pushed from the shore, and made for the Asia: by this time clear of the fort guns, and about one hundred yards from us. The Turk did not stay two minutes on board the Asia. On regaining the shore, he threw his turban from him, and ran swiftly up a pathway into the fortress, where a crowd of soldiers awaited his arrival. Next moment up went a red flag over the battlements, and boom went a signal gun. The word flew along the decks, "Stand to your guns there fore and aft!" "All ready, sir!" The captain of each gun held the lanyard of the lock in his hand, waiting for the word "fire!" There was a dead silence. All this while we stood drifting beyond the batteries and alongside the Turkish fleet, where the men stood also at their guns. The pipe now went to bring the ship to an anchor and to furl sails. From the top-sail yard-arm I got a fine bird's-eye view of Navarino, rising from the shore triangularly at the base of a very high mount. The batteries were not only numerous, but strong; and further up the shore stretched the tents of the Turkish camp. In the bay and round about us were ranged in a triple crescent the Turco-Egyptian fleet of more than a hundred vessels, including four line-of-battle ships, fifteen double-bank frigates, and twenty-five single-bank frigates. At the entrance of the harbour were stationed four fire-ships. Our ship, the Genoa, was in a perilous position, for right abreast of us with nearly every gun able to bear on us, lay two of the Turkish line-of-battle ships; a little further ahead, on our starboard bow, lay another two-deck ship; three double-bank frigates were also so placed on our larboard bow, and ahead, that they could gall us severely; while a large frigate lay athwart our stern, able to rake us with ease.

The boat with the Turkish officer had been sent to tell our admiral that the governor of Navarino had no orders from Ibrahim Pasha to allow the allied squadrons to enter the harbour. The admiral's reply was, "Tell your master we come not to receive orders, but to give them." The Dartmouth and some gun-brigs had been told off to watch the fire-ships. As the Dartmouth passed one of them, smoke began to fume up out of the hatchway. Lieutenant Fitzroy and eight men instantly leaped into a cutter, to board the fire-ship. As the bowman caught hold of her with the boathook, one of our sailors, cutlass in hand, leaped into the main-chains, but was instantly killed by a pistol shot. At the same moment, a volley of musketry poured into the boat, killing Lieutenant Fitzroy, and wounding four sailors. The remainder, firing their muskets at the Turks, who hid safe behind their bulwarks, pulled back to their own vessel; and by this time the fire-ship was deserted by its crew, and in a blaze.

Sir Edward Codrington, still unwilling to break the truce, now sent a boat to the ship of the Egyptian admiral, with a message that if he did not fire upon any of the allied flags, not a shot would be fired at him. Mr. Mitchell, the pilot of the Asia, delivered the message, and having a flag of truce considered himself safe. Just as our boat was leaving the Turkish ship, poor Mitchell was shot while sitting in the stern sheets of the boat, and dropped into the arms of the stroke oar. One of the men then held up the flag of truce very high, and pointed to it. The reply was a volley of bullets, which however did no mischief; and just as they reached the Asia's side, the Asia poured a tremendous broadside into the Turkish admiral's flag-ship, which made her reel again. Seeing the Asia begin, the French and Russians now engaged the triple line of Turkish

frigates and sloops on the opposite side of the bay.

My gun was on the lower deck. Lieutenant Broke, at our quarters, drew his sword, and told us not to fire till we had the word.

"Point your guns sure men," he said, "and make every shot tell!"

He threw away his hat on the deck and told us to let the Turks hear three cheers, which we did with a will. Then shouting "Stand clear of the guns," he gave the word "Fire!" and immediately the whole tier had blazed into the Turkish admiral-ship which lay abreast of us. After that it was "Fire away, my boys, as hard as you can!" The first man I saw killed in the Genoa, was a marine, and that was not until the Turks had given us five or six spiteful rounds. He was close to me, and I had just taken a sponge out of his hand. On turning round, I saw him at my feet with his head severed as clean off, as if it had been done with a surgeon's knife. A messmate at once drew the corpse out from the trucks of the guns and hauled it into midships under the after ladder. The firing was now incessant, and the loud cheers, and the dismal shrieks and screams of the wounded, were not drowned even by the roar of the gun. About half an hour after the action commenced, two boys, named Fisher and Anderson, servants to the officers in the ward-room, were standing on the after hatchway gratings, nearly abreast of the gun on the lower deck where I was quartered; they were waving their caps and joining in the cheering. I was busy loading a gun, and had just called to Fisher to run to the fore-magazine for some tubes, when I heard a shriek, and the boy fell dead, struck by a shot on the back of the head. Anderson was also wounded by the same broadside: his right leg cut across, and one of his arms hurt in several places. It was with difficulty we could tear him from his comrade's body, and, poor lad, as he was being taken to the cock-pit a splinter struck his right arm and broke it.

Vessel after vessel of the Turks was now blowing up, every explosion shaking our ship to its very keelson; but our two enemies kept playing upon us unceasingly till they were totally disabled by having all their masts shot away, and whole planks torn out of their sides by the tremendous tons of metal hurled from our guns. We were ordered to only double shot the guns, but we all disobeyed orders. After the first six rounds we generally put in two thirty-two pound shots, thirty-two pound grape, and sometimes a canister above all, that the Turks might try all our different sorts. In the line-of-battle ship right abeam of us, a great burly Turk in a red flannel shirt, was working a gun very dexterously at a port nearly opposite ours. One of our marines, observing this, levelled his musket and shot him through the head; he dropped back and hung out of the port head downward, but was pitched overboard by his careless successor. From the effect of our shots in making plum-pudding of the finely painted Turkish vessels, we thought they would soon haul down their "moon and star" flag; but during the whole engagement not one vessel struck. "Pelt away my hearties," said the captain of my gun, a young Irish lad, a capital marksman; "if they won't strike we'll strike for them." Just then the Turkish admiral's yacht, a frigate built for him at Trieste, drifted past us, her cables having been shot away. She was all over gilt, and shone brilliantly when the sun pierced the dense cloud of smoke that rose over the battle. A few minutes after we had mauled her, she caught fire and blew up, casting pieces of the burning wreck into our ports. It was difficult to get the men from the guns, but by a slant of the vessel we now got all our fire to bear on the Turkish hulls and rigging. One of our officers who had been wounded in both arms with langridge shot, came aft on his way to the cock-pit to have his wounds dressed, and begged a drink from the cask of water that was lashed to the stanchion midships. The sailor, as he just handed him a jug full, fell, cut to pieces by grape shot, and the officer was knocked down, but not hurt.

Only one coward disgraced himself that day; that was a man at one of the lower deck guns, who, seizing an opportunity, slipped down into the cock-pit and hid among the wounded. After the engagement, a master-at-arms spying him, gave him a kick and a curse, and sent him on deck. He afterwards had three dozen with the thieves' cat, the word "coward" sewn on his jacket, and he was made to mess on the main deck by himself.

About half-past three, the bight of the main sheet hanging down over the port-hole, annoying us in the working of our gun, I and another seaman were ordered on deck, to haul in the slack and get the rope clear of the muzzle. I can't say I liked the job, for I had a deep im-

pression on my mind that I was safer at my gun than elsewhere; nevertheless, I felt go I must, so up I ran. On gaining the main-deck, I found it a terrible scene of carnage and devastation. A dreadful crash, which I had just heard, as if the ship's whole side had been stove in, was, I found, occasioned by two marble shot of one hundred and twenty pounds weight each, which had struck the main-deck abreast of the main-hatchway, knocked two ports into one, and killed and wounded five men. I saw Captain Bathurst coming down the poop ladder, when a splinter from the bulwarks carried away the tail of his cocked-hat. He took it off, looked at it, smiled, then came down on the quarter-deck—the most exposed part of the ship—and issued his orders with as much calmness as if he had been only at gun exercise, while with his sword drawn he calmly paced the deck, amid showers of shot and splinters. The rigging was torn to pieces, the yards lopped up and down, the lifts were torn away, and the quarter-deck was so strewn with splinters, that it looked like a carpenter's shop. All at once the captain looked up aloft, and said, "The union-jack's shot away!" and instantly sent me to Davy, the signal-man, to get another. As I went up, I saw the Asia a cable's length astern of us, and the admiral standing on the poop-netting, hailing us, "Genoa ahoy!" through a speaking-trumpet. He wanted a boat from us with a hawser, to swing his ship clear of a Turkish fire-ship that was drifting down upon him. I asked Davy for a union-jack, and he drew out one from his breast, where he had crammed it before the action, in case it might be wanted. When I went back to help my comrade with the hawser, I found the hammock-netting, where I had just stood, torn to pieces, and a poor fellow lying on his face, dead, on the deck. The captain, snatching the flag from Davy, called out:

"Who'll go and nail the British union-jack to the fore royal masthead?"

A good-looking fellow, named Neil, stepped forward, took it, and began to make the best of his way up the tattered shrouds of the fore rigging. I looked up soon afterwards and saw the cool determined fellow clinging with his feet to the royal mast, and hammering away with a serving mallet. I and three other men then got into the boat alongside, while two others coiled in the hawser that the Asia wanted. From the boat I had a fine view of the fleet, and could see the two Turkish line-of-battle ships, one on fire, but still incessantly pounding at us. The Asia, at this time, had only one large liner and a double-bank frigate playing upon her. When we had shoved off with the hawser, we found the sea covered with wreck, and drifting masts and yards, to which hundreds of drowning wretches were clinging; they called out to us imploringly in Turkish. When we got six fathoms from the Asia we found, to our disgust, that the hawser would not reach: so one of our men, George Finney, the captain of our maintop, seeing there was only one way, swam to the Asia, and dragged back with him a hawser. They reached him from the gun-room port, and we then joined the two ropes with a Carrick bend. As we pulled back to the Genoa, we saw the admiral on the poop of the Asia waving to us with his handkerchief to make all speed. We had scarcely got half way home, before the mizen of the Asia went over the quarter with a crash. We thought the admiral had gone with it; but presently we saw him reappear in a conspicuous position. On our way back, we picked up ten poor drowning wretches. As one of our sailors was hauling in one tall young Moslem, a shot blew the Turk's head to pieces. All the sailor did was to turn coolly to us, and say, "Did you ever see the like of that?" But the Turks were cooler even than this. Finney, the man who swam with the hawser, had just rescued a handsomely-dressed Moslem, who was no sooner safe in the bow of the boat than he pulled out his pipe and tobacco bag, flint and steel, and began calmly emitting volumes of smoke. This irritated Finney. "Do you see that Turkish rascal?" he said, with an oath. "If he cares so deuced little at being saved from Old Nick, I'll send him where he came from." So saying he made a spring forward, and tumbled the astonished Turk overboard before any one could prevent him. The man, however, swam to a piece of wreck, and was saved by a boat from the Albion. The Turks were very brave. The crew of the Alcyone picked up a Turkish officer with a shattered arm. When taken on board the Alcyone, he walked proudly down the cockpit ladder, just as if all the ship belonged to him, and made signs to the surgeon that he wanted his arm taken off. That being done, the proud Turk threw himself overboard, and swam back to his own vessel that was

still fighting our frigate. He climbed up the side with his one arm, but in a few minutes the vessel blew up, and the brave fellow probably perished with the rest of his comrades.

Half an hour after I had crept in at a lower deck port of the Genoa, and had got back to my gun, our good old captain was struck in the groin by a grape shot of about four pounds weight. One of the lads who carried him down happening to stumble and hurt his wound, the old man frowned, and hit the boy a smart blow with his knuckles: and said, "Can't you carry me easier, sir?" The report that our captain was mortally wounded flew round the decks like lightning, and all the firing ceased for about two minutes: every one looking as if he himself was struck. Then, as if by one impulse, the whole crew at once yelled, "Our captain is killed!" and our firing began a thousand times hotter than ever. The Turkish line-of-battle ship near us now broke into a blaze, but still the lower deck and some of her main deck guns maintained a hot and galling fire on our bow, and presently she blew up with a furious explosion, driving showers of iron, burning wood, and nails into our ports. A single forty-two pound shot that came through one of our ports at about this period of the engagement, killed four men and wounded two. This was the most murderous shot the Turks sent at us, but another heavy one took us on the main deck, knocked away the whole side of a port, and cleared the gun. A father and son were at this spot; the father was killed, the son was knocked down but not wounded. Nine of the petty officers had wives on board, and they were employed with the doctor and his mates in the cockpit dressing the wounds or serving water round to the thirsty.

About half-past five I had to go to the after magazine for some tubes for the guns, and not much liking the exposure, I made a race for it. As I passed the main ladder, I found that a Mr. Rowe, a young midshipman, had just been wounded badly by a splinter in the calf of the leg. He stamped his foot, and said, "Oh, damn it, never mind; it's nothing but a scratch," and waved his sword to encourage the men. Two minutes after, when I passed with the box of tubes, I saw him a mangled corpse, his hand still grasping his sword. A bell began to ring backwards, and there was a cry of "Up there, boarders and firemen." I snatched up my pistols and cutlass from where I had stowed them, and made for the starboard quarter. When I reached the quarter-deck, I found that the ship's mainsail, which hung loose, had caught fire, and that a midshipman and some sailors were on the yard cutting away the canvas with their knives.

It was now getting dark, and the bay was lighted up with the glare of the burning vessel; but the crescent still flew at her mast heads and mizen peaks. Even when she had half sunk, the red flag and yellow crescents floated on the wrecks, till they were level with the water. The two large dismasted vessels that had attacked us were now lying aground on a small island in the bay, where our men compared them to two old horses standing in a park with their necks across. About six o'clock, the enemy's heavy fire began to slack, and, wishing to bring the affair to a close, we gave three cheers, and poured in a tremendous broadside. Presently we heard Captain Dickenson, who had taken the command when Captain Bathurst was wounded, shouting through his speaking trumpet down the main hatchway, "Cease firing!"

"Cease firing?" said the captain of our guns. "Likely! Before they douse that bit of red bunting! Come, my lads, let's give 'em another dose!"

When the captain came down on the lower deck to stop the firing, our excuse was, "The gun's loaded, sir," and directly he turned his back we fired. But this was only two or three rounds, and when the enemy's ships entirely ceased firing, we gave up the contest, and began to lean out of the ports to look about us. We now had time to observe the carnage on our own decks, and the gory heaps collected under the after ladder. We also began to throw some of the bodies overboard. Snatching up a lantern, I went down in the cockpit to look for a messmate. I found him, at last, sitting on a midshipman's chest. His lips moved, but he was fast dying.

"Tom, Tom," I said, "can't you speak to me?"

He pressed my hand feebly, but could not speak. I was lifting his head, to put a bag under it, when the master-at-arms came down, and ordered me on deck. The doctor had given strict orders not to allow any one to stay, or to talk to the wounded. When I went on deck they were just going to bury a sailor, and his wife was on her knees beside the corpse, stroking his hair, and crying, "Poor Jem, poor

Jem!" Then she rose, clasped her hands, and fell senseless on the deck.

When I got to my berth my messmates welcomed me like a brother. They looked like banditti, dressed only in shirt and trousers, handkerchiefs tied round their heads, pistols and cutlasses in their belts, their faces black with smoke and gunpowder, several with large plasters on their cheeks. There was only a candle in a purser's lantern burning here and there, but the flaming Turkish vessels cast every now and then a red glare into the berth. I found three of my own messmates were killed. When the purser's steward sent down the monkeys brimful of wine, we drank round to the memory of our good old captain, and all who had fallen that day. Then we went on deck to survey the scene of battle. Our ship was half cut to pieces, and the least breeze of wind would have sent both our mizen and main masts overboard. There was nobody on deck but a boatswain's mate and the captain, who were watching a squadron of Turkish boats near the eastern shore of the bay. Thousands of poor wretches were floating on pieces of wreck. Astern of us lay the Albion (seventy-four); her hull having the marks of a sound battering. Directly ahead of us lay the Asia, with her mizen over her side. Of the Turkish fleet, only eighteen small vessels were left. The French admiral's flagship had all three masts shot away. The Russians were an hour later than we were in getting into action; but they silenced the forts admirably, and took off from us a great part of the heavy fire.

About six o'clock, Admiral Codrington came on board to see our dying captain; he praised us for our hot and steady fire. Just after he left, all hands were turned up to clear wreck, for both masts were in danger; but we were all so worn out that, after a trial, we had to give it up for that night. About ten o'clock, cries under our stern of "Ali-Mahomet," roused us, and we looked and saw two Turks clinging to the rudder. We were forbidden to help them, and in about five minutes first one let go and then the other, and crying "Ali, Ali!" they sank. Half an hour after, we were hailed from the Asia, and the admiral called to us to take care of a burning frigate that was bearing down upon us. In a moment we beat to quarters, and every one was at his gun as if for a second battle; but just as the burning ship neared us, the Russian fleet poured an immense broadside into her and she blew up with a great explosion. At daylight we began to clear wreck, till all hands were summoned to muster on the quarter-deck, while the captain, the purser, doctor, and captain's clerk, scored off the names of the killed, in red ink. We found our loss to be twenty-six killed, and thirty-three wounded. The allied squadron returned altogether one hundred and fifty-two killed, and four hundred and seventy-three wounded.

A goat and kid that we had on board ran about the decks during the whole action and were unhurt. Two ring doves in a cage above the fore grating also escaped uninjured, though men were killed close by. As I was descending the after ladder, I met two men carrying the dead body of my poor messmate, in a purser's bread bag. I made them lay the body down between two guns, and while my mess was at breakfast, I got a spare hammock and sewed the corpse in it. I then got a friend to help me sling two thirty-two pound shot to poor Tom's feet, and at the gun-room port we read the service and let the body slip into the blue water. In another moment all hands were piped and we were at work at the rigging, swearing and whistling like the rest. It was Sunday morning. Turkish vessels continued to blow up at intervals; the men got so accustomed to them that at dinner the only remark at another bang, was, "Hurrah! There's another of the beggars blown up."

That forenoon the body of our captain was put into a puncheon of rum, and stowed down at the bottom of the spirit-room, to be taken home. At five o'clock in the afternoon, the captain turned all hands up, and read us a general order from the admiral, thanking us for our conduct. We gave three cheers, and the captain ordered us a double allowance of grog. On the Thursday afterwards, we set sail for Malta. A fortnight before, the Genoa had left Valetta a gallant man-of-war; she was now a battered old hulk, with stumps for masts, her sides patched with sheet lead and planks, and a large cannon-shot sticking in the right breast of her figure-head.

SHOOTING STARS.

We have seen that Chladni, in his "Reflexions on the Origin of Divers Masses of Native Iron, and Notably of that Found by Pallas in Siberia," published in 1794, considered shooting stars to be exactly the same as meteors, fireballs, or bolides, only passing at great distances from the surface

of the earth.* That distance he held to be the only cause of the small apparent dimensions they offer to our view. But observation has revealed a circumstance which prevents our adopting those notions respecting their real nature

At certain epochs, there occurs a considerable increase in the number of shooting stars seen within a given time. The frequency of their appearance even becomes so great as to give it all the character of a veritable shower of stars. If shooting stars and bolides were really identical, the latter, together with the showers of aërolites which often accompany them, ought especially to show themselves at the same time as the grand displays of shooting stars. Now, nothing of the kind takes place. The two sets of phenomena appear to have no connexion whatever with each other. Shooting stars seem to be of a nature peculiar to themselves; and it is only by studying them directly that we can hope to obtain information respecting the cause of this curious phenomenon.

No doubt, as soon as it is granted that meteors are solid bodies existing in space, which the earth falls in with while revolving in her orbit, it is very natural to admit that something analogous is the cause of shooting stars, and to regard them also as betraying the presence of certain bodies in the portion of space traversed by the earth. Nevertheless, the capital circumstance just pointed out, and from which it results that meteors and shooting stars constitute two distinct orders of phenomena, has raised and left doubts respecting the real nature of shooting stars. Some philosophers have persisted in assigning to them a purely atmospheric origin, and have even endeavoured to find in them a clue to the meteorological phenomena of which our atmosphere is the seat. Recent discoveries, however, have removed all doubt upon the subject; the atmospheric theory of shooting stars must henceforth be abandoned. We will succintly follow M. Delaunay in his statement of the clear and precise notions respecting this matter which we now possess.

The first thing to be done, in the study of shooting stars, is to ascertain their distance from us. The observations required for that purpose are very simple. Two observers stationed at different spots sufficiently distant from each other, will not behold the same shooting star to be tracing the same course across the firmament. The straight lines drawn from the two places of observation to the shooting star, will cross at that point (namely, the shooting star), and then diverge until they reach two different points on the celestial vault. Other circumstances being the same, the two points of the celestial sphere on which the shooting star is projected at any given instant, for each one of the two observers, will be the more distant from each other the nearer the shooting star is to the earth. Hence it will be easily understood that, by certain calculations which there is no need to detail here, the height of a shooting star above the earth's surface may be ascertained from data, furnished by its simultaneous observation at two different spots. It is the same process as the method employed by astronomers to determine the parallax of a heavenly body, and consequently its distance from the earth.*

The first observations in accordance with this method date from 1798. They were made by Brandes and Benzenberg, then students in the university of Gottingen. Until then, there existed no observations of shooting stars: except that Bridone, in his "Tour through Sicily," states that he saw them exactly the same, from the summit of Mount St. Bernard, in Switzerland, and of Mount Etna in Sicily, as on the sea shore. The conclusion was, that a very considerable altitude may be assigned to shooting stars. By comparing the different results obtained between 1798 and 1863, Alexander Herschel (the grandson of William) found the average height of a shooting star above the earth to be, at the commencement of its appearance, one hundred and thirteen kilometres, and at the end, eighty-seven. Mr. Newton, of Newhaven, United States, arrived at the respective numbers of one hundred and eighteen and eighty-one kilometres; Father Secchi, of Rome, found them to be one hundred and twenty, and eighty kilometres respectively. The agreement between these different results is as satisfactory as can be wished. We may fairly take Secchi's figures as representing in round numbers the average height of a shooting star above the earth, at the beginning and at the end of its appearance. Those figures, reduced to English miles, also in round numbers, are seventy-five and fifty respectively. Seventy-five miles above the earth's surface being not an extreme but an average height, it

* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. iii., p. 2.

* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, first Series, vol. xix., p. 174.

must be allowed that the first appearance of shooting stars occurs at a very considerable altitude.

The velocity with which shooting stars move, is more difficult to determine than their distance from us. It is certain that their speed is great, compared with the velocities which we have occasion to observe on the surface of the earth; but the numerical value of that speed still remains so indeterminate that it is absolutely impossible to make it the base of any conclusions. It cannot be employed for determining the orbit described in space by the moving body to whose presence the phenomenon is due. Nevertheless, the determination of that orbit is very important, and it will be easily understood that observers have turned their efforts in that direction.

When it is proposed to determine the orbit of a new star, planet, or comet, the first thing is to observe it as accurately as possible, in three different positions. The data furnished by these three observations suffice to deduce from them the orbit of the star; and the more distant from each other the three positions are in which the moving body has been observed, the more correct is the result. A like mode of proceeding is evidently impracticable for determining the orbit described by a shooting star. The short duration of its visibility does not allow it to be observed in three distinct positions with the requisite precision; which precision ought to be all the greater, because the three successive positions can only extend over a very small arc of the trajectory of the moving body. It is only by combining the knowledge of the position of the shooting star, at a given instant, with the amount and direction of its velocity at that instant, that we can hope to succeed in determining the orbit which it describes. The great difficulty of the question lies in discovering the rate and the direction of the velocity. It has just been stated that it is almost impossible to make this much-needed discovery by direct observations. Astronomers have succeeded in overcoming the difficulty by considering the phenomenon of shooting stars as a whole, instead of persisting in the observation and study of these luminous bodies one by one.

The most striking feature of the curious phenomenon we are examining, is the occurrence of extraordinary displays of shooting stars. Brandes relates that, on the 6th of December, 1798, while travelling to Brême in a public conveyance, he counted four hundred and eighty through one of the diligence windows; from which he reckons that at least two thousand must have appeared in the heavens during the course of the night.

In the night from the 11th to the 12th of November, 1799—the above dates are important to note—Humboldt and Boupland witnessed, at Cumana, in South America, a perfect shower of shooting stars. The phenomenon, already remarked in the evening, acquired great intensity in the middle of the night, and continued to increase until four in the morning, when it gradually diminished until daylight. Boupland says that there was not a portion of the sky equal in extent to three times the moon's diameter, which was not every instant full of shooting stars. The inhabitants of Cumana were frightened at this unusual sight. The oldest amongst them remembered that the great earthquakes of 1766 had been preceded by a similar phenomenon.

These extraordinary facts were in some measure forgotten, when a fresh shower of shooting stars was observed in America on the 13th of November, 1833. Professor Olmsted, of Newhaven, published a very important memoir on the subject. Calculating from the data sent to him, he estimated the number of shooting stars, which were seen at certain spots during the night of the 12th and 13th of November, at more than two hundred thousand. The numerous accounts recorded of this event, and the publicity given to it by the journals, recalled the general attention in this direction, and everybody began to watch the case more carefully than hitherto. Regular observations of shooting stars were organised, and little by little there resulted from them a clearer idea of the general course and march of the phenomenon.

In Olmsted's opinion, the grand November display was periodical, and ought to recur every year at the same epoch. It was ascertained, in fact, that every year, about the 12th and 13th of November, there was a very marked increase in the number of shooting stars appearing in the sky; but that was far from reproducing the extraordinary spectacle beheld in America in 1833. In 1837, the astronomer Olbers wrote: "Perhaps we shall have to wait till 1867 before we witness a repetition of the magnificent phenomenon presented to our view in 1799 and 1833:" a bold prediction which we saw completely realised a year sooner, namely, in 1866. The remembrance, by

the inhabitants of Cumana, in 1799, of the grand shower of shooting stars beheld in 1766, doubtless contributed not a little to Olbers's belief in the periodical return of a like exhibition every thirty-three or thirty-four years.

But even in its reduced proportions in the years following 1833, the November phenomenon was not the less interesting to study. And soon afterwards, M. Quételet announced to the Académie of Brussels, that the night of the 10th of August rivalled, in respect to the number of its shooting stars, that of the 13th of November. The facts fully confirmed his assertion; and the more closely they were observed, the more importance they gave to these periodical meteoric displays.

The first singular circumstance remarked, was, the variation of the intensity of the phenomenon at different epochs of the same year. An *annual variation* was soon indubitable. Afterwards, by watching what takes place, not during the course of an entire year, but every night, it was found that, even in this short interval of time, there is a manifest variation in the frequency of shooting stars. This gives us a *diurnal variation*, taking a day to mean twenty-four hours. Moreover, although these so-called stars are seen to shoot from every quarter of the heavens, close examination shows that the different quarters do not furnish equal quantities of shooting stars. There is also, in this respect, a variation, which is called the *azimuthal* variation. For instance, a great many more shooting stars start from the east than from the west: while, on the other hand, about as many come from the north as from the south.

The existence of these variations, annual, diurnal, and azimuthal, was for a long time the stumbling-block of the astronomical, or cosmical, theory of shooting stars; namely, the theory which attributes the phenomenon to the earth's successively encountering, while travelling through space, a multitude of small bodies dispersed in it. These variations were the ground on which some philosophers refused to acknowledge shooting stars to be anything else than atmospheric meteors, entirely originated and developed in the atmosphere which surrounds the earth. Thus, Humboldt, in his Cosmos, says: "It is difficult to guess what influence a more advanced hour of the night can exercise on these phenomena. If it were established that, under different meridians, shooting stars began to be visible at a fixed hour, we should be obliged to admit (if we wish to maintain the astronomical theory) the supposition—improbable in itself—that certain hours of the night, or rather of the morning, are more favourable to the inflammation of shooting stars, and that, during the preceding hours, some of them remain invisible."

In fact, if the phenomenon of shooting stars be occasioned by the earth's meeting a multitude of small bodies dispersed in space, what can be more natural than to admit that these encounters take place as much at one date as at another—as much at one hour of the night as at any other hour of the night; in short, that the phenomenon will occur without any periodical variation?

M. Delaunay, however, clearly shows that in consequence of the earth's motions of translation and rotation, uniformity in the appearance of shooting stars cannot exist. On the contrary, he demonstrates that, with the astronomical theory of shooting stars, the annual, diurnal, and azimuthal, variations must necessarily occur at every locality, under the very circumstances which are observed to show themselves; so that these remarkable peculiarities, which were long considered very serious objections to the astronomical theory, are really, on the other hand, proofs of its truth. We learn from this how mistrustful we ought to be of the first impressions which strike our minds, however probable they may appear, until they have been submitted to scrupulous and searching examination.

The reasoning by which M. Delaunay works out his proposition is too lengthy and too full of illustrative details to find room here. The inquiring reader, who does not care to take anything for granted, is referred to the original "Notice," which is so lucid and logical as to be easily understood by any clear-headed person familiar with French, who will peruse it slowly and with steady attention. We, therefore, simply repeat the statement that the three variations—annual, diurnal, and azimuthal—observed in the appearance of shooting stars, instead of contradicting the astronomical or cosmical theory of that phenomenon, and furnishing, as was believed, capital objections to its adoption, are, on the contrary, completely in harmony with it. According to that, then, there is reason to think that shooting stars are due to the earth's suc-

cessively encountering a vast number of small bodies which circulate in celestial space, which reach us from all quarters with velocities absolutely equal among themselves, or at least very nearly equal. Moreover (it has been concluded from the characters presented by the diurnal variation), the velocity in space of shooting stars must be greater than that of the earth in her orbit, and but slightly different from the velocity which would cause a comet travelling from the depths of space to make a near approach to the earth.

Another observed fact: At the times when the phenomenon of shooting stars occurs in its greatest intensity, namely, about the 12th and 13th of November, and the 9th and 10th of August, the shooting stars, instead of coming indifferently from all the regions of space, come almost all from determinate directions. One set, those of November, started from the constellation of the Lion; the others, those of August, from the constellation Perseus. This circumstance led to the separation of the shooting stars into two distinct classes. One class consisted of the regular streams which the earth periodically encounters every year, at epochs of the same date; those are *periodical* shooting stars. The others, on the contrary, wandering singly in space, in all possible directions, fall in with the earth indifferently on all sides; they are called, after Olbers, "sporadic" shooting stars. The shooting stars of the periodical November flood have received the special name of Leonides, from the constellation Lion, whence they seem to issue; those of the August flood, in like manner, have received the name of Perseides.

A further step in the inquiry, was this: M. Schiaparelli, having found the orbit described by the swarm of the Perseides, afterwards discovered a remarkable and wholly unexpected agreement between it and the orbit of a large comet observed in 1862, which orbit is a very elongated ellipse. This identity of the two orbits might have been the result of pure chance, in which case it would have been of little importance. But a second fact of the same kind soon showed that the idea of an accidental coincidence must be given up. The orbit of the Leonides was found to coincide with that of a comet discovered in the beginning of 1866. The hint being thus unmistakably given, by two remarkable instances, of the coincidence of the orbits of a swarm of shooting stars and of a known comet, other analogous facts were searched for. It was speedily seen that the shooting stars of December 10th, describe in space the same ellipse as the famous comet of Beila, and, moreover, that the shooting stars of April 10th, move in the orbit of the first comet of 1861.

These results have thrown great light upon the question of shooting stars. A comet which follows in space the same route as a swarm of shooting stars, must be regarded as forming an integral part of that swarm. It is no other than a local concentration of the matter of the swarm—a concentration sufficiently intense to render its mass visible, even at great distances from the earth. It follows that shooting stars are of the same nature as comets. They consist of small masses of cometary matter, which circulate in space, unperceived by us in consequence of their diminutive size, and only become visible when they penetrate the earth's atmosphere. Like comets, or at least like the less dense portion of those heavenly bodies, they are in the state of gas. All observers are aware that the fixed stars are visible, without any sensible diminution of their brightness, through the tails of comets. Shooting stars present the same degree of transparency, as was plainly stated by M. Coulvier-Gravier, long before Schiaparelli's discovery of the identity of comets and shooting stars. "Eight times," he wrote in 1859, "but *eight times* only, have we seen the nucleus of a fixed star of the first magnitude through a shooting star, also of the first magnitude. If this fact is confirmed, as I believe, it will result that the matter which gives birth to a shooting meteor is transparent."

We are now, therefore, enabled to form a clear idea of the nature and cause of the phenomenon of shooting stars, which may be stated in the following terms:

Masses of nebulous matter, scattered throughout the stellar spaces, and presenting a high degree of diffusion, are brought within the limits of our planetary system by the paramount influence of the sun. At the same time, whether by the same action of the sun or of the large planets near which they pass, they undergo a progressive change of form, in consequence of which they are drawn out and lengthened into parabolic or elliptic streams or bands. By reason of their extreme diffuseness, the matter of which they are composed is far from occupying the totality of the space throughout which their diverse portions are scattered. Instead of that,

it is divided into a multitude of partial masses, a sort of flakes of excessive lightness, lying more or less apart from one another, and having nothing in common but the simultaneousness of their movements in directions, and with velocities which scarcely differ from each other.

When the earth, in her travels through space, meets with one of these streams or bands, a great number of the vapoury flakes composing it penetrate our atmosphere. The great velocity with which this penetration takes place, gives rise to a sudden and considerable compression of the masses of air lying in the path of these ethereal projectiles; whence a great development of heat, and perhaps inflammation of the matter of the projectiles themselves, if that matter be of a nature to combine with one of the elements of our atmospheric air. Hence also, those rapid luminous trains beheld in the sky, which cease when the temperature produced is sufficiently lowered, either by the slackening of these little gaseous masses arrested in their course by the earth's atmosphere, or by the cessation of their combustion in the midst of that same atmosphere.

If, in any portion of the primitive nebulous mass and of the stream into which it is transformed, there exist a greater concentration of matter, so that, by the mutual attraction of its molecules, that matter resists dispersion into isolated flakes, this nebulous nucleus (so to call it) will pursue the same path in space as the other material portions in the midst of which it was originally situated. And if it can be perceived in space at great distances from our earth, it will constitute for us a comet forming part of the meteoric stream originating from the rest of the matter of the primitive mass. We have seen that observation has already allowed us to ascertain the occurrence of several such instances.

A meteoric stream which crosses the earth's orbit at one point of its circuit, and whose different portions take several years to pass this point of meeting, ought to be traversed by the earth every year at the same epoch. Hence the periodical flushes of shooting stars which annually occur with variable intensity, according to the varying closeness to each other of the nebulous flakes in the different portions of the stream which the earth successively encounters. As to the shooting stars called "sporadic," they may be the result, either of nebulous flakes arriving singly from the depths of space, or rather of the portions of meteoric streams which have been closely approached by different planets, but still without being absorbed into their atmospheres, and which have consequently been dispersed in all directions by the powerful attractions which they have momentarily experienced from those planetary masses.

The resistance which the air opposes to the movement of the little wandering masses which appear to us in the shape of shooting stars, usually produces no more than a rapid decrease of their velocity; but exceptions to the absolute regularity of that resistance may occasionally occur, causing those changes of direction by virtue of which shooting stairs sometimes appear to dart in a serpentine, or even an abruptly altered path. As to the action of atmospheric currents or winds, to which the eccentric motions of a few shooting stars have been attributed, it is evidently incapable of producing any sensible effect, in consequence of the exceedingly great difference between the feeble speed of those atmospheric currents and the enormous velocity of the little nebulous masses which traverse them.

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MRS. HADDAN'S HISTORY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IV.

FOR a long time there was no sound of voices or footsteps in the garden behind me; and I was about to go away disappointed, when I caught the crackling of gravel in the distance, and the murmur of voices coming nearer to me. They were talking fast and low; but Becket's voice was a little the louder, and its words reached me.

"Not even to you, ma'am," she said. "You are safe, and Lewis is safe. But as long as I live——"

I could not catch what Mrs. Haddan said, though she interrupted her here, but Becket answered in a still louder tone:

"Safe!" she exclaimed, scornfully; "we agreed it was safer with me than with you. No, no. I've kept it so long, that I must keep it still. I should have nothing to live for else. I'm as strong as ever I was in my life. Let anybody just try my strength by trying to get it from me."

The last words came back to me from a distance, for they had already passed my hiding-place. A threat sounded in them for me, and my heart quailed. Suppose this mad woman should detect my purpose, and murder me! What would George do? I wished for the moment he knew where I was, and what I was risking for his sake. But my weakness lasted only for the instant. I shook it off, and was strong again.

I retraced my steps to the road, thinking of Mrs. Haddan's failure to get back the papers she had entrusted to Becket's care. Would she give them up when Lewis came of age, and could make a will? Or would her monomania be strong enough to retain them—a continual torment and anxiety to Mrs. Haddan? Lewis would be of age in a few weeks, and then she might enter into complete triumph, if Becket would release the charge she had once committed to her. But if she would not!

The carriage had disappeared when I regained the road, and I ventured to go on to the house. Mrs. Townshend herself opened the door to me, in her best headdress, and with a bland smile.

"You have just missed seeing Mrs. Haddan, of Haddan Lodge," she said. "I should have taken the liberty of introducing you to her if you'd only been in. She'd have bought some of your paintings, perhaps."

Here was a peril I had escaped by my fortunate absence! I could not help wondering what would have been the result of Mrs. Haddan finding me in the same house as Becket; and I stood silent at the foot of the staircase, staring at Mrs. Townshend.

"Have you met with better luck today?" she asked.

"A little," I answered, stammering. "I have not failed altogether this time."

I went on, up into my dreary room. From its window I could see Becket striding to and fro in a state of suppressed excitement, with a firm, despotic tread, and with her hands tightly clenched in front of her. She saw me at the window, and nodded with an air of friendly patronage. It aggravated me sorely, but I nodded in return, and went away, lest she should suspect that I was watching her.

For the next few days I never lost sight of her, whenever I could possibly be in her presence. My new satchel was carefully concealed under my dress, at hand if any chance should offer itself for substituting

it for the other. But I might as well have dreamed of changing the moon in the sky. If only my eyes rested upon it, some subtle sixth sense made her aware of my notice of it. As for loosing it over her hand at any time, it never so much as fell forward towards her wrist, even when she was eating; for in order to secure my object more fully, I made arrangements for taking my meals with her and the family at the same table. From the first moment when she quitted her bedroom in the morning till the last when she withdrew to it at night, the satchel never left its place upon her arm.

"Whatever has Mrs. Becket got in her satchel?" I asked Mrs. Townshend one day, in a careless tone.

"Oh, nothing!" she answered, evidently believing what she said, "or a few pounds, perhaps. That's where her madness is, you know. She's as right as you are but for that. You'd far better never mention it to her, for she'd be fit to strangle you if you did, for all she's so fond of you. I ought to have told you before. She frightened one of our ladies almost to death for nothing but looking at it too close. There's nothing at all in it; Mrs. Haddan of Haddan Lodge says so; only it's her mania."

"But should not you like to know for certain?" I asked.

"Oh, dear no! she replied, "I don't care. I don't say but what I was curious a bit at first, but then she's been here near ten years, and I'm grown used to it. Besides, I am sure there is nothing much in it. It's too small to hold much, and it's very flat-looking."

"Does she never let it off her arm?" I said.

"Never that I know of," answered Mrs. Townshend. "I daresay she sleeps with it on her arm."

That was what I resolved to find out; but how was it to be done? I was friendly enough with Becket to follow her up to her own room when she was there; and she had admitted me inside it without any reluctance. It was a very comfortable attic, over the drawing-room, which had an unusually large bay window at the end of it. The attic opened upon the leads of this bay, which formed a kind of balcony before it, where she could go out at any hour to look over the garden she was so fond of. Some choice flowers in pots were arranged upon it, and ivy and Virginian creepers were trained about her window, which opened inwards with two leaves like folding doors. There was a blind to this casement, but it was plainly to be seen that it was seldom drawn down; in fact Becket was a very early riser, and she did not need it from any fear of being overlooked. The fastening of the window was broken, and she told me that when the wind blew against that side of the house she was obliged to set a chair against it to keep it closed. I had paid very little heed to these details at first, but now they recurred vividly to my memory, as offering me helps towards the fulfilment of my purpose.

I complained of headache, and went early to bed, locking my sitting-room door upon myself, as it was my custom to do. Then I dressed myself in a warm, dark dress, and threw over me a large black cloak; for it was possible that I should have to spend the whole night out of doors, but it was already hot summer weather, and I did not dread that. As soon as it was dusk, but before any of the household were come up-stairs, I glided noiselessly out of my own room, and locked the door behind me, carrying away the key. If anybody should knock there, however loudly, they could only come to the conclusion that I was soundly asleep in the bedroom beyond, to which there was no access except through the sitting-room. I made my way as cautiously as I could through the darkness to the attic floor, and passed through Becket's room to the leads beyond. I knew that the gardener, who had been trimming the creepers, had left his long ladder just in the angle of the bay, and that the highest step was no more than a foot below the leads; so that if I could not return through the room, a retreat was still open for me into the garden. The greatest risk I ran was that Becket might step out herself to glance over the garden lying below in the darkness; but I had taken careful notice of a wooden rain-pipe fully six inches square, which with the thick creepers clustering about it formed a dark recess, where I could very well hide in my black cloak, and brave the keen search of her eyes.

The night came on with profound gloom, and with dense masses of thunder clouds moving heavily across the heavens. All below me lay in thick darkness, and I could scarcely discern the dusky boughs of the trees against the ebony sky. The birds were silent, but for a sleepy twitter now and then, but the moan from the city was louder and more continuous, sadder and more solemn in the night. A few large drops of rain fell, splashing noisily

on the leads, and pattering among the broad leaves of a sycamore close to me. If George only knew where I was now! He thought I was following my own pleasure and amusement, while he was losing heart day by day; but if he could only see me! The tears smarted under my eyelids, and I wiped them away. Looking up again the moment after, I saw a bright stream of light shining through the window across the leads.

Becket opened the casement as if she were coming out, but just then the thunder drops pattered down with fresh fierceness, and she closed it at once. I crept cautiously forward, crouching down to look through the lower panes of the window. She undressed leisurely, and folded each one of her clothes with the minute neatness of a lady's maid; but she never once put the satchel out of her hands. When she wished to draw any of her sleeves over her left arm she passed it to her right, and then back again. Her caution was as vigilant as if she had had a hundred eyes upon her. At length she deliberately unlocked a large trunk, and after some searching brought out of it a little trinket box, which also she had to unlock with a key hidden in a pocket in her dress. I did not suffer my smarting eyelids to wink once while I watched her. From the box she produced a parcel tied up in silk and a soft ball of cotton wool, where there was wrapped carefully a third key. She rubbed it fondly with her fingers, lifted it to her lips, and then drawing a chair to the dressing-table, she fitted it into the lock of her satchel, and opened that.

My suspense while Becket sat gazing down into the gaping satchel was horrible and inexpressible. What was it her eyes saw there? Could it be only, as every body supposed, a purse containing her poor savings, which she had grown to love with an irrational covetousness? Or was it possible that it could be some cherished relic of her only child, the baby who died before Lewis was born? Would she take out the invisible treasure so that I could see it for myself? Her fingers went down into the satchel, and handled the contents, whatever they were, while her eye-balls glistened with a savage and threatening light. She looked up once towards the uncurtained window with a glare so fascinating in its fierceness that, instead of shrinking back, I leaned forward, transfixed with terror, till my face almost touched the panes. She detected nothing, however, in the blackness of the night outside her window; and with an angry snap she closed the satchel, re-locked it, wrapped up the key in its padding, locked that inside the trinket box, which she hid low down amongst her clothes in the trunk, and turned the strong key twice upon it. Then she knelt down, and said her prayers.

I waited a long time after she had put out her candle. The room was not absolutely dark, for she had lit a rushlight; and a very feeble, glow-worm-like light flickered about it, just showing the great outlines of her large frame, and her swarthy face asleep upon the pillow. I pushed softly and persistently at the casement until it yielded with a noiseless motion to my steady pressure. The inner door had to be unlocked and opened before I could venture to approach the sleeper; for I must secure a quick means of escape should she show any signs of awaking. I managed it with equal success, and left it open. All the house was still and soundless, only as I lingered for a moment listening, the clock in the kitchen, which was a long way off, struck one. I could hear, too, the nightingales, which had been silent for nearly two hours, begin to call to one another, and to tune up like some busy orchestra.

In another ten minutes they would be in full concert, and Becket's sleep would be more readily disturbed. I stepped to the side of her bed, and looked down upon her. The great strong face, set like iron, was darker in sleep than when waking, and the purple veins in her forehead were knotted and swollen. Her arms, as thick and muscular as a man's, were crossed upon her breast, pressing down the satchel upon it. What could I do? I might as easily have snatched it from some sleeping lynx. Yet our future depended upon it—mine and George's. Lewis would soon be of age, and then the papers, if they were there, would be destroyed, and we should lose our only chance. What could I do? I stretched out my hand slowly, almost unwillingly, and touched the satchel upon her bosom—only touched it.

Such a wild, maniacal shriek broke from the lips of the mad woman, that but for the sheer instinct of self-preservation I should have been paralysed by it. How I fled in time I do not know; but before the frantic cry was repeated, and before any of the household were out of their rooms, I was back in mine, quaking with panic, and hearkening intently for a repetition of the

scream, which provoked one from me, in spite of myself, as soon as it rung through the house. I ran out into the lobby with the rest, my face white and my fright more evident than any of theirs. Becket was standing in her doorway, storming and raging like a fury, and defying any of us to go near her. Mrs. Townshend talked and reasoned with her from a safe distance, until she calmed down a little, and retreated, locking her door with a loud noise, and dragging her heavy trunk against it.

I was very ill for some time after that night. The reaction from the excitement produced a low nervous fever, which made me feel as weak and helpless as a child. Mrs. Townshend's doctor saw me, and pronounced me suffering from some severe mental shock. He said so in Becket's hearing, and her conscience accused her of being the cause of my illness. She grew very kind to me, and fonder of me than before, ordering for me all sorts of delicacies to tempt my appetite, and urging me to take short walks about the garden, leaning upon her strong arm. I became better, but the satchel was constantly under my eyes, and a mania to the full, as dominant as Becket's, was gaining possession of me. I ceased to think even of George, and left his letters unanswered. The sole and simple purpose of my life seemed to be to obtain it by any means, and to put in its place the one I always carried about with me. I was on the very verge of madness myself.

Hot sultry weather had come in with June; weather which made the house intolerable, and the garden the only place to live in. Becket herself had not been as well as usual since the night when she had aroused the household, and she was looking anxiously for the next visit of Mrs. Haddan, who, no doubt, would come again before Lewis's birthday arrived. I heard her—for all my senses had grown preternaturally acute, and my ears listened, even in my sleep—leave her attic one morning at the earliest moment of the dawn, and go quietly down-stairs into the garden. It must be insufferably hot in the attics, I thought, and she has gone out to enjoy the cool freshness of the morning. After that I could not sleep myself, and I tossed about thinking of the garden, with the dew upon the flowers, and the soft grey clouds of the dawn floating across the sky. My head felt hot and feverish, and my temples throbbed. I got up at last languidly, and put on my dress over my nightgown. It was not four o'clock yet, and nobody would be about for two hours, except Becket; who was already enjoying herself out of doors. I went down-stairs, as she had done, quietly, and entered the garden. There was an unutterable beauty and peace about it, a bloom and freshness which would vanish away quickly when the sun rose hotly above the shadowing trees. I paced leisurely to and fro, looking first at one flower and then at another. My brain grew calmer, and my temples cooler. I began to think I would write to George, and tell him all, promising to submit to whatever he should wish me to do. The green alley of trees stretched invitingly before me, with the sunbeams already playing through the quivering of the leaves; and I strolled down it, with gentler and clearer thoughts than had been in my mind for many a day. I recollect stopping to look at a whole nest full of young fledglings clamouring for food; and then I went on very slowly and calmly till I came within sight of the alcove, and saw—what?

My feet felt rooted to the ground for a minute or two, and my heart throbbed painfully. There sat Becket in her favourite corner, with her face turned from me, but evidently fast asleep; so soundly asleep that her left arm had fallen to her side, and the satchel had slipped from it to the floor at her feet. I could not believe my own eyes, or be sure that I was not dreaming; but, seeing that she did not move, I unfastened my duplicate satchel from within my dress, and stole noiselessly forward, ready to assume my ordinary aspect if she should wake. Was it possible that I was so near success at last? Within reach of her powerful arm I stopped again, looking, not at her, but at the satchel. There was still no sign of waking, no stir or movement about her; there was not even a sound of breathing through her lips, though she was close enough for me to touch. I raised my eyes from the satchel to her face, and saw hers wide open, but with no sight in them: they were looking at me, but could not see me. Her listless hand, upon which my fingers fell for an instant, was cold like frozen iron. She was dead!

I was more fearful of stooping to seize possession of the satchel now than I had been before. I could not move to touch it. My own fell from my powerless fingers to the ground beside it. There sat the dead woman in her awful slumber, never to be broken, and I stood beside her, while the morning light grew stronger, and the sounds of life came oftener

to my ears. Yet after a long while I remember I knelt down, still looking up into her terrible face, and groped with my shaking hand about her feet. It struck against the satchel, and I started up, and fled guiltily back to my room, only just strong enough and prudent enough to lock the door before my consciousness forsook me.

It was full day, when I came to myself, and there was a great stir and commotion in the house. I dressed, and put on my bonnet and shawl, for now I had nothing to do but to get to London, to George, if my powers did not again fail. I fastened the satchel safely round my waist, where I could not lose it, and went down the stairs, a step at a time, holding by the banisters. I wished to get away without seeing any one, but Mrs. Townshend met me in the hall, too much excited to be surprised by anything strange in my appearance.

"Do you know," she exclaimed, hastily, "Townshend has found Mrs. Becket in the garden, dead, stone dead? It was apoplexy, the doctor says. Townshend has taken away her satchel to Haddan Lodge according to orders; and I daresay Mrs. Haddan will come over herself about the funeral."

I made only an incoherent answer, saying I was going up to London. How I reached there is a mystery to me to this day; but the first thing I recollect is seeing the door of a gloomy sitting-room opened, and George sitting alone before a table. He did not move or look round, and the fancy smote upon me that he, too, was dead. With a cry which rang through the hotel, I ran to him, and threw my arms about him, asking over and over again if he was alive. But when I came to myself I told him, sobbing between each word, to open the satchel for himself. The lock was a strong one, and he could not unfasten it, and I bade him cut it open with his knife.

The missing documents were all there; George Haddan's letter to his father, his will and the marriage certificate. After all, it proved that Mrs. Haddan had not been married in London, but in a small church out at Stoke Newington, which had been sold, and removed stone for stone to make a chapel for some Dissenters. There was also Mrs. Haddan's letter to her Aunt Becket, a simple, girlish letter, which George keeps to this day. I carried Mrs. Haddan once, when George was away, to the chapel which had once been the church where she was married, and though the arrangement of the interior had been a good deal altered, she had that sensation of its being the very spot so strongly that I was in great fear of her fainting.

George took the recovered documents to Mr. Newill, and together they went to Haddan Lodge and demanded an interview with Mrs. Haddan. Of course she had already discovered that she had lost them, though she had no notion, and has none to this day, how or when they went out of Becket's possession. She was glad to hear of any arrangement by which the matter could be hushed up. It was never made known, but all the world, including Lewis, believed that George Haddan's children had only just come forward to lay their claim to the estate. Instead of dying Lewis became quite well, and married his cousin Margaret; but they were by no means badly off, as he had all the property of his mother, who had been the only child of a wealthy banker; they live near to us; but the dowager Mrs. Haddan has never entered the doors of Haddan Lodge after once quitting it, nor even looked on the face of George's mother. Mrs. Haddan has a suite of rooms in our house, and continues to be the meekest and most tearful of women. This is the end of her history.

OUR LADY OF THE FIR-TREES.

It was on a winter's afternoon in Lucerne, that we, three sisters, tired of hanging listlessly over the little opening of the huge German stove in the apartments our family occupied at the Hôtel du Cheval Blanc; tired of looking out for hard words in the German dictionary, and forgetting them next minute; tired of looking through the double window of snow-rimmed glass, at other snow-rimmed double windows in the opposite houses of a narrow street; at last became desperate, and, casing our hands and feet in velvet gloves and fur-lined boots, sallied forth with the intention of securing at least an up-and-down walk on the long covered bridges which stretch from shore to shore across a certain narrow portion of the lake.

It was a dreary afternoon. Winter, with its alternate wild and piercing winds, and its intervals of death-like silence, brooded over the mountains and over the lake; turned the blue waters of the gone-by

summer into steel; filled the narrow streets of the town with ice and snow; and made every place bleak, slippery, and dangerous.

It was hard to believe that the radiance of summer had ever been shed on those dreary mountain ranges, or that the blue gentian had ever mocked the sky of August in those ghastly hollows, or that the crimson flush of the rhododendron had ever lighted up, or the sweet Alpine rose ever made fragrant, those dim and frozen recesses. The long perspective of the covered bridges opened drearily before us as we cautiously ascended the flight of slippery steps which led to the entrance. Not a soul was to be seen from end to end of the long boarded walk, on the wooden roof of which is dimly visible the dread imagery of a half faded imitation of Holbein's famous Dance of Death. Through the apertures, placed at intervals to admit light and air, the great gaunt mountains, snow-hooded, stood out against a leaden sky: beneath, the inky waters lay, immovable, about the piers and foundations of the bridge; and not a sound was heard, save the patter of our own footsteps, and the soft fitful slipping of the snow from the edge of the roof above.

When we had nearly reached the centre of the bridge, however, we did hear a sound, and a strange, weird sound! Onward it came in our rear, as if some strange being came leaping on behind us—nearer—nearer—still nearer—yet stopping at intervals as if to allow us to go on before. And on we did go, faster and faster (there was no turning back): each of us straining every nerve to keep abreast with the other two, in mortal dread of dropping one inch behind. Our pursuer, whoever or whatever he might be, still maintained his self-allotted distance, and once or twice each of us thought (for no one spoke), she heard a low, half-muffled, unnatural laugh. At last, the sound of leaping ceased suddenly, and a silence ensued.

Then, as if by common impulse, we all three turned our heads, took one backward glance, and with difficulty repressed a cry. Our pursuer was still there, only at a little further distance; and in him we recognised, by the huge mis-shapen head, the mischievous leering eye, the unnaturally long and ungainly arms, a miserable being, well known about the town as the licensed idiot: "the Crétin of Lucerne."

To turn back and face this weird creature would have been a risk too great to run. He might, in one moment, in his crazy antics, have flung us, one after the other, through the convenient apertures into the deep dark waters. He might have tossed us up to the ceiling of the covered bridge, and played with us like balls as we came down again! What might he not have done? Any course was wiser than that of turning and attempting to pass him, lonely and defenceless as we were. We must trust in God's good providence, pray inwardly, and hurry on; and so we did—on—on—still on.

Seeing himself discovered, the monster playfully crouched down behind a wooden bench which marked the centre of the bridge, but soon came out from his momentary hiding-place, and renewed his wild leaping and his pursuit. We were now rapidly approaching the further end of the bridge, yet that exit offered but a cheerless prospect. The road upon which it opened was a great, dreary high road, not much travelled at any time of the year, scarcely ever in that season, and with no nearer habitation than its first post town, which was at a considerable distance. From this road branched forth only one other, which led upward among the hills, and soon burying itself in the fir and pine woods, wound its solitary way among their ferns and mosses until it stopped before the steps of a small chapel nearly hidden beneath the drooping boughs. "Our Lady of the Fir Trees," we ourselves had named it, when, in the course of our daily wanderings, we had first seen its slender spire seeking the sky through an opening in the surrounding woods.

It was but a choice of evils which now lay before us. Which of the two roads should we take? The idiot decided this momentous question. He drove us up the narrow woodland one, and up it we rushed accordingly: stumbling over every obstacle on our passage; over roots that straggled across the path, loose stones, pine trunks, everything. Once or twice we thought our pursuer did the same; but, if so, he quickly recovered his feet, following on with fresh zeal. We had a desperate race to gain the refuge of the chapel. At last we reached it. Thank Heaven! its door was open, and its ever-burning lamp, blue and dimmed by the forest-mist, faintly lighted the sanctuary. Thankfully we rushed in, but started back on perceiving it was already tenanted by the Dead.

On an open bier, placed on tressels before the altar, the body of a woman was laid out, waiting for interment next

day. It was that of an old, a very old, woman, of the peasant class; one who must have known many a long year of labour, and probably of privation and poverty, but who now rested, after all her toils and all her struggles, better cared for in death, than she had ever been in life. Kind hands had arrayed her lovingly; a nosegay of bright artificial roses lay upon her breast; and her shrivelled palms were clasped upon a crucifix of ivory. All this we saw in a rapid glance, and, hastening instinctively to the further side of the bier, placed its protection between us and our pursuer. One moment later, his hideous form filled up the little chapel door. All breathless and panting, as if recovering from some recent fall or stumble, he hurried in, and, staring wildly round in search of the objects of his mad pursuit, saw, not the Living, but the Dead.

The change in him was instantaneous. As the decently composed form and the placid eyelids of the aged woman met his gaze, a soothing influence seemed to fall upon his troubled spirit. Overcome, perhaps, by some faintly-stirred up recollection of earlier days when the light of reason may yet have flickered within him; perhaps, by some superstitious awe of which his crazed nature may yet have been susceptible, the Crétin sank slowly down upon his knees, and, hanging his huge head upon his breast, uttered some inarticulate sounds as if in an attempt at prayer. As he did this, we stole softly from within the shadow of the bier, and so round to an opposite door to that by which he had entered the chapel, and which also opened on the forest. It was fortunately unlocked, and through it we passed trembling, into the now darkening wood. Once there, we regained our former path, and ran swiftly down the hill, out upon the great high road, up the steps, and along the covered bridge (the shadows in the nooks and angles of which were now growing long and dark), and hailed with something like rapture the twinkling of the town lights beginning to start forth fitfully, now here, now there, now in this lattice window, now in that, and giving a blessed sense of companionship, and help. Heaven be praised, we needed it no longer. All was still and quiet behind us. The Crétin had remained with the Dead; and the Living reached their home in safety.

"Lord in Heaven! young ladies! What an escape you have had, in not meeting him at all events!" exclaimed our host of the "Cheval Blanc," as, before rushing up-stairs, we told him our adventure in a few breathless words. "Why, he runs at folks like a bull! Many's the whole family he would have gored if he had had but the horns! But this shall be his last performance! An innocent, forsooth, as the old women call him! I will go myself to-morrow, and head a petition to have him sent to an asylum, where he may run and leap for the rest of his days. And then you see, dear young ladies, why if he had destroyed but one of you—mark my words, but one of you!—it would have been enough to scare travellers from our good town for ever so long, and can we afford to lose the English traveller, we poor Swiss? Lord in Heaven, what a merciful escape!"

WORSE THAN BEVERLEY.

Bridgwater holds, in the county of Somerset, a position analogous to that occupied in Yorkshire by the town of Beverley, on whose political history we have already dwelt.* If there be any difference between them, Bridgwater is a shade more corrupt, a trifle blacker, than Beverley. It is difficult to award the palm of corruption, but Bridgwater has one advantage. Its inhabitants got larger sums of money for their votes than the Yorkshiremen could obtain.

The twenty-sixth year of King Edward the First had the honour of first giving two members to Bridgwater. The Commissioners express their conviction that since the year 1800, at least, no election has ever taken place in the town except under the direct influence of bribery in all its forms. The constituency is of a size very convenient for the professor of corrupt practices, numbering some fifteen hundred. Of these at least three-fourths have been in the constant habit of accepting bribes. Of the remainder, by far the largest part are addicted to the giving or negotiating of bribes. And, as is indeed commonly found to be the case in your thoroughly corrupt borough, there is no difference between the rival political parties. Your Liberal bribes, treats, coerces, intimidates, as freely and as unblushingly as your Conservative. We have seen that this was the case at Beverley, and at Bridgwater the same rule applies. Furthermore, again as at Beverley, rank and station are

* See All the Year Round, New Series, vol. iii., p. 441.

not exempt from the taint of bribery. "It is," say the Commissioners, "the chronic disease of the place."

It is not surprising to find that election petitions are no novelties to the inhabitants of this pleasant Somersetshire town. So far back as 1692 the proceedings of its constituency afforded matter for inquiry. In 1781, in 1803, and 1808 petitions were tried. From that date, although bribery was rampant, no inquiry was held up to the date of the Reform Bill of 1832. Since that time four petitions have been presented, and two tried, in each case to the discomfiture of the members whose conduct was cause of complaint. When it is considered that since 1832 Bridgwater has been the scene of thirteen elections, all undoubtedly corrupt, this number of petitions may appear small. But the fact is that everybody was so tarred with the corrupt brush that nobody dared to stir up the local mud. Clean hands were never common with Bridgwater electors.

The earlier elections reported on by the Commissioners are chiefly noticeable for the enormous sums of money lavished upon them. In 1832, an expenditure of two thousand pounds sufficed to frighten the Conservatives from going to the poll, and the two Liberals were elected on the show of hands. This triumph was celebrated by some light-hearted but perhaps slightly blasphemous burlesquing of the Church service, and by assault and battery on the person of an unpopular Tory editor. The proceedings were wound up by the acquittal of the rioters by a suborned jury, and, considering that there was no polling, this election is a very pretty specimen in its way. The money spent on this occasion was merely a drop in the ocean by the side of the expenditure at the general election 1834-5. That was something like an election! Four candidates solicited the suffrages of four hundred electors—the constituency appears to have been reduced that year, for some reason not explained, to that number. One of the old Liberal members presented himself for re-election, and allied with him was a gentleman described as a wealthy stranger from London. This wealthy stranger made no secret of the means by which, if necessary, he intended to achieve success. Remonstrated with for contesting on Liberal principles a borough in which certain of his Conservative relatives took a strong interest, the stranger, whose wealth was equalled by his candour, cleared the ground in the following explicit manner: "Let there be no misunderstanding between us. I have determined to have my election, cost what it will." The privilege of writing M.P. after his name cost this gentleman about eight or ten thousand pounds. The Conservative expenditure is calculated to have been about as much, although one of the then candidates doubts whether he spent more than two thousand pounds—discreetly observing that at so great a distance of time he declines to pledge himself to the literal exactness of this statement. Conservative candidate number two states *his* expenditure at three thousand pounds. So, at the lowest computation, thirteen thousand pounds were required to bribe four hundred voters.

Shortly after this election, the passing of the Municipal Corporations' Reform Act gave the Bridgwater Liberals the opportunity of filling the Town Council and the various posts in its gift with staunch members of their own party. Not only were vacancies filled by Liberals, but Tories were summarily ejected from their posts to make room for members of the more powerful party. It is true that this proceeding caused heavy charges to the borough in the way of the compensations by which these illegal evictions were salved over; but that, probably, mattered little in a borough where thirteen thousand pounds were spent in one election. The bribers in chief on the Liberal side were not neglected in the distribution of good things. The list of the appointments conferred upon one of them is curious. Tester of the weighing machines, weight constable, borough jailer, superintendent of borough police, bailiff to the local county courts, keeper of the Recorder's Court Hall; these offices, together with minor appointments, fell to the lot of one Mr. Robert Bussell. Various members of this gentleman's family were, at various times, provided for in a similar way. It is sad to learn that gratitude is not one of Mr. Robert Bussell's strong points. A "loan" from a Conservative candidate to the tune of five hundred pounds was, the Commissioners tell us, too much for him. He changed his party and his vote from that time: it does not appear that he resigned his offices.

In 1837 there was another election, the gentleman of the eight or ten thousand pounds accepting the Chiltern Hundreds in order to contest Westminster against the late Sir Francis Burdett, and a Conservative was this time elected.

The proceedings of the victorious candidate subsequent to the election are sufficient evidence of the way in which this election had been carried. A petition was presented to the House of Commons containing the usual allegations of bribery, and claiming the seat. As the petitioners were clearly in earnest, and as there could be little or no doubt of the result, the newly-elected member executed a strategic movement, and ran away. That is to say, he wrote to the Speaker announcing his intention not to defend his election, but to let judgment go by default, and thus abandoned the position. Probably the petitioner would have obtained the seat but for the death of King William the Fourth, which occurred at this time, and which was the signal for some further jockeying in the matter of this petition. Parliament was presently dissolved, and, of course, the House of Commons had no opportunity of investigating the matter.

The election to the first Parliament of the reign of her present Majesty took place in 1837, and the result of the Bridgwater polling was perhaps the most extraordinary ever chronicled. Mr. Broadwood, the gentleman who had not accepted the wager of battle on the petition just mentioned, offered himself once more for election in the Conservative interest. With him stood Mr. Courtenay, another of those wealthy strangers who appear to have always been ready to pour their gold into the greedy lap of Bridgwater. The Liberals, on their side, were ready with two candidates. The one, Mr. Sheridan, had been defeated by Mr. Broadwood at the previous election, and had subsequently petitioned, and the other was Sir T. B. Lethbridge. These two gentlemen had consented to contest the borough on receiving a requisition signed by a majority of the registered electors inviting them to come forward and promising support. But the result showed that treachery must be added to venality in the catalogue of Bridgwater's failings. The numbers were:

Broadwood	280
Courtenay	278
Lethbridge	5
Sheridan	2

Of course, all that the requisitionists wanted was a contest which should give them an opportunity of taking the bribes which they calculated would be, and which in fact were, lavishly distributed by the Conservatives. The Commissioners appear doubtful whether the defeated Liberals bribed or no. If they did, the money was certainly thrown away.

Four years later, Bridgwater was again gladdened by a contested election. Mr. Broadwood again offered himself, and had as an ally yet another wealthy stranger, "a large iron merchant in Wales," while the Liberals, on their part, produced two more wealthy strangers. A vast expenditure of money resulted in the return of both Conservatives. Bribes ranged from forty to fifty pounds each, and were taken by men worth thousands of pounds. What are the miserable pounds, and two pounds, and fifteen shillings of Beverley to this?

It was well for the bribees that money was plentiful on this occasion, as six years passed without another contest. It was not until the general election of 1847 that the pleasant chink of corrupt gold was again to gladden the venal ears of Bridgwater. Mr. Broadwood again took the field. Against him there was but one candidate in the Liberal interest, Colonel Tynte. Even Mr. Broadwood had at last become tired of the frightful expenditure necessary at Bridgwater elections. Colonel Tynte had not as yet had personal experience of it, but, being the son of an old member for the borough, doubtless knew something of the circumstances, if only by tradition. Both candidates being thus of one mind, Mr. Benjamin Lovibond, solicitor, "patron," and, so to speak, backer of the colonel, had little difficulty in privately effecting a coalition with the backers of the other man. But this arrangement did not at all suit certain other legal gentlemen attached to the Liberal party. A contest must be secured, or how could all the lawyers of the town profit by the election? A candidate must be found on any terms. Accordingly, Mr. Henry Lovibond, only distantly, if at all, related to Mr. Benjamin Lovibond, went to London, and returned on the nomination day itself, only just in time to win the show of hands, with a "Purity" candidate in the Liberal interest. The coalition between the other candidates was talked of in the town, and was not popular—naturally enough, as, if successful, it would have stopped the accustomed flow of bribery money. The "Purity" candidate was so warmly supported, that soon after the opening of the poll he was found to be in the second place. Here was a dilemma for Colonel Tynte's backers! It was impossible to avoid, outwardly at least, the show of supporting the other Liberal; but

then it was necessary to keep to the original agreement and give the second votes to Broadwood. Of course the bribers had to be called in. The coalition was successful, and the "Purity" candidate was beaten by a large majority. That this gentleman really did contest the borough on strictly pure principles is proved by the fact that his own expenditure amounted to no more than twenty-six pounds. Under these circumstances a petition against the return seems the natural sequence. But no petition was presented, although, as the Commissioners remark, "the lawyers who brought him forward were perfectly well aware of the corrupt practices of his opponents, and of the evidence by which those practices would be brought home to them. That no petition was presented against the return of either of the sitting members is probably to be explained in the same way as the like forbearance on similar occasions at Bridgwater." It is remarkable that, until they had succeeded in ferreting out the history of this election, the Commissioners were assured even by trustworthy witnesses that it was the one pure election that had occurred since 1832.

The same game of coalition between a Conservative and a Liberal was played again at the election of 1852. The split in the Liberal camp still existed, and three Liberals stood for the borough against two Conservatives. The Commissioners acquit these latter gentlemen of having countenanced any corrupt expenditure. The one spent little or nothing, the other, who was eventually successful, spent eleven hundred and fifty pounds, "including the cost of a five months' canvass." Of the Liberals, the two who were ultimately defeated spent some six hundred pounds; one of them, Lord Henley, was, in the course of the polling day, actually applied to for money to be devoted to purposes of bribing, but, to his honour, flatly and unhesitatingly refused it. The victorious Liberal, Colonel Tynte, was elected through corrupt practices, it is said without his knowledge. Money went about freely both in bribery and treating. The price of votes had fallen considerably, ten pounds being now the regulation figure. Notorious bribe agents were employed who, in accordance with the terms of the secret coalition, bribed electors to vote for Colonel Tynte, the Liberal, and Mr. Follett, the Conservative — certainly, be it understood, without the knowledge of the latter gentlemen, who knew nothing of the coalition made by his "patrons." That the bribe agents were not themselves the most trustworthy persons possible, may readily be imagined. The large sums of money passing through their hands must have been tempting, and in the case of one Heal the temptation appears to have been irresistible. This person is described as having undoubtedly "intercepted" at least one hundred pounds of the bribe money with which he had to deal, and does not appear to have been the least ashamed of the transaction. The Commissioners dwell particularly on this defalcation, because, as they note, "it is the first discovered instance of what was soon to become—if it had not already become—the general practice of bribe agents."

Gradually the discords which had torn the Liberal party to pieces were appeased. The rival attorneys buried the hatchet, and jointly started two Liberals at the election of 1857. Mr. Follett, the late Conservative member, opposed them. But as this gentleman moderated his expenditure on the occasion, it is not surprising that he suffered defeat. Mr. Heal was again employed to distribute the Liberal bribes. So highly was this gentleman thought of by his party, that it is in evidence that his chief employer, Mr. Benjamin Lovibond, asseverated in strong language that if Heal deserted the party—as there was some suspicion he was about to do—he (Lovibond) must put up his electioneering shutters. But Heal did not desert the party. He distributed bribes manfully. The Golden Ball Inn was his counting-house, and there he bribed with ten pounds apiece such voters as were brought to him by one Foster, Mr. Lovibond's clerk. It is a curious circumstance, taken in connexion with that hundred pounds with which Mr. Heal's name was connected in the 1852 election, that on this occasion he was unable to account for two hundred pounds when he endeavoured to balance his receipts and expenditure. So odd did the coincidence appear to Foster, that he declined to pay Heal a sum of forty pounds for services rendered, remarking: "Bill, you did us last time, and we have done you this time!" and the Commissioners are evidently entirely of Mr. Foster's opinion. No petition followed this election, although the bribery had been open and notorious. Indeed, to such a pass had things come, that little or no pains were taken to conceal corrupt practices. Each side knew that the other dared not petition.

The sitting members had not much breathing time before having once more to fight for their seats. The general election of 1859 was the signal for the renewal of hostilities. Two accidental Conservatives, as they may be called, disputed the ground with the old members.

Of these new comers, Mr. Padwick, being interested in an election in another part of England, had called at the office of the Conservative agents in London, and had there "promiscuously" met Mr. Smith, a gentleman from Bridgwater, in search of a candidate. The result of the short conversation that ensued was, that Mr. Padwick agreed to stand for Bridgwater, and three weeks afterwards he went down to the borough, provided with a thousand pounds, which were then consigned to Mr. Smith's keeping. At the end of the week it appeared that the money was all expended in settling outstanding accounts, and another thousand pounds arrived from London, in a parcel labelled, "Samples, glass; with care. This side up," and this money likewise was distributed. On behalf of the second Conservative candidate no money appears to have been distributed, inasmuch as that gentleman had made a prudent arrangement by which he was to spend only two hundred pounds if unsuccessful, or a thousand pounds if returned. Both the Liberal candidates were elected, very cheaply it would at first appear, as the published accounts of one of them amounted only to two hundred and forty-eight pounds. About three months after the election, however, this gentleman was, to his dismay, called upon to pay, and did pay, over eleven hundred pounds in discharge of moneys spent illegally on his behalf, a "pull" that must have been disagreeable indeed. Of the expenditure of the other Liberal no account can be got: but as he changed a cheque of his father's for seven hundred pounds at the Bridgwater Bank just before the election, and as the ten-pound notes in which he elected to "have it" were very soon after changed for gold by persons in humble stations, it may be inferred that it was large, and that little secrecy was observed. Many voters were bribed at this election by both parties. The Conservatives bribed a fortnight before the election, the Liberals waited till the polling day, when they intercepted voters on the way to the booth, administered their bribes, and polled their men then and there.

Mr. Padwick had had enough of Bridgwater in this his first essay, but his unsuccessful colleague, Mr. Westropp, conceived the idea of "nursing" the borough by large subscriptions to race meetings, charities, &c., and expended in that process some three hundred and seventy pounds a year. And this process had to be continued for some time, no election taking place before 1865. On this occasion two Liberals appeared to oppose Mr. Westropp, but, as they went on the "Purity" principle, and did not bribe by money payments, they had little chance against the couple of thousand pounds that were forthcoming on the other side. The Conservative was duly elected, and as duly unseated on petition. A cross petition against the Liberal who was second on the poll was dismissed, but his costs were not allowed, for, said the chairman of the committee, "there is nothing frivolous about Bridgwater," and a report was made to the House that corrupt practices had extensively prevailed at the last election.

A circumstance of interest in this election is the re-appearance of our old friend Mr. William Heal. Disgusted with the mean conduct of Foster with reference to that forty pounds, he transferred his services to the Conservative side, voted for Westropp, and received two hundred and fifty pounds to bribe with. In his artless evidence he admits having kept two hundred pounds—a pretty good slice of the cake—for himself, and also admits having committed wilful perjury before the Election Committee of 1866. But what of that? The heart of Bridgwater is with him still, for he assures the Commissioners that none of his proceedings "ever did him the slightest damage at Bridgwater, either in reputation, or in trust, or in commerce, and that even now 'his credit there stands as high as ever it did.'" What an Arcadia!

It was not likely that in a town where every other form of bribery and intimidation was practised, the element of religious persecution should have no place. Robert Coles, a member of a Baptist chapel, who had given evidence before the committee in London, was, shortly after his return to Bridgwater, requested to attend a private meeting at the house of the pastor. At this meeting he was accused by one J. W. Sully, one of the deacons of the chapel, of having "been to London with dirty hands as to bribery and perjury." Coles denied the charge, and it was ultimately arranged that no proceedings should be taken until after the publication of the Blue Book. Notwith-

standing this, Coles was requested not to attend the Communion service on the following Sunday, and on the Monday was, in direct violation of rules, expelled the community by an informal meeting. The pastor and deacons communicated this decision to Coles in a letter, quite shocking in its hypocritical affectation of Christian regret and grief over a backsliding brother, in which it is affirmed, with suspicious iteration, that Coles's punishment has no connexion with the fact of his voting one way or the other, and is entirely for his soul's sake. But when it is stated that Sully was a red-hot Liberal partisan, and, moreover, that he was one of the persons tried for the riots at the election of 1832, the true nature of the transaction will be pretty clear. It is satisfactory to know that Coles afterwards brought an action for libel, during the trial of which it was admitted that he had *not* committed perjury before the Committee of the House of Commons, and recovered fifty pounds damages.

The cost of these two contests of Mr. Westropp's, and the cost of the petition, are put at seven thousand pounds, *for which he never received any account;* this, with the cost of "nursing" the borough for nine years, makes up ten thousand three hundred pounds. A good round sum did Mr. Westropp pay for his whistle!

The next election was a simple affair, and money was freely spent. A Conservative and a Liberal contested the vacant seat. Of these the Conservative, who won by a narrow majority of seven, spent three thousand five hundred pounds. His published expenses amounted to two hundred and sixteen pounds nineteen shillings. The Liberal was very energetic against corrupt practices, and declined to contest the borough except on "Purity" principles. "Purity" principles, the Liberal attorneys declared, were the very principles they loved, and bribery was abhorrent to their souls. So the candidate promised to subscribe six hundred pounds towards the expenses of a petition, should the Conservative win by bribery, and the election went on. After the defeat of their man, notoriously caused by the employment of corrupt practices by the other side, the ardour of the Liberal attorneys on behalf of a petition vanished in a curious way, and the unfortunate candidate began to suspect that all was not right. And well he might, for after some days the managers of the party confessed to having spent large sums illegally, and the expenses of the election turned out to be upwards of fifteen hundred pounds instead of the one hundred and ninety-three pounds ten and twopence (these accounts are always suspiciously particular about the pence) vouched for by the published statement. This money was ultimately paid by the candidate.

The year 1866 was a capital year for corrupt Bridgwater electors, for in June the Conservative member was appointed to the office of Lord Advocate, and was compelled to seek re-election. He hoped, good, easy man, to be allowed to walk over the course, and did not even visit the town until a day or two before the election. He was speedily undeceived. The Liberal managers had discovered a candidate in Mr. Vanderbyl, a London merchant, who was willing to disburse a considerable sum of money for the honour of representing Bridgwater, and who had already had some experience in electioneering, having at the last general election unsuccessfully contested Yarmouth in conjunction with a Mr. Brogden. It was under the auspices of Mr. Brogden, who had no connexion whatever with the place, that Mr. Vanderbyl was introduced to Bridgwater, and the two gentlemen came to the town together. The electors were in capital spirits at the thought of a brisk contest, and received the new candidate most enthusiastically. To use Mr. Brogden's own account of the reception, "There were bands of music, flags, carriage and four, electors very exuberant, beer, &c.," and general drunken jubilation, no doubt. There was no pretence even at this election of anything but bribery, and Mr. Brogden's instructions to the legal agents on the morning of the polling day were simple and decisive. "Go in and win, cost what it may." And with these "up-guards-and-at-'em" kind of orders, the agents went in accordingly. The result was that Mr. Vanderbyl secured three hundred and twelve votes, at a cost of four thousand pounds, his published account of expenses amounting to the modest sum of two hundred and seventeen pounds thirteen and fourpence. As his opponent only spent two thousand six hundred pounds, he very naturally secured thirty-six votes fewer than Mr. Vanderbyl, and lost the election. Of course there was no petition, and Mr. Vanderbyl remained in undisturbed possession of the seat.

In 1868 occurred the general election consequent on the appeal made to the country on the Irish question. The sit-

ting members determined again to contest the borough. They were Mr. Kinglake, who had represented the town since 1857, and Mr. Vanderbyl, whose election we have just noticed. On the other side were Mr. Westropp and a Mr. Gray. Mr. Westropp had declared, after his experience of 1866, that he had done with Bridgwater. But he had since then been invited to a Bridge Committee dinner, and at that festival had been heartily received. Carried away by the enthusiasm he had evoked, Mr. Westropp (after dinner) consented once more to stand for the borough. Mr. Gray was a London merchant of no distinction in the political world, and the two candidates were so weak from a political point of view, that the Liberal managers made sure that heavy bribery was meant. On Sunday, the 15th of November (the better the day the better the deed) a meeting of the heads of the Liberal party took place. Mr. Vanderbyl, no doubt thinking he would try and get as much as possible for the four thousand pounds he had already spent, had already announced, through his partner, his intention not to spend any money. This had been received with the greatest dissatisfaction. It was suggested that it was madness to run two Liberals without money, as it was beyond doubt that the Conservatives would bribe freely. Mr. Westropp's antecedents were well known, and, as more than one witness subsequently informed the Commissioners, "Mr. Gray was so insignificant in every sense that unless his name meant money it meant nothing at all." Under these circumstances, it was suggested to Mr. Vanderbyl that he should withdraw. This that gentleman objected to do, and as he appeared equally indisposed to spend money, things were at a dead lock. In this crisis, Mr. Vanderbyl's partner, Mr. Fennelly, suggested that it would be well to sleep on so important a matter, and the Liberal agents, taking the same view of the business, retired at midnight, leaving the candidate and his partner together. Very little sleeping was done, however, for within an hour Mr. Fennelly waited upon a Mr. Cook and informed him that money would be forthcoming. Next morning he went off to London, having sent before his departure a telegram to his partner, Mr. Redfern, in London, "Send fifteen bales, and send Thomas to meet me at the Paddington Station."

Mr. Fennelly was a man of foresight, for it appears, that previous to the interview of Sunday night, he had written to Mr. Redfern, "If I telegraph for bales, a bale shall mean a hundred pounds;" and thus, when it was found that money must be spent, it was ready. "Thomas," who was in reality a clerk named Lomas, met Mr. Fennelly's train at Paddington. The fifteen hundred pounds were taken to Bridgwater, and made up into packages of ten pounds each, facetiously described as samples of tea. The friends of the other Liberal candidate were equally prepared.

The secrets of the Conservative party were well kept. They had, after much consideration, decided on fighting on strictly pure principles, and, in point of fact, did so fight. But, even without the expenditure of money, they were dangerous foes. At eleven o'clock they were far ahead, and at half-past one Mr. Kinglake left the town, giving the struggle up for lost. But later in the day the money power came into play. At three o'clock the Conservative majority, which had been at one time as much as two hundred and forty-eight, had dwindled away to eight, and at the close of the poll the majority was the other way.

A petition was immediately threatened, to the horror of the Liberals, who had relied on the Conservatives being as culpable as they were themselves. Every effort was made to suppress it. But no agreement could be come to amongst the Liberals until it was too late. The petition was tried, and both members unseated. But edged tools are dangerous things to play with, and it is not good to light lucifer matches in a powder magazine. The appointment of the Commission followed the judge's report, and the misdeeds of Bridgwater were all exposed. The truth was not elicited without a vast amount of wrangling and squabbling, for which the Commissioners cannot be held wholly blameless; but the truth *was* at last elicited, and the result is before us in the report (the second) from which we have gathered the foregoing history. One point in connexion with the last election may be noted. It was conclusively proved that at least two-thirds of the new voters admitted under the last Reform Bill were corrupt. One of the Liberal agents, who ought to have been a good judge, stated that on the morning of the election he saw hundreds of the new voters standing about in the cattle market, like cattle themselves, waiting for the highest bidder.

This is the history of Bridgwater, worse even than that of Beverley. It is satis-

factory to know that the history ends here. Criminal prosecutions have been followed by a disfranchising bill, and political Bridgwater may be considered extinct.

MAY DITTY.

Cuckoo! cuckoo! for love and mirth
My heart is gay;
I have no wish, no wish on earth,
Sweet, sweet, 'tis May!

The swallows on my roof awake
With twittering notes,
In chorus full, as though they'd break
Their little throats.

Cuckoo! cuckoo! I hear it sing
From out the grove,
And all the hills are echoing
The voice of love.

Sweet dreams from off my eyelids go,
I live again;
I hear the rosebuds talking low
About the rain.

I hear the lambs upon the lea,
The throstle's brood;
The flowing music of the sea,
The breathing wood.

I hear the panting of the brook,
I hear the sigh
O' the lily that the water shook
When hurrying by.

Rise, little head, all golden-ringed,
Lent me by God!
Wake, little spirit, angel-winged,
And flit abroad!

Wee baby in thy tiny bed
Come, crow again!
I'll gather thee that jewel red
Set in our pane!

I'll deck thee all in snowy state
Monarch of spring!
With crimson roses from the gate
I'll crown thee king.

The birds shall pipe and tell our sport
To all things gay,
And we will hold a merry court
This first of May!

ACCORDING TO COCKER.

Hamlet assures us that if a man would have his memory outlive his life half a year, he must build churches; "else shall he suffer not thinking on." The prince had, doubtless, forgotten (or perhaps he never knew) the story of the distroyer of Diana's Temple; otherwise, he surely would have rather said he must burn churches, and then, by way of giving (after his wonted fashion) a sounding finish to the sentence, he might have forestalled the poet of a later period, and have spouted to the fair Ophelia the well-known couplet:

> Th' aspiring youth who fired the Ephesian dome
> Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.

It is possible that he was on the very point of proposing some such amendment upon his former reflection when the players appeared upon the stage and interrupted him. Perhaps, however, still a surer way of making the memory outlive the life is to become the author of some popular school-book. People never forget the names of the books they used at school, and it is natural that this should be so. Up to quite a recent period it was customary in "beating the bounds," on All-hallows day, that a certain number of small boys should be impressed into the expedition, and be bumped upon each successive boundary stone of the parish. The theory of this savage ceremony was that it tended to impress the minds of the children with an indelible recollection of localities, and that, in after years, in event of any dispute arising with regard to parochial landmarks their memories would serve to settle the disputed point as well as, or better than, a written record. School-books are the boundary-stones of the parish of Parnassus. They are set upon the frontiers, and our arrival at each of them in succession is associated with so much mental (and possibly physical) fricture and abrasion, that their names and all connected with them become fixed upon the memory. Then, the names of the authors of these terrible "horn-books" are passed down from parent to child, perhaps long after the books themselves have been superseded by others, and their surviving titles have ceased to convey any very definite meaning. Fletcher of Saltoun said that he did not care who made the laws, provided only he might write the popular ballads. In a similar way, an aspirant for posthumous notoriety would, perhaps, be justified in exclaiming: Let who will build churches, or burn them; only let me write the school-books. But though he will, doubtless, get the notoriety, yet, as we have just intimated, it will, probably, be a very barren one. Stat nominis umbra. His name will survive, and that is all. Indeed, it very frequently happens that the names and expressions which are most commonly in use are also those of which the least is known. Household words, as a rule, are words about which people are content to hold the most vague and hazy notions: just as their own country is sometimes almost the only one in which persons have never travelled.

Not long ago a play, which had duly passed under the inquisitorial eye of the Lord Chamberlain, was enacted for the first time at one of the London theatres.

In one part of the dialogue there occurred the familiar line from Goldsmith, "and fools who came to scoff, remained to pray." To the surprise of the actors, and of some part at least of the spectators, it was received with a storm of disapprobation. Subsequently, it transpired that "the groundlings" imagined that the offending passage was quoted from the Bible. Then, too, there is Lindley Murray, patron-saint of the grammarians. How glibly and familiarly it is the custom to speak of him! With many of us it is the way to talk of him as "old Lindley Murray," in a half-tender, half compassionate, tone of voice: as though he were a departed friend of the family; genial and amusing enough, but withal somewhat odd and pedantic. We venture to say, that not one person in a hundred knows anything of the career and labours of the illustrious worthy whose "sponsorial and patronymic appellations," he thus recklessly takes in vain. Of "rare Cocker," moreover, to borrow the title conferred upon him by one of his enthusiastic admirers, it may be said that the name survives and is familiar to every one, while his life and character are all but unknown. Let ours be the glory to exhibit the renowned arithmetician as he appears under "the fierce light" of adulation thrown upon him by certain of his admiring contemporaries, and by himself!

"That most ingenious and industrious philomath, penman, and engraver, Mr. Edward Cocker," was born in London, in 1631, and resided in St. Paul's Churchyard, where he practised the art of engraving, and taught writing and arithmetic. To his excellence as an engraver, Pepys bears testimony in his Diary. He speaks of having employed Cocker to engrave his "new sliding-rule with silver plates, it being so small, that Brown that made it, could not get one to do it." Cocker, however, succeeded in the difficult and delicate task, and, in spite of the rule being so small, he made use of no magnifying-glass. Pepys also speaks of finding Cocker "by his discourse very ingenious; and among other things, a great admirer of, and well read in, the English poets, and undertakes to judge them all, and that not impertinently." His published works consist of his celebrated arithmetic, and of a variety of copy and other exercise books, Of these, one of the best is "The Pen's Triumph, a copy-book containing examples of all hands, adorned with incomparable knots and flourishes, being all distilled from the limbec of the author's own brain, and an invention as useful as rare; with such directions as will conduct an ingenious practitioner to an unimagined height. Also a choice receipt for Inke." The frontispiece exhibits a portrait of the author, at twenty-six, and represents him in the falling collar of that day, and wearing a small moustache. His face bears something of a grave or settled look, as becoming "a practitioner in sublime and incomparable arts." The next page is occupied by a quadruple acrostic (in these degenerate days, double acrostics are deemed to be a sufficient tax upon the witty), "dedicated to my renowned friend, Mr. Edward Cocker, by H. P."

A modern writer maintains that, "there is one kind of religion in which the more devoted a man is, the fewer proselytes he makes — the worship of himself." If this be the rule, as it doubtless is, Cocker must be the exception which is said to prove it. The illustrious and ingenious penman was, as will be shown presently, an egotist, "a devout" egotist, "religious in it." He set up a shrine, in which he was deity, priest, and thurifer, all in one. Yet he was not without a "following" of the most devoted and servile worshippers. In another of his copy-books, we have the following "Apostrophe to Cocker,"

O, who can thus miraculously command
His pen, unlesse an angel guide his hand?
No pestilential blasts from putrid lungs
Shall blast thy fame. No, thy remorse shall dwell
On high, when envy plunges into Hell.

Another address "to this admired book, and its more admired author," succeeds in taking the one step which leads from the sublime to the ridiculous:

Thus comes my Muse like Sheba's Queen, to be
The blest admirer of thy works and thee.
Thy heav'n-resembling books, for which even all
The world's vast empire were a gift too small.

Next comes a statement to the effect that France, Italy, Holland, and England held a contest for the palm of calligraphy. The result of it is stated in the following chaste and beautiful couplets:

The Dutchman had it, if fame tell no lie,
But being butter-fingered, let her flie;
Now glorious England, she is mine, and mine
Rare Cocker, in whose works her beauties shine.

Finally, the Muse is called upon to raise a triumphant arch, "not a vast heap of stones, but stars." The sun, too, is to stand still and no longer "run about this mole-hill,"

But to stand centinel on this glorious frame,
And in celestial flame speak forth great Cocker's name.

"Pretty well, sir, for one man."

But to return to the "Pen's Triumph." The first copy in it is of a most ornate description. It represents a chubby boy (pen in hand), seated on what looks like an idealised bicycle. A nondescript bird, quite unknown to naturalists, is flying over his head. The vehicle is drawn by a pony, ridden by a winged postillion, who bears in his outstretched hand a wreath of laurel, inscribed with the mystic name of "Cocker." The centre of the picture is devoted to these lines:

> Some sordid sotts, cry down rare knotts,
> Whose envie makes them currish;
> But art shall shine, and envie pine,
> And still my pen shall flourish.

In these lines it may be seen that the author boldly "rises upon the wings of prophecy." There is a defiant lilt about the metre, as though it would bear down opposition, and carry everything before it. And yet, curiously enough, it has something in it like the ring of an epitaph. In another copy, the sentiment and the wording of the lines are really admirable, and would not disgrace the pen of the "saintly" George Herbert:

> Braine-drowsie qualmes expell, be valiant, play the man,
> Hee oft' times gaines the field, who bravely thinks hee can.

As a happy instance of combining the utile cum dulci, it may be noticed that the book concludes with this statement, in the most florid type: "The author hereof is making the largest copy-book in the world, and he hopes that it will be the best."

In the latter part of this announcement there is a touch of modesty quite unusual in Mr. Cocker, when he is speaking of himself and of his own productions. Another of Cocker's works contains directions how to make and hold a pen, and write different hands. It opens with the following Johnsonian exordium; "To the lovers and practitioners in the art of writing. I might for a preludium salute you with an oratorical charming composure or discourse, that might win you to an admiration of fair writing, but such a circumlocution and illustration were in vain, it being in itself as far above the reach of rhetoric, as are the most incomparable professors thereof above that of envy." He then proceeds to give most minute directions for making a pen. "Being provided of a penknife, razorr-metall, or a small thin French blade, which you may best sharpen on a hoane—you may trie whether it be sharp or not on your fingers—but you had better procure the first, second, or third quill in the wing of a goose or raven. For the fancy handwriting known as 'running secretary,' each letter is to exhibit wanton meanderings and spreading plumes.

> A nimble sphere-like motion of the hand,
> Coin capitals and curious strokes command."

Very *curious* strokes, indeed, one would be tempted to imagine, with those at least whom Mr. Cocker speaks of as his "young tyroes." Before casting the book loose upon the world, the author thinks it necessary to anticipate and to disarm malevolent opposition. He fears that what he means as medicine for all may be converted into poison by some, "for this will appear before faces sour enough to turn nectarr into vinegar, and those of our own faculty too." The reason he assigns for this, is, that "they'll even be angry with their eyes for seeing more knowledge communicated to every boy than every master was before accomplished with," and then, in an amusing tone of self-complacent superiority and condescending patronage, he concludes: "but when they shall know here's not a tenth part of what I could have wrote, and that all I am enriched with is at their service, which (if they had it) will make them capable of teaching anybody whomsoever, then I hope they'll chear up again, and look with as pleasant a countenance upon me as I shall upon them."

"Cocker's Morals, or the Muses' Springgardens, consisting of Distichs and Poems for Scholars to turn into Latin, or Transcribe into various Hands," is a book worth noticing for the sake of one of the distichs, which runs as follows:

> Artists invested with rare skill and worth,
> Scorn that their tongues the same should trumpet forth.

These are lines from which we think the author might himself have gleaned a serviceable lesson, but it is a good divine who follows his own teaching. Cocker's Arithmetic was not published until some years after his death. It was edited from the author's manuscripts by his friend John Hawkins, who was, like himself, a writing-master. The book is entitled, "A Plain and Familiar Method, suitable to the meanest Capacity, for the full Understanding of that Incomparable Art." The author's own preface is a composition of amusing verbosity. Indeed, in its extreme grandiloquence it well-nigh out-Cockers Cocker. The style of the opening sentence in particular reminds one of the well-known cry of the Turkish costermongers, "In the

name of the Prophet, figs!" "Having, by the sacred influence of divine Providence, been instrumental to benefit of many by the useful arts of writing and engraving, now, with the same wonted alacrity, I cast this my arithmetical mite into the public treasury, beseeching Almighty God to grant the like blessing as on my former labours." He then proceeds to state that he had long been desired by his friends to publish, "who, in a pleasing freedom, have signified to me that they expected it would prove extraordinary." The work is presently stated to be addressed,

I. "To the honored merchant: knowing that as merchandise is the life of the wealpublic, so practical arithmetic is the soul of merchandise."

II. "For excellent professors, whose understandings soar to the sublimity of the theory and practice of this most noble science, that they may employ this tractate as a monitor to instruct their young tyroes."

III. "For you, the ingenious offspring of happy parents, who will willingly pay the full price of industry and exercise for those arts and choice accomplishments which may contribute to the felicity of your future state: for you, I say, ingenious practitioners, was this work composed, which may prove the pleasure of your youth and the glory of your age."

Imagine a schoolboy cherishing a treatise on arithmetic as the delight of his youth, and the glory of his maturer years! The last persons to whom the work is addressed are "the pretended numerists of this vapouring age, who are more disingeniously witty to propound unnecessary questions, than ingeniously judicious to solve such as are necessary. By studying this, they may become such artists as they now only seem to be. The rules are grounded on verity; the problems are well weighed. Therefore, now, Zoylus and Momus, lay you down and die." The book concludes with "Laus Deo soli."

The first edition was issued in 1677; the fourth in 1682; the thirty-seventh in 1720; and in the year 1758, this work actually reached a fifty-fifth edition. It was said of Socrates that he was the first who brought down philosophy from heaven to earth. The biographers of Cocker assert that he was the first who reduced arithmetic from an abstract science, and made it purely mechanical. His book was the first which excluded all demonstration and reasoning, and confined itself to commercial questions only. This was, doubtless, the secret of its wide circulation. His work forms the basis of most of the arithmetical treatises that have appeared in more recent times.

The rules of the method of modern arithmetical works may still in a certain sense be said to be "according to Cocker." Perhaps this fact may plead in at least partial justification of the extravagant eulogy which he thus pronounces upon his own works:

> Let Zoylus carp, let Momus bark; let all
> Their vast retinue spit their spleen and gall,
> While sun and moon the day and night command,
> These works, the author's monument, shall stand.
> These shall be used in schools from age to age,
> Till all our arts, and skill, and time shall be
> Swallowed in immence eternitie.

Farewell to thee, great and illustrious practitioner! Even at the risk that Ben Jonson's majestic ghost may rise and walk the earth in horror at our presumption, we venture to retain the title conferred upon thee by admiring contemporaries:—a title, in the propriety of which thou would'st thyself have most heartily concurred.

O *rare* Ned Cocker!

GREEK BRIGANDS.

THE present King of Greece may claim some pity for the legacies left him by his predecessor. Ten years ago, M. Edmond About told us, in "La Grèce Contemporaine," that King Otho did not blush to have about his person, individuals of evil repute and suspected of brigandage. The Grivas, who were in high favour for years, directed in the north certain bands of fearless and devoted men. Moreover, brigandage in Greece is not what we might suppose it to be. It is a source of illicit gain for a number of petty robbers, who combine in gangs of thirty or forty to empty the pockets of a trembling traveller, or of a few country people returning from market. But for people of talent, for superior minds, it is a political weapon of the greatest efficacy.

Was it wished to upset a ministry, in Otho's time? The opposition organised a band; they burned twenty or thirty villages, in Bœotia or Phthiotis, and that without stirring a step from Athens. As soon as they knew the mischief was done, they mounted the tribune, and shouted: "How long, Athenians, will you bear an incapable ministry, who allow villages to be burnt!" and so on. The government, on the other hand, instead of pursuing the brigands and

capturing the guilty, took advantage of the opportunity to torture all the burnt-out people who voted with the opposition. They sent neither magistrates nor soldiers to the spot; they simply sent executioners. This statement is not declamation, but fact.

A deputy of the Left Centre, M. Chourmouzis, a man of firm and moderate temper and related to a deputy devoted to the king, had put questions to the minister of war, M. Spiro Milio. Questions about what? About a brigand named Sigditza, whom the said minister of war retained in the ranks of the army, despite the judicial authorities, who had issued against him ten warrants of arrest.

In answer to these questions, the government sent to Phthiotis, M. Chourmouzis's province, a number of soldiers who were doubtless devoted to their comrade Sigditza; for they put to the torture all the deputy's partisans, asking, "Why doesn't your friend Chourmouzis come and deliver you?" And Greek tortures are almost as ingenious as they are varied. Among them, are, a horse's bit inserted into the mouth, large stones laid on the chest, burning-hot eggs fastened under the arm-pits, frictions with oil preparatory to beatings, salt food to excite thirst, privation of sleep during several days, and thorns thrust under the finger-nails. People in England will not believe such atrocities possible, until experience demonstrates their existence; as when the unhappy Times Correspondent and others were captured and tortured, in the Chinese war. Of the exploits of the Greeks in Thessaly, the Moniteur of May 14, 1854, says: "There is not a horror which has not been committed by these pretended heroes of the Cross. For having refused to give up their money, pregnant women have been ripped up, and their infants cut to pieces." King Otho's ministers, instead of proving that M. Chourmouzis had calumniated the government, shifted the responsibility of those crimes from one to another. The minister of war, who had sent the wretches, said: "If there be disturbances in the interior, apply to the minister of the interior."

It is not asserted that King Otho commanded these atrocities; but he was aware of them: and he neither punished the guilty, nor dismissed his ministers. He readily pardoned crimes which did not touch himself; and when any one denounced to him a robber or a murderer, he thought it a sufficient justification to say: "He is a devoted partisan of my throne:" forgetting that by partisans of this kind, thrones are rather apt (and most righteously) to be upset.

Brigands in Greece are not, as in other countries still cursed with brigands, a class completely cut off from society. Each troop had then, and probably has still, its director, its impresario, in a town, sometimes in the capital, sometimes at Court. The subalterns often return to civil life; often also the peasant turns brigand for a few weeks, when he knows that a good haul is to be made. The job finished, he returns to his tillage. Of all the countries in the world, Greece is the country in which opportunity has called forth the greatest number of highwaymen.

A Frenchman, residing in Athens, has told how his servant one day timidly accosted him, twisting his cap between his fingers:

"You have something to ask me?"

"Yes, effendi, but I dare not."

"Dare, nevertheless."

"Effendi, I want to spend a month on the mountain."

"On the mountain! What for?"

"To stretch my limbs, saving your respect, effendi. I get rusty here. In Athens, you are a heap of civilisés (I have no intention of offending you), and I am afraid of catching your complaint."

The master, touched by such valid reasons, allowed his valet to take a month's man-shooting. He returned at the expiration of his leave of absence, and never touched so much as a pin of his master's property.

There was a poor gendarme who, for long, long years, aspired after the rank of corporal. He was a good soldier, brave enough, and the least refractory in his company; but his only patron was himself. So he deserted, and turned brigand. Here, he was able to display his talents. He was soon well known to all the heads of the gendarmerie. They tried to catch him, and missed catching him five or six times.

Giving up that game, they sent a friend to treat with him. "You shall have your pardon, and, to make up for your trouble, you shall be made a corporal to-morrow, and a sergeant in the course of the year."

His ambition was satisfied. He consented to be made corporal, awaiting patiently his sergeant's stripes. He had long to wait for them. One day, his patience was worn out, and he returned to the mountain. He had not killed three men, before they made haste to make him a sergeant. He afterwards rose to be an officer, with no other patrons than the persons he had put underground.

There did exist one amazing commandant of the gendarmerie, who seriously endeavoured to put down brigandage. In a few months he made all the brigands hide their diminished heads in their rocky dens. But the authorities lost no time in dismissing him. He was sapping the foundations of society.

Two travellers of M. About's acquaintance, on the point of starting for a province infested with brigands, thought of asking for a safe conduct, from the great personages who patronise the principal bands; but one reflection made them desist. "If those gentlemen, to oblige their underlings, should give them notice of our coming, on the sly, and so make them a present of our luggage! Better trust to chance, than to the honour of a Greek." They set off on their journey without a safe conduct.

They were very near repenting it. One day, after climbing a steep mountain all alone, they were quietly contemplating the landscape, when they found themselves exposed to three guns, levelled at them by three Pellicares. Hemmed in on three sides, they escaped by the fourth, and ran down the hill much more quickly than they had come up. In vain the three gunners shouted, "Stop! stop!" One of the fugitives afterwards stated that, during the run, for the first time in his life, he felt for stags and other poor creatures who are hunted and shot at, with no means of defence but flight.

A Frenchman was cleaned out while returning from a short excursion. The brigands took their choice of his clothes. They left him his percussion gun, those worthies only caring for flint guns. Of course they took his money; but, as he spoke Greek extremely well, he explained to the chief of the band that he could not possibly return to town without a halfpenny. Whether for the love of the Greek tongue, or out of pure charity, the chief generously gave him five francs. This adventure happened within six leagues of Athens.

Athens was once all but taken by brigands. The famous Grisiotis had got together, in the island of Eubæa, a band which was almost a little army. He marched on the capital, and probably would have taken it, if the first shot fired at him had not disabled one of his arms. He fell, and his followers took to their heels. But, had that bullet missed its mark, Athens would have been in the pleasant condition of a hare in the midst of a pack of hounds.

A lady traveller, who was fond of sketching, was robbed of her gold chain, just outside the town, on Mount Lycabetes, by a young Greek, very well dressed and very well made. She was busy finishing a sketch, when the handsome scoundrel came up and plundered her. When asked why she let him approach so close to her, "Could I guess," she answered, "that my chain was all he was thinking of?"

A negress, who died at Smyrna, in the odour of sorcery, had revealed the existence of a treasure which a pacha of Mistra, she was quite sure, had buried at a certain spot. The Greek government, rather simple in such matters by nature, sent out a commission presided over by an ex-minister, and escorted by five hundred infantry soldiers. They began digging away in good earnest. A ship of war lay at anchor close by, ready to receive the treasure. The work was expensive, and it was the season of fevers. After two months labour they discovered a tin candlestick. "We are on the track," they said, and redoubled their efforts. A month afterwards, the president returned to Athens, convinced that the negress had made a mistake. His colleagues strolled piteously towards the vessel. The troops, who had no treasure to protect, followed at a respectful distance. The brigands, who had heard talk of the treasure, said to themselves at the very outset: "Let them search in quiet; we will search *them* afterwards." Disappointed in their hopes, and indignant at the commission's incompetency, they fell upon the commissioners. Those gentlemen lost all their money in the scuffle. One of them, who tried to conceal from the robbers something he had about him, received a sabre-cut which nearly carried away his nose. By such severities, the Greek brigands proved that they had not lost all moral sense, and that they had a horror of trickery and falsehood.

NEW ENGLAND FARM LIFE.

To appreciate the state of farm life in the Eastern States, preliminary account must be taken of two facts, in which it is different from the rustic life of England. While the land of the "right little, tight little," island is, to a great extent, held by a few large proprietors, and there are, therefore, several quite distinct agricultural classes—the landlords, the tenant farmers, the field labourers—in America the land

is very equally divided. There are few or no very large landed properties, few or no tenants, and the farmers own farms, and hold lands of nearly the same dimensions through many miles of farming sections. Then—resulting from the facts that there is plenty of room everywhere in America, that there is not that narrow limit of landed property and that dense population of which one sees evidence in England, and which one sees strictly regulated by English law and custom—there is much more latitude given to the lover of the woods and fields. He is never warned off by monitory boards, threatening prosecutions, or dogs, or irascible bailiffs—expedients necessary, perhaps, where thick populations crowd closely around limited domains.

You must imagine, then, a state of rustic society where every man is absolute lord of his hundred acres or so; where all are equal in feeling and association, and very nearly equal in material riches. You must banish from your mind the impression of lordly charities and patronages; you must conjure up a race of well-to-do, hardy and hard-working, independent, intelligent, and, in their way, proud yeomen, who think themselves fully "as good as anybody," and yet who toil side by side with their "hired help;" who sit at table with their Irish "hands," and who are as keen at a bargain and as "cute" in disposing of their harvest as any farmers in the world. Every one of them has been "raised," as they say, at the free common school of his native village. If you will go half a mile out on the main road, you will not fail to see, playing lustily about the little red school-house, the rising generation of farmers, who will in time take the place of the now middle-aged husbandmen in the fields. So every man has duly had his "eddication," which is, to tell the truth, a far more substantial one than his rather eccentric Yankee dialect would lead you to infer. His newspaper comes, as regularly as the big, old-fashioned stage-coach, from the nearest town; and in the evening, by the great wood fire in that room which, in New England farmhouses, serves at once as kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room, and sewing-room—or, if it be summer, out in the porch, with its canopy of cherry branches—he cons the sheet, his toilsome day over, and reads every line of it, from the date to the obscurest advertisement. He delights to get you aside and hold a discussion on politics or articles of religious faith; he can hit you off the character and "record" of the candidates for President, in minutest detail; and can give you good, strong, undiluted common sense, in his nasal twang, on whatever subject you may discuss. If you be a stranger, and especially if you have travelled; his curiosity to know all about "forren parts" is insatiable. "How did you find them Polish women?" asked a farmer of us once. "Putty fine women, *I* guess: especially if you see 'em in a *mountaneous* kentry?" persuading himself that he had satisfactorily answered his own query. He is, hard worker though he be, an earnest politician in a practical way; he goes regularly to "teown meetin';" hitches his horse along the fence at the side of the town-hall, gives a rough swoop of his hand over his thick hair, goes in, and in five minutes is on his feet, making a thunderbolt speech about mending Jones's dam, or against paying the bonds in greenbacks.

Three of us, escaping from the choking dust of the city, the heat and dull stagnation of our offices, and the weary streets deserted by that life of familiar faces, which alone could make them cheerful, started off suddenly, in a kind of desperation, for Farmer Standish's. "Squire Standish's place" was situated in one of the loveliest, snuggest valley dips imaginable. Gently sloping hills, furred with mosses and soft grasses, seemed "narrowing to caress" the spot. At the back of the house you came first on an orchard, with rare wealth and variety of fruit, bounded by a helter-skelter stone wall: how often have we stretched out under its half shade, and plunged the big dirk blade of our Yankee "jack-knife" into the biggest water melon of the good farmer's patch! Behind the orchard was a cool deep wood, crossed and counter-crossed with glens, at the bottom of which were noisy streams with fat trout hiding in dark rock crevices and under thick moss bowers. In the heart of the wood was an open space, made a very grotto by the overhanging beeches and chesnuts; and here, were rude wooden tables and benches, with spots on the ground worn black and bare by great roasting fires. In front of the house, ran what would be called in England a considerable river, in America, a good sized stream; perhaps as wide as the Thames at Windsor; with a lumbering old wooden bridge just a thought aside from the good farmer's door, shaded by trees which "bent down to kiss their shadows in the stream," as far as eye could reach on either side;

with boats moored here and there, which anybody might take to go anywhere, and stay as long as they liked, and nobody care: a sort of general property, used in a primitive way.

The house was one of those square, compact, two-storey frame edifices, which, rare in England, are found at every turn in the rural districts of the older American states. It had its little plot of open lawn in front, with here and there a clump of elms, surrounded by a neat little trellis fence, and adorned by a pretty porch with shrubs about it.

This was to be our pleasant summer home. We received a hearty welcome from the farmer and his family, and were speedily settled in the airy "best bedroom," first floor front, from which a short passage, or closet, led to a smaller apartment, also designed for our party. The room had the freshest, cleanest smell in the world. How thoroughly the bare wooden floor had been scrubbed, how stiffly starched were the curtains, how perfectly pure the not too coarse cotton sheets! The good farmer's mother stared out, not uncheerfully, upon us from the wall; to be sure, she looked as if she were on the point of tumbling forth on the washingstand, but as the danger did not seem to disturb *her*, it need not disturb us. The walls were plainly white-washed, the furniture was uncertain: you ran some peril if you sat down in a chair, without testing the capabilities of its legs beforehand. A few books, a novel by James, Watts's hymns, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, and a very, very ancient "Keepsake," were primly arranged on the table.

We were called down betimes to have a "snack o' vittles;" Farmer Standish "'sposed we must be 'tuckered out' by our journey, and hungry as a woodchuck." To the fare we did full justice, blessing the fortune which led us to so groaning a table of healthy, substantial, and really enjoyable, dishes. We adjourned to the "best sittin' room:" in truth a somewhat dreary, sombre, and musty apartment, full of strange daguerrotypes and prints, and stiff chairs, and fancy needlework framed and hung. But here was a piano; and Farmer Standish had promised that "our Nance," as he styled his eldest daughter, should regale us with some music. And she gave us a treat; for she sang a pretty ballad with a sweet voice, and real feeling.

Before we retired, we made known to our host a heroic resolution with which we had left town. In a sudden zeal of muscular Christianity, we had determined to do some amateur farming; to rise with the lark, and till the earth with our own hands. The squire laughed when we stated our resolve, and said, "All right; but you'll not stick to it, I'll be bound!" He promised, nevertheless to have us called and give us a "chore or two" in the morning.

We had hardly, as it seemed, got snugly cuddled up in bed, when "thump! thump!" came at our door, and Pat's rich Irish brogue broke rudely in upon our slumbers. In the city we were accustomed to nine o'clock ablutions and ten o'clock breakfasts; but now, as we lifted our exceedingly heavy heads, the grey dawn was but just reddening the furthest east. "Surrs, misther says ye were to be called; breakfasht is all ridy and shmokin'." There was nothing for it but to slip on our clothes, descend to the floor below, and eat what we could of the substantial fare there awaiting us. At all events, we saw the beginning of the farmer's day; the early bustle in the barnyard, where Tom was yoking the oxen, and the good dame was attending to the cows; where the cocks and hens were just scattering over the grassplot, and the farm "hands" were sharpening the scythes. As we were getting ready to follow the farmer fieldward, the sun rose; but friend Wilkins, who had never seen the sun rise before, yawningly declared that it was "a most disgusting sight."

I will not relate in detail the experiences of that toilsome day. We were set to hoeing potatoes, but threw up our hoes just as the squire had got well to work; then we had a lesson at mowing, but Wilkins ripped his fanciest summer trousers, and his rebellion thereupon infected his companions; next we went to the more humble work of gathering currants from the garden for the dame's winter jellies, but, of a sudden, found ourselves lying at full length among the bushes, converting the fruit, as lawyers say, "to our own use;" and then Wilkins pulled out his pipe, and the other two of us, ours, and that was the last of our boasted usefulness for that day. What a useless thing, to be sure, is your town hand in the country! Before we knew where we were, the farmer, his sons, and his labourers, came straggling home from all directions to dinner; and Nancy came to fetch us from our ignominious retreat to the midday meal. The New England farmers dine at high noon; and all hands came in hot and hungry excepting the "city folks" who

had just feasted liberally on the farmer's fruits. Never was a table set with lustier fare than Farmer Standish's. There was a great dish heaped up with young potatoes which seemed to reproach us for throwing up the hoe so soon; there was a lordly lump, or, as the Yankees say, "hunk," of beefsteak, describable in no other way; there were turnips and green peas, green corn—a luxury unknown to Englishmen—tomatoes, a monumental loaf of bread, and foaming pitchers of cider and home-brewed ginger beer. We sat at table with the farmer's family—or the male portion of it—and at one end of the same board were Pat and Mike, the two "hired men" from the Emerald Isle; while Nancy and Jemima, brisk, practical, useful farmer's girls, brought in the heaped-up dishes, helped this one and that one; had a word, a nod, or a giggle for each one; and "flew about," as only stout-limbed rustic Hebes can.

Dinner over, the good farmer, before returning to his work, gave us a little good-humoured lecture. "Neow you see, young men," said he, slapping his knee, "that city folks like you ain't made up fur farm work. You'll do very well to plead at nisy prius, and to write noospaper pieces, but you ain't quite up to this sort er muscle work. It ain't easy 'z rollin' off a log, I can tell ye. So you might jest as well give up, and acknowlidge yourselves beat. Here's this farm, and a dozen others all around it. Jest go where you like, and doo *what* you like, all over 'em. There's fish in the river and in the brooks; fish 'em up, and we'll have 'em cooked to-morrer mornin', and you can eat 'em. There's lots of boats; and there's a place a little up the river where nobody'll see yer, and you can go swimmin' slick uz a duck's foot in the mud. Eat uz much of that fruit out in the orchard as you want—but don't eat so much uz to be laid up. Doctor fellers is scarce in these parts. Stay at home if you like, and talk to the girls, and read po'try, 'n' play cards, 'n' smoke. Do jist what you like, when you like, where you like, and heow you like. That's all. And neow, good-bye till supper time."

With which the squire tramped off, with his hoe over his shoulder, his baggy blue trousers tucked into a pair of stupendous boots, and his great straw hat jammed tight over his forehead, and serving as an umbrella to his chubby face.

We held an impromptu council, under a high cherry tree. Cigars were lighted, we flung ourselves at full length on the grass, and formed a sort of human wheel, of which our legs were the spokes, and our trio of heads the hub.

What should we do to amuse ourselves? The question was answered as soon as asked. We had got off more easily from our unfortunate project of amateur farming than we had hoped. We had all the day to ourselves, and perfect freedom of the country for miles around.

"Apropos of cigars," said Wilkins, lighting a second fragrant Havana with the stump of the first. "Let's go and see the farmer's establishment for making them. You see that field of tobacco over yonder? Old Standish raises his own weed, dries it in the big open sheds behind the barn, cures it—I don't quite know the whole process—and then has it made up into long sixes and short fives, Conchas and Cabanas, like a Cuban señor. I went over the establishment a year ago, and it's worth seeing."

We strolled, first, over to the tobacco field. The weed was just then at its full ripeness, and the long, flappy, delicately furred green leaves bent gracefully over toward the ground, growing smaller and smaller, the higher they were on the stout stalk. Few foreigners know that, even as far north as New England, in the sunny valleys of Connecticut, sheltered as they are from the bleak east winds of the Atlantic, and accustomed to a long and steady summer heat, tobacco is grown in large quantities, flourishes exuberantly, and is one of the chief sources of profit to the farmers. It needs a rich warm soil, and careful tending; but it gives, in its growth, a sentimental reward to the cultivator; for it comes up gracefully, rapidly, and beautifully, and is, with some care, one of the most satisfactory crops to "handle." Having gazed at and tasted the thick leaves, we sauntered behind the barn, and there saw the long open shed, with beams running parallel from end to end, where the gathered tobacco leaves were hung to be thoroughly dried by the sun. Then Wilkins conducted us for some distance along the river bank; we jumped into a boat, and rowed perhaps half a mile, landing by the side of a little shop-like building, where we heard the hum of voices and the commotion of many busy persons. We entered, and found ourselves in a long low room, having wide tables ranged along the walls; here, working rapidly, were rows of ruddy, chatty country girls, who, as they worked, laughed and talked, and now and then hummed a verse of some familiar ballad. Neatly packed piles of the dried

and cured leaf lay on the tables before them. Each was armed with knives and cutters, and we watched the quick transformation of the flat leaves into the smooth and compact cigars. The tobacco grown upon the farm was, we discovered, only used as wrappers for the cigars. The good farmer imported, for the interior filling, a fine tobacco from Havana. Strips and little pieces of this the girls placed in the centre of the cigar, wrapping the Connecticut tobacco in wide strips tightly about it, then pasting each of the last with some paste in a pot by their side. It seemed to be done almost in an instant; the Havana slips were laid down, cut and trimmed, and pressed into shape in a twinkling; the wrappers were cut as quickly; and more rapidly than I can describe it, the cigar was made. These girls were mostly daughters of neighbouring farmers, who received so much per hundred cigars made; intelligent, bright-eyed, and witty; many of them comely, with rosy cheeks and ruddy health: educated at the common schools, and able, their day's work over, to sit down at the piano and rattle away ad infinitum.

His stock of cigars thus made up, from the first sowing to the last finishing touch, the good squire (being, Yankee like, a sort of Jack-of-all-trades), would have them put up in gorgeously labelled boxes, carry them to town, and sell them to retail dealers: not disdaining himself, twice or thrice a year, to go through the neighbouring States with samples, and acting as his own commercial traveller.

Once resolved to relinquish all idea of amateur farming and experimental muscular Christianity, and entering on a career of pure pastime, we found plenty to do. Farmer Standish's boys and girls were fertile in expedients, and brought out all the traditional country sports and exercises they had inherited from the older generations. It was just the season—August—for picnics and long jaunts to the famous sights of the neighbourhood. Busy as the farmers were with their crops, their full-eared corn and their rich yellow wheat, many an afternoon was found when the boys and girls would be spared from the fields, and gave up their whole energy to a roystering, rollicking time. The announcement of a picnic in the woods brought plenty of recruits, who came abundantly supplied with hampers of provisions, and with spirits all alive to the keen pleasures of the occasion. The girls would rise an hour earlier than usual, so as to finish their daily routine in time to cook the fowl, and prepare the ham, and slice the sandwiches, and make the apple and pumpkin pies; while the boys, as soon as they could escape from the harvest drudgery, hastened to the wood, and cleared the picnic grove of the rubbish which the storms and winds had strewn about since the last feast there. Afternoon arrived, the waggons came rumbling up this road and that; the horses were hitched under the farmer's spacious carriage shed; and all hands, the youths gallantly carrying the baskets on one arm and the damsels on the other, hastened, with many a laugh and song and joke, to the spot of the day's merry-making. Once there, little time was lost; these sturdy souls, used so constantly to robust day-long labour, appreciated to the utmost the limited hours of a holiday when it came. You should have seen the energy which was thrown into the good old-time games: many of them inherited from the "mother isle;" others born in Yankee land itself! Now, all would huddle into a close-ranked ring, and "Copenhagen," with its chasing, slapping, screaming, kissing, and all, would be the order of the moment; then, the party would sit on the turfy ground, again in a ring, and the "slipper," concealed from view, would move mysteriously here and there, its seeker dodging to secure it, but dodging just too late; then "fortunes" would be told, and "preferences" made, and "characters" drawn, until some one, seeing the games lag a little, and observing that the more elderly damsels had not yet quite set the table, would propose a race through the woods, or a promenade by "couples" along the deep-shaded romantic paths. The rustic beaux and sweethearts would come back from their little tête-à-têtes blushing and confused somewhat, and quite fair targets for the raillery of the rest; and in the midst of it, all the party would hasten to take places on the rather ricketty benches: now well prepared to do justice to the plenteous viands.

As the season advanced, and the wild fruits ripened, parties were organised to scour the woods and roam over the pastures in search of them. All along the edges of the roads, grew luxuriantly, the large, luscious, creeping blackberry, free for all to pluck who chose; the pastures abounded with thick clumps of "huckleberry" bushes; the swamps, with the high, graceful bushes of the swamp "blueberry;"

and you could hardly go for any distance in any direction from the farmhouse without coming upon groves of chesnut trees, the prickly burrs now swelled to their largest size, and now yellowing in their full ripeness. I pity the man or woman, whether of fifteen or fifty, who could not enjoy one of these innocent, blithe, rustic parties on a berry or chesnut excursion. What opportunities did the convenient clumps of bushes present for guileless flirtation! How still would the youth or maiden be, who had discovered a spot particularly prolific of the fruit, for fear the others would find it out, and hasten to partake of its riches! How, sometimes, notwithstanding the rivalry of the day—each striving to outstrip the others in the quantity of berries picked—the girls could not refrain from screaming with delight when a thick cluster of the little black fruit met their eyes! What racing there was; what eager clutching and good-humoured scuffling! How cunningly did the damsel who had made a discovery allure her "preference" away from the rest, to help her reap the harvest! Then, in the chesnut gathering, how fond the fellows were of showing off, to the astonishment of the female portion of the party! The American chesnuts are smaller, more tender, more sweet, and far more delicate, than the European, and are delicious to the taste in their natural state, as well as roasted or boiled. So, when the lads had thrown down a large pile of the thick burrs, with many an accident (purposely brought about), of the obstinate prickles sticking in the hair of the girls, as they came down, necessitating much care and very close proximity on the part of the youths to extricate them; and when the girls had gathered them together; all hands would sit down around them under the capacious shade and proceed to enjoy a hearty feast. Sometimes a fire would be built, and the fruit roasted on the spot.

The country folk, almost everywhere in the New England States, are fond of music. There are few houses without some musical instrument or other. The girls must have their modest little piano, or harmonium, or guitar; the boys affect fiddle playing, trumpet blowing, or the violoncello or flute. One of our pleasantest summer pastimes was to organise a serenading party, and to go through the country roads on a moonlit night, in a long line of rustic vehicles. To be sure, the songs were simple ballads, or ancient negro melodies, and possibly the harmonium did not always keep time with the violoncello, or the flute with the guitar; but that only made things the more hilarious, and nobody, in those merry times, thought of criticising.

In the autumn, just before we returned to our city labours, Farmer Standish made his winter cider. His cider mill stood just beyond the barn, in a little dip of the valley; and it was interesting to witness the process of the cider-making from the heterogeneous pile of apples—good, bad, and indifferent—gathered for the purpose. The mass having been shaped in the press, and cut all around into a compact and shapely cheese, the upper wooden press was jammed down upon it; and forthwith the juice began to spurt and sputter, run down the sides of the cheese, and hasten through the little gutters to the big tub placed ready to receive it. We all had straws, and indulged ourselves without limit. "Sucking cider through a straw" is an old New England—for aught I know an old *Old* England—custom, and when the company in which you do it is of the right sort, it is pleasanter than it may seem in print.

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Which will be continued from week to week until completed.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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ART LIFE IN BOHEMIA.

FRAÜLEIN FANNY says, that if we want to find a place to make studies in, we must go to Herrneskretchen. Fraülein Fanny is an authority. She knows all the painters in Dresden. She knows the town and twenty miles around it, equally well. Some one recommended the Weisser Hirsch to us. Fraülein Fanny said, "What stoopid peoples to tell an artist to go at Weisser Hirsch. There is there only pine trees and a large view!" No, she decided for Bella and myself that we must go to Bohemia. She would go with us, she said, and engage our rooms at lower prices than we could get them for. We arranged to meet her at the boat-landing under the Brühlsche-Terrasse, and thence steam up the Elbe to the little Bohemian village the Fraülein had so praised. Nothing the good soul so loved as a bit of management. She was born to be prime minister in the new régime of Lady Suffrage and Lady Members. After buying our tickets, we found her impatiently awaiting our coming.

"You are late," she exclaimed. "We should not become the best seats on the boat. Now make haste to buy your tickets. Buy second class; they are so good as first."

"We've already bought first class," we said.

At this, Fraülein Fanny's economic ideas were shocked. We must go back and exchange them. We hesitated, and she took command of us peremptorily, and marched us back to the billet verkauf, where she volubly explained to the clerk that we, being foreigners, did not know what we were about, and he must give us second class tickets and ten groschens (one shilling) difference. The smiling clerk could not do it. It was not the custom. Fraülein Fanny expostulated till the ringing of the boat bell cut short her discourse, and then she dashed out of the office, exclaiming, in great wrath, as we meekly followed to gain the boat, that "only in Saxony, mean Saxony," would such a thing have occurred. The Fraülein is not Saxon. She is from a distant northern province. As she had a second class ticket we accompanied her, but her manœuvre had lost us the coveted seats in the shadow of the engine, and we had to betake ourselves forward to the side seats, raise our parasols for awnings, and have the full benefit of the neighbourhood of the market women returning with unsold cheese and sour-krout, which, under the warm rays of a July sun, soon made our places disagreeable. Fraülein Fanny is literary. She writes books. When we complained of the disagreeable smells, she told us that as artists we should not mind any little annoyance that enabled us to study human character.

"Look at these peoples. They belongs to a different class to which you have observed. The sons and daughters of the earth. Were Germany one free land, they would arise till the heights of Liberty. Now they are oppressed and low."

We were sailing up the Elbe, and I called the Fraülein's attention to the sunny bright morning, and the blue hills that cradle the winding of the lovely Elbe. I asked how long before we would reach Herrneskretchen? "About three hours," she said.

As we steamed on, after stopping at little villages here and there, our annoyances were lessened: also our opportunities for the study of human character, for as the gang plank was drawn to the shore, and the vessel sidled up to the little landings,

the stout peasant women helped one another to raise their baskets on their backs, slipping the strap that held it over their arms, and striding off. The fortunate ones who had made good sales, or those who had brought no burden back, made stacks of baskets of themselves with good stout legs to carry them, clad in an incredible number of petticoats.

"Why *do* they wear so many petticoats?" said Bella. "One would think their entire fortune consisted of petticoats, and they were afraid to leave them at home. See that woman with a basket of sour-krout. As she stooped over to raise her basket, I counted four woollen petticoats about her ankles of different lengths and colours; and in July!"

The deck was at length quite clear, save that one or two peasants sat quietly smoking their pipes, the whiffs of which, being now and then borne to us, caused us to ask what they smoked.

"Tobacco," said Fraülein Fanny; "bad tobacco."

"Leather," said Bella.

"And feathers," said I.

The river narrowed rather suddenly. Precipitous rocks began to rise, until all along the right side were high curious cliffs, constantly suggesting ruined castles. We were sure they were old castles, and insisted to Fraülein Fanny that it must be so; but no, she said, it was only a peculiar formation of the rocks. Frequently, little gorges, between the rocks, ran down to the river. In each was a little village. At the opening of a broader gorge lay the little town of Schandau, with its pretty pointed church spire rising over the quaint high roofs with eye-like windows, which seemed to watch us as we glided up. Here we landed our remaining passengers, and steamed away for our last halt at Herneskretchen. The river continued to narrow, and we watched the landscape with interest, for here we were to make our home for a time. At last the village came in sight, as Fraülein Fanny said. We saw only a long white house of three stories, with eyes in the roof, at the foot of high cliffs. Nothing else. Yes; Bella saw a flagstaff on the rock the other side of the gorge.

We were disappointed. We said so.

"You do not like it?" said the Fraülein. "See that window that looks on the rock. Will you not like such a room?"

"Why, one can see nothing but the rock," said Bella; "and it must be dreadfully hot."

"We shall see," said our guide, not at all troubled at our dismay.

The custom-house officer came to inspect our luggage, our captain disembarked us, took care of our luggage, and we climbed a flight of stairs, and found ourselves before the ugly house we had seen from the river. We were marched into it. A broad, well-worn, stone-paved hall, another flight of stairs, and we came into a large room, with a table occupying its whole length. At one end sat a party of tourists, dining. "What will you eat?" said our friend. "One must first dine; and after we will see the village."

"And our rooms?" said I.

"After we dine also," said the Fraülein. She had a dry, droll look, and I began to suspect that the sunny window whose view was bounded by the projecting crag was not to be ours. In Bohemia one must eat broiled chickens. They are a speciality; and a bottle of sparkling Bohemian wine goes well to wash them down. It was not merely that we had good appetites after our boat-ride, but the cook of the Herrenhaus had that day done his best. Having dined well, we were ready to see our new abode. We came out into the road. A noisy little stream dashed over pebbles a few rods from the Herrenhaus, and, following its course, we found the village. "Oh, how pretty!" we cried, as we turned into the tiny valley down which the stream flowed. "Every house is a picture, Fraülein, just as you told us!" The houses were built of wood, with deep sloping roofs, and often with rustic galleries running beneath them, where the housewife busied herself, and flaxen-headed children climbed the rail to peer at the passers-by. The cliffs rose behind the houses, topped with pines struggling for existence in their rocky beds. Groups of pretty children played in the street, or waded in the stream. Soon the village church, with a cross surmounting its spire, seemed to stop our way. As we drew near, we saw a number of people waiting about its half-opened door. Excited boys were endeavouring to get a peep through the crack, but were prevented by the appearance of a peasant in his Sunday's best. A murmur ran through the little crowd. New heads appeared at the already crowded Wirthschaft door, which on the left commanded a view of the church. The miller, the grocer, and the women and children, waiting in front of the Gasthaus on the right,

moved forward in a body. We stood aside to see what was coming, and, behold! a bridal procession. Two brown little girls, their flaxen hair waved smooth, and braided down their backs, their dresses as white as soap and sunshine could make them, led the way, strewing flowers. A cracked organ played out the bride and bridegroom. The bride, a gigantic girl, with a blushing countenance, a white veil, and a wreath of orange flowers, was led by her spouse: a small man, who reached just above her shoulder, and who looked as happy as little men always do under such circumstances. The father and mother, and a group of friends, followed, and there was much greeting, and kissing, and congratulating in the street. Behind the bride walked the parents; the father, tall as the father of such a bride should be, head and shoulders above all the people round him. As we drew back to let the party pass, the tall father and Fraülein Fanny made a rush at each other, and such a hand-shaking and vehement talk ensued! Then the little fat woman, whom he had impetuously abandoned on seeing Fraülein Fanny, advanced, and there was an introduction; and then the bride and groom were introduced, and all the time the talking flowed.

"Ach Gott! Mein lieber Herr Forest-Controller. How glad I am to see you again!"

"And I, how enchanted I am, my dear Fraülein Brühl! My wife, this is Fraülein Brühl, whose famous work, Marguerite's Shadow-Life, you have so often wept over."

The fat little Frau clasped Fraülein Fanny's hand, and the bride exclaimed, "Ach lieber Gott, how heavenly that book is!"

But the wedding breakfast waited, and after Fraülein Fanny had promised to visit Mr. the Forest-Controller later in the day, the wedding party sped on.

"Now, my dears," said Fraülein Fanny, who looked radiant with the happiness of having met her literary admirer: "you takes your choice. You can stop in the Wirthshaus when you likes, but also you can have rooms in the house friends of mine lives in."

We chose the latter, a private house being much preferable to an inn.

The village church did not stop the road. It only stopped in it, and the highway wound around it and passed it. On one side now, the little river; on the other, the pretty houses. Before a large house the Fraülein stopped. The door was open, and we went up-stairs to the first storey, where we came into a large hall with a bare, clean wooden floor. Several doors led out of the hall, and an elderly woman, hearing our steps, came from the interior. Her expression was pleasant and kindly, but a large goitre disfigured her neck.

"Now, Frau Lischel, how are you?" said Fraülein Fanny. "I've brought some ladies to you. I hope you have rooms?"

Frau Lischel rubbed her nose with the back of her hand, and looked puzzled.

"I'd do anything for any friend of yours, Fraülein Brühl, but I've only one room left. It is a large one, up-stairs."

We looked at each other, and again at the clean large hall. Through a back window we caught a glimpse of a terrace behind the house, where little tables stood, and plants were blooming We remembered German country inns, where dust and dirt accumulate; and we thought of stuffy bedrooms with enormous feather beds, and smoking peasants around the doors. We would see the room. Frau Lischel led the way up-stairs. Another large hall, and a large bedroom opening out of it, with white-covered high feather beds, a great linen chest painted red, and a wardrobe painted green. Under the window was a white table, and everything was exquisitely clean. Bella put her satchel on one bed, I laid my parasol on the other, and we took possession.

"And who have you lodging with you?" asked the Fraülein.

"Your Russian friends," rejoined the Frau, "Herr Zartoff and his sister, and their friend Fraülein Ahrens."

Said Fraülein Fanny in much excitement: "I must go down directly to see them." And addressing us in English, as she always does (she seems to think we cannot understand German when she speaks it), she said: "Shall you not like to know a fine artist and his sister? Come also then!" The Fraülein bustled down, led by Frau Lischel to a door on the north side of the hall. A pleasant voice answered her knock with "Herein!" and we entered.

A lady sat alone, sewing, by a window full of plants. She had a sweet gentle face, and greeted Fraülein Brühl with a manner more French than German. Fraülein Ahrens was taking her after-dinner nap, and her brother was painting in the Edmond's Grund, she said. Would we not take coffee with her, and then walk to the Grund? She made the coffee herself at

a small table on which was a little china service with a spirit lamp.

"It is a primitive life we lead here," she said. "We serve ourselves mostly, and go for our dinners to the Herrenhaus. My brother has spent many summers here. The painters never seem to weary of the Edmond's Grund."

She soon set before us the dainty cups of quaint shape, with odd figures painted on them. Fraülein Fanny, as is the fashion with many Germans, dilated on the beauty of the china. "They were heirlooms," Fraülein Zartoff said; "they had been in the family since her grandmother's time." The coffee drank, we still sat around the table. Our new acquaintance was quiet and intelligent, and we did not feel in the least as though she was making an effort to entertain us, and yet there was a charm in her manner of introducing subjects that kept us listening and answering to her thoughts. I liked to watch her. She was not young, and her features were not regular: yet her animated expression, and the graceful movements of her pretty hands quite fascinated me. At last Fraülein Fanny, glancing at the clock, exclaimed that she really must go.

"Adieu to my dear childrens. I shall wait for fine studies when you comes once more to Dresden."

We thanked the good soul heartily, shook hands, and she went off very gaily to fufil her appointment with the Forest-Controller.

"And now, if you like, we will walk," said Fraülein Zartoff. Her broad sun-hat donned, we sallied forth into the little valley: once more following the stream, and pausing now and then to admire a cottage, or the beautiful children whom we met. Fraülein Zartoff said: "The children here are famous for their beauty. Ludwig Richter, the artist, drew most of the children for his exquisite scenes, from the children of Herrneskretchen and Johannsdorf. We will go some day to Johannsdorf, if you like. It is a couple of miles from here, a charming village on the heights."

A few minutes' walk brought us to a noisy mill and a waterfall. Our road turned to the left, and ascended a hill with crags on either side. A foot bridge spanned the stream to the right bank; a large house stood beyond it. The valley of the stream narrowed beyond the falls.

"Here is the entrance to the Edmond's Grund," said Fraülein Zartoff, leading the way over the foot bridge, "and this is the forester's house. You see how it is ornamented with deers' heads and antlers. The forester is the Forest-Controller's son, and his wife sits at the door, with her baby in her arms. The property belongs to Prince Clari, who comes every year to hunt here. He is very fond of this glen, and proud of its renown among painters. You see how artistically the path has been arranged; we cross again by that lovely rustic bridge, and the way runs along the left bank. The trees are more beautiful, and the outlook finer than on this side. See how grand that group of trees is! My brother has often painted it. From every side it is beautiful."

We strolled on, slowly. It was such a lovely glen! The moss-covered rocks in the streams, the clear waters, where sunshine and shadows of drooping branches and bright-glancing trout played altogether. The lovely path, the huge boulders and cliffs among which it wound, the birches and the pines contrasting their gay and sombre foliage, all enchanted us; we continually stopped to find some new bit, more beautiful than the last.

"Ah, there is my brother!" said Fraülein Zartoff.

Herr Zartoff was seated in the path before us; a beautiful sketch on his easel. Hearing our voices, he rose: a dignified, courtly man, of middle age. We were introduced, and kindly received. He was glad to have more company, he said. We must come and make some studies in the Grund. He walked a little way with us, but we soon left him to return to his work, while we explored, to its lovely limits, Prince Clari's glen.

The sunlight had left the drooping branches and the sparkling water. The little trout darted about in its cool, clear depths, with no sunshine to make their bright colours gleam and glow, as we turned homeward. Herr Zartoff, too, had put up his brushes, and was ready to go home, when we rejoined him. The little village was all in shadow, and we parted at the door of Frau Lischel's house, Fraülein Zartoff going with her brother to dine at the Herrenhaus. It was not late: only five o'clock: and we passed the rest of the day in arranging our room. We unpacked our boxes, and had a talk with the landlady about good things to eat.

"Eggs?"

"Yes; they were brought from Schandau once a week. The beer came from Bodenbach; black and white bread, coffee, and sugar could be had in the village."

"Butter?"

"Yes, a woman keeps a cow, a mile away, and sells butter when she has it, and milk when she does not use it; but one can send every week to Schandau for what one wants."

Frau Lischel keeps a goat, and offers us goat's milk instead of cow's whenever we wish it.

We think we will have tea and bread-and-butter, as our walk has made us tired and hungry. Frau Lischel offers to send Olymp, a pale-faced inanimate-looking girl who had been listening to our conversation, for butter and bread; but we must engage milk beforehand. Olymp will tell the woman to bring an extra supply in the morning. To-night we can try the goat's milk.

We had some nice Russian tea with us, and Bella brought it in, while I watched Frau Lischel set out some cups and saucers on one of the tables on the terrace. It was a pleasant place. Fraülein Zartoff's windows looked out upon it; flowers in pots, and plants in tubs, ornamented its stone pavement; benches and wooden chairs were set around the small tables. Above, was the evening sky, rosy with bright fleecy clouds floating over the crags and the outspringing pine trees, that loomed dark against the golden light. A new moon of promise dipped, ready to disappear in the branches, as we sat down to take our tea.

Did any one ever drink goats' milk for the first time and like it? I drank my tea milkless; and a degenerate little black kitten that rubbed against Bella's dress got a surreptitious supply of milk that Bella slyly slipped down to her, when the Frau was out of sight. I like black bread, and the butter was not bad, and I was hungry.

We were up early next morning. The milk-woman had left our milk, and Olymp had been to the baker's for white rolls. Our sugar and coffee we had taken the precaution to bring with us from Dresden, and very good it tasted, we sitting on the terrace at our little table, in the fresh morning air. The Zartoffs had already breakfasted at another table. Herr Zartoff appeared at the door just as we were ready to start for the Edmond's Grund, and accompanied us.

What a pleasant day we passed in the shady glen, with the music of the waters and the song of birds all day in our ears! Herr Zartoff painted within a few minutes' walk from us, and came to see us once or twice, in his resting minutes, smoking his cigar. When the sunlight left the Grund, we put away our brushes and colours, and, as we did so, Fraülein Zartoff came up.

"Quite ready for dinner, I am sure," said she. "I've come for my brother. He would never remember that he must eat, if it were not for me. He often neglects it when he is busy, and frequently when I don't come for him, he returns so weary, and I say to him, 'Why art thou so tired? I am sure thou hast forgotten to eat thy dinner.' And he says, 'Ah! perhaps that is it.' He is dreadfully absent minded. I wonder if all painters are! It was only last night that he took his bedroom candle to look for something in his closet, and left it there, shut the door on it, and called to me to know what I had done with the candle. Will you not go with us to dinner to-day? We dine when we like, and of course you will; but perhaps on your first day you would like company."

We thanked her gladly, and we made a merry party at the Herrenhaus. While we sat at dinner, some Dresden artists came into the room, laden with paint boxes and sketching umbrellas, and were very joyfully received. They had only come that morning, and had been sketching all day in another Grund.

We left the gentlemen with their cigars and their beer, and strolled out to walk by the Elbe with Fraülein Zartoff. A pleasant path led by picturesque houses, with friendly eye-like windows in their deep slanting roofs. One roof was a Cyclops, but yonder was a six-eyed one; and that was the Forest-Controllers daughter's dwelling: the bride of yesterday. They were taking their supper in a pretty rustic summer-house, commanding a fine view of the Elbe and the cliffs above, touched with the last rosy rays of the setting sun.

And so the weeks went by. Early rising, delightful walks, and pleasant work all day, while the birds sang and the waters flowed. Now and then a nimble squirrel would cross our path or dash up the tree before us. Every day tourists passed us, papas and mammas and children: many of whom were going over the Saxon Switzerland on foot. They concluded their excursion with climbing to the wonderful rocky Prebischthor, which is only a short distance from Herrneskretchen; and then after a walk through the Edmond's Grund, and a supper at the Herrenhaus, they took the boat for Dresden, or the rail further

into Bohemia or Austria. Pleasant kindly people they were, always politely saluting us as they passed; sometimes stopping with a few words of sympathetic enjoyment of the subject of our work. The Zartoffs we found delightful acquaintances. With them we visited other Grunds, and often the Fraülein sister brought her book and a nice luncheon in a little brown basket; and in one of the gorges, through which a streamlet ran to turn the great wheels of a neighbouring mill, we took our noonday luncheon. From the mill, the stalwart country-woman brought us coffee, milk, and butter, and sometimes she saved the Fraülein the trouble of bringing the brown basket, by setting forth black bread and eggs. How hard and how delightfully we worked with such pleasant surroundings! Our only interruptions were the peasant passing us, with his oxen, dragging down the narrow road the great logs of wood from the forest above, to be sawn at the mill below. The only drawback to our full enjoyment was the spectacle of women passing, carrying on their backs immense bundles of wood, eight or ten feet long and three or four feet thick. Poor creatures! It was hard to see them toiling down, so laden, with their bare feet and bare heads, and most of them with frightful goitres.

On Sunday mornings the bell of the parish church called every one to mass; and the peasants, young and old, trooped in from the cottages far and near. Such very old women came, leaning on their staffs, carrying their beads and their prayer-books! Hideous, wrinkled, old creatures, with enormous goitres; and little children so fresh and lovely that we looked on them and marvelled how it were possible for such fair young things ever to become such old women. The beauty of these peasant lives is very short. Past their first youth, hard labour and sun and storm soon change the soft pink skin into parchment, and wrinkles take the place of dimples.

The church was little, old, and odd; and the priest was suited to his church: a little, wrinkled, old man, with a crooked shoulder and a queer voice. The church bell had been cracked for many a year; the dismal old organ had confirmed asthma; and the schoolmaster performed upon it marvels of shambling execution. The children sang in harsh strong tones, and the baker's daughter, a tall, handsome girl, led the choir, and on week days carried a huge basket on her back full of bread or flour, and served the customers at the shop. The walls of the church were adorned with wreaths of dusty artificial flowers, with bows of riband attached; they were once of different colours, but time and dust had reduced them to about the same hue.

We sat on high wooden benches, and looked at the altar, painted red and blue and brown, with dingy paper bouquets of faded colours under glass shades, and more dusty wreaths. But the wonders of the sanctuary were two old green lanterns standing up high on red sticks, and helplessly inclining toward one another: one having a cross surmounting it, which its companion must have lost years ago. They had perhaps been used to light the sanctuary in some early time. The priest had not to complain of absentees. The women and the men, the boys and the girls, crowded the church even to the door step, and were very devout and well behaved. All the women and girls wore handkerchiefs of varied and bright colours on their heads, and clean aprons over their print gowns. Each woman carried her handkerchief carefully wrapped around her treasured prayer-book, and held it well in sight as she marched in and out.

Fraülein Fanny surprised us, early one day, with a party of English ladies whom she was taking care of in her usual energetic style. She would take no denial, we must go to the Prebischthor with them. So our brushes had to be laid aside, and we joined them. It was a long jaunt to the top of the Prebischthor: a continued ascent of a rocky mountain for two hours, winding up a road cut out of the hills among the crags, until finally only a foot path remained that led up over and around cliffs till we came into a great rocky amphitheatre, the rocks rising like a gigantic wall all about us, with shafts and columns, and needles of immense irregular shapes, piercing the sky. At last we gained the height, where a great archway of stone leaves room below for houses to be built, and a tall pine tree to find its bed beneath it. Here was perched the inevitable restaurant, and we dined with an appetite and with a wonderful view before us of the Bohemian mountains in all their lovely lines and soft hues. On our way we had met many tourists, and Fraülein Fanny was social with every one. She was particularly anxious for Bella and myself to make acquaintances, "to continue," as she said, "the study of the human nature."

"And also you are artists, and shall

make to you friends of influence. That lady who walks before us is the wife of a deputy to the legislature, also of one of the first families in Dresden. The young man who wears the green cap is her son. He likes much to draw. Now, Miss Bella, you shall walk with them, talk to the son about his drawing, so will you flatter the mother; and when you climbs the steep path, you shall take his arm, so will you flatter him. A young man likes always when an older lady takes his arm. Thus shall you become a friend in the mother."

Bella was quite thrust upon the chance acquaintance by Fraülein Fanny; but provoked her greatly by not accepting the young man's arm, and entirely forgetting all her good counsels, and straying from the path and the influential party, to gather flowers.

We met a jolly clergyman climbing to the Prebischthor, away from his home in his holiday, with his daughter. Fraülein Fanny, who soon learnt all about every one, whispered to me that he was a very distinguished man: a "superintendent pastor," the next thing to a bishop in his little principality. At dinner, Fraülein Fanny and the superintendent pastor monopolised the conversation. Fraülein Fanny displayed all her learning, and they reasoned on things too deep for our stock of German; but as the sparkling mellow Bohemian wine got low in the bottles, the conversation came down to our level, and the anecdotes and lively sallies kept the table very gay. As we lingered on our way down, gathering flowers and grasses, a party of jolly gentlemen were heard high above us, singing in parts, and the opposite wall of rocks sent their voices back with a wonderful effect as of a full choir. We stopped to listen, until they overtook us, and Fraülein Fanny complimented them on their music. They were in gay spirits, and chatted a little and then sped on. The superintendent pastor had gone to the Winterberg instead of returning by Herrneskretchen, and we amused ourselves condoling with Fraülein Fanny upon his loss. We assured her we knew he was a widower, and then his mind was so congenial to her own.

We overtook the deputy's wife and son a little further down, and the Fraülein walked with her for lack of more intellectual society, while we foreigners gathered and compared ferns. We came down from steep climbing to the sloping path at last, and here we found the merry gentlemen sitting on the grass, resting in a green cool valley, with glasses of Adam's ale in their hands, singing still. A group of brown and bright-eyed little children had brought the water from the springs near by, which, clear as crystal, sprang from the rocks on purpose for tired travellers. Who but Germans, irrepressible poets and musicians, would, after such a jaunt up and down, have sat by the wayside with glasses of water in their hands, singing sentimental songs, and three-part and four-part songs, all about love and Vaterland! The children stood in admiration, and we seated ourselves on the grass beside them. When our jovial musicians had finished we applauded, and one gentleman jokingly passed a hat around, into which the ladies threw flowers. Then some among us asked the barefooted peasant boys to sing, who, proud, pleased, and bashful, drew near and grouped themselves together, looking at each other to see who would have the courage to lead off: when up stole a little girl who had hitherto stood at a distance, a serious large-eyed child of five, and they began together. Their voices, feeble at first, soon sounded clear and strong, and they did their small best. Very modestly, too, their little fingers pinching their palms while they sang about "Gott und Kaiser." There was a real contribution now, and we left them, their heads all together, counting up their kreutzers.

"Do you know we have a theatre in town? Shall we not all go this evening?" said Fraülein Zartoff.

"A theatre! Where?"

"At the Wirthshaus Zum Stadt Berlin."

A long name, but it was only the shabby, dirty inn by the church.

"The company came yesterday, and to-night they give their first representation. They play up-stairs in one of the rooms of the Wirthshaus. They are strolling actors, who have most of them seldom seen a city larger than Bodenbach, and who spend their winters in some little town, and in summer time come here, or visit other little villages like this. They always remind me of Wilhelm Meister's early days. They will probably stay here six or eight weeks."

"And where do they live?"

"Among the peasants. The manager has a room in a cottage on the road near the Herrenhaus, where he lives with his wife, the 'first old woman' of the play, their daughter, the sentimental heroine, their son, who is 'the villain,' and the little yellow-haired child, who is a 'fairy' on the stage, and very dirty-faced at home. Their

room is divided by a curtain at night, and during the day the beds are piled against the walls, and the father, when not engaged at the theatre, plies his trade of a worker in hair, sitting on one of the 'property' boxes instead of a chair. The rest of the company are scattered about among the cottages. The 'leading gentleman' and the 'singing young lady' live opposite at the baker's."

Of course we were anxious to go, so, after an early tea, we went. We climbed a crazy old staircase to the first floor, where we found the door-keeper, with a little table in front of him, on which flared a tallow candle. The table-drawer was open, and he swept our groschens into it, and then ushered us into the first and best places: places which were intended for distinguished visitors, and for which we had paid four groschens (about fivepence) each. It was a large, low room, with wooden benches without backs, and we were about four feet from the red-painted curtain which divided the stage from us. Behind us, the room was already filled with peasants and children; even the window-ledges, as better places for seeing, were already full of spectators. The first seats were soon taken. The Forest-Controller and his wife, and the newly-married couple arrived, and a little rough-looking man, with shaggy hair and bushy eyebrows, coarsely dressed, took his seat near us. I watched him with some curiosity, for I could not make him out. He evidently was not a peasant, and hardly a gentleman, and yet his countenance was intelligent, and his features refined, but a singular, half morose, half bitter expression warred with the keen and thoughtful look of his eyes. While I looked at him, he went out to speak to some one, and Fraülein Zartoff asked me if I were not curious to know something about that person?

"He is a character," said she. "He lives two miles from here at Johannsdorf. His father was a large proprietor there, and educated his son liberally. He held for many years an excellent position as professor of music in St. Petersburg. He returned here about fifteen years ago, and married a peasant woman, although, with his fortune and acquirements, he could have married a lady anywhere. He has lived here ever since, never goes away, and associates with very few, his chief companions being the schoolmaster and the son of the landlord of the Herrenhaus. They meet together every Monday evening throughout the year, and, rain or shine, Herr Berg always comes from Johannsdorf, down a rocky road, on foot, and returns the same evening. The three gentlemen play trios—piano, flute, and violin. That is his sole amusement. He is a great puzzle to us, for he is very well educated, and a very good musician, and his children are growing up rude peasants, like all these about here."

The story was cut short by the arrival of the orchestra. They came in, one by one, in hob-nailed boots: noisy, clumsy, awkward peasants. The first-comer, a lanky fellow, had borrowed the tallow candle from the ticket-office, and added to the illumination of the theatre (which until now had been confined to candles hung around the sides of the room in tin sockets), by lighting the row of tallow dips in front of the curtain. This done, he carried the candle back again, and brought in a double-bass viol. Soon, the whole orchestra was assembled: frowsily-headed uncouth men, with faces as brown as the long pipes that hung down to their breasts. A bench was placed between us and the curtain, and over this they strided, instruments in hand, and commenced tuning. When they were satisfied with the harmonious relations of their instruments, they began to play, keeping time with their feet and heads, and working very hard with their shoulders and elbows, as well as their hands and their mouths. The violins squeaked, the wind instruments wheezed, and the gaunt old peasant stood up to his double-bass, smoking gravely all the while. It was quite extraordinary how every man could play so near the pitch of his neighbour and yet miss it. As to time, that was not so bad, for the Germans are natural timists.

At last the music ceased, the curtain went up, and the members of the orchestra smoked their pipes and enjoyed the play. It was not a bad piece, though from the ceiling being low, and the necessity of the performers being raised above the audience, the taller actors suffered somewhat in their effects. The curtain being raised, we could see that the boards of the theatre were small beer tables set together, and these being rather higher than was needful, the top of the aged father's head was quite cut off by the row of dirty-blue clouds suspended from the ceiling. The actors not being perfect in their parts, the prompter read in a loud voice every word of the play, the actors repeating it after him with appropriate action, unless too much absorbed in watching him to catch the words. The old aunt, the good soul of the piece, had such

vague ideas of the parts of the face where wrinkles came in age, that when she strode upon the scene, Bella whispered: "Oh, what a dirty face!" I at first thought that she represented a tattooed character, but soon found that she was only intended to be old and good. The sentimental heroine appeared in a pink print dress with a string of blue glass beads around her neck, which was afflicted with the goitre. Her tender feet were covered by shoes, but she wore no stockings. One front tooth did duty for the row of pearls that the gushing innocence of her part might legitimately claim. In spite of these minor defects, she was a great favourite with the peasants, and Fraülein Zartoff told me they often boasted what a beauty she had been in her youth. But teeth were lacking among the properties of the company, there being but one good set in the whole body. These were in the possession of the young man who played a sailor with great vigour, and who bawled out his part in a deafening manner. Whether he fancied the upper room of the Wirthshaus to be a large theatre, or whether he had a fine sense that a sailor being much exposed to boisterous weather would acquire a habit of speaking loud, I could not tell.

We found the play so entertaining, that we bore with patience the rapidly thickening fumes of peasant tobacco, which rose in a cloud before us from the orchestra, increased by the volume which poured in at the open door, filled with interested faces, and from the crowd behind us. We only became aware of the suffocating atmosphere, when, the play being over, and all the tallow candles rapidly puffed out by the economic manager, we again gained the fresh air, and walked home in the summer moonlight.

THE LEFT HAND.

It may be Quixotic; but I must do battle in behalf of my Dulcinea. In this age, it is said that there is no wrong without a remedy. This I deny. I am positive, however, that there is no wrong great or small, which, when pointed out, will not elicit a groan from somebody, or impel some philanthropist, or it may be, some mere grumbler, to wag his tongue or dip his pen in ink, to set forth the grievance. It is not only the wronged but the neglected that find friends in our days. We redress, or strive to redress, the wrongs of history. Has not Richard the Third had his defenders and advocates? Has not Jack Cade been proved to be a gentleman? Has not Macbeth been whitewashed of the crime of murder? And have not even those despised little creatures, the toads, been taken under the protection of philosophers, relieved of the charge of being poisonous and disgusting reptiles, and recognised as the harmless fellow-labourers of the gardener and cultivator; a friend who devours for him the too prolific insects that consume the tender roots and shoots of his vegetables? And as for the neglected portions of the human race, do not the British parliament and the British press continually ring and overflow with their sorrows, and with the woful catalogue of the dangers that will, or may, afflict society if justice be not done? The wrongs of children, the wrongs of women, the wrongs of paupers, the wrongs of lunatics—the wrongs even of dumb animals—find zealous tongues and printing presses to set them forth; but I look in vain for any one to say a word in behalf of my client—a client in whose condition and treatment the whole human race is interested: men and women, old and young, the wise and the unwise, the civilised and the savage, in every clime and country under the sun. As I said before, it may be Quixotic in me. But I wage battle in defence of my Dulcinea, the Left Hand!

How is it that this excellent member of the human body is treated with an amount of neglect and injustice greater than is bestowed on any other? We make no distinction in our favours between the right eye and the left. The one can see as well as the other; and the left eye can appreciate the charms of a lovely woman, or a beautiful landscape, as well as the right. The left ear is as acutely susceptible of the sounds of pleasure, or of pain, as the right; the left nostril scents the perfume of rose and lily as deftly as its twin-brother on the other side of the face. In walking, the left leg does as much duty as the right; and I have yet to learn that there is any difference between the left foot and the right, when they are alternately planted on the ground, either in running, leaping, or walking; and whether they do not equally well sustain the whole weight of the body, when the body requires their support. But, between the right hand and the left, there is an appreciable difference, a difference which I maintain to be the work of art, of pre-

judice, of habit, and of ignorance; not of nature. It is true, doctors sometimes tell us that the position of the heart on the left side of the body renders it desirable that we should not use the left hand so frequently and so constantly as the right, lest we should, somehow or other, damage, or weary, or interfere with the action of that most important organ. This is a statement which I, for one, should feel more inclined to believe, if the same reasoning were applied to the left leg. But the doctors do not go this length; and, with all deference to their superior knowledge of anatomy and physiology, I am unconvinced and incredulous on this subject, and hold that the left hand is the innocent victim of an unfounded delusion.

The name, in England, of this neglected member of the human form divine is highly suggestive of the wrong committed against it. It is called the "left" because it is left out of the proper course of work and business; left out of consideration; left to neglect, and even to scorn. The Romans called it sinister, the French call it gauche, and the Germans links; none of which words convey the English meaning of abandonment. But, on the principle, too often and too commonly at work in the world, of giving a dog a bad name and then hanging him, the word sinister, applied to the poor left hand, has come to signify any course of proceeding that is dark, wicked, or malignant. A man with a "sinister" expression of countenance, is held to be the reverse of amiable or agreeable; a "sinister" report, or rumour, is one that is laden with evil. To do a thing "over the left" means not to do it; a "left-handed" compliment is an insult in disguise; and a "left-handed marriage" is either no marriage at all, or a marriage which the lord of creation who contracts it, is much too high and mighty to avow. The "bar-sinister" in heraldry signifies illegitimacy; and "left" being in one sense the opposite of "right," has been held, with the grossest injustice, to be that other opposite of right which is designated as "wrong."

All faculties of mind and body suffer impairment and diminution from disuse. No man or woman in civilised society can turn his, or her, ears backwards and forwards to catch a sound in either direction, as all wild animals can do who live in a state of constant alarm or danger from enemies. The savage Aborigines of the American continent, and other wild tribes in every part of the world, where men are compelled to rely upon their own vigilance and strength for protection against opponents, possess this faculty, while their European and other compeers, accustomed to rely upon the law and upon the police for their security against aggression, have completely lost it. In like manner the blind, who are deprived of the most precious of all the faculties, are endowed with a more exquisite sensibility of touch and hearing, than people who can see, simply because they are driven by painful necessity to cultivate and make the most of such faculties as remain to them. One who is wholly deprived of his right hand, learns to use the left, and to apply it to every purpose of dexterity or skill, until he makes it as efficient as its fellow. Children, when they first begin to take notice of the world in which they live, so commonly use both hands alike, that they have to be corrected by their parents and nurses and to be taught systematically to give the right hand the preference in conveying the food to their mouths, and never to let the left hand do that which it is the custom of society to perform with the right. We are told in the Book of Judges, that during the fearful civil war between Israel and the tribe of Benjamin, there were seven hundred chosen men of the latter who were left-handed, and that every one of these warriors could "sling stones at an hair's breadth, and not miss." Thus each man was worth two in battle, because he had been trained to make his left hand equal to his right. If seven hundred men could have been thus educated, why not seven thousand, or seven hundred thousand, or the whole human race? There is no reason against it, but habit, prejudice, and fashion. As to the doctor's reason, apropos of the heart, I shall take the liberty of considering it unfounded until it shall be satisfactorily proved in the case of any left-handed man or woman, that the action of his or her heart has been injuriously affected by his or her ambidexterity.

Of course all argument is vain on this subject. The old cannot learn and the young will not learn. Besides, it may be replied that, all things considered, the world gets on very well as it is, although it only uses one half of the manual skill with which Nature has endowed the lordly race that has subdued and replenished it. True; and a truism. Yet did not the world get

on very well with oil lamps, stage-coaches, Margate hoys, and the semaphore? without gas, railways, steam-ships, and the electric telegraph?

After all, the whirligig of fashion and prejudice has its revenge as well as the whirligig of Time. If the male half of the world do such injustice to itself as to sacrifice fifty per cent of its working power, the female half of the world takes up the co-equal limb that has been scorned, and makes it a beauty and a joy for ever. On the fourth finger of the hand, which is not so greatly in danger of collision with the hard facts and hard implements of toil as the hand that does the daily work of the world, the bridegroom places the symbol of marriage, the plain gold ring, which it is the glory of a true woman to be privileged to wear; happiest of all the happy she, if conjugal love on her part and that of her husband be as unalloyed with falsehood and change as the pure gold is with dross; and if the circle of their mutual confidence and affection be as complete, and without a break in its continuity, as the little circle which on the bridal morn her spouse placed upon her finger. It is a variety of the same old medical superstition, which has so largely helped to bring the left hand into disuse among mankind, that has helped the better and fairer half of mankind to make amends for the injustice done it. "The wedding ring," says an ancient author, "is worn on the fourth finger of the left hand, because it was formerly believed that a small artery ran from this finger to the heart. This," he adds, "is contradicted by experience; but several eminent authors, as well Gentiles as Christians, as well physicians as divines, were formerly of this opinion; and, therefore, they thought this finger the most proper to bear this pledge of love, that from thence it might be conveyed, as it were, to the heart. Levinus Lemnius, speaking of the ring finger, says that a small branch of the artery, and not of the nerve, as Gellius thought, is stretched forth from the heart to this finger, the motion whereof, you may perceive, evidently in all this affects the heart in woman by the touch of your fore-finger. I used to raise such as were fallen in a swoon by pinching this joint, and by rubbing the ring of gold with a little saffron, for by this a restoring force passeth to the heart, and refresheth the fountain of life with which the finger is joined. Wherefore antiquity thought fit to compass it about with gold."

In our day, the rubbing of the gold ring with a new dress, or with a set of diamonds, might possibly be more effective than the rubbing with saffron. But let that pass. The right hand may be given in marriage; but, as far as the ladies are concerned, it is the left hand that confirms and seals the bargain.

THE IGNIS FATUUS AND THE FIRE.

When first in foolish early days
I youth and beauty saw,
And felt within my spirit stir
True to our Nature's law;

And yet again when other charms
Once more did strongly move
And shake my heart, I both times said
I think this must be love.

But when at last I met you, dear,
And got to know your heart,
And found your beauty was not all,
But quite the smallest part

Of such a noble whole as still
With knowledge nobler grew,
My heart spoke plainly out, and then
That this was love I knew.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Whether I am I, is a question which most of us can answer with tolerable confidence; and yet it has puzzled physicians and metaphysicians very considerably. We are told that all the material particles, all the carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and so forth composing the human body, change in the course of a certain number of years; they enter into new combinations. Materially or corporeally speaking, I am not the same man that I was ten years ago. My bodily weight is made up of wholly different particles, and I am *not* I; the I of 1870, is not the same as the I of 1860; I am another man altogether. As to the metaphysicians, they have so mystified the world with the synthesis of the I with the non I, the Ich with the non Ich, the ego with the non ego, that nobody can make anything of the matter. There was a very good plan adopted, according to lyrical authority, by the little old woman who fell asleep on the king's highway. Being bewildered with a trick which had been played by a pedlar, named Stout, she resolved to make use of her little dog as a test-proof of her personal identity, an honest witness to show whether she was really herself or not. She stated the case thus:

If I be I,
As I do hope I be,
I have a little dog at home,
And he knows me.

And then proceeds to argue:

> If I be I,
> He'll wag his little tail;
> But if I be not I,
> He'll bark and wail.

The question of personal identity often resolves itself into a mere case of imposture, the case of pretending to be what we are not, for the attainment of certain ends by indirect means. This is a famous instrument in the hands of the dramatist. Many and many a plot, good, bad, and indifferent, turns upon some machination of this kind. The audience are sometimes kept in the dark until the very last scene; whereas in other instances the dramatist prefers to let them into the secret at once. In Scribe's Opera of the Crown Diamonds, so pleasantly be-jewelled with sparkling music by Auber, the veritable Queen of Spain pretends to be a brigand's daughter; and her lover, innocent fellow, has not the slightest suspicion of the real truth until the dazzling scene of the throne-room in the last act. Again in Lord Lytton's Lady of Lyons, we (the audience) know all about the circumstances which drove the gardener's son to the personation of an Italian prince, and the agony which Pauline Deschapelles suffered when she discovered the cheat; but as Claude Melnotte, much to the satisfaction of everybody, is a good fellow at heart, everything turns out well in the end.

The records of courts of justice present multiplied instances more or less allied to this in character. Bamfylde Moore Carew (if his history be trustworthy, which is doubtful) was a famous example of the bold unscrupulous personator. He could so change the expression of his features, the arrangement of his hair, the apparent bulk of his person, the bend or curve of his shoulders, the shape of his legs, his mien or gait, and his general appearance, as to deceive everybody. On one occasion he so pricked his hands and face, and so effectually rubbed in gunpowder and bay-salt, as to appear exactly like a man suffering severely from small-pox; thereby averting impressment as a seaman. When in America, and dressed as a Quaker, he deceived all the real Quakers in Philadelphia. On one occasion, as a gentleman unknown in the neighbourhood, he visited Colonel Strangeways. The conversation turned upon the notorious Bamfylde Moore Carew. The colonel said he knew him well, and would never allow himself to be deceived as other persons had been. The real Bamfylde, an hour or two afterwards, betook himself to a gipsy haunt known to him in the neighbourhood, and underwent a most thorough personal transformation. He appeared at the colonel's house as a wretched object, all rags and tatters, leaning on crutches, displaying a counterfeit wound on the leg, and uttering piteous moans. He received charity from the colonel, who did not suspect the trick. Bamfylde again appeared as a gentleman guest at the colonel's table that evening, and announced what he had done. Bamfylde, who was well-known at Mr. Portman's, near Blandford, appeared there one day as a rat-catcher, and after creating great amusement by his cleverness, was addressed by a Mr. Pleydell, who expressed pleasure at meeting the celebrated Mr. Carew, whom he had never seen before. "Yes you have," said Bamfylde; who announced that he was a certain wretched beggar to whom Mr. Pleydell had given charity a few days before. Upon a declaration that such a deception would not pass undetected a second time, Bamfylde accepted the challenge. Next day, Mr. Pleydell's servants were called out to an old woman, who was leaning on a crutch, and dragging along three miserable children; she was so importunate, and the children were so noisy, that the master came out, spoke to her, gave her money, and sent her away. It was not known that Bamfylde and the old woman were one person until he announced the fact at Mr. Pleydell's table that same evening. So it was, everywhere; whether as a shipwrecked mariner, a Kentish farmer impoverished by floods, or a clergyman brought to distress by unavoidable calamities, this strange man's disguise is described as all but impenetrable.

The touching story of the Beauty of Buttermere presents an example of personation for fraudulent purposes. In 1792 a volume was published, under the title of A Fortnight's Ramble, giving an account of a visit to the Lake district of Cumberland. The tourist, at the little inn at Buttermere, was waited upon by a young girl of exquisite beauty, fourteen or fifteen years of age; and he wrote as he felt, about finding such a girl under so humble a roof. When he went again, a few years afterwards, he found her a full-grown woman, more lovely than ever. He also saw evidences that his book had attracted visitors to the spot; for there were scribbled verses on the walls of the inn, not only in English, but in French, Latin, and Greek, all in praise of the reigning beauty of the

Lakes. In 1802 the inn was visited by the (so-called) Honourable Colonel Hope, brother of the Earl of Hopetoun; a handsome man, with a very winning address. He proposed to Mary, and was accepted. Not long after the marriage, he fell into the meshes of the law, and proved to be a man named Hatfield, who had committed forgery, bigamy, and a long list of other crimes, which brought him to the scaffold.

Real similarity of form and features, without any attempt at fraud or deception, is a different thing from the kind of personation above adverted to. Shakespeare made excellent use of it in his ever-fresh Comedy of Errors. But concerning remarkable likenesses, it should always be borne in mind that two people who seem wonderfully alike apart, will usually be found, when they are brought together, to be very little alike, or very much less so than was honestly supposed.

Medical men are aware of the co-existence of persons bearing a marvellous resemblance one to another; and so are judges and barristers. Disputed cases of the kind are by no means uncommon. Early in the present century there were two men, Hoag and Parker, so exactly or so nearly alike that it was no easy matter to know which was which. One of them, a rogue, benefited by this resemblance. Being apprehended for some criminal offence, and placed at the bar, some of the witnesses swore that the man before them was Hoag; others swore that he was Parker; as the benefit of the doubt generally goes with the accused in such cases, the man was acquitted.

Very considerable embarrassment sometimes arises at coroners' inquests, owing to the difficulty of settling the identity of the deceased person. Three cases out of several, may be selected, to show how honest persons may be self-deceived.

There was an instance in 1817, in which the dead body of a woman was found tied to a boat, drawn up near Greenwich. At an inquest consequently held, an old man came forward and swore that the deceased was his daughter, the wife of an out-pensioner. He described a fierce quarrel which had taken place between the married couple, and in which he had interfered to avert serious consequences; they left his house together, and he had not since seen the woman. Other persons also swore that the deceased was the old man's daughter. The police were set upon the track of the husband, who was away; but they suddenly lighted upon the wife herself, alive and well! The old man and his neighbours were all surprised at this fact; the coroner severely reprimanded them for the blunder they had made; but it was admitted that the personal resemblance between the two women was considerable, even to the existence of a mark on one arm. The deceased body was not identified; nor was it known whether the death was by murder or by suicide.

In 1866, the coroner of Burton-on-Trent held an inquest on the body of a man found in the river near the town. Two respectable men, who came to view the body, at once announced it to be that of a brother of theirs, who had been for a short time missing from home. Their statement was believed, their claim allowed; and they were permitted to bury the body in Burton-on-Trent churchyard. The inquest was adjourned, in the hope of obtaining additional evidence as to the cause of death. When the jury re-assembled, they were surprised to see the real brother enter the room, alive and well. There seems to have been no collusion here; the relatives had been deceived by a great likeness; and the parish repaid them the cost of the funeral. In this, as in the last-mentioned instance, failure attended all the attempts made to identify the dead body, or to ascertain the cause of death.

Perhaps the Hackney Wick case, which rivetted public attention in 1868, was one of the most remarkable on record, in regard to the persistency with which several persons asserted an identity, under circumstances which would have necessitated a particular man being three or four different men at one time. There were some half-finished houses near the Hackney Wick, or Victoria Park, station, of the North London Railway. The builder, having determined to finish them, went to one of the houses in April of the above-named year, opened it, and perceived a very offensive odour in the passages and kitchen. A little search brought to light a dead body in a large cupboard under the stairs. The state of the body denoted that death must have occurred two or three months before. There was a scar over one eyebrow, such as might have been occasioned by a fall or a bruise. The clothes were good, but a little blood-stained; and an additional odd boot was found near the body. An empty phial, labelled "laudanum: poison," was on a shelf in the cupboard, with only just

sufficient liquid in it to permit of chemical analysis. The person appeared to have been about thirty-five years old, and five feet six inches high. At an inquest, shortly afterwards held, a carpenter deposed that, in the preceding month of February, he had seen a gentlemanly-looking man sitting on a heap of building materials near the unfinished houses, cutting up little bits of wood, as a boy might do who was making a boat. He gave strange and incoherent answers to some questions put to him; but, as he was quiet and inoffensive in manner, and was not seen again, the incident went out of recollection.

But now ensued the extraordinary episode of conflicting identification. The carpenter, on seeing the dead body, at once declared it to be that of the poor demented gentleman whom he had seen two months earlier. A lady came forward, and described a brother of hers who had been missing from his home for some months. He had another sister, who lived at Hackney Wick, though his own residence was elsewhere. On seeing the dead body, she pronounced it to be either veritably her brother, or very much like him. This lady's testimony was not incompatible with that of the carpenter; but the complication was now to come. A lady and gentleman came forward to state that a man had deserted his wife and family about eighteen months previously, taking away two thousand pounds' worth of property with him; they produced a photograph, which struck those who saw it as possessing much resemblance to the features of the deceased person. But while this incident was under consideration, the friends of an emigrant appeared, stating that he had returned from New Zealand, and then disappeared. Nothing was done, however, towards identifying the body in this quarter. Dr. Ellis, physician to St. Luke's Hospital, stated in evidence that, on the night of the first of February, a lunatic named Heasman had escaped from the hospital in Old-street, in a most extraordinary way, seeing that he must have passed through six locked doorways, climbed up a wall fifteen feet high, and jumped or dropped on the pavement outside. Heasman, however, was a strong active man, of thirty-five or forty years of age, and might possibly have accomplished what would be beyond the muscular powers of most men. Dr. Ellis, when he saw the dead body, at once pronounced it to be that of Heasman, wearing the same clothes as he had worn at the hospital. On examining an old boot found near the body, the name of Harnett was seen written on the lining. Dr. Ellis said that there was a man named Harnett lodged in one of the six rooms through which the lunatic must have passed in effecting his escape. Strong as this testimony was, a lady, who had heard Dr. Ellis give his evidence, nevertheless insisted that the deceased was her husband, who had been missing for some time; she especially identified a peculiar mark on one of the fingers.

Next, came a witness who supported the view taken by Dr. Ellis. A brother of Heasman stated that the unfortunate man, though sane on most subjects, had for many years been under an hallucination that he had been poisoned, and was now dead—speaking of himself in the past tense. He was married, and had a family of eight children. He had been an inmate of St. Luke's about eighteen months. Like Dr. Ellis, this brother believed the deceased to have been the lunatic Heasman. In spite of all this, however, a new witness, Mrs. Mary Anne Banks, distinctly swore that the deceased was her husband. He was a commercial traveller, who had been for some time missing. She stated that there was a general resemblance both in form and features. She described (before seeing the body) a very peculiar mark which her husband had on one of his fingers; and the deceased had exactly such a mark. Her sisters, two married women, corroborated her assertion that the deceased was her husband Banks—also comparing the fingers, the features, the general contour of face, the beard, the moustache, the chest, the shoulders, all tallied. While the jury, utterly bewildered, were considering this evidence, another lady came forward, and showed a photograph of a missing gentleman, much more resembling the deceased than that which had been produced from St. Luke's. Mrs. Banks, and Mr. Heasman's brother, both appeared on a subsequent occasion, and each insisted on the truth of the respective stories told. Cumulative testimony, however, was forthcoming in support of the St. Luke's incident. Mrs. Heasman, wife of the unfortunate man, not only corroborated the identity; but stated that the name of Heasman, found on some of the deceased man's under-clothing, was written by herself, and that the dark-blue trousers were the same which she had stitched with the aid of a sewing-machine. Dr. Ellis, once more, found that the deceased had lost

a tooth, exactly corresponding in position with one lost by Heasman. The coroner could not discern that any of the witnesses would benefit by the death of the deceased; he gave them all credit for being sincere, however certain it was that some of them must have been mistaken. The jury, after a patient investigation, agreed with the coroner, that the deceased was the lunatic Heasman; but they could not find how he had come by his death, although they believed he had poisoned himself.

IRISH STREET SONGS.

It has long been known by all persons acquainted with Ireland and the Irish, that Tom Moore's songs, charming and musical as they are, never acquired any real popularity with the large mass of the people, especially that large section who still speak the Celtic language, and for the most part the Celtic language only. The men in frieze very soon discovered that there was something wanting in the lyrist of Holland House. Irish poets, too, complained that the fine old melodies of Erin were corrupted, tinkered, and often spoiled by the bard of Paternoster-row. They found, they said, a want of earnestness and patriotism, worst of all, a deficiency of Irish feeling, character, and local colour.

Severer and less impulsive critics laid the lyrist on their quiet respective dissecting-tables. The most honest of these gentlemen (we need hardly say we allude to the Whig critics) confessed the delightful harmony of such songs as She is Far from the Land where her Young Hero Sleeps (an elegy on poor misguided young Emmet), There's not in the Wide World a Valley so Sweet, and Love's Young Dream. But, indeed, they said, considering that Moore stole the music, they could hardly bestow much praise on him for making his English drawing-room songs harmonious. The music of the old Irish melodies was an exhalation, they cried, drawn by God's blessed sunshine (here they grew almost poetical), from the green fields, bold capes, and wild mountains of Erin; but they went on, look how Tom lisps and minces to please the London season, and the Saxon drones and butterflies. Deficient, said they, in vehemence, power, and moral strength, he cloys you, he overloads a narrow hem of thought with pretty metaphors and millinery. Nevertheless he is immeasurably our greatest poet, went on the Aristarchuses of Cork and Dublin; he is even, they went so far as to say, the greatest lyrist that ever lived, except Burns and Béranger; and even Burns he rivalled in his gay measures. But he is an alien from Erin. Long after, but still in the poet's lifetime, Mr. Crofton Croker, in his book on The Popular Songs of Ireland, published in 1839, revived these accusations with good-natured satire. "Mr. Thomas Moore's songs," says that pleasant writer, quoting somebody (we shrewdly believe himself), "in general, have as much to do with Ireland as with Nova Scotia. Go where Glory waits Thee, might just as well have been sung by a cheesemonger's daughter in High Holborn, when her father's gallant apprentice was going, in a fit of irrepressible valour and drink, to enlist himself in the Third Buffs." And then again, says Mr. Croker, "Tom Moore's allusions to Irish localities, are scattered thinly about his songs, like the plums in the pudding of a Yorkshire school, only just to save appearances, and to stand godfather to the hypocritical dish."

The Irish class themselves, in songs, as equal to the Germans, inferior only to the Scotch, and superior to the Italians, the Spaniards, and the English. It might, perhaps, lessen the value of this assertion to remark that Mr. Thomas Davis, of the Nation (who made it), did not know much of either German, Italian, or Spanish; but still the assertion remains as a standard for future Irish writers equally qualified to pronounce a judgment. While the Irish allow Burns to be a poet of a higher class than Moore, they envy France Béranger. But the Englishman, the poor, absurd, wrong-headed Saxon, they say, is nowhere among the lyrical poets. The Jacobite risings moved the heart and brain of Scotland, as profoundly as if the return of the scurvy Stuarts would have secured a pot of money to every Scotchman; but even the civil wars did not inspire England with a single ballad that has lived. Even the powerful deities, Mars, Bacchus, and Venus, says Mr. Thomas Davis, have not inspired half a dozen good English songs. There's Rule Britannia; but then that pompous lyric was written by Thomson, a Scotchman. There's the British Grenadiers; but that was penned by an Irish regimental chaplain. There's God save the King; but that's "a parody on a Scotch song." (?) There is, also, merry Bishop Still's somewhat unorthodox Jolly Good Ale and Old, which is

hearty enough; but then it is a mere black-letter curiosity. It is very remarkable, too, say these same glowing national writers, that in spite of the glory of their navy the English have only one thoroughly good sea song, and that, singularly enough, was written by Mr. Hoare, an Irishman, to blind Carolan's rattling air, the Princess Royal. Of our boasted national humour they find traces only in a few songs relating to thieves and poachers, such as Nix my Dolly Pals and 'Tis my Delight of a Shiny Night in the Season of the Year. Nor are these Irish critics one whit more satisfied with the few English love songs they have condescended to read. They find even, He Walks in Beauty like the Night (Byron), I Awake from Dreams of Thee (Shelley), Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes (Ben Jonson), or even that passionate and tender inspiration,

> Come into the garden, Maud,
> When the black bat night has flown:
> Come into the garden, Maud,
> For I'm here at the gate alone.

equally clever, cold, dull, glittering, and heartless. But in such Scotch songs as, Will ye gae to the Ewe Brights, Marion? Nannie O! and My ain Countree! the same somewhat fretful Celtic gentlemen find intense passion, pure love, honest mirth, and true patriotism.

Irish patriots profess a great anxiety to see more good songs written in Celtic. Dr. M'Hale translated all Moore's into the vernacular; but in too dry and literal a manner, by no means adding the idiom and colour in which they were deficient. We have so slight a knowledge of Irish that we cannot either confirm or refute the eulogies heaped upon the tongue by eminent Celtic writers: who claim for "the despised and forsaken language," and we believe justly, an especial adaptation to the purposes of the poet, and particularly the lyric poet.

The old Irish bards, whose works even Spenser found to savour "of sweet wit and good invention," and to be "sprinkled with some pretty flowers of natural device, which give good grace and comeliness," delighted in metaphor. In their poems Erin figures as Ros geal Dove or Droimann Donn; she is an enslaved virgin who leads the poets through Fairy land, to dismiss them at last with a prophecy of the day when her warriors shall set her free. The only fault of these early singers in the minds of the writers of 'ninety-eight, was that they sang of a clannish, not of an united, Ireland. They sang of M'Carthy's prowess, O'Rourke's hospitality, O'More's courage, O'Connor's valour, and O'Neill's pride; but only at such great moments as Aodh O'Neill's march to Munster, or Owen Roe's victory at Beinnburb, do they rise to wider patriotism.

Only once or twice did a minstrel tell of "a soul that has come into Eire," and summoned with clash of shield the Milesian spearmen to battle for Ireland, and to summon "the red branch knights to the danger call."

One of the earliest of the patriotic songs still popular, is the Ros gal dubh (the white-skinned, black-haired Rose). The poet typifies Erin as a beautiful maiden in distress, hints at Rose's dangers, and at mysterious help from Italy and Spain, and ends with a fiery outburst of passion over the bloody struggle that must take place ere his Rose shall be finally torn from him. This poem dates from the time of Elizabeth.

The Jacobite troubles were sources of inspiration to the Irish song-writers, whether hiding in Wicklow, or starving at St. Germains. Many a pining exile, faithful to Erin as the banished Israelite to Judæa, poured forth his soul in passionate longings for Erin Ogh. One of the most beautiful of these laments is the Ban-Chnoic Erin Ogh (the fair hills of Virgin Ireland). This plaintive song commences:

> Beautiful and broad are the green fields of Erin,
> Uileacán dov O.
> With life giving grain and golden corn,
> Uileacán dov O.
> And honey in the woods with the mist wreaths deep,
> In the summer by the paths the high streams leap
> At burning noon rich sparkling dew the fair flowers steep,
> On the fair hills of Erin Ogh!

It is said to have been written by an Irish student at St. Omer. The Irish Jacobite songs are seldom gay or hopeful, as, Over the Water to Charley, Charley is my Darling, or Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye Wakin' yet? There are a few exceptions, and the most remarkable of these is the White Cockade, which Mr. Callanan has translated with spirit. Like most songs the first verse is the best, and contains the central idea; the second and third are in some respects makeshifts, and in the last verse the minstrel rousing himself again, once more soars to a respectable height. The poet begins:

> King Charles he is King James's son,
> And from a royal line is sprung;
> Then up with shout and out with blade,
> And we'll raise once more the white cockade.

O! my dear, my fair-haired youth,
Thou yet hast hearts of fire and truth;
Then up with shout and out with blade,
We'll raise once more the white cockade.

Not many of the Jacobite song writers are now known by name. Among those that are conspicuous, stands one Andrew Magrath, generally known among the peasants as "Manguire Sugach," or "The Jolly Merchant." He seems to have been a drunken rover who was expelled from the Roman Catholic priesthood, and refused admittance to the Protestant church, where he sought shelter. The disgraced man, a sort of tipsy genius, eventually turned pedlar, in Limerick, and produced a great many satirical, political, and amatory poems. His humour is indisputable, his love poems are pure and fervid. His "Lament" at being neither Protestant nor Papist, a mock serious poem, is still a popular Irish street song. His finest Jacobite verses perhaps are contained in his Song of Freedom, and begin:

All woeful long, I wept despairing,
Sad hearted, fainting, wearied, weak,
The foeman's withering bondage wearing,
Hid in the gorge of the mountains bleak.
No friend to cheer my visions dreary,
Save generous Donn, the King of Faery,
Who mid the festal banquet airy,
Did strains prophetic to me speak.

This same Donn, king of the Munster Fairies, who prophesied the victorious return of the untoward Stuarts from France, was originally, says Celtic legend, the son of Milesius, a famous king of Spain, who, when his kinsfolks invaded Ireland more than a thousand years before the Christian era, was cast away with all his ship's company on the west coast of Munster. He now reigns (especially by moonlight) at Knock-firinn: a haunted hill, in the county Limerick, where he has been even seen by belated persons drunk enough to see him. The Jolly Merchant's song, in the second verse, contains an allusion to Phelim, father of Con of the Hundred Battles, who the most veracious Irish historians have over and over again proved to be son of Tuathal Teachtmar: a better man than the spelling of his rough name would seem to imply, who ruled in Ireland circa 200 B.C. (Emperor Severus). Another of these Jacobite minstrels (and the writers of street songs are so seldom known that it is interesting to trace the patriarchs), was John M'Donnell, surnamed Claragh, a native of Charleville, in the county Cork. He was the contemporary of a celebrated Limerick poet, whisky-drinker, and wit, John Toomey. M'Donnell began at least, even if he did not finish, a History of Ireland, and had the intention of translating the Iliad into Irish. He was a staunch Jacobite. In his Vision, a patriotic song, a beautiful Banshee (not the weeping and wailing hag of modern Irish legends), is supposed to lead him through the fairy haunts of Ireland. The song ends with a dubious prophecy almost worthy of the great Zadkiel, or a Derby Day prophet:

"Say O say, thou being bright!
When shall the land from slavery waken,
When shall our hero claim his right
And tyrants' halls be terror shaken?"
She gives no sign—the form divine
Pass'd like the winds by fairies woken;
The future holds in Time's dark folds,
The despot's chain of bondage broken.

We beg to say we are indebted to Mr. Walsh for the ingenious word "woken." M'Donnell died in 1754, and his brother poet, John Toomey, wrote his elegy. Some time after these men came Owen O'Sullivan (Owen the Red), a native of Kerry. This eccentric bard was a reaper, and in the off season an itinerant hedge schoolmaster, whose wandering disciples learnt from him to translate Homer and Virgil into Irish. He is a favourite poet of the Munster peasantry. Like Burns, he loved not wisely, but too well; like Burns, too, he drank himself to death in his prime. O'Sullivan's great drinking song begins almost fiercely, and with the poet's usual irrestrainable dythrambic vehemence:

This cup's flowing treasure
I toast to that treasure
The brave man whose pleasure
Is drinking rich wine.
Who deep flagons draining,
From quarrels abstaining,
The morn finds remaining,
All joyous, divine.
It ne'er shall be mine
To gather vile coin,
To fools at life's waning,
For age to resign.

Another of these celebrities was William Heffernan (Blind William), of Shronehill, in Tipperary: a rival of M'Donnell and Toomey in the Bardic Sessions, or Eisteddfods, of those days. This Heffernan was only so far like Homer that he was literally a blind beggar; yet his satires, elegies, love songs, and odes are pronounced by Irish scholars to be singularly refined, tender, and sweet. His Cliona of the Rock, Mr. Hardiman says, "is heightened with all the glow and warmth of the richest Oriental colouring." Another popular song

writer of the Georgian era was Donough Roe M'Namara, a hedge schoolmaster, born at Waterford. He wrote a small Æneid, to celebrate his intended emigration to Newfoundland. Among other bards of this kind we may mention the Reverend William English, a friar of Cork, a great humorist. Also, Timothy O'Sullivan, usually called Teige Gaelach, a poet of Waterford, who, after a wild and reckless youth, became penitent, and wrote numerous sacred poems and hymns, which have been collected into a volume.

In the troubled times, when the French Revolution gave false hopes to the disaffected in Ireland, the song-writers' hearts began again to stir with wild impulses. It was in 1797, when the French tricolor was waving in Bantry Bay, and the moment of the expulsion of the hated Saxon seemed at hand, that that fine song, The Shan van Vocht (the poor old woman), was written: the refrain sounds like the advancing march of armed men. The poor old woman named in the song is, we need hardly say, a seer or prophetess, who foretells the speedy gathering of the pikes "in good repair" on that noble battle-field not unused by the Danes and Milesians of old—the Curragh of Kildare. At many a rebel camp on the green hills of Erin have these words been shouted:

Oh, the French are on the sea,
Says the Shan van Vocht,
The French are on the sea,
Says the Shan van Vocht.
Oh! the French are in the bay,
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan van Vocht.

This martial song has one especial and unusual merit among songs, that the last verse rises to a climax, and expresses a higher thought than those preceding it. The final words rush on with the irrestrainable velocity of an avalanche. Pity they were so mischievous and so fallacious!

Will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan van Vocht.
Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea.
Then hurrah for Liberty!
Says the Shan van Vocht.

That great Protestant tune, Boyne Water, dates back to an earlier period than '97, as does the Protestant Boys, written by some Ulster clergyman.

Later, the times of the volunteers and the united Irishmen gave Ireland a few good songs, more especially the one written by Lysaght, or Grattan, and called The Man who led the Van of the Irish Volunteers. The words, to the rattling tune of The British Grenadiers, are however only remarkable for containing a paraphrase of Grattan's eloquent sentence, "I watched by the cradle of Irish independence, and followed after its hearse." The Irish are also proud of Erin go Bragh, and God Save the Rights of Man: both songs of the later outbreaks of Wolf Tone's time. Lysaght's Island is by no means to be despised as a national lyric.

The troubles of '98 and of Emmet's time were commemorated in that fine lyric, The Wearing of the Green, by Henry Grattan Curran. Mr. Boucicault's picturesque paraphrase of the song, or even more than paraphrase of it, in Arrah-na-Pogue, has made it almost as well known in London as it is in Dublin. As in most Irish rebel songs, and, indeed, most Irish lyrics that are not mere tipsy praises of whisky, there is a tone of sorrow and despair; as Tom Moore says beautifully in his Dear Harp of my Country:

So oft has thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Curran's finest verse is the following:

Oh, I care not for the thistle,
And I care not for the rose,
For when the cold winds whistle,
Neither down nor crimson shows.
But like hope to him that's friendless,
Where no gaudy flower is seen,
By our graves with love that's endless,
Waves our own true-hearted green.

The so-called Irish patriot is never tired of singing of the green flag, the green immortal shamrock, and the green hills of Erin. In the Up for the Green: a song of the United Irishmen of '96, the chorus ends:

Then up for the green, boys, O up for the green,
Shout it back to the Sassanach, "We'll never sell the green;
For our Tone is coming back, and with men enough, I ween,
To rescue and avenge us, and our own immortal green."

Thomas David, who, however mad was certainly a true lyrical poet, christened some of his feverish verses The Green above the Red. Though rather startling to quiet, honest, well-intentioned Englishmen, the song is a brave and earnest one. The most passionate of the stanzas runs:

Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died and Wolf Tone sunk serene,
Because they could not bear to leave the Red above the Green.
And 'twas for this that Owen fought and Sarsfield nobly bled,
Because their eyes were hot to see the Green above the Red.

Hardly less fiery effusions as street songs, intended more for the middle than the lower classes, are John Banim's.

He said that he was not our brother,
The mongrel, he said what we knew;
No, Erin, our dear island mother,
He ne'er had his black blood from you.

We need scarcely say who the black-blooded individual mentioned is, or plead that, like another eminent personage not unknown at Fenian meetings, he is scarcely as black as he has been painted. Doctor Drennan's When Erin first Rose, though revolutionary, is glowing with true poetry, and would not have been unworthy even of Campbell. It begins finely:

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
God bless'd the green island, and said it was good.
The emerald of Europe it sparkled and shone
In the ring of the world, the most precious stone;
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the west,
Erin stands like a fortress upon her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

A notice of Irish street songs would be incomplete that did not treat of the convivial as well as the patriotic songs. High in this class stand those two jovial reckless lyrics, Garryowen, and the Rakes of Mallow. The first is very old; the most lively verse runs:

We are the boys that delight in
Smashing the Limerick lamps when lighting,
Through the streets like porters fighting,
And tearing all before us.
Chorus:
Instead of spa we'll drink brown ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail;
No man for debt shall go to jail,
From Garryowen in glory.

It is not easy to beat this song for tipsy jollity and headlong Celtic "devilment," but it must be confessed that in the Rakes of Mallow the two first verses sound like the bangs of a drunken man's shillaleh:

Beauing, belling, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, cursing, sinking,
Ever raking, never thinking,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
Bacchus' true-begotten sons,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

A better written and scarcely less famous convivial song is, Bumper Squire Jones: written by jovial Baron Dawson, a great legal authority in his day, to Carolan's air of Planxty Jones. The great harper and the baron were enjoying the somewhat lavish hospitality of Squire Jones, at Moneyglass, and slept in adjoining rooms; the baron, who was both a wag and a poet, hearing Carolan one night composing a song in crippled English to the honour of his host, wrote a set of fresh words, and, remembering the air the next morning at breakfast, sang the melody to his own words, and accused the enraged bard of piracy. The baron's song begins:

Ye good fellows all
Who love to be told where good claret's in store,
Attend to the call
Of one who's ne'er frighted,
But greatly delighted
With six bottles more:

and the verse ends with the refrain:

Then away with the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones.

This song smacks of the hard drinking days of Squire Western. Mr. Crofton Croker, in his pleasant collection of Irish popular songs, classifies them under the four national heads, St. Patrick, the Potato, the Shamrock, and Whisky. The capital old song:

Oh, St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of dacent people—

was written by Messrs. Bennet and Toleken, of Cork, and first sung by them, at a masquerade, in 1814. The song was afterwards lengthened for Webbe, the comedian, who made it popular.

The finest song relating to the Shamrock, is the Green little Shamrock of Ireland: written by Cherry, the actor, for Mrs. Mountain, who sang it in a monopolylogue in the Little Opera House, Capel-street, Dublin, in 1806. The first verse is very pretty and fervid:

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas St. Patrick himself sure that set it,
And the sun of his labour with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland:
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland.

The potato has not been sung of in any very lasting verse. Whisky has had, we need hardly say, immemorable street lyrists. One of the best of these songs is Love and Whisky, written about 1760. Mr. Croker says it was "the most popular song in the heyday of Irish volunteerism." It is sung to the lively tune of Bobbing Joan, and runs in this sort of measure:

But love's jealous pang
In heart-ache oft we find it,
Whisky, in its turn,
A headache leaves behind it.
* * * *

Love and whisky's joys,
Let us gaily twist 'em,
In the thread of life,
Faith, we can't resist 'em.

Our notice of Irish street songs would be incomplete if we forgot to allude to those wonderful specimens of the mad pedantry of Irish hedge schoolmasters, so admirably ridiculed in The Groves of Blarney, a parody which the elder Mathews helped to make famous. An itinerant bard had composed a song in praise of Castle Hyde, for which, to his disgust, he was driven from the door by the enraged proprietor. At a party soon afterwards, Mr. Millikin, a Cork poet, undertook to produce a song equal, if not superior, in absurdity. Accordingly, borrowing the tune, he went home and produced The Groves of Blarney. The lines—

There's gravel walks there for speculation,
And conversation in sweet solitude,
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove or
The gentle plover in the afternoon—

are exactly in the manner of a hedge poet, and still better is the verse beginning,

There's statues gracing the noble place in
All heathen goddesses so fair,
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air.

The verse on the Blarney Stone:

There is the stone there that whoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses to grow eloquent,

was added by Father Prout.

The Dublin street songs of the old time were sometimes ferocious, and sometimes insipidly sentimental. Of the thieves' songs one of the most savagely horrible is Luke Caffrey's Kilmainham Minuet. (Another name for the death struggle on the gallows.) The writer describes in soft Dublin slang the efforts of thieves to restore consciousness in a felon who had been hung.

A still more famous Dublin street song was, The Night before Larry was Stretched, the authorship of which has been attributed to Curran, Lysaght, and Dean Burrowes, of Cork, but is now supposed to have been really written by "Hurlfoot Bill," a man who kept a cloth shop at Waterford. Larry was a half paralysed thief named Lambert, who, at once ferocious and cowardly, always counselled murdering those whom his gang robbed. Kicking and fighting, he was dragged by a rope to the place of execution. In the song Larry's companions are supposed to visit him in the condemned cell on the last night of his life, and play at cards with him on the lid of his coffin. Larry is by no means dismayed, and has spirit enough left to knock down a man who cheats, and to throw away the chaplain's wig.

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